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LITTELL'S

LIVING AGE.

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"These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat carefully preserved, and the chaff thrown away."

"Made up of every creature's best.

"Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

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THE LIVING AGE.

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THE SECOND LOUISIANA.

MAY 27TH, 1863.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

DARK as the clouds of even,
Ranked in the western heaven,
Waiting the breath that lifts
All the dread mass, and drifts
Tempest and falling brand
Over a ruined land;
So still and orderly,
Arm to arm, knee to knee,
Waiting the great event,
Stands the black regiment.

Down the long dusky line
Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine;
And the bright bayonet,
Bristling and firmly set,
Flashed with a purpose grand,
Long ere the sharp command
Of the fierce rolling drum
Told them their time had come,
Told them what work was sent
For the black regiment.

"Now," the flag-sergeant cried,
"Though death and hell betide,
Let the whole nation see
If we are fit to be
Free in this land; or bound
Down, like the whining hound—
Bound with red stripes of pain
In our old chains again!"
Oh, what a shout there went
From the black regiment!

"Charge!" Trump and drum awoke,
Onward the bondmen broke;
Bayonet and sabre-stroke
Vainly opposed their rush.
Through the wild battle's crush,
With but one thought aflush,
Driving their lords like chaff,
In the guns' mouths they laugh;
Or at the slippery brands
Leaping with open hands,
Down they tear man and horse,
Down in their awful course;
Trampling with bloody heel
Over the crashing steel,
All their eyes forward bent,
Rushed the black regiment.

"Freedom!" their battle-cry—
"Freedom! or leave to die!"
Ah! and they meant the word,
Not as with us 'tis heard,
Not a mere party-shout:
They gave their spirits out;
Trusted the end to God,
And on the gory sod
Rolled in triumphant blood.
Glad to strike one free blow,
Whether for weal or woe;
Glad to breathe one free breath,
Though on the lips of death.
Praying—alas! in vain!—
That they might fall again,
So they could once more see
That burst to liberty!
This was what "freedom" lent
To the black regiment.

Hundreds on hundreds fell;
But they are resting well;
Scourges and shackles strong
Never shall do them wrong.
Oh, to the living few,
Soldiers, be just and true!
Hail them as comrades tried;
Fight with them side by side;
Never, in field or tent,
Scorn the black regiment!

SONG FOR THE LOYAL NATIONAL LEAGUE,

On the Anniversary of the Attack on Fort Sumter, April 11, 1863.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

WHEN our banner went down, with its ancient renown,
Betrayed and degraded by treason,
Did they think, as it fell, what a passion would swell
Our hearts when we asked them the reason?

Chorus—Oh, then, rally, brave men, to the standard again,
The flag that proclaimed us a nation!
We will fight on its part, while there's life in a heart,
And then trust to the next generation.

Although causeless the blow that at Sumter laid low
That flag, it was seed for the morrow;
And a thousand flags flew, for the one that fell true,
As traitors have found to their sorrow.

Chorus—Oh, then, rally, brave men, to the standard again,
The flag that proclaimed us a nation!
We will fight on its part, while there's life in a heart,
And then trust to the next generation.

'Twas in flashes of flame it was brought to a shame,
Till then unrecorded in story;
But in flashes as bright it shall rise in our sight,
And float over Sumter in glory!

Chorus—Oh, then, rally, brave men, to the standard again,
The flag that proclaimed us a nation!
We will fight on its part, while there's life in a heart,
And then trust to the next generation.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

EPIGRAMS.*

We live, it is said, in a prosaic and realistic age. With all our modern science and modern refinements, our life is not so imaginative, so gay, so *insouciant*, as that of our grandmothers and grandfathers. Even conversation, we are told, has lost its brilliancy. Women, who used to talk so charmingly, vibrate now between slang and science. Men are either too busy or too languid to exert themselves to talk at all, unless to constituencies or mechanics' institutes. The few who could talk well are suspected of keeping their talk to put into books. We all write and read instead of conversing. And even reading and writing have become occupations rather than amusements. The warmest and most imaginative lover never now pens a sonnet to Delia's eyebrow, or an impromptu upon Sacharissa's girdle. The modern representatives of those charmers would only vote him a "muff" for his pains. *Vers de société* are gone out of fashion altogether. Such poetry as we want (and we do not want a great deal) is done for us by regular practitioners—laureates, and so forth; we no more think of making our own verses than our own pills. Any man or woman who was to produce and offer to read in polite company a poetical effusion of their own or a friend's, such as would have charmed a whole circle in the days of Pope or of Fanny Burney, would be stared at upon reasonable suspicion of having escaped from a private lunatic asylum. Even if the offered verses should be warranted to contain the severest remarks upon a mutual friend, we of a modern audience should have strength of mind enough to resist the temptation. Perhaps society has grown more charitable and less scandalous; perhaps it is only less easily amused.

It could hardly have been comfortable, after all, to live in the age of epigrams and impromptus. It was all very well for the Delias and Sacharissas aforesaid to have their charms celebrated by the wits and poets of the day; and though it is notoriously true that their admirers did not err on the side of reticence, female delicacy in those days was hardly startled by the warmth of the homage. A lady had no more objection to be compared to Venus than to the Graces. Few, indeed, were they who needed the warning which Waller — most elegant of love's epigrammatists—puts into the mouth of his messenger, the Rose,—

"Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spyd,
That had she sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
She must have uncommended died.
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired."

The days when such verses passed from hand to hand, and were read instead of *Punch* and Mr. Darwin, were indeed "a good time," as the American ladies call it, for the fair enchantresses who, strong in the charms of youth, had only to "come forth" to insure admiration; but it was quite a different case with poor Chloe, who was répairing the damages of years with a little innocent paint, or with Celia, who had just mounted a new wig of her very own hair, honestly bought and paid for. Human nature, we suppose, was human nature then; and it could never have been pleasant to have one's little personal peculiarities, or some untoward accident, or slight social sin, done into verse forthwith by a clever friend, and handed round the breakfast or tea-tables of your own particular circle for the amusement and gratification of other dear friends, clever or otherwise. It was a heavy penalty to pay for living in an Augustan age. In this present generation, if you find yourself the victim of a severe article in a popular review, you have yourself half solicited the exposure by being guilty of print in the first place; even if, in the honest discharge of your ordinary duties, you awake some morning to a temporary notoriety in a column of the *Times*, you can satisfy your feelings by stopping the paper; and in either case, you have the consolation of knowing that probably a majority of your personal friends will never read the abuse, and that most certainly nine-tenths of those who do read it will have forgotten it in a week. But the terse social epigram, of some four or eight lines, communicated first from friend to friend in a confidential whisper, and then handed about in manuscript long before it escaped into print, was remembered by the dullest dolt amongst a man's intimates, stuck to him all his life, and, in many instances, became his only memorial to posterity. Like Sintram's co-travellers, there was no escape from

* "Epigrams, Ancient and Modern." By the Rev. J. Booth, B.A. Longman and Co.

its dreadful companionship; if bad, it was the more readily remembered; if neat and well-pointed, it was more generally admired and more widely circulated. True, the author of the satire did not always put in the actual name; the victim of his verse figured commonly under some classical *alias;* but everybody knew — and none better than the unfortunate object — that Grumio meant Sir Harry, that Chremes stood for old Brown, and that Lady Bab was intended by Phryne. Even if there was nothing more personal than a row of asterisks in the original, there were always plenty of copies in circulation with the hiatus carefully filled in. Let no one suppose for a moment that the polish and the humor of such productions made the attack more endurable. Few men, and perhaps fewer women, are of Falstaff's happy temperament, content to be the subject of wit in others. There is more sound than truth in the epigram which says,—

"As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offence is seen—
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen."

And both cut deepest too, and leave scars that are longest in healing. Johnson was quite right when he pronounced, on the other hand, that "the vehicle of wit and delicacy" only made the satire more stinging; compared with ordinary abuse, he said, "the difference was between being bruised with a club, or wounded with a poisoned arrow."

One is surprised, however, on the whole, in looking over any collection of epigrams which were considered extremely good things in their day, to find how poor the majority of them are. They would read better, no doubt, to those who knew the parties. The spice of neighborly ill-nature, which gave them their chief zest originally, and made up for the poverty of the wit, is lost—happily—to the cool judgment of the modern reader. They are like the glass of champagne kept till it has lost its sparkle.

A nicely printed little book, recently published, containing a selection (for a collection it certainly is not, though so called in the dedication), will impress this fact upon most of its readers. Of course, such *jeux d'esprit* do not show to advantage when gathered together at random, as these seem to have been. They find their best place as illustrations of biography or political history; often, an epigram of four lines would require a page of preface to make its point fully intelligible to an ordinary reader. But certainly, as one turns page after page of this "literature of Society," one gets confirmed in the impression that society was very ill-natured in those days. The science of making one's self "beautiful forever," by the aid of paint and other accessories, is still studied by some ladies, if we may trust law-reports and advertisements, and, no doubt, sharp-sighted friends detect this false coinage of beauty; but they do not mercilessly nail it down on the social counter, as in the case of poor Dorinda (whose real name was doubtless perfectly well known to her contemporaries):—

"Say, which enjoys the greater blisses—
John, who Dorinda's picture kisses,
Or Tom his friend, the favored elf,
Who kisses fair Dorinda's self?—
'Faith, 'tis not easy to divine,
While both are thus with raptures fainting,
To which the balance shall incline,
Since Tom and John both kiss a painting."

There is a sequel, too, even less gallant, which calls itself "The Point Decided:"—

"Nay, surely John's the happier of the twain,
Because the picture cannot kiss again."

The rude wits of society delighted in attacking these adventitious charms — unconscious, probably, that in this as in many other things, the Greek epigrammatists had been long before them. Here is one of the best amongst many—anonymous, so far as we know—which we miss in Mr. Booth's volume:—

"Cosmelia's charms inspire my lays,
Who, fair in nature's scorn,
Blooms in the winter of her days,
Like Glastonbury thorn.
If e'er, to seize the tempting bliss,
Upon her lips you fall,
The plaistered fair returns the kiss,
Like Thisbe, through a wall."

Modern gallantry keeps its eyes open, and its lips to itself, under suspicious circumstances; and perhaps not being so readily taken in by false colors, is not so bitter against those who wear them.

There are blockheads amongst fashionable physicians in our own days, and jealousies, it is to be feared, are not unknown in the profession; but they do not put their professional antagonism into the form of epigrams, as Dr. Wynter, Dr. Cheney, Dr. Hill, Dr. Lettsom, Dr. Radcliffe, and a host of others did (or their friends and enemies did for them) in

the days of good Queen Anne and the German Georges. Dr. (afterwards Sir John) Hill, one of those universal geniuses whom the public is apt to mistrust, is the hero of some of the best of these medical squibs. He wrote plays as well as prescriptions.

"For physic and farces, his equal there scarce is;
His farces are physic, his physic a farce is."

There is a little series of epigrams upon him which we cannot resist quoting here from Mr. Booth's book, though they must be already old acquaintances (as most of the best epigrams are) to all whose reading is not wholly of a modern kind. Some of the wits of the Literary Club, of which Garrick, Johnson, Burke, etc., were members, began upon the unlucky physician as follows:—

"Thou essence of dock, and valerian, and sage,
At once the disgrace and the pest of your age,
The worst that we wish thee, for all thy sad crimes,
Is to take thine own physic, and read thine own rhymes."

To which is replied, by a sort of semi-chorus of the members,—

"The wish should be in form reversed,
To suit the Doctor's crimes;
For if he takes the physic *first*,
He'll never read his rhymes."

Dr. Hill himself is supposed to rejoin in answer) and if it were really his, the doctor would have had the best of it),—

"Whether gentlemen scribblers or poets in jail;
Your impertinent wishes shall certainly fail;
I'll take neither essence, nor balsam of honey,—
Do you take the physic, and *I'll take the money*."

The anonymous quatrain on Dr. John Lettsom, the Quaker, is one of the very best of punning epigrams; its brevity may excuse its reappearance here:—

"If anybody comes to I,
I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em;
If, after that, they like to die,
Why, what care I?
I. Letts'm."

Sir Richard Blackmore, like Hill, was ambitious to combine poetry with physic; and was dealt with no less severely by the popular weapon. An anonymous octrain (of which the first six lines are weak) ends with this climax, which reads much better alone:—

"Such shoals of readers thy d—d fustian kills,
Thou'lt scarce leave one alive to take thy pills."

This, again, has escaped Mr. Booth, though he has given his readers another, on the subject of Sir Richard's unfortunate poem of "Job"—a kind of poetical paraphrase of the Scripture original:—

"Poor Job lost all the comforts of his life,
And hardly saved a potsherd and a wife;
Yet Job blest Heaven; and Job again was blest;
His virtue was assayed, and bore the test.
But,—had Heaven's wrath poured out its fiercest vial—
Had he been thus *burlesqued*,—without denial,
The patient man had yielded to the trial;
His pious spouse, with Blackmore on her side,
Must have prevailed—Job had blasphemed and died."

We do not know where the compiler got this from, nor does he give any author's name: there were a whole volley of contemporary squibs flying about the head of this unfortunate translator, who had got himself into bad odor with the licentious wits of his day by employing his pen against the immoralities of the stage. This drew upon him the wrath of Dryden, Sedley, Swift, and others; and his reputation has suffered rather unfairly in consequence; for the jests against his professional skill were unfounded, whatever may be thought of his poetry. A volume was actually published in 1700, in which the squibs upon him were all collected under the title of "Commendatory Poems, etc." Here is another of them which we have met with, as good, perhaps, also anonymous:—

"When Job contending with the devil I saw,
It did my wonder, but not pity, draw;
For I concluded that, without some trick,
A saint, at any time, could match Old Nick.
Next came a fiercer fiend upon his back—
I mean his wife, with her infernal clack;
But still I did not pity him, as knowing
A crab-tree cudgel soon would send *her* going.

But when this quack engaged with Job I spied,
Why, Heaven have mercy on poor Job, I cried;
What wife and Satan did attempt in vain,
The quack will compass with his murdering pen,
And on a dunghill leave poor Job again;
With impious doggrel he'll pollute his theme,
And make the saint against his will blaspheme."

Coleridge's epigram upon Job's wife is printed in the book before us, and is perhaps less generally known than some others:—

"Sly Beelzebub took all occasions
To try Job's constancy and patience;
He took his honors, took his health,
He took his children, took his wealth,
His camels, horses, asses, cows,
Still, the sly devil did not take his spouse.

"But Heaven, that brings out good from evil,
And loves to disappoint the devil,
Had predetermined to restore
Twofold of all Job had before—
His children, camels, asses, cows;—
Short-sighted devil, not to take his spouse!"

The germ of this lies where very many good things lie unsuspected, and are occasionally dug out and made use of with very little acknowledgement—in the writings of St. Augustine; and has been used by Donne in one of his remarkable sermons, where Coleridge probably found it. The old divine's "improvement" of the passage beats any epigram that ever was founded on it:—

"'*Misericordem putatis Diabolum*,' says that father, '*qui ei reliquit uxorem?*' Do you think that Job lighted upon a merciful and good-natured devil, or that Job was beholden to the Devil for this that he left him his wife? '*Noverat per quam deceperat Adam*,' says he; '*suam reliquit adjutricem, non marito consolationem;*' he left Job a helper, but a helper for his own ends." *

We must have done with the physicians, only quoting some more recent lines, neat but not over complimentary, upon the trio who were in attendance on poor George III.:—

"The king employs three doctors daily,
Willis, Heberden, and Baillie;
All exceedingly skilful men,
Baillie, Willis, and Heberden;
But doubtful which most sure to kill is,
Baillie, Heberden, or Willis."

Law escapes these satiric rhymers better than physic. No doubt the lawyers were able to hold their own against the world in this as in other matters. Two or three clever things of Sir George Rose are given in Mr. Booth's book; but there are, we suspect, some still better in private circulation, perhaps rather too personal on contemporaries to be suitable for publication. The following, though it deals with names well known at the bar, is good-humored enough as well as clever. It purports to be "The History of a Case shortly reported by a Master in Chancery":—

"Mr. Leach made a speech,
Angry, neat, but wrong;
Mr. Hart, on the other part,
Was prosy, dull, and long.

"Mr. Bell spoke very well,
Though nobody knew what about;
Mr. Trower talked for an hour,
Sat down fatigued and hot.

"Mr. Parker made the case darker,
Which was dark enough without;
Mr. Cooke quoted his book,
And the Chancellor said—'*I doubt.*'"

Of course the chancellor was Lord Eldon. But the editor should have given the sequel. His lordship soon after decided a case against Rose, and, looking waggishly at him, said, "In this case, Mr. Rose, the chancellor does *not* doubt!" Mr. Booth has omitted one (or rather two) of the very best epigrams which touch upon the gentlemen of the long robe. We thought the lines were very well known, and they have certainly appeared more than once in print, as a proposed "Inscription for the Gate of the Inner Temple":—

"As by the Templars' holds you go,
The Horse and Lamb, displayed
In emblematic figures, show
The merits of their trade.

"That clients may infer from thence
How just is their profession—
The Lamb sets forth their *innocence*,
The Horse their *expedition*.

"'O happy Britons! happy isle!'
Let foreign nations say,
Where you get justice without guile,
And law without delay."

The reply is equally good:—

"Deluded men, these holds forego,
Nor trust such cunning elves;
These artful emblems serve to show
Their clients not themselves.

"'Tis all a trick; these are but shams
By which they mean to cheat you;
But have a care—for you're the *Lambs*,
And they the wolves that eat you.

"Nor let the hope of no delay
To these their courts misguide you;
'Tis you're the showy *Horse*, and they
The *jockeys* that would ride you."

The universities have had their wits and their butts in at least as great abundance as the courts of law. Especially was this likely to be the case in a society like Oxford, which maintained upon its staff, for many years, a sort of licensed jester, under the name *Terræ Filius*, whose office was, at the "Bachelor's Commencement," to satirize, with the most unbounded license, all the recognized authorities. We feel sure that the Oxford social records might have supplied a collector of this literary smallware with some very tolerable specimens: and we hardly think that Mr. Booth can have availed himself as fully as he might have done of the current witti-

* Donne's Works, vol. iii. p. 332 (Alford's Edition).

cisms of his own University of Cambridge. He gives us only a few of Porson's and these not his best. For instance, we might at least have had that upon Hermann's scholarship, in the English dress which the professor gave it:—

"The Germans in Greek
Are sadly to seek;
Not five in five-score,
But ninety-five more;
All, except Hermann—
And Hermann's a German."

Of Oxford epigrams, we have a single modern specimen, by a living professor of well-known conversational powers, and a more ancient one, we suppose by a wit of the same college, on Dr. Evans (he was Bursar of St. John's, as the editor should have explained) cutting down a row of fine trees there:—

"Indulgent Nature on each kind bestows
A secret instinct to discern its foes;
The goose, a silly bird, avoids the fox;
Lambs fly from wolves, and sailors steer from rocks;
Evans the gallows as his fate foresees,
And bears the like antipathy to trees."

These, with Dean Aldrich's "Five Reasons for Drinking," are all that he has gathered from the banks of Isis. There must surely be others of modern date current in the Oxford Common-Rooms, which might have been recovered, without much trouble, for a publication like this, and which would have been better worth printing than some which have found a place there. We subjoin two or three which may be new to non-academical readers. It was suggested, some little time ago, to alter the cut of the commoners' gowns—proverbially ugly. This produced the following:—

"Our gownsmen complain ugly garments oppress them;
We feel for their wrongs, and propose to *re-dress* them."

An alteration having been made in the statutory exercises for divinity degrees, by which two theological *essays* were required in future from the candidates, the following was circulated in "congregation":—

"The title D.D. 'tis proposed to convey
To an *A double S* for a *double S A*."

The honorary degree of D.C.L. having been declined by a distinguished officer, on account of the heavy fees at that time demanded, his refusal was thus set forth:—

"Oxford, no doubt you wish me well,
But prithee let me be;
I can't, alas! be D. C. L.
Because of L. S. D."

This, again, on a proposal to lower the university charges upon degrees conferred by what is termed "accumulation" (i.e., when two steps are taken at once), is remarkably neat:—

"Oxford, beware of over-cheap degrees,
Nor lower too much accumulators' fees;
Lest—unlike Goldsmith's 'land to ills a prey'—
'Men' should '*accumulate*,' and 'wealth' 'decay.'"

All these are, we believe, from the same "well-known hand," as the old collectors would have phrased it; flashes of the pleasant humor which, in all generations, has marked the lighter hours of scholars. As these are the latest, so the following is among the earliest which has come down to us: it will be found amongst the epigrams of John Heywood, of Broadgate Hall (now Pembroke College), *circa* 1550. He is said to have been the only person who could draw a smile from gloomy Queen Mary. So far as the point of the epigram is concerned, it might have been written yesterday.

"Alas! poor fardingales must lie i' the streéte,
To house them no door i' the citie is meete;
Synce at our narrow doors they in cannot win,
Send them to Oxforde, at Broadgate to get in."

The following can scarcely be reckoned amongst collegiate witticisms, its birth having been extra-academic. It is given by the editor with just enough of its history to give it interest—a course which, if adopted in the case of some other epigrams in the book, would have well repaid in value the addition to its bulk:—

"George II. having sent a regiment of horse to Oxford, and at the same time a collection of books to Cambridge, Dr. Trapp wrote the following epigram:—

"'Our royal master saw with heedful eyes
The wants of his two Universities;
Troops he to Oxford sent, as knowing why,
That learned body wanted loyalty:
But books to Cambridge gave, as well discerning
That that right loyal body wanted learning.'

"An epigram which Dr. Johnson, to show his contempt of the Whiggish notions which prevailed at Cambridge, was fond of quoting; but having done so in the presence of Sir William Browne, the physician, was answered by him thus:—

"'The king to Oxford sent his troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force;
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument.'

"Johnson did Sir William the justice to say, 'It was one of the happiest extemporaneous productions he ever met with;' though he once comically confessed that 'he hated to repeat the wit of a Whig urged in support of Whiggism.'"

This book is poor, too, in those scholastic epigrams of which a good many were in circulation in more scholarly days. We have, indeed, Porson's upon poor Dido—"*Di-do-dum*,"—which is rather schoolboyish, after all; but there is a much better one upon the same lady, which we remember to have seen somewhere in print, with the name of the reputed author:—

"Virgil, whose magic verse enthralls
(And where is poet greater?),
Sometimes his wandering hero calls
Now *Pius*, and now *Pater*;

"But when, prepared the worst to brave
(An action that must pain us),
He leads fair Dido to the cave,
He calls him '*Dux Trojanus*.'

"Why did the poet change the word?
The reason plain is, sure;
'*Pius* Æneas' were absurd,
And '*Pater*' premature."

Some sort of historical arrangement of epigrams might (like a good collection of caricatures) throw an amusing light upon contemporary history; and we should like to see a careful collection attempted on this principle. One of the best of these quasi-historical *jeux d'esprit* in the collection before us is new to us, and may be so to many of our readers:—

"ON THE ROYAL MARRIAGE ACT, PASSED 1772.

"Quoth Dick to Tom, 'This Act appears
Absurd, as I'm alive:
To take the crown at eighteen years,
The wife at twenty-five.

"The mystery how shall we explain?
For sure, as well 'twas said,
Thus early if they're fit to *reign*,
They must be fit to *wed*.'

"Quoth Tom to Dick, 'Thou art a fool,
And little know'st of Life;
Alas! 'tis easier far to rule
A kingdom than a wife.'"

These kind of gatherings, trifling as they are, are pleasant dalliance for the student of national history, and may even help to impress the dry facts upon his memory. We remember Addington's short-lived Administration all the better, if we chance to associate with it the witty French epitaph suggested for him,—

"Ministre soi-disant, *Medecin malgre lui*."

It would be very easy to add to the few given in this little book. That of the Anti-Jacobin, on the Paris "Loan upon England," should at least have found a place:—

"The Paris cits, a patriotic band,
Advance their cash on British freehold land;
But let the speculating rogues beware;
They've bought the *skin*—but who's to kill the bear?"

The times that followed the Revolution of 1688 were perhaps the great age of what we may call historical epigrams. The bitterness of political hostility found vent in satiric verse, as well as in other less harmless outlets; and those who concealed their Orange or Jacobite feelings from motives of self-interest, often indulged themselves with handing about this kind of political weapon, which was sometimes claimed by the authors in safer days. William on the one hand, and good Queen Anne on the other, were unfailing subjects. But the epigrams of that day had more rancor than wit; and even in the best, their coarseness generally forbids quotation. Swift's were, of course, the wittiest, and the least decent. None were so happy, and few so delicate, as that little epigram of his in prose, when it was suggested for the new king's coronation motto, "*Recepi, non rapui*," and the dean rejoined that he supposed the translation was, "The receiver is as bad as the thief." The Duke of Marlborough with his wavering allegiance, his penurious habits, and his uxorious fondness for his termagant Sarah, came in for a large share of this questionable literary homage. Swift's epitaph upon him (Booth, p. 58) is too long for quotation, and there are more serious objections to some others which do not want for point. His new palace of Blenheim was ridiculed in strings of couplets, bad and good. One of the best is not in this collection; on the high arch built over the little brook in the park,—

"The lofty arch his high ambition shows;
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows."

In order to understand the violence displayed in the language of some of these effusions, it is necessary to understand thoroughly the relations between the parties, and the provocation

which has been sometimes given. An epigram on Lord Cadogan by Bishop Atterbury, given in the collection before us, will strike the reader as mere rabid abuse, unless he remembers the circumstances which called it forth which should certainly have accompanied it by way of explanation. It ends thus :—

"Ungrateful to th' ungrateful men he grew by—
A bold, bad, boisterous, blustering, bloody
booby."

Atterbury had been imprisoned in the Tower on a very well-founded charge of treason. Such cases were embarrassing to the ruling powers; and in the royal drawing-room the question had been mooted, "What was to be done with the man?" Cadogan was present, and replied, "Throw him to the lions." The brutality of the suggestion may excuse the Bishop's retaliation.

A contemporary epitaph on Bishop Burnet shows how the rancorous spirit of party pursued the dead with a bitterness which is really horrible, even if we charitably hope it was meant half for jest :—

"If Heaven is pleased when sinners cease to sin,
If Hell is pleased when sinners enter in,
If men are pleased at parting with a knave,
Then all are pleased—for Burnet's in his grave."

Perhaps the best of the Jacobite epigrams is one which Mr. Booth has not given :—

"God bless the King! God bless the Faith's
Defender!
The devil take the Pope and the Pretender!—
Who the Pretender is, and who the King—
God bless us all! is quite another thing."

The modern definition of an epigram implies that it should have a spice of malice. We have adopted the Roman notion of it, contained in the Latin distich which the editor takes as the motto for his preface.

"Omne epigramma sit instar apis; sit aculeus
illi,
Sint sua mella, sit et corporis exigui."

Of which he adds a rather washy translation, and which is perhaps rather difficult to translate; sooner than risk the attempt ourselves, we will give one which we find in an old miscellany, and which is at least more concise than Mr. Booth's :—

"The qualities three in a bee that we meet,
In an epigram never should fail;
The body should always be little and sweet,
And a sting should be left in its tail."

But the original meaning of an epigram is quite a different thing as Mr. Booth observes; it was merely an *inscription*, usually short, inasmuch as it was to be engraved on an altar, temple, or monumental tablet; and far from being bitter or personal, it was usually laudatory or simply commemorative. The well-known inscription at Thermopylæ was one of the earliest and best which have come down to us: "Go, traveller, tell it in Sparta that we lie here in obedience to her laws." Even when the Greeks extended the term to something more like our modern use of it —a few short pithy verses with some special point in view—they did not consider that a "sting" was any necessary part of it. Few of the Greek epigrams, except the latest, are satirical. But the Roman satirists adopted the form, and degraded the use, in which our English writers have followed them. But though popular to a certain extent in our minor literature, the epigram is not a thoroughly English thing: it hardly suits the genius of the language. The Greek, the Latin, and even the French, preserve its point and neatness in a degree which our writers can rarely imitate. The Spartan brevity, the Attic salt, the neat turn of the Latin distich, are of the very elements of its excellence; though there seems no need for quite so strict a limitation as Boileau's—"*un bon mot de deux rimes orné*." The Romans gave it the most pungency; but for simple elegance it has never been surpassed in its natural home, the Greek. Mr. Booth in this collection gives a good many translations from the Greek anthology—not always of the best specimens to be found there; though nothing can be more beautiful than this free version by Lord Nugent, fully worthy of the original :—

"I loved thee beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow;
So altered are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now."

Or this again, which has no author's name, —"On a statue of Niobe" :—

"To stone the gods have changed her;—but in
vain;
The sculptor's art gave her to breathe again."

But comparatively few of us are aware of the extent of the obligations in this way to the Greek writers, of whom the very names are lost. Many which pass as English originals in this collection, as in others, are really only adaptations of the classical Greek idea. How-

many of our present readers remember that the proverb which has such a true homely English sound that it seems as though it must be a native—

> "There's many a slip,
> 'Twixt the cup and the lip."

is the nerest literal translation of a Greek verse—an epigram in the original sense—an inscription on a drinking-cup? Did the French king know, when he uttered the famous *mot*, "*Après moi le deluge*," that he was merely quoting an anonymous Greek, of no one knows how many centuries before him? We forget in what English divine's published devotions we noted a thought which struck us at the time as very beautiful—and original, till we turned it up in the old Anthologia—"Give us those things which be good for us even though we ask them not; and those things which be hurtful to us, even if we ask them, withhold." Heathens, were those Greeks? they were not altogether wrong in the matter of prayer at any rate. "*Fas est et ab hoste doceri.*" There is a temptation to linger among the classics (especially after reading through a book of English epigrams—like the tailor who stands up to rest) to which we plead guilty, and for which we hope we have shown some excuse. Let us recommend, in reparation to the "country gentlemen," an inscription for their clocks or sun-dials well worth adopting, and which may have the merit of novelty, for we have never yet seen it in an English version—another Greek "epigram," in the real sense of the word—a beautiful variation of the hackneyed moral, "Tempus fugit;" we give the original below,* to make amends for any shortcoming in our translations :—

> "Brief while the rose doth bloom; gather it straight;
> No rose, but thorns, remain for those that wait."

Of course, even in English, there are epigrams which can be classed as "Moral and Panegyrical," as well as "Satirical and Humorous;" though the present editor can find only ninety pages of these latter to balance some two hundred of the more piquant and better remembered class, and even to do this, has thought himself at liberty to include a good many extracts that are not epigrams at all, such as long passages from Shakspeare, Goldsmith, and Cowper, and from Aytoun's "Bothwell." After all, there are several which seem curiously out of place in this second division; the well known "*Balnea, vina, Venus*" hardly comes under the category of "Moral;" and we doubt whether the subject of the following, whether spinster or widow, would have received it as "panegyrical":—

> "Though age has changed thee, late so fair,
> I love thee ne'er the worse;
> For when he took thy golden hair,
> He filled with gold thy purse."

Some of the older complimentary verses are really elegant and worth preserving. Take this on the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire canvassing Westminster for Charles Fox:—

> "Arrayed in matchless beauty, Devon's Fair,
> In Fox's favor takes a zealous part;
> But, oh! where'er the pilferer comes, beware—
> She supplicates a vote and steals a heart."

We do not care much for tributes of this kind to anonymous young ladies, though some of them are prettily turned enough. As has been remarked before, epigrams which have a personal history are by far the most interesting. Of these Mr. Booth has omitted several which were very easy to be found, and better in their way than very many of his selections. Such as these surely deserved a place for every reason :—

"ON MISS VASSAL (LADY HOLLAND) AT A MASQUERADE, FEB. 27, 1786.

> "Imperial nymph! ill-suited is thy name
> To speak the wonders of that radiant frame;
> Where'er thy sovereign form on earth is seen,
> All eyes are *Vassals*—thou alone a queen."

"ON THE TWO BEAUTIFUL MISS GUNNINGS.

> "Sly Cupid, perceiving our modern beaux' hearts
> Were proof to the sharpest and best of his darts,
> His power to maintain, the young urchin, grown cunning,
> Has laid down his *bow*, and now conquers by *Gunning*."

"ERSKINE TO LADY PAYNE.

(*He had complained of feeling unwell at her house.*)

> "'Tis true I am ill, but I need not complain,
> For he never knew pleasure that never knew *Payne*."

And in spite of its being anonymous (so far as we know) both as to author and subject, we should like to add this last to the editor's collection :—

* Τὸ ῥόδον ἀκμάζει βαιὸν χρόνον· ἢν δὲ παρέλθῃ,
Ζητῶν εὑρήσεις οὐ ῥόδον, ἀλλὰ βάτον.

"ON A PATCH ON A LADY'S FACE.

"That artful speck upon her face
Had been a foil in one less fair;
In her it hides a killing grace,
And she in mercy placed it there."

We have not much faith in *impromptus*, which usually cost their authors much time and pains to compose; but we are glad to see again one of Theodore Hook's (who really had the gift of making them) which if the circumstances of its production are faithfully recorded, is one of the very best that was ever put into print. He is said to have been sitting at the piano, composing and singing one of those extempore songs in which he adapted a verse to the name of each one of the company present, when a Mr. Wynter entered the room quite unexpectedly. Hook at once started off as follows:—

"Here comes Mr. Wynter, surveyor of taxes,
I advise you to give him whatever he axes;
And that, too, without any nonsense or flummery,
For though his name's *Wynter*, his actions are *summary*."

Of such as are really epigrams in the original sense—inscriptions—one of the best in the book, and perhaps not so commonly known as some others, is that said to be still visible at the Duke of Richmond Inn, at Goodwood, on the carved figure-head (a lion) of Anson's ship the Centurion:—

"Stay, traveller, awhile, and view
I who have travelled more than you;
Quite round the globe in each degree,
Anson and I have plowed the sea;
Torrid and frigid zones have passed,
And safe ashore arrived at last,
In ease and dignity appear—
He in the House of Lords—I here."

The collection is not improved by the addition of a third class, containing "Monumental Epigrams." If intended as a collection of genuine epitaphs remarkable for their terseness or eccentricity, it is anything but complete, and the thing has been much better done before. But in point of fact it is a jumble of old tombstone verses, either genuine, or which have passed for such, with the playful or bitter "last words" which wits have suggested for their friends or enemies. By the side of inscriptions which are known to have a local existence, we find such things as Goldsmith's "Madam Blaize," Moore's lines upon Southey, and *Punch's* suggested epitaph on a locomotive engine—"Her end was pieces." The classification of epigrams is perhaps not very easy; but this kind of division into "Humorous" and "Monumental" is certainly the most illogical that ever was attempted. We wonder under which heading the editor would have classed the following verses, if he had happened to meet with them. They are an anticipatory dirge for Professor Buckland, at that time the great popular geologist, from the pen of Archbishop Whately. We do not know that they have been printed, except in the columns of a newspaper.

"Mourn, Ammonites, mourn o'er his funeral urn,
Whose neck* ye must grace no more;
Gneiss, granite and slate,—he settled your date,
And his ye must now deplore.

"Weep, caverns, weep, with infiltering drip,
Your recesses he'll cease to explore;
For mineral veins or organic remains,
No stratum again will he bore.

"His wit shone like Crystal—his knowledge profound
From Gravel to Granite descended;
No Trap could deceive him, no Slip confound,
No specimen, true or pretended.

"Where shall we our great Professor inter,
That in peace may rest his bones?
If we hew him a rocky sepulchre,
He'll get up and break the stones,
And examine each strata that lies around,
For he's quite in his element underground.

"If with mattock and spade his body we lay
In the common alluvial soil;
He'll start up and snatch those tools away
Of his own geological toil;
In a stratum so young the Professor disdains
That embedded should be his organic remains.

"Then exposed to the drip of some case-hardening spring,
His carcass let stalactite cover;
And to Oxford the petrified sage let us bring,
When duly encrusted all over;
There 'mid mammoths and crocodiles, high on the shelf,
Let him stand as a monument raised to himself.
"1*st Dec.* 1820."

The reader will find, in this last class, four Latin lines which have always been a puzzle to curious scholars. They are said to be found on a stone in Lavenham Church, Norfolk—

"Quod fuit esse quod est
Quod non fuit esse quod esse

* The ladies of Dr. Buckland's family—if not the professor himself—occasionally wore necklaces of ammonites.

Esse quod non esse
Quod est non est erit esse."

(We prefer leaving out the commas, as we have found the punctuation of other passages, whether the printer's or the editor's, of rather a hap-hazard character.) There is a translation given—one of several which we have seen, perfectly intelligible in themselves, but quite impossible to be got, by any fair grammatical process, out of the original Latin. The most plausible interpretation suggested—and if not the true one, it has, at least, the merit of great ingenuity—goes upon the supposition that the name of the deceased was *Toby Watt*. Then it comes out something like this: "That which was Toby Watt, is what Toby Watt was not; to be Toby Watt, is not to be what Toby Watt is; Toby is not, he will be." It is true that the Lavenham epitaph is said to be upon one John Wales: but we believe it exists elsewhere, with various readings: and it is by no means impossible the John Wales's relatives borrowed the inscription, admiring it none the less that it was unintelligible. That some such play upon words is the key to the riddle, seems probably from another epitaph in Mr. Booth's book—

"Hic jacet Plus, plus non est hic,
Plus et non plus—quomodo sic?"

Of which the following, said to be in St. Benet's Church, Paul's Wharf, seems to be a free translation—

"Here lies one *More*, and no more than he;
One More and no more—how can that be?
Why, one *More* and no more may well lie here alone,
But here lies one More, and that's more than one."

Such grim puns were not thought irreverent to the dead by the taste of the day. We are not fond either of monumental witticisms or monumental eulogy: if we must needs choose a poetical memorial, there is one in the book (which really exists at Peterborough) whose plain-speaking strikes our fancy:—

"Reader, pass on, nor idly waste your time,
In bad biography, or bitter rhyme;
What I am now, this cumbrous clay insures,
And what I was is no affair of yours."

It will be seen that we have been unable to compliment the present editor on his selection. Especially we regret to see some of the modern personalities of *Punch* copied into his pages. They may be excused in an ephemeral publication; they are not really malicious—indeed, nothing is more remarkable than their general good-humor and freedom from bitterness, when the temptations of the professional joker are considered—and they answer the intended purpose of raising a laugh. But in a book intended for the drawing-room table, as this seems to be, the same sense of propriety which has excluded some of the wittiest epigrams of former generations on account of their grossness, should also have suffered verses of no remarkable brilliancy, which described living and late bishops (whose names are supplied in a note as "Soapey" and "Cheesey," to remain in the files of periodical papers, or in the memories of their admirers.

From the "American Publishers' Circular" for May, just received from Messrs. Trubner & Co., we find that Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, of Boston, announce a "Life of W. H. Prescott," by Dr. George Ticknor, to be published in quarto, with illustrations; Messrs. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, have in press the "History of Charles the Bold," by the late Mr. Prescott's assistant, Mr. John F. Kirk; Messrs. Mason Brothers, of New York, will shortly publish a "History of General Butler's Campaign and Administration at New Orleans," by Mr. Parton, whose "Life of Benjamin Franklin" has been looked forward to for several years; the Hon. Edward Everett is completing the manuscript of "The Law of Nations," a book to which the present state of America will furnish much new and curious matter; and Mr. B. J. Lossing announces a "History of the Rebellion." Dr. Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors" is getting towards completion, and the MS. of the second volume will soon be in the printer's hands—the letter S., and the Smiths in particular (there being no less than 680 authors of that name, of whom more than eighty are Johns) having been a sad stumbling-block in the compiler's way.

Michel Chevalier is engaged at this moment, by command of Napoleon III., on a large work on the internal resources of Mexico, drawn from reports prepared by special messengers, sent out for the purpose in the train of the French army of invasion.

From The Reader.

DE QUINCEY'S REMAINS.

De Quincey's writings hardly belong to what can be called "current literature." They are now rather a portion of that past English literature of which we are proud as a national inheritance. Hence the completion of the collected edition of De Quincey's works in fifteen volumes by Messrs. A. and C. Black of Edinburgh is a topic rather for our leading article than for one of our reviews. But it is an event that ought not to go by unchronicled. A few years ago, while De Quincey was yet alive, the only collected edition of his writings was an American edition, which had been very creditably undertaken by an American publisher in order to meet the demand in the United States caused by De Quincey's fame. Based on this edition there at last came forth a British edition, superintended by De Quincey himself, and all but finished when he died. The present is a re-issue of that edition, with improvements and additions. The fifteen volumes ought to be in every library that aims at containing what is most excellent in English literature. For De Quincey is one of our classics, one of our real immortals, and his remains are one of the richest and most peculiar bequests that have recently fallen in to the great accumulation of our standard English prose. Whoever knows not De Quincey has his education in our higher English literature still to complete.

What a strange life was De Quincey's! A dream rather than a life, a passive flitting to and fro, almost a disembodied existence, unbound, unregulated by any of the ties and punctualities that bind and regulate ordinary lives! The end of it is within recent recollection. You were walking, perhaps, with a friend in one of the quiet country-lanes near Edinburgh; and there passed you timidly a strange diminutive creature, with his hat hung on the back of his head, at whom you could not help looking back, and whom, when you did look back, you found also stopping, as if in suspicious alarm, and looking back at you. "That is De Quincey," your friend would whisper; and the diminutive creature would hastily move on, as if fearful of being caught, and disappear round the first turning, the rim of his hat still sloping back over his shabby coat-collar. And so, in wanderings about in the lanes and country-roads near Edinburgh, in the vicinity of which he then had his home—varied by occasional disappearances, during which he could not be traced—were passed the last years of a man who, some fifty years before, had been the companion of Wordsworth and Southey and Coleridge in the Lake-district, who had thereafter started out from that illustrious group as an intellectual notability *sui generis*, and who, for thirty years or more, had been famous in London and everywhere as the English Opium-eater, and one of the finest writers in the English language. Quietly and furtively, with all this retrospect of notoriety behind him, like some small and enfeebled ticket-of-leave man, amazingly afraid of the police, and dimly conscious that they might still have a right to him, did De Quincey flit about lanes and country-roads in his last obscure retreat—occasionally clutched and borne away in a cab (which was the only way of securing him) to be the lion of an Edinburgh evening-party, when, after he had discoursed most beautiful talk for hours, the problem would arise how on earth to get him away again. At last, on impulse or on suasion, "out into the Night," as the German novelists have it, he would go; and what became of him no one knew, and no one cared.

And yet this strange life must, from first to last, have been a life of singular industry and labor. This singular being, this migratory and almost disembodied intellect, this little wandering anatomy, topped with a brain, whom a habit of opium-eating contracted in its early youth had loosened, as it seemed, from all the social realities of life, and almost from all sense of worldly responsibility, had been leading an indefatigable life of its own—all observation, all memory, all reverie, all speculation. Howsoever and whensoever he had acquired his scholarship, there were few such learned and accomplished men in his day as De Quincey. He had read enormously, without ever seeming to have books by him, much less a library. He had made himself his own encyclopædia, and, wherever he was, could quote all that he wanted to quote, dates and references included, from memory. Then, not belonging to the world, but only as some merely intellectual spirit moving about in the world, he had taken note of everything in it, serious or humorous, and had forgotten nothing that he had once noted. With a memory thus

full and ever becoming fuller, and with a tendency at the same time to investigation, reasoning, and fantastic constructions of his own ideas, he had, nearly all his life, and in the main for the mere purpose of earning the necessary sustenance of bread or opium, been in the habit of throwing off—nay, not throwing off, for they were carefully written, with corrections and interlineations—articles for magazines and other periodicals. Each article, when written, seems to have been thrown over his shoulder, unregistered, unfiled, uncared-for; and yet, incessantly and laboriously, he was writing fresh articles. Of books, or things originally shaped as books, he gave but one or two to the world; his whole literary life was a succession of articles for periodicals. It seemed to be the same to him where his articles went, provided they brought him the small immediate payment he wanted—whether to periodicals of note or to obscure periodicals; and it is one of the oddest things we know that this English literary celebrity, this veteran man of genius, whose services the greatest periodical in the land might have been glad to command at any price, should have spent some of his last years in composing articles for local periodicals, posting the packets of manuscript at the Lasswade post-office, and fearing lest, from being too late, they should be rejected altogether. Not till the very end of his life, and then probably less on his own motion than on the urging of friends, did he set about collecting his scattered papers, or indicating, from the lists in his memory, from what miscellaneous quarters they might be collected. And yet these scattered articles in all sorts of periodicals for some thirty or forty years were what De Quincey was and now is to the world; and the fifteen volumes in which they are now collected are, with the exception of a book or two, and some articles left out as scarcely worth reprinting, De Quincey's total remains.

It is seldom that an author attempts a classification of his own writings, and more seldom still that a classification which an author does propose of his own writings is satisfactory to others. De Quincey, however, in the preface to the collected edition of his writings which he himself superintended, proposed a classification of these writings which cannot be improved upon. Neither in that edition nor in the present is the classification followed in the actual arrangement of the volumes—probably for the practical reason, that the classes of writings theoretically discriminated shade into each other; but, theoretically, the classification is perfect; and, had it been possible, we should have preferred an arrangement of the writings according to it to any other arrangement except the strictly chronological. In a collected edition of an author's writings, and especially in a posthumous edition, the chronological arrangement, where possible, is always the very best. Leaving that matter, however, let us attend to De Quincey's theoretical distribution of the contents of these fifteen volumes. They might be distributed, he said, into three classes:—I. *Writings of fact, reminiscence, and historical narration.* Under such a head, though not precisely so named, De Quincey included a large and very interesting portion of the contents of these fifteen volumes. He cited the "Autobiographic Sketches" as an example. These "Autobiographic Sketches" contain recollections of his own life, and of his acquaintance with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey and others; but there are, in the fifteen volumes, many papers of the same order, not autobiographic, but more generally historical or biographic, which are extremely substantial and valuable. All De Quincey's literary biographies are worth reading; and we recollect his sketch of Bentley's life as especially interesting and thorough. On the whole, we will make but one remark on this portion of De Quincey's writings; and that is that, whereas we have found that the statements of all opium-eaters of facts relating to themselves are to be received with caution, or even, where they are very picturesque, are to be punctually disbelieved, we have found, on the other hand, that, in general matters of history, opium-eaters are not necessarily inventive, but may be extraordinarily exact and accurate. II. *Speculative writings, or writings addressed to the purely rational faculty.* A large proportion of De Quincey's writings are of this kind; and, in our opinion, these—or those others in which criticism and speculation are blended with biography and history—are among his best. His was, indeed, a singularly subtle and, as the Germans say, *spitzfindig* intellect; and, out of the class of expressly systematic thinkers, we do not know a recent writer whose investigations of vexed

problems are finer and more ingenious, or, what is more, whose conclusions are more distinct and trustworthy than De Quincey's. He reminds us here, both in matter and in manner, of Coleridge—whom, indeed, in the main, he resembled more than he resembled any other of his predecessors; and we would say of him, as we would say of Coleridge, that whoever is investigating any question ought to make a point of seeing whether this thinker has said anything about it—confident that, if he has, he has gone into the very crevices of the subject, and made deep and exquisite incisions in the right direction. In all matters relating, in particular, to literary criticism, and the philosophy of style and literature, De Quincey, like Coleridge, is masterly; and his essays on such subjects are worth a score of the older English treatises on Rhetoric. Nor, though De Quincey's method is subtle, are his conclusions unsound or merely ingenious. His "Letters to a young man whose education has been neglected" are replete with good sense, and are about the wisest advices on the subject of literary culture we have ever read. III. *Imaginative Prose-Writings.* De Quincey claimed to be a practitioner of a style of imaginative and rhythmical, or highly impassioned prose, of which, in universal literature, there had been few precedents; and, as examples of such prose-poetry, he pointed to passages in his "Confessions of an Opium-Eater," and still more confidently to his "*Suspiria de Profundis.*" There is no doubt that he was right, and that from these and other writings of De Quincey specimens may be cited of what may be called prose-rhapsody or rich and weirdly prose-phantasy, such as can be cited from no other English prose-writer. Nor, whatever may be the intrinsic value of this style of writing, is that value abated by the fact that De Quincey, as a critic of his own writings, was aware of the peculiarity of this portion of them.

All in all, since Coleridge's death, we know of no English writer, speculative in the cast of his genius, without being expressly systematic, whose remains are a more valuable bequest to British literature than those of De Quincey. He died in the same year with Lord Macaulay; and, while all Britain was ringing with proclamations of the national loss sustained by Lord Macaulay's death, the sole tribute to poor old De Quincey was the tribute of a few short and scattered obituary notices in the newspapers. The difference was proper as regarded the relative social importance of the two lives. And yet, perhaps, the worth of Lord Macaulay's literary remains, as compared with those of De Quincey, is as the worth of some highly burnished mass of a metal of gold and copper mixed, compared with the worth of an equal mass of pure white silver worked into foliage and frosted filagree.

Messrs. Trubner & Co. have just ready M. Frolich's "Lord's Prayer" (with an etched dedication plate and prefatory plate and ten etched designs illustrative of the text), dedicated to the Princess Alexandra. In all these designs the subject proper is combined with arabesques of appropriate foliage. Thus, in the Lord's Prayer, the pimpernel and small corn-flower frame the design for "Give us this day our daily bread;" the palms of triumphant beatitude support the design for "Thy kingdom come;" thorns and brambles hedge in the designs appropriated to the averting temptation and the deliverance from evil. The plates are exquisitely executed from graceful designs.

A literary association, under the title of "Society of Norman Bibliophiles," has just been established at Rouen. Its object is to collect and print rare works and manuscripts relating to Normandy. It is stated that many of the private libraries of Normandy are possessed of most valuable collections of ancient documents, not a few of them relating to the early connection between France and England.

The long-expected correspondence of Goethe with Duke Charles Augustus of Saxe-Weimar, containing, it is stated, matter of the very highest interest, is now definitely announced to appear at the beginning of June. The work will be in two volumes, published by Voigt and Gunther, Leipzig.

The flint-hatchet difficulty is at last settled. A popular curate in Hertfordshire, in a lecture lately on the connection between geology and the Bible, said that these flint hatchets had been a difficulty to some people, but for his part he had not the slightest difficulty in the matter; he had no doubt that they were made by the Fallen Angels.

From The Saturday Review, 23 May.

THE ENGLISH COURT.

London saw a very strange sight last Saturday. It saw carriage after carriage of ladies, old and young, in the brightest and gayest dresses possible, waiting quietly in a block far away towards Kensington and Regent's Park, in order that, at the end of a May spring afternoon, they might reach the Palace of St. James. There they sat, like sheep decked out for a sacrifice, smiling vaguely on the crowds that stared at them, bleating perhaps in an undertone to each other, but without power to move, losing gradually, first patience, and then hope. These ladies were all going to court, and this is what going to court is practically like in England. They were the flower of beauty and wealth and fashion, on their way to pay their first homage to a bride. At last, after hours of exhaustion, they reached the dingy, shabby little mansion where it is the fancy of English sovereigns to receive their subjects. They had then to squeeze, and to be squeezed, to lose temper and finery, to vent their feelings in those looks of fire which are to women a facile substitute for oaths. They had to fight as the wild eager outlaws from society fight to get a good place at an execution, and at last they reached the presence of the Princess. She, too, shared the pleasures of an English Court Reception. She had to stand bowing for hours until at last she could stand no longer. Etiquette tried to turn out nature with a fork, but nature came back. This was what all the state and ceremony and wealth and loveliness of England ended in. It is only England that could have had so much to throw away, and only England that would have thrown it away. There could scarcely be any sight more beautiful than the sight of an English drawing-room as it might be; and there is scarcely any sight so aggravating and ludicrous as an English drawing-room as it is. The spectacle of an Eastern durbar has appealed to the imagination and gratified the taste of every successive generation of Englishmen in India. The harmony of colors, the blaze of jewels, the repose and dignity of those there, the quiet, the order, the grandeur of the whole, have never failed to charm those who have seen the spectacle. But England could gather a durbar of which India has never dreamed. If vast halls, and magnificence, and palatial state—if the treasures of art, and the delights of form and color, as accessories—could enhance the effect, we have them. The gay clothing, the blazing jewelry, the personal grace of Orientals would be eclipsed by the splendor of English dresses and the loveliness of English faces. The respectful homage which Orientals pay to their sovereign is repeated in England, but it has the additional worth of a self-respect felt by those who pay it, and of the genuine emotion of affection and regard which an English sovereign awakens so easily. A drawing-room might be a delight to the eye, and a gratification to the sense of beauty and perfection—a link between the sovereign and the subject, and a tribute to the excellence of English charms. It is a crash, a dim battle of worn-out sufferers, an ugly, heart-rending disappointment.

The fact is, that the times have changed, and the habits of the people are changed, but the ways of the court have remained the same A hundred years ago, the Palace of St. James's suited the sovereigns of the house of Hanover very well. They saw a limited number of people, and saw them in a friendly way. They knew something of the history of those presented to them, and were not above a taste for the gossip and scandal of an idle, sociable circle. They were like a family great enough to go on in their own way, and to expect that their neighbors should be pleased to drop in upon them. The days of the court pageantry which suited the tastes brought with them by the Stuarts from the old connection of Scotland with France, were no objects of envy to royalty in the early days of the Georges. Royalty had come from Germany, and in Germany royalty considers that the truly royal thing is to be simply the first family in the country—the richest, and the best-born and the most powerful, but still perhaps one of the homeliest, simply because a family that is past rivalry is past affectation. The fashion in such matters was soon set; and England was quite content that its sovereigns should keep court as German princes are wont to do. So St. James's was pronounced to do very well. The aristocracy and a few adroit people at the top of professions made their way into the presence of the king and queen, and ate and chatted with them, as in these days country neighbors eat and chat in the great house of the district. Those old days are gone by,

and the court has changed in some degree, and its relations to the people have also changed. There is no longer a small privileged set which is born to go to court, and which alone presumes to go there. Now, every lady goes that is a little ambitious and can afford the dress. England is much more before the world; and a royal spectacle is a matter of far more than local interest. The sovereign is now the head of the nation, and, in matters of show and magnificence is to a great extent expected to lead the nation and represent it properly. The court and the upper society of England is daily more and more brought into intimate relations with the courts and the society of continental capitals; and although there is little of the old familiarity which was natural in the meetings of members of small circles in frequent communication with each other, yet there is a much more extended acquaintanceship than there used to be, and the court is looked to as a basis for this widely spread connection. The court has more to do than formerly, and has to do it for people who are not nearly so intimately bound up with its daily life.

And yet drawing-rooms are still held at St. James's and ladies are crushed and worried to death, and royal brides fatigued to exhaustion, rather than change the manners with the times, and listen to the whisperings of common sense and the dictates of a proper pride. But it must not be supposed that the English court acts without a settled purpose, or without reasons entitled to considerable weight. The court clings, at the cost of all this inconvenience, to old customs, because they are linked with something which it is thought ought not to pass away. The royal family has lived for a century and a half in England on the plan of German royalty. It has been simply a family, but a royal one, and the only exception is certainly not one to make it seem very desirable to abandon the old order for a new one. The court of the regency was of the sort of brilliancy which is not liked by the English court or the English people. It might not be safe to change. The constitution, to say the least, harmonizes very well with the German theory of royal life. It might not be quite so well if our sovereign were like the sovereign of the Tuileries, and spent millions in state shows and in fêtes and pageants for the world. And then, again, it is very natural that royalty should scarcely wish to encourage this passion for going to court in people who have no official reason for going, and who have not been born in the court circles. It lowers the position of the sovereign that royalty should be treated as it was in Paris, when the citizen-king was expected to behave as a citizen to his fellow-citizens. Nor is it by any means a duty to encourage the abandonment of the old distinctions of station, the love for show, the silly pretences involved in a general rush to court of nobodies—of ladies who are not in court circles, nor the wives or daughters of distinguished men. It is a very moderate estimate to say that at least a fourth of those who go would be much better at home. Even if the sovereign is not entitled actually to exclude them, the sovereign is not bound to facilitate their trying to blow themselves out to the size of the proper court visitor. Many families, perhaps, will date the beginning of the pretensions that will harass and cripple them for years, from the evil day when vanity prompted the desire to sit in one of those blocked carriages, and fight in that disastrous crush. The conservatism of the English court in this respect has therefore not been without its use and its justification. Only the time has come when things cannot go on as they are. It may be desirable that the English court should forego some of the magnificence which it could so easily command. Some sort of check may be pardonably imposed on presentations by hundreds and hundreds at a time. But it is a great pity that the business should be done so absurdly ill as at present. These are not bad times for royalty, and especially for royalty in England; and the little drawbacks of happy times must be taken with the advantages. It is a drawback on being lovable and pretty and good, that the world likes to look at you sometimes when you had much rather not have the bore of being looked at. It would be pleasanter, perhaps, to have the glory and the respect of royalty without the duties often so unavoidably tedious. But it cannot be; and an English sovereign has, if duty is done, a very busy time of it. It is now a piece of necessary business to arrange the drawing-room properly, and a very little consideration, once for all, and a very little extra trouble every summer would suffice to carry out all that is wanted.

From The Reader.

A CONFEDERATE APOCALYPSE.

Anticipations of the Future, to Serve as Lessons for the Present Time. In the Form of Extracts of Letters from an English Resident in the United States to the "London Times," from 1864 *to* 1870. *With an Appendix on the Causes and Consequences of the Independence of the South.* (Richmond, Va., 1860.)

Amid the emotions produced by the intelligence now in course of transmission from America, it might appear almost preposterous to bestow any attention on an attempt to forecast the lineaments of the Great Civil War on a scale as petty as if it rather concerned the squabbles of two principalities than the destinies of two continents. Yet this singular work before us deserves notice, both as a curiosity and as a valuable testimony to the motives and feelings which impelled the Southern Americans to a conflict of the extent and seriousness of which they had evidently a very inadequate conception. Published in June, 1860, six months before the secession of South Carolina, the book is a deliberate anticipation of the step, and a minute detail of its progress and results as visible to the prophetic eye of a fanatic and exasperated Southerner. The writer, however, is evidently a man of intelligence and cultivation, accustomed to political life, of mature years—he remembers the blockade of 1812–15—and of good standing among his countrymen, as may be inferred from the fact that his appendix is reprinted from "De Bow's Review," almost the only respectable literary organ they possess. The machinery employed is unexceptionable enough, being neither vision nor trance, but simply the correspondence of an imaginary *Times* reporter at Washington. Had we seen this volume on its first appearance, we might have objected to the improbability inherent in the character of an Englishman represented as the thorough-going apologist of slavery. It is needless to observe that we are now fully convinced of our mistake.

At first sight, confidence in the discernment of our prophet would seem impaired by his fixing the foreboded disruption for 1868. But we learn, on consulting his preface, that this is but a condescending accommodation of the *mens divinior* to the timidity of unbelievers. His own conviction is that secession will and should take place immediately upon the anticipated election of Mr. Lincoln. But there are, unfortunately, numerous "submissionists" in the South—souls so mean and dastardly as to be positively unwilling to take up arms against their countrymen till they have received some injury at their hands. Magnanimously according these mean spirits eight years to arrive at a sense of propriety, he fixes the meeting of the secessionist convention at Atlanta, Ga., for January 20, 1868. Always, be it remembered, under protest. And, in fact, his views of Southern reasonableness reflect so much credit upon his discernment that it is a pity to find them coupled with a strong opinion that the North would never dare to engage in hostilites at all—a conviction which underlies the whole book.

Let us suppose ourselves, then, promoted to A.D. 1868, and able to bestow a hasty glance on the path by which we have travelled to Secessia. President Lincoln, it seems, was elected in 1860 "by a small majority. Public indignation would not permit a Southern vote to be offered for him"—a pretty comment on freedom of election south of Mason and Dixon. It is interesting to observe the improvement in the president's appearance when brought into the light of prophecy. "He was courteous to all, conciliatory to his personal enemies, and did not show any resentment against those who had been his loudest vilifiers. . . . His policy and administration were praiseworthy, and respected for probity, wisdom, and firmness. . . . He maintained the dignity of the Government abroad and its respectability at home." So, at last, we have found a Southerner speaking well of President Lincoln. But the serpent entered Eden in the shape of President Seward, elected in 1864. The first step of the new ruler was to offer increased inducements to immigrants, who, "being mostly low and ignorant," naturally reinforced the Abolitionists. Everybody connected with John Brown got a place, more particularly "the notorious Helper," who "was made one of the new Receivers of the Land Office." General Fremont became commander-in-chief; "the rabid abolitionist, Joshua Giddings," was appropriately despatched to Hayti—the Government of which state returned the compliment by sending the Duke of Marmalade to Washington. Traffic on the "underground

railway" increased notably; and slavery disappeared altogether from the District of Columbia. The naval and military forces were augmented; six Northern States were divided for the purpose of manufacturing new senators: President Seward was re-elected; and the Gulf States seceded, electing Mr. M. of South Carolina (Memminger, we presume) President, and Mr. C. of Alabama (whom we fail to identify) Vice-President.

Viewed by the light of actual events, the military anticipations of our Southerner seem the perfection of comicality. Operations commence by the capture of Fort Sumter—not a very difficult operation, inasmuch as the garrison consists of "one old sergeant." Fort Moultrie is next blockaded, and in due course reduced to submission, though not before the seceders have had time to achieve a great moral triumph by unanimously repudiating their debts. In consequence whereof, before the war had lasted three months, "as many as one-fourth of all the usually laboring and self-supporting poor of the great northern cities, and throughout the manufacturing rural districts, were paupers and beggars." This being the case, it seems surprising that the Northern Government could not collect more than seven thousand men for the invasion of the South. After the destruction of this force by the brave General S., the rest of the Slave States secede, Washington is taken and made the seat of Government, a Federal army is demolished in Mississippi, the Confederates win a naval battle, and their wicked enemies are reduced to their last resort of exciting a servile insurrection. Need it be said that this also results in failure, or that "the prisoners were all hung as soon as a gallows could be erected"—among them "the notorious abolition-leader and apostle of insurrection and massacre, William L. Garrison, and with him seven negro and nine white public lecturers on slavery and abolition?" Another invasion, under a son of John Brown, is similarly discomfited, notwithstanding the ingenious stratagem of the commander, who, "because of the manifest selection of the whites as marks for the Kentucky rifles," had ordered "that every white should blacken his face—and had himself set the example." After the execution of this tactician and his officers—which the failure of the North to capture a single prisoner allowed to take place without any fear of reprisals—the Confederates had only to sit still and enjoy the spectacle of the total destruction of New York by the work-people—Boston and Philadelphia escaping with a slight singeing, as it were. After this it is hardly necessary to add that the North-Western States conclude a separate peace, that the European powers refuse to acknowledge the ineffective blockade, and that the curtain drops upon Secessia at the threshold of her millennium, and the Free States considering how best to get rid of "the predaceous and troublesome New England States, with their pestilent fanaticism," and their "political and economical position scarcely superior to those conditions of the present Republic of Hayti."

All this seems sufficiently ludicrous; but, before joining in a laugh at our Southerner's expense, it may be as well to consider how far we can afford to do so. Have we, as a nation, given evidence of a much more enlightened appreciation of the contest, the principles it involves, its probable duration and issue? Have not the determination and resources of the Free States proved as great a surprise to most of us as to this unlucky Virginian vaticinator? Has not our policy been shaped by the conviction that the termination of the struggle might be looked for from one week to another? And has not this delusion ruined our most important branch of industry by paralyzing every rational effort for its relief?

From The Saturday Review.

HEIR HUNTING.

The sufferings which people who have anything that can be dunned out of them by importunity are condemned to undergo at the hands of those who are impudent enough to dun them, have long been the subject of general commiseration. The system of Competitive Examination is believed to owe its origin chiefly to the anxiety of statesmen to rid themselves of the intolerable throng of applicants who were gathered round them by the hopes of patronage. The Mendicity Society owes its existence to the absolute necessity of providing some protection against the swarm of beggars whom the merest rumor will draw round any man who has had the weakness to be guilty of an act of benevolence. It is said that a distinguished philanthropist, who has had the misfortune to make his name famous by an act of singular munificence, has been fairly driven into a foreign country by the levée of piteous cases that has taken to assembling round his street door. There are better-dressed beggars also, who do not beg less valiantly, though it is for other things. The great people who have the reputation of giving agreeable or splendid parties are severe sufferers from the imperturbable assurance with which those who are laboring up the lower rounds of the fashionable ladder petition for a card. But of all the sufferers of this kind, there is no set of people so deserving of pity as elder sons. The mendicants by whom they are beset are not of the outcast class, who can be got rid of by an appeal to a police magistrate or a mendicity officer; nor is the favor for which they are importuned a very small matter. Turbaned dowagers, of awful presence and remorseless tongues, laden with unmarketable daughters, and with the word "Intentions" trembling on their lips, are the lazzaroni by whom their footseps are dogged; and, like their Neapolitan prototypes, these persecutors are always ready to turn to and abuse their victim if he refuses them the trifling dole of title and estates for which they are asking.

Happily for themselves, the hunted animals in question are comparatively rare. London ball-rooms and country-houses are the spots in which their persecutors generally find them; but, like the Alpine chamois, excessive hunting has made them scarce in their ancient haunts. They survive, however, in sufficient numbers to enable a careful observer to watch their habits in every stage of their troubled existence. The change that comes over them in the course of it is both striking and melancholy. The length of time during which any one of them has been the object for which some dowager has spread her toils may in general be inferred from the extent of timidity and caution he displays. On his first entrance into society, the elder son is cheerful, conversable, and trustful in his manner. He betrays no consciousness that his every gesture is watched, or that every phrase that falls from him is carefully analyzed, to find whether a latent or embryo proposal can be detected in its composition. He does not even know his enemies as yet. He will talk and laugh with a dowager, and listen to her compliments, and accept her invitations, and will speak of her to his friends as though she were nothing else to him but a rather ugly old woman, with a large development of skirt and head-dress. But the great sign that an elder son is still enjoying the bliss of youthful ignorance is the ease and composure with which he practises the manly accomplishment of flirting. He will plunge into a family of maiden daughters, if pheasants should lead him there, without a tinge of fear. He will sit by a young lady at dinner, if chance should thrust him into such a position, and his appetite will never be blunted by a thought upon the dangers that surround him. Nay, he will devote himself to her all the evening, will bank with her at the round game, and turn over her leaves at the pianoforte; and at the end of it all, he will hand a candle to her mother, without a suspicion that those maternal eyes are already glancing at him that question about "Intentions" which in a few days will send him a scared and breathless fugitive from the hall-door. Very different is the bearing of the elder son who has learnt wisdom in the bitter school of experience. He no longer ventures willingly into danger. After a score of hairbreadth escapes, like the partridges in November, he is decidedly wild. He is mentally scarred all over with the wounds he has received. Good-natured friends have confided to him more than once that Lady So-and-So is saying all over London that "he has behaved infamously;" and his manner shows that he is no longer insensible to the constructions which may be placed on the ordinary politenesses which are only

practised with impunity by younger sons. Something of his former self still remains to him as long as only married women are in the room. He speaks and laughs at his ease, sits down wherever inclined, and does not shrink even from a *tête-à-tête*. But the moment the form of a marriageable female darkens the doorway, a cloud comes over him. If he can, he flees from the open plain by the fire, and hides himself in distant corners or behind impregnable writing tables. If he cannot make his escape to a place of security, he throws himself upon the defensive by making hard love to the nearest married lady, or by taking a sudden but absorbing interest in the agricultural prospects of a country neighbor. Sometimes hard fate forces him to sit through a whole meal next to the object of his terrors, and then it is very pretty to watch his coy and maidenly embarrassment. He is evidently puzzling himself the whole time how to draw the narrow imperceptible line which, in the case of elder sons, separates rudeness from love-making. He is calculating how many observations upon the weather it will be safe to make, and whether he can dare to desert that innocent subject of criticism without exposing himself to the risk of being supposed to have "behaved infamously" six months hence. His manner becomes very like that of a witness who has been put forward to prove an alibi, and is undergoing a severe cross-examination. At last, of course, he attains to a wonderful dexterity in the use of a glacial politeness, in which nothing matrimonial can be scented even by the keenest dowager nose. It is not all elder sons, however, who attain to this conversational agility. Many are taken in the process of learning how to elude their pursuers. In spite of all his care, many a one finds himself at last undergoing that dreaded interview in which the dexterous dowager drives in her last harpoon, by telling him in a broken voice, from behind her pocket-handkerchief, that she fears her dear daughter's peace of mind is gone forever. Conscious of their weakness, the elder sons seldom run too close to danger. They prefer to flock together out of its reach. Just as a shoal of herrings indicates the neighborhood of a dog-fish, and as the terror among the small birds betrays the presence of a hawk in the air above, so if you see a number of elder sons congregated at one end of a breakfast or luncheon table you may be quite sure there is a young lady at the other.

After a time, this phase, too, in the elder son's career passes away. The dowagers whose toils he has constantly eluded give him up in despair at last. He is beyond the age when he can be expected to believe in the fracture of a young lady's peace of mind; and it is of no use asking for intentions when there are no intentions forthcoming. Nothing remains of his many hazards and narrow deliverances, but a quarrel with two or three families to whom he is supposed to have behaved infamously. He has not resumed, however, the unsuspecting gaiety of youth. He has acquired a precautionary habit of sheering off at the approach of a young lady, to which he probably adheres. He has also contracted a practice of keeping his hands in his pockets, which has attracted the observation of the naturalists by whom the species has been studied. The reason is supposed by many to be analogous to that which induces the Persians who live in disturbed districts to cut their beards short, in order that their adversaries may have nothing to take hold of. This explanation, however, requires to be verified. It is needless to say that, in this advanced stage of elder-sonship, he does not dream of marriage. To propose it to him would be like proposing amalgamation to Federals and Confederates, or to Poles and Russians. A long course of social hardships and privations has made such an idea abhorrent to him. The results—at least those results which we can examine without lifting up the veil of our decorous social system—are curious enough, not only with respect to the elder sons, strictly so called, but with respect to all who are in any degree worth being hunted down. Refined female society they will, as a rule, have, though they cannot have it in the conversation of young ladies, the greater number of whom are brought up to look on them with a purely commercial eye. The demand from such a quarter is pretty sure to create a supply; and as the young unmarried ladies are shut out by the manœuvres of their mothers, it must be furnished by those who have removed that disqualification. Snake-charming is a perilous amusement except with snakes whose fangs are drawn. The arrangement is, no doubt, a very pleasant one for the young men. Married women are in themselves more prac-

tised, and, therefore, more agreeable talkers than young ladies: and even if they were not, a friendship which does not lead up to a question about intentions is necessarily a very much pleasanter and more comfortable kind of intimacy than one that does. But it is not to be expected that the prevalence of such a state of things should be free from consequences of a more serious kind upon the morality and the repute of the classes among whom it exists. For the present the game appears to go on merrily. Skating on thin ice is a delightful amusement until the ice breaks —and, perhaps, for some time after. But if the pastime should result in extensive scandal, no small share of the blame will belong to the dowager-system, and especially to the vigorous practitioners who have pushed it to such a length in our day.

The Nile.—Deeper in human interest than the reported discovery of the source of the White Nile, the geographical secret of many ages, by Messrs. Speke and Grant, is the intelligence from Egypt that Mr. Petherick is not dead, as late news from that country represented him to be. He is alive and well, at Gondocoro. We now know that all the gallant men whom we have sent out into the great African desert, to extend the bounds of knowledge — Baker, Petherick, Grant, and Speke—have, so far, escaped the fate which has followed so many of our noblest explorers in every part of the world—Franklin, Leichardt, Burke, and many others—over whose graves we have had to write the glories of discovery. In gratitude for their safety, we can tell the story of their trials, and reckon up the gains of science. Our conjecture, made on the 9th of May, that Mr. Baker must have fallen in with Messrs. Grant and Speke on the upper waters of the White Nile, and rendered them important aid, turns out to have been correct. This adventurous traveller was the first European whom they met on their descent from the tropics; and from him they obtained aid in money, stores, and boats. To him they communicated their discovery that the Bahr el Abiad, the main stream of the White Nile, has its source in the Victoria-Nyanza lake; information which induced him to turn his face in another direction, towards the south-east, in search of another inland lake, which is supposed to feed a second branch of the White Nile. He will be lost to us for a year; though the public need not doubt that he will, in due time, turn up again. Lower down the stream they fell in with Consul Petherick and his gallant wife. The news which Captains Speke and Grant bring to London will excite attention in every city of the civilized globe. The source of the Nile was a puzzle in the time of Moses, and long before the time of Moses. The enigma is suggested on the most ancient monuments of Egypt; it excited the curiosity of Rameses and Sesostris; confounded the wisdom of the Ptolemies; won attention during the Roman occupation; amused the leisure of the Schoolmen; tantalized the Portuguese Jesuits in the sixteenth century; engaged the adventurous spirit of Bruce; aroused the wonder, and baffled the researches of Mohammed Ali; and defied the zeal, the ability, and endurance of our old correspondents, the Brothers D'Abbadie. At length, the mystery is solved; and the source of the Nile is found, by a couple of Englishmen, to be a lake about four degrees south of the Equator, very near the position which Dr. Beke, so long ago as 1846, assigned to it theoretically. It is curious that the fact has been discovered not by following the waters of the river upwards from its mouth, the natural course of discovery, but by descending upon it from above.—*Athenæum.*

Messrs. Bacon and Co. have published some interesting engravings of the Northern and Southern American statesmen and generals. Of course, the series contains General Washington, who, like the British king here, is an immortal institution in America, but whether as being a Virginian he is to be considered Southern, or as being eager for the Union, Northern, we do not know. The most striking head by far is that of the Confederate President Jefferson Davis, whose perfectly calm and commanding face expresses more power of self-denial, more rest in its own strength, though not a more clear-cut purpose than even his public acts would enable us to expect. There is power of intrigue in it rather than the love of intrigue, but endless and unscrupulous ambition. General Jackson's face is disappointing; it is rather young, fat, and encumbered with padding in the lower part, and altogether gives the idea of a character that has not burnt itself clear, the fuel smothering the fire. General Lee's is, probably, not a good likeness, as it is a common-form military face. Of the Northern Generals' likenesses, General Hooker's has far the most character and ability; General Burnside's forehead has run to seed, and General Scott's head looks simply thick. The head of General Banks has power and honesty; General M'Clellan's is that of an earnest youth anxious to learn.—*Spectator.*

An artificial slate, for use in schools, etc., is spoken of as invented by a Mr. J. N. Pierce. Almost any material may be coated with this slate, as with a wash, and then written or drawn on. The wash may be put on paper or linen, which may be rolled up.

From The Reader.

MISS POWER'S "ARABIAN DAYS AND NIGHTS."

Arabian Days and Nights; or, Rays from the East. By Marguerite A. Power. (Sampson Low & Co.)

From Lulu, the monkey—who ate the greater part of a composition-candle, a pot of pomatum, a quantity of tooth-powder, and the remains of an unfinished dose of rhubarb, all without the slightest inconvenience—up to the coarse, easy-going pasha who lets his favorites supply him with sham kid gloves at £5 a dozen, and £700 mirrors at £10,000 each, all Miss Power's characters are sketched with a firm clear hand that does great credit to the artist. There the hot-headed little horses, dirty lazy fellahs, fat prize-pig-like matrons, udder-guarded goats, sore-eyed children, etc., etc., clearly struggle, crouch, squat, browse, and beg under the glorious Egyptian sun and sky, or in the mysterious harem, as scene after scene passes before the reader's eye, with unwearying interest to him though he may have read dozens of books of Eastern travel before. And yet, though the picture glows with the warm light of that Eastern sun, and the memories of those old Arabian Nights that rejoiced our youth, the impression left by Miss Power's book is a sad one. For, with the instinct of her race, she has tried to get at the facts of the daily life of the people among whom she sojourned; and these facts prove not cheering ones, specially those concerning the women, as well Levantine and Turk as Arab. Leaving the many other topics of interest in the book, we propose to extract an account of the feminine inhabitants of the land. Introduced by her friend Mrs. Ross, who has settled at Alexandria, our authoress goes to a *fête* at this town, where she sees the fat Levantine belles and their fatter once-belle chaperones. One of the latter she sketches thus:—

"She can hardly be forty, and her smooth face yet bears traces of considerable comeliness. But the bright dark eyes are imbedded, the nose is sunk, the smiling mouth is buried in swelling flesh; of neck there is no symptom; the head rests behind on a *hump* of fat, in front on a proturberance like the crop of a pouter pigeon. . . . Yet she does not seem to mind it; there she sits, smiling benignly, the picture of serene contentment."

These fatties have a special preference for French or English husbands; and the reply to the question "Do such matches answer?" is—

"*Cela dépend:* if the man wants a doll to play with; a child who can barely read or write, and never does either if she can help it; who talks nonsense in three or four languages; who is not without a talent for cookery, and who dotes upon dress—for which she has *not* a talent—he may get on well enough with her. Unfortunately, in a very few years there comes to be so *very* much of her!"

At Cairo Miss Power and her friends are asked to a Turkish wedding, that is, betrothment. The bridegroom is a boy of fourteen, son of the late Selim Pacha Titurigi; and his tutor gives him a week's holiday to get married in. The bride is sixteen, a woman in body though not in mind, and her chief duty seems to be to sit on a table and be looked at. The visitors are received by a set of ladies—of all colors, from black to fair, few young, and fewer still good-looking, a few handsomely attired, others mere bundles of old clothes—of whom one quietly takes off Mrs. Ross's pretty bracelet and asks her to make her a present of it. Pipes and chat go on from five till twilight, and then they are led into the presence of—

"what appeared to me at the first glance some glittering image or idol, seated in the corner of the room on a high triangular divan of state, covered with crimson satin embroidered in gold. This was the bride. Round her neck was a gorgeous necklace of pearls, emeralds, and diamonds, and, strange to say, on her chin, and on either cheek, diamonds were stuck in little clusters—I suppose with some paste or gum."

For an hour and a half the poor bride sits to be stared at, taking no notice of any one. Afterwards, leaving the bride, they adjourn to dinner; a slave tears off strips from a Turkey's breast for them, and numerous nondescript dishes are tasted. A determined-looking dame takes possession of Miss Power's locket-bracelet, and asks her for a lock of her hair to put in it and keep for a keepsake and tender *souvenir* of her! At last comes a message from Mr. Ross that it is time to go, and the ladies depart. Setting aside the Turkish woman's fancy for their visitors' bracelets, Miss Power says:—

"The manners of these women are precisely those of children; children who lived

a life of perpetual idleness, who were for the most part considerably bored thereby, and who were pleased and amused to get hold of anything in the way of novelty, and disposed to be kind and courteous to the strangers who brought them a new sensation."

Of course the blame for their present position is laid on their shoulders—as here, too, the weak are always blamed for the faults of the strong; and—

"Halim Pacha, brother to the Viceroy, said to a friend of mine, 'Some of our women complain that we care little for them individually, and ask why European husbands are content with one wife, to whom they can be fond and faithful. But how is it possible for us to attach ourselves seriously to one of our women? They have nothing to win respect and regard; they know nothing, they do nothing, they understand nothing, they think of nothing; they are mere children, utterly foolish, ignorant, and uncompanionable; we cannot *love* them in your sense of the word.' True, O Pasha! but whose fault is it?"

Of the Arab women our authoress sees only the outward ways: they are only fellah-ahs, fellahs' or working men's wives, and "about as ugly a set of women, looking only at their faces, as I was ever among." But their general bearing is highly graceful, their make slender, and they are seen to perfection when carrying their large water-pots, or *goullas*, on their heads. They seem, however, to be greatly in want of that famous tract of the Ladies' Sanitary Association, "How to Manage Baby," for "the children are generally very ugly and dirty, with lean limbs and great stomachs, and they seldom escape ophthalmia, which not unfrequently causes the loss of at least one eye. You may often see them wrapped in a few rags lying on the wet ground outside the mud hut, while the woman is engaged in washing, cooking, or winnowing beans or barley, all of which operations she performs squatted on the earth. She never either sits or stands at any employment." But though the sad condition of women in the East, and the dread "indolence, indifference, immutability fatalism—those great curses that lie on the heads of all, and never, never will be shaken off"—are fully brought out in Miss Power's book, yet the variety of beings and topics treated in it, and its admirable style, render it one of the most interesting books we have seen for a long time. We have Cairo with "the sense it gives of a new phase of life, of totally new sensations, of vastness, of immutableness, of the past and present blended into one, of the 'thousand years as one day, the one day as a thousand years;'" Buckle, the most brilliant, inexhaustible, and versatile of talkers; whirling dervishes in their maddened rocking; the English travelling-snobs, Brown and Browness; the hero Outram; the Italian assassins in Alexandria; Turkish dealers; flame-winged flamingoes; gorgeous poinsetias; trees of roses; convolvuli vast in size, divine in color; camels, dromedaries, lions, Jews, and giraffes; a princess always smoking; her adopted daughter in a pink satin tunic and a cage; the Prince of Wales; lovely-eyed Maltese girls, etc., etc., etc.; and, at last, the hurry of Paris, and the cold, plashy streets of London. Certainly our fogs and mud are not a pleasant change from a scene like this:—

"The brilliancy and clearness of the atmosphere are beyond all description, particularly of an evening, just before the brief twilight veils the world. Often as we returned from our drive, about half-past five or six o'clock, I used to gaze in rapture on the sight presented to us. Unspeakably clear and distinct lies the outline of the low sand ridges, dark against a 'daffodil sky,' varying into rose, blue, and pale lilac; black, and still, and sharp, as though cut in metal, stand up the bare stems and plumed summits of the palms on a background of burning gold, like the heads of saints in the old Byzantine pictures; and presently, out of the dark blue above, grows into brilliance a glittering crescent, with one large diamond of a star. All the East is in that picture (p. 86). F.

From The Spectator.

MISS KEMBLE'S "GEORGIA."*

There is but one argument for slavery which is openly produced in England, and that is something like this; slavery is, after all, but a name; in every country the laborer is subjected to the power of the capitalist, and the compulsion of hunger, if not more severe, is more regular and persistent than the compulsion of physical pain. For the rest, slavery as a form of labor has large compensations, the workman being saved from anxiety, from the dread of starvation, and from the terror of an old age of poverty and want. Except for the immutability of his condition, an incident accompanying free labor everywhere except in the United States and a small section of Europe, the slave is as well off as the unskilled white artisan.

We would recommend all to whom this line of argument seems effective to read a series of letters just published by Messrs. Longman. They were written in 1838, by Miss F. A. Kemble, then the English wife of a planter in Georgia, whose estate on the island of Darien is now occupied by the Federal troops, and were not originally intended for publication. The wife of a planter of strong Southern opinions, living on the profits of the system, and not moved apparently by any strong religious ideas, Miss Kemble had singular opportunities for unprejudiced observation, and the result is a condemnation of slavery more severe than any in which professed philanthropists would venture to indulge. It is a system based upon human misery and degradation, having no end save the owner's profit, no bulwark except incessant terror. Miss Kemble, it will be remembered, was on a well-managed plantation, held by merciful owners, where punishment, by a rule of the estate, was strictly limited, and where the head man was himself a grave, intelligent negro. On this property she found the negroes lodged in wretched huts, with one room twelve feet square and two little side cabins like those of a ship. Two families, sometimes eight or ten in number, lived in each, sleeping on mattresses of strewn forest moss, and covered with a "pestilential" blanket. Each house had a little garden, "usually untended and uncultivated," and the inmates and swarming children were all alike crusted with dirt, covered with vermin, and stinking from the absence of any habit of bathing. The infirmary was a long building of two stories, crowded with women who lay under every extremity of suffering, wrapped in dirty blankets, on the bare floor, and shivering with the cold. It was the women to whom Miss Kemble chiefly attended; among them the forms of suffering were manifold and terrible, for besides every kind of pain to which free laborers are liable, there is one peculiar to the slave women, and of which Miss Kemble's book is full till it is sickening to read. Slave-breeding pays well, and, as a consequence, the women, transferred to one "husband" after another, and at the mercy of every overseer—headman Frank's wife was quietly taken away while the authoress was there, kept a year by the overseer, and then returned—perish of childbearing. The women are stimulated by the pride of being valuable to the estate, and wretched creatures worn out with labor still exultingly told their mistress that they would yield "plenty of little nigs for massa." They have frequently ten or eleven children, are flogged when pregnant, and three weeks after confinement driven back to work in the cotton field. The consequence is an illness not often mentioned out of a medical journal, pain in the back, and every conceivable form of uterine disease. The one petition of these poor women was for a longer period of rest, and they were flogged for petitioning, flogged, as a pretty young negress herself told the story:—

"She had not finished her task one day, when she said she felt ill, and unable to do so, and had been severely flogged by driver Bran, in whose 'gang' she then was. The next day, in spite of this encouragement to labor, she had again been unable to complete her appointed work; and Bran having told her that he'd tie her up and flog her if she did not get it done, she had left the field and run into the swamp. 'Tie you up, Louisa!' said I, 'what is that?' She then described to me that they were fastened up by their wrists to a beam or branch of a tree, their feet barely touching the ground, so as to allow them no purchase for resistance or evasion of the lash, their clothes turned over their heads, and their backs scored with a leather thong, either by the driver himself, or if he pleases to inflict their punishment by deputy, any of the men he may choose to summon to the office; it might be father, brother, husband,

* *Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation.* By F. A. Kemble. Longmans.

or lover, if the overseer so ordered it. I turned sick, and my blood curdled listening to these details from the slender young slip of a lassie, with her poor piteous face and murmuring pleading voice."

The rule is relentlessly enforced, the overseers pleading, what is probably the truth, that if any excuses were accepted there would be no end to the contrivances to obtain the much desired rest.

"Among others, a poor woman called Mile, who could hardly stand for pain and swelling in her limbs; she had had fifteen children and two miscarriages; nine of her children had died; for the last three years she had become almost a cripple with chronic rheumatism, yet she is driven every day to work in the field. She held my hands and stroked them in the most appealing way, while she exclaimed, 'O my missis! my missis! me neber sleep till day for de pain,' and with the day her labor must again be resumed. I gave her flannel and sal volatile to rub her poor swelled limbs with; rest I could not give her—rest from her labor and pain—this mother of fifteen children."

This eternal labor was supported on two meals of hominy a day, one of them eaten after six hours of hungering labor, a practice, however, we are bound to add, which is not intended as an aggravation of cruelty. Though extremely injurious, it is almost universal among the free agriculturists of Bengal, the motive being economy. An early breakfast followed by hard labor "goes for nothing," and the plowman, unless he eats after his first spell of toil, would be compelled to eat like an Englishman three times a day.

But it will be urged, in what does this state of affairs differ from that common among the proletariat of every country? In all there are classes who are overworked, whose wives are forced to field labor, who live in filth and misery, and who die early, worn out by toil and childbearing. That is true, though not to the same dreadful degree, the terror of the lash being extinct, for instance, in the two countries, Ireland and Belgium, in which there is the greatest amount of physical suffering. But the special aggravation in Georgia is that this condition is permanent, that there is a deliberate intention not to allow the slave to better herself, or, if possible, to obtain the intelligence to wish for a higher position. Miss Kemble found that the laws against teaching slaves to read were strictly enforced; she was told by her own overseer that her mere presence among the slaves was full of danger to the institution; her husband forbade her to present petitions, and she was finally compelled to leave the South utterly unable to endure the sense of her own powerlessness. And this is an inevitable incident of slavery, and prohibits even the influence of voluntary benevolence from above. Suppose, for example, a slaveowner, full of intelligence and courage, chose to rely on the military force which is always in practice behind him, and treat his slaves as the Roman patrician did, i.e., retain his despotic power, but cultivate every man to the limit of his ability, making one a scholar like Æsop, another a physician such as St. Luke probably was, a third an armed athlete, such as every slave gladiator must have been. The system under the pressure of modern ideas would collapse in a twelvemonth, and the planters, well aware of the fact, intercept the danger at the beginning by making intelligence a crime. The slave can never improve, for he can never learn. Thrift is valueless, for he can hold no property. Carefulness is waste of thought, for losses are not his. Industry is hateful, for why do more than is necessary to avoid the lash? Even native brain-power is dangerous, for the able are always an irritation to absolute masters, who require, as the Emperor Francis said, obedient subjects, not professors. Moreover, the most wretched peasant in Belgium, whose life passes in toil for bare subsistence, whose wife helps to draw the plow, and whose children begin ditching at ten, has, at least, some alleviations. He can have a home, sympathy from his wife, love from his children, excitement from village gossip, consolation from the assured hope that his condition in the next world will compensate him for his sufferings in this. How does it stand with the slave?

"She was the wife of headman Frank, the most intelligent and trustworthy of Mr.——'s slaves; the head driver—second in command to the overseer, and, indeed, second to none during the pestilential season, when the rice swamps cannot with impunity be inhabited by any white man, and when, therefore, the whole force employed in its cultivation on the island remains entirely under his authority and control. His wife—a tidy, trim, intelligent woman, with a pretty figure, but a decidedly negro face—was taken from him by

the overseer left in charge of the plantation by the Messrs. ——, the all-efficient and all-satisfactory Mr. K——, and she had a son by him, whose straight features and diluted color, no less than his troublesome, discontented, and insubmissive disposition, bear witness to his Yankee descent. I do not know how long Mr. K——'s occupation of Frank's wife continued, or how the latter endured the wrong done to him. When I visited the island, Betty was again living with her husband—a grave, sad, thoughtful-looking man, whose admirable moral and mental qualities were extolled to me by no worse a judge of such matters than Mr. K—— himself, during the few days he spent with Mr. ——, while we were on the plantation. This outrage upon this man's rights was perfectly notorious among all the slaves."

The same overseer, the instant there was any dispute between husband and wife, used to separate and remarry them to other slaves, celibacy for any period being unprofitable to the owner. The children die horribly fast, faster even than among the outcasts of London; and as for religion, the most successful overseers are utterly opposed to any mode of religious teaching. On this plantation a slave was allowed to preach; but the creed which teaches that all men are brothers is a dangerous one for a slave plantation. To make the system consistent the planters should be Mahommedans, but then every slave who turned Mahommedan would be free, every woman who had borne a child to her owner, every child of a white man, and every slave endangered by violence in life or limb, and so the plantation would be depopulated. As a rule, according to our authoress, the negro is brutishly ignorant, the women unable even to tell their children's ages; the men unable to do anything, except the work to which they are flogged. The "system," wholly apart from its merits or demerits on moral grounds, establishes barbarism as the condition of the laboring class, and consequently cripples society at its base.

We have one more extract to make—a testimony to the condition of the mean whites on the pine lands, the class whose existence is so stoutly denied by men familiar only with Maryland and Virginia.

"I speak now of the scattered white population who, too poor to possess land or slaves, and having no means of living in towns, squat (most appropriately it is so termed) either on other men's land or Government districts—always here swamp or pine barren—and claim masterdom over the place they invade, till ejected by the rightful proprietors. These wretched creatures will not, for they are whites (and labor belongs to blacks and slaves alone here), labor for their own subsistence. They are hardly protected from the weather by the rude shelters they frame for themselves in the midst of these dreary woods. Their food is chiefly supplied by shooting the wild fowl and venison, and stealing from the cultivated patches of the plantations nearest at hand. Their clothes hang about them in filthy tatters, and the combined squalor and fierceness of their appearance are really frightful."

"These are the so-called pine-landers of Georgia, I suppose the most degraded race of human beings claiming an Anglo-Saxon origin that can be found on the face of the earth,—filthy, lazy, ignorant, brutal, proud, penniless savages, without one of the nobler attributes which have been found occasionally allied to the vices of savage nature. They own no slaves, for they are almost without exception abjectly poor; they will not work, for that, as they conceive, would reduce them to an equality with the abhorred negroes; they squat, and steal, and starve, on the outskirts of this lowest of all civilized societies, and their countenances bear witness to the squalor of their condition and the utter degradation of their natures. To the crime of slavery, though they have no profitable part or lot in it, they are fiercely accessory, because it is the barrier that divides the black and white races, at the foot of which they lie wallowing in unspeakable degradation, but immensely proud of the base freedom which still separates them from the lash-driven tillers of the soil."

From Fraser's Magazine.

FALSE GROUND AND FIRM.

Ich habe gelebt und geliebt.

Somewhere in the county of Wiltshire is a pleasant sunny piece of down, embroidered with cowslips, gilded with patches of gorse, and offering here and there the pleasant shelter of a small tangled copse, or a clump of young beech-trees. In these trees and copses the blackbirds pipe their nest-music, and the nightingales make the air ring and bubble with the delicious caprices of their May madness. On one side, the down is bounded by a farm-road, which, as it nears a mansion below, assumes a statelier aspect, and becomes a fine beech-avenue; on the other it forms a wall of considerable height and steepness to the pretty little valley which nestles at its base, its emerald floor mapped out into blue-veined water-meadows, and its low, gray church-tower, and ivy-gabled rectory, and deep cottage roofs, huddling all together in one corner under the protection of some old rook-haunted elms.

Down in this little valley lived, at the time my story begins, a fair young foreigner, governess to the rector's children; and up in the clump on the downs above was a young beech-tree, whose smooth stem bore, in clear and well-cut characters, the un-English name of "Ottilia." It was not often that the secluded and somewhat uncultured spot which I have described was honored by a visit from the lord of the domain in which it was included; he preferred to it a tour through his orchard-houses, or a constitutional turn on the broad, smooth, gravelled terrace of the kitchen-garden; or, still more, a drive in his wife's brougham, and a gossip with such stray country gentlemen as he was lucky enough to meet in the neighboring market-town. But on the day which witnessed the inscription of the pretty foreign name, it did happen to come into his head that he would step up to the downs and see "how the young trees were coming on;" and in the process of this inspection he came upon his son, a young gentleman at present waiting at home for his commission, just as he was engaged in giving the final scoop to the tail of the last "a" in "Ottilia."

"What are you about there, Augustus, hacking away at the young trees, and killing them?" said Mr. Bryant, somewhat testily: "cannot you find anything better to do this morning?" Some rather heavy bills from the tobacconist and tailor which had come in at breakfast, had disposed him to be somewhat captious towards this usually much-indulged son.

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all; I am doing no harm in the world," said Augustus, rather hastily, edging between the tree and his father: "I am only waiting for Wilcox and his ferrets. By the by, have you seen what work the rabbits have made of the young barley? We shall have Farmer Jarret grumbling at a fine rate presently." And with diplomatic address he walked his father on through the little wood to the arable land outside; but here, unfortunately, at the sight of the steep sheep-path which led from the down into the vale, his prudence or his fear forsook him—sooth to say, the tree and his late occupation upon it had entirely gone out of his head—and saying he must see what fly was on the water, he started at a dangerous pace down the slippery steep, leaving his father to take his homeward way alone. Mr. Bryant also had for the moment forgotten the piece of mischief on which he had found his son engaged, but as, in his return, he came up to the tree, the "Ottilia" was so conspicuous, and stared him so uncompromisingly in the face, that he could not fail to observe it. He stopped, surveyed it grimly, and calling to mind, what he had once heard without paying any attention, that a pretty German governess was in the immediate neighborhood, he hastened homewards to impart the suspicions which had dawned on his mind to Mrs. Bryant.

This lady was on the alert immediately. She had met with better opportunities than her husband of noticing the unusual charms of Fraulein Berthal, but had prudently held her tongue concerning them, fondly flattering herself meantime that they had been undiscovered by her son since his return from his private tutor's. Here, however, was proof too evident that they had not only been discovered, but sufficiently dwelt upon to produce the immemorially lover-like custom of this inscription. Full of lofty indignation and energy she instantly set off for the parsonage "to have the whole matter out" with Mrs. Mowbray.

Poor, meek, little Mrs. Mowbray, anxious to clear her governess, whom she liked, and to palliate the wrath of Mrs. Bryant, whom

she feared, "hoped," and "was sure," and "was sorry," and "did not think there was anything such as Mrs. Bryant supposed;" but her assertions and denials were all the time much weakened by an uneasy remembrance, called up by Mrs. Bryant's words, of the frequent mention made by her children, on their return from their walks, of Augustus Bryant; how he had found a bird's nest, or hit a squirrel, or started them on their races on the downs; she recalled to mind also that the visits of that gentleman and his rod had of late been far more frequent than formerly on the river-bank opposite the rectory garden.

Mrs. Bryant was not to be put off with faint denials or suppositions; she desired that Mrs. Mowbray would question her children as to the frequency of their meeting with her son, and the behavior of their governess when these meetings took place. "Of course, Mrs. Mowbray," she said, "you will see, with me, how absolutely necessary it is that any such designing and improper behavior, as it appears this young person has been guilty of, should be discovered and put a stop to immediately: it is not to be borne that a young man of the expectations and position of my son should be exposed to her low arts."

Poor Mrs. Mowbray would fain have declined this task of examining her children, but she was allowed no excuse; and that day, with faltering voice which she tried to make indifferent, and burning cheeks she asked her little ones if they had seen Augustus Bryant.

"Oh, yes, mamma, we see him every day, now! he nearly always comes and walks with us,"

"Oh, he walks with *you*, dears, does he?" said their mother, catching at a straw; "and what does he talk about?"

"Oh, he does not talk much to *us:* when we come to a dry place he sits down with Fraulein, and wont run any more, because, he says, he has sprained his ankle; and then we go and pick up snail-shells and make nosegays. Isn't it funny, mamma, that he always sprains his ankle just when we get up to the beechwood?"

Poor Mrs. Mowbray! she heard this with sinking heart, and her conscience obliged her to report all the information thus gained to Mrs. Bryant. The righteous wrath of that lady knew no bounds; no terms of indignation were strong enough to reprobate the conduct of the "good-for-nothing girl;" while it was evidently expected that Mrs. Mowbray should be overwhelmed with shame, and contrition, and anguish of mind, for having been the primary cause of such machinations having been employed against the heart and fortune of the illustrious Augustus.

Mrs. Bryant was anxious to see the culprit, and deliver her mind in person; but here Mr. Mowbray was called into the council, and objected. It did not yet appear, he said, how far, if at all, Miss Berthal had consented to any over-frequent intercourse with Mr. Bryant; and she would be far more likely to speak frankly, and to confess the exact state of matters between them, in a quiet conversation with Mrs. Mowbray, than in an agitating and alarming interview with the mother of the young man himself.

Mrs. Bryant submitted with an ill grace; but Mr. Mowbray's quiet manner always exercised over her a repressing influence which she could not shake off; and she returned home, after flinging this Parthian dart: "Pray, dear Mrs. Mowbray, do not commit yourself to another governess till you have consulted me: it is so necessary, you see, to have a knowledge of the world, to judge of the character of this sort of people; and I have so many friends who apply to me: in a day or two I shall be able to recommend some one who will exactly suit you."

After indulging in a "good cry" in her own room, Mrs. Mowbray proceeded to the schoolroom, and, sending away the children, began questioning Miss Berthal in a confused, hesitating manner. It was unnecessary to say much: when she once understood Mrs. Mowbray's drift, the cheek of the young girl flushed deeply, then became very pale; and she answered with a peculiarly sweet voice, and great quiet: "It is true that I do meet Mr. Augustus, that I do talk with Mr. Augustus; I am the affianced of Mr. Augustus."

"The affianced!" gasped Mrs. Mowbray. "Oh, my dear Fraulein! what are you saying; what *do* you mean?"

"He loves me," said Ottilia, looking down, while a happy light overspread her fair face; "and so I do love him."

For a few moments Mrs. Mowbray sat in blank dismay at this cool statement, which went so far beyond her worst fears. Then

she began to pour out reproaches: "Oh, how *could* you! Oh, I could not have believed it, Fraulein! and to carry it all on so secretly, without a word to me!"

"Forgive me this, dear Madame; I wished to tell you, who have been to me as a mother; but ever he said to me: 'Not now, not now; tell no one till I shall have told my father.'"

"And when in the world did he mean to tell his father?"

"When he shall get his commission; then he will tell all in the adieu: and, he says, then his father who loves him tenderly, will say, 'Let it all be as you will.'"

"Augustus is a goose, or else he is taking you in: his father and mother will no more give their consent to his marrying *you* than old Kitty Jones. I beg your pardon, Fraulein; but I mean that, of all people in the world, those who have made their money by commerce, and are trying to take their place among the old families of the county, will be most particular as to their son's marriage. I know they have their eye on Lady Harriet Hardie."

"Augustus does not like Lady Harriet Hardie: he amuses himself at her grimaces, and he does not admire the yellow color of her hair."

"Oh, don't talk to me about Lady Harriet and her hair! how can you sit there, answering me so coolly, when you have got me into such a sea of troubles? and you suited me so exactly, and the children were getting on so well; and now I shall have to take some horrid old fright, like my last one, of Mrs. Bryant's recommending."

Now it was Ottilia's turn to look dismayed: her deep-blue eyes widened, and her lips trembled, and then she spoke slowly. "So I must leave you! you send me away from you! and for what? because I have received a true love from an honorable man!"

But this was inevitable; Mr. Mowbray himself saw and acknowledged it, even while he inwardly resented the arrogant dictation and selfishness of Mrs. Bryant. He had one long and explicit conversation with Ottilia, in which, without blaming her at all severely, he pointed out to her the danger, and even the questionable propriety, of an engagement with so young a man as Augustus Bryant: he endeavored to convince her of its utter hopelessness, and the expediency of rooting this "boy and girl love" from her mind as soon as possible; and he pointed out to her that, in giving any further encouragement to the young man, she would be instigating him to rebel against the known wishes and the lawful authority of his father.

"I cannot forget him, and I wish not to forget him; but what matters it? I am going: no one need fear me longer." This was her answer to Mr. Mowbray. To his wife she would sometimes say, "But tell me, dear Madame, what have I done that you shake your head at me? I sought him not; but when he came and said, 'I love you, be my wife,' where was my duty to say, No?"

This unconsciousness of evil-doing which Mrs. Mowbray repeated to Mrs. Bryant as an extenuating circumstance, was but as fuel to the fire of her anger. Great had been the commotion at Woodbridge Hall, and stormy the scene between Augustus and his parents, when the fact of his actual engagement had been unwillingly reported by Mrs. Mowbray. Mr. Bryant had positively assured his son that he would take away every shilling of his present allowance, if he went again near the Parsonage while Miss Berthal remained there; and that if he dared in any manner to continue the intercourse after she had left, he would leave all his money to a hospital.

Mrs. Bryant had at last, by harsh persistence, gained her point of an interview with Ottilia; and had left her clutching the cushions, and pressing her forehead on the arm of the sofa, in an agony of neuralgic headache. She had at first attacked her with bitter invective, but this the young girl met with a composure and dignity which baffled her, and forced her to change her tactics; and it was by working on her conscience rather than her fears, that she induced her to make a promise—which, however, Mr. and Mrs. Mowbray's kinder remonstrances had already half won from her—that she would not speak again to Augustus before she left.

A promise once made Ottilia Berthal would keep, if it were to ruin her whole life. Many were the little notes which, during the following week, Augustus caused to reach her, imploring her to see him, if but for one moment. She always wrote back the same answer. "I have promised not, and you must obey your parents; but I will never forget you." During this week she never stirred out; but on the last evening, when the loud

dinner-bell at the hall had rung, and she knew that Augustus was safely engaged indoors, she hurriedly put on her bonnet, slipped out of the house, and sped up the narrow path into the beech clump on the down. There it was that he had first called her "Ottilia," and asked her if she loved him. There had they often sat in a delicious silence themselves, while the merry voices of the children made the air busy round them; thence had they looked forth together on the fair scene of wood and meadow, and he had whispered to her of the time when all this would be hers. He had never allowed a breath of despondency or a hint at any great difficulties in the way of their love. "You know they have not a chick or a child but me, and there is nothing I have not been able to get out of them, when I wished it, ever since I was born. Oh, I am quite sure it will all come as right as possible; perhaps a little grumble just at first, but I am used to that every time I have to ask for an extra five-pound note or so; I get it all the same, and so you shall see it will be now."

Young and trusting, ignorant alike of English habits and the character of those on whom her fate depended, Ottilia had listened to these hopeful words from the beloved lips; had believed them, and had lived on from day to day in a dream of uninquiring, unfearing, passive happiness, leaving all that concerned her ultimate destiny in the hands of this boy, who was to her adoring eyes the ideal of all manly strength as well as grace.

And now she stood in the sun-dappled clump, recalling every tone of his voice, every look of his eye, every tender word which he had uttered in this very spot. She threw herself on the ground, and kissed the moss on which they had sat; there were twigs lying about which she remembered to have seen him twist and break while they were talking; she caught them up, and pressed them passionately to her lips, and hid them in her breast.

"August, mein Liebling, August, mein Liebling, nimmermehr, ach! nimmermehr! Leb' wohl, mein Geliebter!"

So she exclaimed aloud amid her sobs; for the first check, the first breath of adversity to young love brings despair, and absence seems to it as death. In this outpouring of her grief she forgot how time was passing, and she was suddenly roused by a quick footstep close to her, and in another instant an arm was thrown tightly round her, and Augustus was stooping at her side.

"I have caught you at last, oh, you cruel girl! how could you treat me so, all this week? You have driven me nearly crazy."

The first wild thrill of joy in Ottilia's breast was succeeded by a pang of conscience. "Oh, I have promised," she cried; "August, dear one, leave me. I have said I would speak to you no more. Oh, pray go from me!"

"I shall do no such thing; what business have you to make such a promise, I should like to know, or who has dared to ask it?"

"It was your mother. Oh, you must not disobey your parents, it would be sin; it was not sin till they spoke, but now you must think of me no more."

"Think of you no more! I shall think of you every moment of the day, and every hour of my life, I can tell them that. I love you a thousand times more, my darling, since they have set themselves against you in this shameful way. And what I have been wanting to get at you for all these days, is to ask you to go off with me."

"Go off! how?"

"Why—to run away with me, to be sure; to go somewhere where we can get married, and then snap our fingers at them all. I have got all the plan settled, dearest, about the money, and the carriage, and the place, and all; you just drop out and be on the Netton side of the bridge to-night, at nine o'clock, and I'll have a fly waiting, and you shall be my own wife before twenty-four hours are over."

"Ah—no—no! What are you saying? what am I doing here? Listen, my August! Mr. Mowbray has shown to me that you are still as a child; that is, you do depend for all on your father, and you must submit to him and obey him; and I know well that a curse rather than a blessing does fall on those who have made undutiful marriages in rebellion to their parents. I will never, never be to you the cause of such a fate."

He would have tried further persuasion, but she rose from the ground and broke from his arms. "Lebe wohl, lebe wohl," she repeated, in piteous, love-freighted tones, as she turned away.

"And you are going, actually going to-

morrow," he cried, following her; "and you will leave me in this way? What an abominable shame of my mother, and of those cowardly Mowbrays, to turn you out after this fashion! You will write to me. darling, every day, and let me see that you don't forget me?"

"Need I tell that? But I may not write, and you must not write to me; unless, indeed, God should have pity on us, and turn to me your parents' hearts."

"They will come round, dearest, never fear," said Augustus, beginning to reconcile himself to the unavoidable present, and to take refuge in the future. "We shall have you back here in no time, and they will be asking your pardon for all their rudeness."

"Mr. Mowbray says never."

"Does he? what makes him so wise, I wonder? But never mind if they don't. I shan't be a child, as you call it, all my life; in two years I shall be twenty-one, my own master lawfully, according to the law of the land, and then I'll come and claim you, Ottilia; and if my father cuts me off with a shilling, as he says he will, why then we'll live on my pay. Good-by, my precious, my angel, my own! I'll never forget you. I have your father's address in Germany, you know, and I shall turn up there some day, you see if I don't; in two years' time, if not before."

These were his last words, uttered as she sped from him between the stems of the beech trees; she turned for an instant as she heard them, while a beam from the setting sun played around her, and a fairer light than that of the sun, a smile of love, and faith, and hope, illumined for an instant her tearful face.

Two years is but a little time when our lot in life is settled, when our prospects have become facts, and we have nothing more particularly to desire or expect on this side of our life. But it is an arena all too large for the battle-ground of hope and despondency, the action of suspense and yearning on a young and sensitive heart. Ottilia's constitution was naturally fragile, and ill calculated to bear any pressure, either from within or without; and when in the second July after her parting with Augustus, she appeared at home for her midsummer holiday, her thinness, and some vague alteration in her looks, excited her good mother's uneasiness. But towards the end of her stay her eye grew brighter, her manner livelier, and the color in her cheek alternately cheered and alarmed her mother.

The 28th drew on; it was a day which despite her resolutions to expect nothing, had been set apart in Ottilia's mind as the crisis of her fate, for on that day Augustus would be one-and-twenty. It was true that the birthday might make no real difference in his power of acting according to his wishes, but he had spoken of it so confidently that, almost unconsciously, it had been fixed by the trusting girl as the goal of her hopes.

The morning brought no letter; but with a pervading expectation of she scarce knew what, with a flushed cheek, and hot hands, she went through the little businesses of the day, looked over the household linen with her mother, made the coffee, and cut the tartines ready for her brother's return from school; took the pipe to her father in the alcove, and read to him from the *Hildesheim Zeitung* till he fell asleep. The night came, and brought no sign; but as she laid her head on the pillow, she remembered that the last thing likely was that she should hear anything on the day itself, that she ought to allow time for a letter, written upon the 28th, to reach her. That time, reckoned to its furthest margin, passed by, and so did her holiday. On leaving, she repeated so many times—"If a letter should come for me, dear mother, you will send it directly to me at Mr. Johnstone's," that her mother began to suspect some heart trouble connected with this expected letter, which caused her child's loss of bloom.

And four more years went by: making six in all since she had parted from Augustus under the beech trees. The vicissitudes of a governess's life had by this time brought her into the family of a Scotch laird who owned a fine place in Perthshire. Ottilia was now six-and-twenty; the positive beauty of her early youth had yielded to the united effects of suspense, final disappointment, and constant work; but her expressive eyes and sweet countenance still made her attractive. She was much valued by her employers; the only drawback to Mrs. Arbuthnot's perfect contentment being her delicate health and frequent cough, but this she always maintained

herself to be a chronic tendency of no serious consequence. Her manner was soft and quiet, and an even, gentle cheerfulness beamed over all she said and did, the sure token of a well-trained spirit, at peace with itself and all the world. This was its usual characteristic; but in the evening on which my tale is resumed, her demeanor was strangely altered.

"Fraulein, have you a headache?" said one of her young pupils to her in the course of the walk; and on her answering hastily in the negative, she fell back and whispered to her sister, "What can be the matter with Fraulein? she has seemed so out of spirits to-day, and has spoken quite sharply now and then; and in the drawing lesson her hand shook so when she took my pencil that she was obliged to leave off."

"Oh, she is unwell, no doubt, though she will not own it; she never does allow that she is ill. She was not well last night, for after she had dressed, she changed her mind and would not go to the drawing room. We must make mamma look to her."

On returning from the walk, Ottilia told her pupils to go in, saying that, as the air was still so pleasant, she would remain out a little while longer. As soon as she was alone, she hurried with a step that kept pace with the feverish disquiet of her mind, through the most secluded paths of the grounds, and then down the steep wooded bank of the river, till she came to the water's edge. It seemed as if she wished for the rush and whirl of the turbid stream to sympathize with her excited feelings. Poor Ottilia! she had flattered herself that her old wound was healed forever; she thought she had bid good-by to earthly love, and its feverish pain, but a name which she had heard, and a voice which had met her ear the evening before, seemed to have undone the work of years, and to have carried her back into the midst of that region of struggle and yearning which appeared to have been left so far behind. Augustus Bryant had come a guest to the house in which she lived: as yet they had not encountered each other, but he had passed the open door of the room in which she was, and though she had been prepared, by hearing his name mentioned as one of the party just arrived for the autumn shooting, the effect upon her of this glimpse and of this voice had been overwhelming. How should she be able to meet *him*, as a stranger, and in a room full of company, to whose bosom she had been held when last they met and parted, in the little beech clump of Woodbridge? Or should they not meet at all? Would he come and go, ignorant that one who, once at least, had been so much beloved — his own Ottilia, as he had delighted to call her—was under the same roof, breathing the same air, and treading the same floor as himself? Perhaps it would be better so; yet she felt this would leave a bitter regret, a long and deeply rankling pain. Revolving these things, she paced up and down that part of the bank which was clear from both bushes and rocks, when a cry or shout which she had heard once or twice without noticing it, made itself present to her attention. It struck her that there was something urgent in it, something different from the shout of a shepherd or keeper, and she moved along the river side in its direction. The ground became soft and spongy as she proceeded, so much so that her foot sunk to the ankle. She suddenly remembered having heard that a piece of the river bank was rendered dangerous from its boggy nature, and that a post had been set up to mark where this unsafe ground began. Looking around, she saw, lying just behind her, and partly hidden in the rushes, an old, much decayed log. With a breath of thanksgiving for her escape, she drew back, and moved by a newly awakened idea, she ran up the bank, which here receded a good deal, leaving a considerable area between itself and the stream, so as to skirt the bog, and yet keep its surface in view. As she went the cry was repeated, now close at hand; and on passing a bend of the river, she saw before her the figure of a man, from a little above the waist, rising awfully distinct against the pale yellow of the evening sky, out of the green-tufted expanse below her. She flew on through the straggling bushes, judging almost by instinct of the place where she might turn down again to the river side. The man was within a few yards of the edge of the bog, with his face turned in that direction; he had evidently observed his danger after going a little distance, and had vainly endeavored to return. Occasionally he made a forward struggling movement, when the whole face of what seemed solid sward, quivered, rose, and sank like a pond in a breeze; and the figure looked a little less high than before.

"Do not move! Oh, keep still!" cried Ottilia, as she saw this; and sinking down panting on a tongue of firm turf, from which an old willow stem leaned over the bog, she stretched her hand, as far as she could reach, towards the sinking man; he caught it in his with the gripe of utmost need. At the same moment their eyes met, and Ottilia uttered a low cry; for the face before her was that of Augustus.

For the first moment or two he only looked at her with the grave, earnest look of a man in great peril; then there came a flush over his face;—

"Ottilia!" he said, in a low, husky voice; "yes, I have deserved this, and I see now it is a judgment."

"Oh, thank God I was at hand to hear you!" she cried, disregarding all but his danger. "Now, with the help of my hand—now you can get out, can you not? Allgnädiger Gott erbarme uns!" she continued, as, at the strong movement which he made towards her, he sank several inches, almost drawing her at the same time from her footing.

"It is of no use," he said; "every moment only hastens the end. Oh, what a horrible death for a man to die!"

"You are not going to die, August; I will hold you up. As long as you are still, I can keep you from sinking, and we must call for help. Is there no one near?"

"No; they are a mile off by this time; they took the other branch of the river, and, like a fool, I chose to come up here alone."

"But shout, shout! they may be returning, or some one else may be near."

He shouted; many a time did he shout; and many a time did Ottilia take up that cry, in tones made sharper and clearer by anguish. Both voices died away alike in the lonely distance; nothing was heard but the sullen mutter of the water, and the sound of the wind in the trees high above.

After awhile, even when motionless himself, the figure of Augustus no longer remained stationary; slowly, almost imperceptibly, yet always was it sinking. Ottilia's arm was strained till the tendons seemed to crack, and the cold drops stood on her face; sometimes it became numb, and a horror came upon her lest she should faint, or at least lose the power of maintaining the mutual clasp of their hands. She tried to support herself by clutching with her other hand at the stem of the tree.

"Is there nothing more than this that I can do?" she said. "O August! can you think of no way?"

"There is none," he replied; "it must come. Leave go of my hand, Ottilia, and let me be put out of my misery at once."

"Oh, talk not so! Pray, pray, August, that God may save you, if he will, and if not, take you to himself—that he may take us both! And lifting up her eyes from the face of Augustus to the darkening sky above them, she wrestled aloud in prayer, less now for the earthly life of her beloved than for the pardon and acceptance of the deathless soul.

"God reward you!" he said, faintly, when she paused. "I have been a villain to you; there is many a sin that lies heavily enough upon me now, but this is the worst to think of."

"Think not of that, nor of me—think but of your Redeemer, and lay tight, tight hold of his cross!"

There was silence for many minutes. Then there came a rustling in the trees on the bank; hope sprang up in both their hearts. Alas! it was but the flap of some large bird's wing, quarrelling with its fellows for a roosting-place.

Suddenly a more rapid fall of Augustus' body almost separated their hands; one arm, his head and shoulders were now alone visible. Ottilia rose on her knees, and lifted her arm as high as her reaching posture would allow; and with every fibre of her body knit in this hand to hand struggle with the grave, she strove to hold back from it its prey, while her very soul seemed to pour itself out in successive shrieks, which made the still air shiver and ring in tortured vibrations along the rocky bank.

And hark—there is something besides their echoes: the sound of a man's halloo. Another! nearer! and now the noise of feet running on the high road above; and now the crashing of branches, and a round, glimmering light coming down the bank.

"Where are you!" cried voices.

"Here!" shouted Augustus, restored to the vigor of life and hope in an instant; "here, to the right; but be quick, or it's of no use!"

In another minute ropes are flung round him; and while one man lifted back Ottilia, speechless and passive as a baby, Augustus was drawn forth to the spot which she had just occupied.

A fervent "Thank God?" escaped his lips, as he lay back, trembling in every limb against the knees of the men. A flask of whiskey was put to his lips; he drank, and then turned hastily towards Ottilia. "She wants it more than I do," he said. "Where is she?"

"The lady, sir? I am afraid the lady is ill," said one of the men, stepping back towards her with the lantern. She was half-lying, half-sitting on the ground, and leaning on her elbow; while a handkerchief was pressed to her mouth, and in the light of the lantern they saw that this handkerchief was marked with patches deep and dark of hue.

* * * * *

"May Mr. Bryant come in, dear Fraulein?" said a little girl, half opening the door of a bedroom, at the window of which lay on a sofa a shadowy form, with a face of marble whiteness; "he wants to see how you are."

"Yes, he may come in," said Ottilia, in a voice which was almost a whisper; and her chest was seen for a minute to heave more quickly, and the transparent hand made some slight arrangement among the frilled draperies.

"You are better to-day, are not you?" said Augustus, coming with quiet step, and a voice of grave, tender respect, towards the invalid. "I was so glad to hear Dr. Mackay's report; he says he has great hopes now."

"Has he? hopes of what?" she said with a faint smile.

"Why, of your getting well; he says some of the worst symptoms have abated."

"You do not think I shall get well; no one can really," she answered.

"Oh! I do—I do, indeed. If I did not, I think I should lose my senses."

"Why?" she said, fixing her eyes on his face.

"Because I should feel that it was all my fault; that your life was lost for my sake."

She turned away her eyes again, and the faintest of sighs came from her lips. "We will not talk of this," she said; "I will tell you but once more what I have said already, that I have never ceased to bless God night and day, for his special mercy in sending me to you. It is all just as I would have it."

"You are too good for this world, or any one in it, Ottilia; and I cannot look on you without shame at thinking of the past. But I am come," he continued, with some effort and agitation of manner, "to say something that I have wanted to say for some time; but when I saw you the first time you were not well enough to hear it. If you will forgive me all my—all my bad behavior, I will try to make amends for the past."

An expression, not of surprise, nor of pleasure, but of suffering, passed over her face.

"How long did you continue to love me?" she asked.

"Oh, a long time. I was miserable at first, Ottilia, and my head was full of plans, night and day, how to get at you; then, you know, my commission came, and I had to get ready, and to go to Malta; and, you know, when a fellow has a lot of things of that sort in his mind he cannot always think so much about love as he did before. But I never meant really to forsake you, Ottilia. I always meant to look you up some day or other. Then, you know, when my father died, there was such a deal of business to settle, and my mother wanted me; and somehow the time slipped by, and I thought you had probably forgotten all about me long ago. But I see now what a scoundrel I was, and how ungratefully I behaved to you, and that it is my duty to make up to you all I can; so if you will take me thus late in the day, I will try to make you happy, though I know I do not deserve you?"

Though he put it in the form of a question, he seemed to have little doubt of the answer; and after he had finished speaking, he put out his hand to take her's.

"You ask me to marry you?" she said, letting him have her hand.

"Yes, I do, Ottilia."

"August, I am dying; but if I knew I should be well to-morrow, I should say, I will never marry you."

"Why not?" he said, with some surprise; "you love me still, don't you."

"I love you still, August; I have loved you ever since the day I told you so on the down at Woodbridge; but you do not love me, and so I could never marry you."

"Not love you!" he said, with real emotion. "Not love you, Ottilia? when you have be-

haved like an angel to me, when you have saved my life! Never shall I forget how you gripped my hand and held me up, and how you prayed for me as I did not think before any human being could pray. And now you say I do not love you!"

"You love me, dear, with such a love as is fit for a dying woman; and this is well; for if it had been another sort of love, I should soon have had to grieve you. But, August, I know more than you think. I have not lain here so long without questioning about you; and Mrs. Arbuthnot, who knows nothing concerning the past, has told me she believes you love a young lady—a good, beautiful maiden—who is coming to stay here soon."

"I have said nothing to her," he said, looking down gloomily; "I am ready to give her up for you."

"And you think I would take this?" she said, while a faint color for a moment came to her face. "Oh, August! will you never know what true love really is? But I did not mean to say this; I want to tell you how glad I am to hear of this love; how I have prayed, since I knew of it, that it may be a true, heart-whole love on your side, and on hers a love like—like what woman's love usually is; and that you will go hand in hand through a happy, happy life on earth towards heaven! And, oh, August! if spirits are allowed to come near those they have left behind them, I will keep so near you both, I will so love you both, and watch over you and your children, and rejoice in your happiness!"

"Ottilia," said Augustus, shading his face, while something like a sob rose in his broad chest, "I have been a careless, good-for-nothing fellow; but if anything changes me, it will be that I have had to do with an angel like you."

"No," she whispered; "it will be that you were so near the valley of the shadow of death, and were not ready, and that God has brought you back to begin again."

* * * * *

Ottilia sleeps in a mountain kirkyard in Scotland; and the children of Augustus and his wife gather flowers, and make moss-gardens in the beech clump where their father once vowed love to her who has now, perhaps, become to them as a a guardian angel.

The North American Review, April, 1863. *The National Quarterly Review*, March, 1863. —There is not much ability or interest in either of these representatives of American periodical literature. They both preserve a profound silence as to the position and prospects of the war, preferring to gratify their readers with a number of rather thin disquisitions on general subjects, most of which are devoid alike of the charm and the danger of novelty. Perhaps the most noticeable point in connection with them is that each contains a short notice of Russell's "Diary North and South," which, while taking a comparatively low view of the ability of the writer, deprecates the storm of indignation with which the work has been received in the Northern States.—*Spectator*.

Lord Clyde.—"The Lord Lyon (the king-at-arms in Scotland) will not, as is popularly believed, grant authority to any individual to change his name; but on the *narrative that he has already changed it*, he will grant him arms under his new name; and in the patent, or *if desired*, in an extract from the record, he will certify the fact of the change. This certificate has been recognized both at the War Office and by the Admiralty, as identifying the bearer of the new name with the bearer of the old name, which is the only object of the Queen's Letters Patent; and officers of the army and navy have been permitted to change their names on the lists and to draw pay under their new denomination." (*Seton on Heraldry in Scotland*, p. 407.) The above statement is made on the authority of Mr. Lorimer, Professor of Public Law in the University of Edinburgh. "Letters Patent" are issued under the great seal, and are named in error for "Warrant or License under the sign-manual." The statement, however, shows that the laws of England and Scotland are alike, namely, that surnames may be assumed and will be officially recognized when adopted without a royal license. The present Lord Clyde is the lawful son of "John *McLiver* and of Agnes Campbell, of Glasgow," and he is thus registered on the list of births in that city. He entered the army as "Colin Campbell," and there can be no doubt that his promotion would have been impeded if he had retained the name of "*McLiver*," which he abandoned for that of "Campbell. (*Seton on Heraldry*, p. 392.) If young Colin McLiver had not been able to renounce this surname without cost to himself, the country might have lost the services of one of its greatest generals.

From a Correspondent of The Spectator.

A FEW NOTES ON A RECENT VISIT TO PARIS.

May 21*st*, 1863.

Sir,—You ask me to give you the "impressions" of a late visit to Paris.

Owing to the peculiar circumstances of my journey, I found myself inhabiting a quarter of Paris which I had hardly ever passed through before, quite at the top of the Faubourg St. Jacques, close to the former "Boulevard Extérieur," It is a sort of Parisian Mount Athos, or Holy Mountain; convents, male and female, on all sides; the interstices being filled up with schools and hospitals. You can scarcely go into the street without meeting priests, monks, friars, nuns, sisters, on foot or in carriages. Low-browed, coarse-looking capuchins, with their cord-girdles, seem quite at home on the pavement; girls consecrated to the Virgin (*vouées au blanc*) do their best to dirty themselves or avoid dirtying themselves in the gutters; the noise of bells and children's hymns (sung in loud rasping tones) scarcely ceases by day, nor that of bells by night; in the still plentiful and often beautiful gardens the favorite clerical tree, the *arbre de Judée* (which Protestant England has so cruelly transmogrified into the Judas tree), is in full blossom. Indeed, notwithstanding the immediate neighborhood of a railway terminus, there is a strange semi-rural look about the quarter, and the very nightingale comes still to sing on the trees of the Boulevards; I heard him once with my own incredulous ears.

Now, although an omnibus leads straight down from this clerical stronghold through the Rue Montmartre and the busiest quarters of Paris, and up again to the Barrière Pigale on the other side of the town, this is pretty nearly a *terra incognita* to half Paris at least, as it was to me: and, indeed, so completely is it out of Paris morally, that the residents —the old folk, at least—speak still of going into Paris from thence. And as I had but little time for such journeys, it was not much that I could see with my own eyes. One or two points, however, struck me.

1st. The absolute popular indifference to all the display of surrounding Romanism. I never saw a single working man, and scarcely any one at all, notice or touch his hat to a priest, monk, or friar. So far from this, I happened one day to give a good look to a priest of rather remarkable physiognomy, and the poor man instantly touched his hat to me, as if he must know me, since I deigned to look at him. In a house with convents in front and rear, though the Friday fast appeared to be observed as a custom by the women, there was not the slightest pretence of doing so on the part of the men at the same table.

2d. An evident, though still mild revival of political feeling, as compared with my recollections of eighteen months ago. One or two political "posters" were prominent on every wall amidst those of theatres, railways, and houses or lands to sell—M. Guéroult's "Etudes Politiques" (I think that is the title), and "Un Drame Electoral," by M. Gagneur. When the ordinance fixing the date of the elections was in turn posted up, you could distinguish the place from a distance by the readers, working men mostly, who were sure to be about it. More marvellous still, passing through the Luxembourg one morning, I heard two working men, seated on a bench, talking politics aloud, and no spy in or out of uniform was listening to them.

This observation was abundantly confirmed to me by the few intimate friends whom I saw, but who, belonging to different professions and shades of opinion, might, within certain limits, serve as representative men in their way. Some years ago, with the exception of Paris and a few large towns, people did not dare to put forward opposition candidates. Now, I heard on all sides of solicitations addressed to men of independent opinions, who had sat in Louis Philippe's chambers, in the republican assemblies, by their old constituents, urging them to come forward, and for the most part pledging success. M. de Persigny's forbiddance of election committee meetings, instead of rousing indignation, was rather hailed with pleasure as a confession of weakness. Still, although the invitation to stand had been addressed to some of the men who can be least expected to swear faithfulness to the emperor, such as poor Greppo, so shamefully prosecuted without a tittle of evidence against him last year, the prevalent feeling was that the hour of the men of advanced opinions was not yet come, —that the oath imposed upon candidates as a condition precedent to their standing should exclude every man who may accept the empire as a fact, but not as a right. Hence there is a general acquiescence in the candidateship of the men of the "old parties," of the old "left centre" especially, with Thiers at their head,—that clever, experienced, eloquent, idealess "left centre," master of tongue-fence and parliamentary use and wont, whose utter barrenness was the real ruin of Louis Philippe, whose utter blindness and vanity were the making of Louis Napoleon. For the work of destruction of the next two or three years these men are amply sufficient; it is but fair that they should undo their own mischief. There are, indeed, two or three upright and respected men among them, such

as Dufaure, whose honesty may add weight to the adroitness of their chiefs.

I need hardly say how far more deeply than ever I was impressed with the utter *rootlessness* of the empire. In vain does Napoleon III. upset all Paris, as if he wished to leave nothing behind him but what proceeds from himself; the absolutely universal feeling is that this is simply provisional and cannot last. It is curious, indeed, how this provisional character stamps itself even on material improvements. You may see in some places quite new houses, scarcely three or four years old, pulled down for newly devised embellishments to the capital. At one entrance of the Luxembourg Gardens, near where the taking away of the pleasant old "Fontaine de Médicis" has caused, probably, more heart-burnings than any other single public work in Paris, the strange sight is seen of three different levels of street side by side,—each official and compulsory in its time,—but as ugly and inconvenient as they might be dangerous in their present juxtaposition. One might also say that an ironic fate compels this man, who pretends to have "closed the era of revolutions," to keep the material idea of *revolution* constantly before his people. Speak to a Parisian, man or woman, poor or well-to-do, of the alterations in Paris, and it is three to one that within five minutes you hear the expression, "*Tout est en révolution.*" The personal indifference towards his dynasty (let the newspapers say what they please) is complete. I passed one morning in the Tuileries whilst the prince imperial, a tutor and a lackey, were alone on the terrace by the river side. Every one must have known him, yet no one stopped for one instant to look at him; no one gave him more than a single glance; very many passed by, I believe designedly, without so much as looking up. Compare this with the way in which with us the public gaze follows any member of the royal family as soon as recognized.

Of the deepening hatred towards the present rule indeed, I saw one striking witness in men's feelings as respects the Mexican war. Not only is this universally condemned, as being alike senseless and iniquitous, but for the first time I heard Frenchmen actually wish for disaster to the French arms. The general policy of these distant wars is, indeed, disliked by all; whilst another event, quite trifling as yet in its proportions, seems to have aroused very bitter feelings,—the bringing over of a company of Arabs to do garrison duty in Paris. Although this measure had been prepared and announced long beforehand, and perhaps was taken with no specially evil intentions, it was quite singular to see what effect it had produced on men wholly unacquainted with each other, and of very different tempers of mind. "It seems we are to be guarded by Arabs whilst our own men are sent to perish in Mexico," said one. "You see how little trust he is beginning to have in our soldiers," said another, "since he actually requires Arabs to garrison Paris."

The fact of the rapid spread of republican principles, which I had already heard asserted eighteen months ago on the best authority as to the working classes, both of the provincial towns and of Paris, was confirmed to me from a wholly different quarter, as respects the professional classes. Still, I could see that Orleanist feelings were yet very strong among the middle-aged and older men and women. The marriage of the Duke de Chartres to his cousin is especially rejoiced in by these, as preserving the purity and nationality of the Orleans blood.

On the whole, I am strongly confirmed in the conviction impressed upon me in my last visit, that the second empire is decidedly in its period of decline. It is rapidly losing its *prestige* of terror, and is felt more and more as a nuisance rather than as a bugbear.

The old Association movement, so many a time pronounced extinct *ex cathedrâ* by Frenchmen and foreigners, is not yet stopped. A new working tailors' association is preparing to start next winter. The working builders, who were in a bad way last year, seem to have got well afloat again. A body destined to act as a bank of association is all but constituted, and amongst other distinguished men who take an interest in it, and are likely, in some way or other, to be connected with it, I heard the name of M. Elisée Reclus, who has written many admirable articles for the *Deux Mondes*, and, indeed, I hear, lately contributed two papers on our English co-operative bodies to the *Revue Germanique*. The great drawback to the work is the want of education among the working men. The amount of absolute illiterateness in France is something still enormous. and would be shameful to the nation were it under any but a despotic rule. I had a practical instance of this in the fact that I literally, from the house I lived in, had to walk for a quarter of an hour down the Rue St. Jacques before I came to a stationer's shop, and one-half of this was devoted to umbrella-mending;—this, mind you, in a characteristically educational quarter. I do not believe there is any part of London where I should have had to go half the distance.

I have been speaking of the Parisian working men. I believe I can answer for it that, notwithstanding all the efforts made by the Second Empire to occupy them, feed them, coax them, they are just as far as ever from being favorable to it. Of course it is far

worse with the provincial ones. The 40,000 Norman cotton-weavers out of employ know well that public subscriptions for the relief of their distress have been damped as much as possible by official policy. Those of Alsace know that it is only owing to the public spirit of their masters, as well as to the more favorable economical conditions of the trade in that quarter (finer numbers spun, finer stuffs woven), that they are still at work. St. Etienne knows as well that the comparative ruin of its trade (from 15,000 to 20,000 of the best workmen are reckoned to have left the place within the last few years) is owing to the amalgamation of the coal companies, effected, it is said, only through unsparing bribery in high quarters, and the result of which has been to raise the price of coal from five to thirty francs a load as the sole means of paying dividend on a grossly exaggerated capital.

Let me conclude by an anecdote of '48, told me from personal experience by a friend of nearly thirty years' standing; one who, though an advanced Liberal in feeling, has no sympathy with the special social tendencies of that revolution. He was president of a club—as who was not in Paris in those days?—and a workman came to him: "Sir, I want to have your opinion. I have a quarrel with an old friend. He came to me some while ago: 'What good wind brings you?' said I. 'I have no work, and I have no more bread.' 'So much the better,' said I; 'I have.' So I gave him half what I had. Not long after I found myself in the same case, and I went to see him: 'What good wind brings you?' said he. 'Well,' said I, '*I* have no work and no bread now.' 'All right,' said he, 'just now I have some.' And he brought out a hunch, and was about to cut it in two. 'That wont do,' said I, 'your hunch is twice as big as mine was; cut it *here*.' 'No,' said he, 'you gave me half yours, you must take half mine.' We disputed for some time, and I would not take his big half, and he would not give me less, and since then we do not speak to one another; for I say he does not practice equality, and he says I do not."

Perhaps those days of feverish social enthusiasm, when two half-starved friends could quarrel as to the practical meaning of equality in sharing one's all, are past, never to return. But the class from which such examples can proceed is, depend upon it, the very marrow of the French nation. He who imagines any permanent political future for France, in which the *ouvrier* element should not have its due place, is building in the air.

From The Spectator, 6 June.

MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN.

Paris has given the *Moniteur* its first warning; that seems, in brief, the result of the French elections. Throughout the provincial districts, wherever the electors could be influenced, or coerced, or isolated, the Administration has secured a complete and, possibly, not difficult victory. The Imperialist majority is still overwhelming, something like ten to one, and the determined effort made by the Opposition only makes their defeat more conspicuous and more galling. Even the minor cities have disappointed expectation, Bordeaux, for instance, having rejected Dufaure, whose massive oratory might have told even more heavily than Thiers's tinselly though effective displays, or Jules Simon's biting jests. She has sent a Liberal, but not the man the Administration feared. Casimir Perier, whose election seemed certain, was not returned after all, and M. de Montalembert's defeat was almost ignominious—a fact the more remarkable, because bitter Ultramontanes like Kolb-Bernard and Plichon have been restored to their seats in spite of official condemnation. Judged by the ordinary constitutional rules, the Government may fairly exult in a complete if not overwhelming triumph.

And yet France and Europe and M. de Persigny all alike believe that the empire has received a shock, and are right in so believing, for Paris has not endorsed the decision of the departments. We are not about to repeat the stale epigram that Paris is France, for, were it true, France would not to-day be at the mercy of Napoleon, or French electors doubting whether it is "safe" to vote as they will. Paris is not France, any more than the brain is the body; but then that which the brain wills to do, the body, unless paralyzed, sooner or later does, and for three hundred years Paris has always anticipated the final decision of France. It is the representative city, to which all that is most able, and ambitious, and intellectual, and noble, and vile between the Rhine and the Pyrenees gravitates as by a natural law. The Parisians do not govern the French, but they lead them, and their lead in these elections is in the direction the Government most strictly forbade. The nine divisions of Paris, separated by deep gulfs of circumstance and habit and conviction—for what is there in common but the sky and the cemeteries between St. Germain and St. Antoine?—have discovered a bond of union in resistance to the existing *régime*. Orleanist or Republican, Thiers or Picard, doubted like Havin or trusted like Favre, any candidate has been welcome, provided only he hated the creed professed by the minister of the interior. So vast is the majority against Government, that if we deduct from

the minority the officials who voted under compulsion, the old soldiers who voted because Napoleon is the heir of his uncle, the jobbers who thrive on corruption, the contractors enriched by improvements, the bribed, the cowardly, and the class which breeds in the empire as vermin in stagnant water, unanimous Paris would seem to have voted against the Imperial system. So keenly was this felt that the victors became calm from the very intensity of their sense of triumph. "I went," writes an acute observer on the spot, "through several sections at the time when the votes were being counted; there was a serenity in triumph which was quite touching. In the evening, men gave a franc for the second edition of a paper, and read aloud outside the figures of the majorities, which were really incredible in some sections; people spoke briskly, without disguise or fear. Fifteen days more, and the departments would have sent up thirty more deputies to the Opposition. Patience; he laughs well who laughs the last." That vote was the more decisive because there was no ground for local discontent. Whatever the empire may have neglected it has pampered Paris. M. Hausmann told but the truth when he talked of the gratitude which,—supposing man lived by bread alone,—Paris would owe to the emperor who found her brick, and may one day perhaps *leave her* marble. All that an absolute court, aided by genius like that of Visconti, and administrative ability like that of M. Hausmann, could do to beautify and enrich and amuse the beautiful city has been done, done with a heartiness, a cordial enjoyment in the doing, most unlike the grudging spirit which so often mars official beneficence. There are hundreds of tradesmen in Paris who can trace their fortunes directly to the decrees of Louis Napoleon, thousands of workmen to whom M. Hausmann's plans have brought work and wages and security. Parisians, too, love Paris as Athenians once loved Athens, and feel a just pride in every improvement which seems to justify her claim to be called the metropolis of civilization. It is from no local annoyance, therefore, no citizen soreness at neglect, no municipal spite, that Paris has returned all the men whom the emperor's servants proclaimed the enemies of his rule. Their vote is a political manifesto, signed by all the intellect of the country, a resolution carried by the representative population of France, that they are weary of a *régime* of repression, of rulers who avow their belief that the Frenchman is all stomach.

It is this which makes the elections seem so formidable to the *entourage* of the court. The Parisian vote may not be, and, we think, is not, directed against the dynasty. The city which, like Paris, sends up at once Thiers and Jules Favre, or, like Marseilles, elects at once M. Marie and M. Berryer, is not thinking specially about dynasties. But, then, can the dynasty survive the system it has created, and the vote is most unquestionably directed against *that?* It is an announcement that Paris, which always wishes to-day what France will agree to to-morrow, is longing for a new system, for greater liberty to intellect, a freer play for thought, less restriction in action, a new relation between the executive and the people. It is an assurance that Paris, and, therefore, by and by, France, will not bear such circulars as M. de Persigny directed against M. Thiers, will not submit to elect mere nominees, will not give up its right, if not to dictate, then to criticise, the action of ministers of state. It is a gasp for more air, the expression of a passionate wish for that *régime* of healthy conflict which we call constitutional life. And this is what the great cities have taken means to secure.

It is not because the Opposition is twenty-eight instead of five that its vote has become of importance. Twenty-eight men cannot vote the emperor out of his throne, or refuse supplies, or punish a tyrannical minister, any more than five. It is because the twenty-eight are of the class who can make Parliamentary conflicts real, can, even when outvoted, exercise political power. No president can silence M. Thiers by interruptions on points of form. No minister with a voice can argue down M. Pelletan, or make M. Berryer's ringing sentences other than influential. No official, however triply cased in impudence and dotations, can be indifferent to the *mots* which will drop from the lips of M. Jules Simon. Even animals with six stomachs cannot drink oil of vitriol and remain alive. It does not do in France to be hopelessly outmatched in talk, yet if the Government resort to argument, there is Parliamentary life revived, and can the dynasty survive revived Parliamentary life? How is it to send expeditions to the ends of the world when its finance is proved to all men unsound, or war for ideas with M. Berryer telling the peasants that conscription eats up their sons, or send the suspect to Cayenne with M. Favre denouncing the "laws of public safety." If it be silent, and rely upon force, then all the argument will be on one side, and France is unfortunately logical, and thinks action should follow proof; if it speaks, it has entered the arena in which victory is to the wise and the eloquent, and therefore not to M. de Persigny or his. In either case, the elections have secured greater freedom and vividness to political life, and the Imperialists wisely doubt whether they

are among the plants which can survive removal into fresh air.

The effect, too, of the Parisian vote is not restricted to Paris or the Parisian members. The declaration of the capital will embolden every form of antagonism in the provinces. Had it been known only three days before the election, twenty cities would have sent up members of the Opposition. The waverers among the members themselves feel that the Liberal may soon be also the stronger side, and every member whom the Administration may irritate sees a party to which he may transfer his services with some hope of a future reward. Frenchmen always need hope as a stimulus to energy. Eloquence, too, is not wholly lost within the Chamber itself, and inside and out the new members are men who can evoke as well as lead public opinion. On all sides the apathy which was more fatal than hostility, as a mud fort is harder to pierce than a stone bastion, is visibly giving way, the Orleanists look up with new hope, and even the Republicans begin to believe that they see the handwriting on the wall. Both may be mistaken as to the realization of their ultimate ends, for they are matched against an opponent of a rare class,—a man at once subtle and audacious, a despot who can give way, and who, so his dynasty may but endure, would accept any conceivable government France might agree to impose. There is a fund of power in reserve in the emperor's mind which his antagonists have no means of measuring, but the limits of which, are the first, if not the sole, conditions of the great game. But the realization of their immediate end, a relaxation of pressure, seems to us more than probable. They may not upset the dynasty, nor will Englishmen wish they should, but they may yet be able to offer it the alternative of reigning under conditions compatible with the orderly freedom of France, and, therefore, with the peace of the world.

From The Economist, 6 June.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

There is some danger we think lest the importance of the incidents now occurring in France should be exaggerated. Any motion in a body presumed to be dead, affects the imagination with terror, and terror always magnifies facts. There is too, no doubt, in England, a secret ill will, not so much to the emperor as to the ministers whom he permits to misuse his name, and who are considered more repressive than the security of his throne requires, which predisposes men to exult in any blow inflicted on them. Neither fear nor exultation are favorable to reflection, and there is a very visible tendency to deduce a great deal more from the result of the French elections than the facts will bear out. They are sufficiently simple. By dint of immense exertions and a momentary though imperfect union, the parties opposed to the emperor have succeeded in seating twenty-eight representatives of *very* varied opinions, ranging from M. Berryer, Legitimist advocate, to M. Marie, member of the Provisional Government, but all more or less opposed to the Napoleonic *régime*. Among these representatives are all the nine whom Paris has the right to return, and the representatives of Marseilles. The Opposition, therefore, may be said to have carried the capital and the French Liverpool, and to have quintupled their strength in the agricultural districts, but they have, nevertheless, secured only one-tenth of the representation.

It is evident, therefore, that it is not the number of the new Opposition which is supposed to be formidable. Twenty-eight votes cannot interfere with official designs any more than five, or indeed rather less, for as the number increases, so does the chance of internal differences or disputes. The five supplemented one another: the twenty-eight may, and probably will, on questions like the occupation of Rome, neutralize one another's strength. The cause of alarm must, therefore be sought either in the character and power of the new members, or in the state of opinion revealed by the mode of their election. That power is considerable, and that feeling is dangerous; but in politics there are degrees, and the degree of good or mischief to be expected is we believe, exaggerated.

It is thought that the members now elected will bring to the aid of the Opposition very formidable critical power. Some of them, like M. Thiers, are familiar with practical statesmanship,—some, like M. Berryer, capable of bursts of most moving eloquence,—some, like M. Simon, full of those "sayings" which are so terribly effective in France. How, it is said, is the empire, which above all things fears scrutiny, to bear scrutiny like this? The simple reply is that it has borne it. It is not possible for men to utter more searching or eloquent criticism than Jules Favre has done, yet his speeches were published in the *Moniteur*, and still the empire stands. Indeed, on certain points the Orleanist chiefs did last year speak in Parliament, for rumor belies some of the debaters on Rome if they did not read speeches prepared by M. Thiers, M. Guizot, and M. Dufaure. There is no one of the Republican members who can say things more cutting than the Marquis St. Pierres said of the law of public safety, or who will dare to treat

foreign policy with more audacious freedom than Prince Napoleon, yet laws and policy are unreversed. M. Berryer brings a higher order of eloquence, but then his influence is poisoned at the source by his connection with an impossible party. If Sir George Bowyer could speak like Gladstone he would still never influence the English middle-class mind, because people would all the while be thinking "this man says these things because he is an Ultramontane." The objection does not indeed apply to M. Thiers, and that gentleman can strike one chord very near to the heart of France, her love of "grandeur and glory." He might, if he asked very often, like the Duke d'Aumale, "What have you done with France?" prove very formidable; but then *is* M. Thiers altogether an enemy of the Bonapartes? He has passed his life in exalting Napoleon the First,—why should he give up his heart to opposition to Napoleon the Third? And if he does not give up his heart, his opposition will be timid and comparatively valueless. That debate will be a little livelier, and that a little more care must be taken in selecting talking ministers, is evident; but that seems the extent of the anticipation justified by the facts.

But Paris, we are told, has pronounced against the empire. Has it, or only against Persigny? It must not be forgotten that eight out of the nine elected belong nominally or really to the Republican party, and as the *bourgeoisie* certainly do not desire a Republic, their vote must be considered as given to men who could be relied on to oppose, and therefore ameliorate, the existing *régime*, and not to men devoted to a particular substitute. In the single exception, M. Thiers, it is admitted by all Parisians that the circulars of M. de Persigny and M. Hausmann really secured his election. The former, who seems during the past year to have lost all judgment, openly dictated to the electors, abused the old *régime* in a style which politicians usually avoid, not because they are politicians, but because they are gentlemen, and so clearly pitted the crown against Paris that the most dauntless population on earth at once took up the gauntlet. M. de Persigny could have made any one almost equally popular, and, as it was, half the constituency of the second division refused to vote at all. M. Hausmann again pathetically appealed to Paris on the ground of the improvements which the empire had carried out—an argument which always annoys the Parisians. They like the improvements, but they never can bear to be *told* that benefits descend on them from above, or to *see* that their rulers appeal to their interests and not their intelligence. The sentiment of honor, which is often the best thing left in France, revolts from a cynicism so palpable. It is very doubtful whether, had the minister and the prefect left the matter alone, or bowed with profound deference to the intellect of Paris, M. Devinck would not have been returned. An election thus dictated by anger may be very dangerous to the subject of anger; but then that is M. de Persigny, not the Emperor Napoleon.

But even accepting the returns as indications of the true feeling of Paris, as springing from a desire for total change and not merely for more freedom of discussion, their effect is still somewhat exaggerated. The empire does not rest upon Paris. On the contrary, the emperor has almost avowed that he reigns by the choice of the agricultural peasants and the army, and neither of these classes have deserted him. They have returned his nominees *en masse*. It may be said, and it is probably true, that excessive official pressure was applied by the prefects, and that the peasantry of the more secluded departments were not so much invited as driven to the polls. Nevertheless the fact remains that they did not hate the empire enough to defy the official influence, a course which, as the example of Paris shows, was, if they chose, open to them to try. The reasonable conclusion is that they are either favorable or indifferent, and in either case that which exists has the advantage of its dead weight. The tree may be rotten, but it will not fall till it is either cut or pushed.

But Paris is France? There is at last the thought which is in the minds of those who believe this election so important; but we do not so read history. On the contrary, we believe Paris to have been always so far in advance of the provinces as to be almost in antagonism to them. During the Revolution Paris was constantly threatened with the vengeance of the departments, and the first time they were really represented, the Council of Five Hundred proposed to abolish the revolutionary authority and restore the Bourbons. After 1848 the provinces sent up an Assembly utterly conservative, which passed restrictive laws on the press, restrained the liberty of meeting, undid all distinctly republican acts, crushed the masses of Paris under grapeshot, and but for fear of civil war would probably have restored constitutional monarchy. Napoleon in 1852 shot down Parisians mercilessly, and was certainly five times as much hated then as he is now, yet the empire stood. He has throughout his reign watched Paris like an enemy, covered it with fortresses called barracks, laid out streets for artillery, organized an underground railway specially intended to transport troops in safety into the stronghold of the workmen's power. Paris never loved the empire, and the new manifesto adds nothing

to her strength: on the contrary, it diminishes it, for the opportunity of constitutional criticism decreases the temptation to revolutionary plots. It is in the streets, not in the tribune, that Republicans are dangerous. That the emperor has received a lesson by which he may profit is certain, as is also the fact that the election will slightly affect his external prestige; but the apprehension that it will produce immediate, or very striking, or revolutionary results, is, we conceive, to say the least, somewhat exaggerated.

From The Press, 6 June.

If we are to believe the prognostications of M. de Persigny, the result of the French elections must be considered a heavy blow to the imperial *régime*. The issue plainly put before the electors in the several arrondissements of Paris was, that if they returned the Opposition candidates they would thereby directly pronounce against the empire, and condemn by their votes the means by which the alleged prosperity of the country had been secured during the last twelve years. With one exception, the Government has been beaten by overwhelming majorities in the capital. Such is the result of the unconstitutional interference of the minister of the interior—such the significant mode in which offensive official dictation has been resented. Altogether there will be about twenty-five deputies in opposition to the Government in the new chamber, instead of five, which was the number in the old one, and among them are some of the ablest and most distinguished men in France, great writers, and what is of more importance, celebrated orators, against whom, in debate, the speaking ministers of the Government will not have the least chance of success. Nearly a fourth of the Opposition members have been returned by the electors of Paris, and many of the great towns have also declared against the Government.

These facts, which are calculated to disturb the peace of mind of the Imperial party, have taken people by surprise. It has always been said that Paris is France. Is she so still; and if this be the case, how has it happened that the elections throughout the country have terminated, with the exceptions above alluded to, in favor of the Government? We are inclined to think that the result would have been different if the elections in Paris had preceded those in the provinces, and if the people throughout the country had known how unanimous the electors of the capital are in their desire to return to the paths of Constitutional Government—to secure once more the privileges of liberty of speech and liberty of the press, and the ministerial responsibility of the Administration. There is also another reason for the difference. In the provinces Government officials are omnipotent, and the electoral districts are so formed that towns and villages can have no direct control or superintendence over the general result. It was quite the reverse in Paris. There a constant watch was kept night and day over the ballot-boxes, and no opportunity was afforded to official myrmidons of qualifying objectionable votes. It is, however, very significant that M. de Persigny desired that the time allowed by law before the ballot-boxes can be opened should be extended for twenty-four hours.

It is hardly possible to attribute too much importance to this defeat, considering that the whole power and influence of the Government were exerted to secure a victory, and that the candidates who have been elected were declared by the minister of the interior to be the most dangerous enemies of Imperialism.

From The Saturday Review, 30 May.

PRUSSIA.

The quarrel between the King of Prussia and his subjects is now complete, and foreigners may be very well surprised both at the history and at the termination of the struggle. If the King of Prussia and his advisers really wished to build up a new policy, to overshadow Northern Germany with a despotism after the Russian pattern, and to force all opponents into silence at the point of the sword, the design would be intelligible, but nothing could be more strange than the means taken to fulfil the end. A great scheme of ambition, and a project for a bold and defiant tyranny, would be very strangely inaugurated by the little arts to which M. Von Bismark and his colleagues have had recourse. To insist on the right of abusing everybody and misstating everything in the Lower House unchecked, to retire into a lobby during the invectives of the Opposition, on the plea that quite as much reached the ear there as was worth listening to, and to claim the proud privilege of going on declaiming after the president has put on his hat, are the petty tricks by which a very small mind tries to irritate and wound, not the signs of a statesmanship that can be bold either for good or bad. On the other hand, the deputies, although the nation is incontestably with them—although they are supported by all that is respectable and liberal in the press and in public opinion — and although they know that the rest of Germany and Europe is, for the most part, warmly on

their side, yet take these insults very patiently. They behave, indeed, exactly as they ought to do. They refuse, with great spirit, to accept the new doctrines of Parliamentary humiliation which the minister offers to teach them; they present addresses to the king, couched in firm, moderate, and bold language, and they act well together, sinking all minor differences in the generous desire to be true to their trust and to their country. But those who are full of the memories of English political history wonder why they do not do more. Our ancestors cut off a king's head for little graver faults than William of Prussia has committed, and the crown in England has been compelled, on more than one occasion, by force, or the instant threat of force, to respect the rights of the people. English critics of Prussia, therefore, are apt to ask, with a sort of puzzled wonder and contempt, why it is that Prussians take things so quietly? Nor is this without reason. After all, personal courage is the foundation of political liberty, and England is free because a certain proportion of Englishmen for a good many centuries have been without fear — not merely without the fear of death, for that is a small thing, but without fear of incurring censure and obloquy, and the opposition of the great and powerful. Unless a people will resist a despotism, there is no security for liberty. Perhaps the Prussians are rather sluggish by habit, and they may not have the energy and spirit which give political life an easy start. But they themselves say, that to suppose this a crisis for active opposition betrays a total misapprehension of the state of affairs. They have, they think, everything to lose and nothing to gain by a revolution, even if the revolution were successful. They deny that English history furnishes any true parallel to the circumstances in which they now find themselves, and they assert that the course they are taking, is the one most likely to lead to success. We can scarcely pretend to know Prussia better than the Prussians do; and it is therefore worth while to understand what they mean. They have shown great good sense, and a considerable aptitude for self-government, in their contest with the ministry. They have never given an advantage to their opponents, and never quarrelled among themselves. The probability is, that men of whom this can be said are driving towards an end which, at any rate, is not absurd or contemptible.

The Prussians do not wish to quarrel with their sovereign more than they can possibly help. They think that King William is a silly, stiff old soldier, cajoled and bullied by the people with whom he lives, but well-meaning and honest in his way. They do not dislike him personally, and would be sorry to do him any injury. And if they put up with him tolerably well, they have the strongest admiration and affection for the house to which he belongs. Prussia was invented by the Hohenzollerns. They, and they alone, created it, amplified it, and kept it alive. Nor is it only gratitude that binds the people to the throne; or, if it is gratitude, it is of the kind that expects favors to come as well as remembers favors that are past. Prussia is a great State almost by accident, without a frontier, without coherence, without any common centre of life. The Prussians feel that Prussia might fall to pieces as easily as it was bound together, if any serious derangement occurred in the working of the machinery that keeps it in order. And it is the sovereign who is the head to which all the mixed population of Prussia has become accustomed to look up. Resistance to the king, even when he violates the Constitution, may easily lead to civil war, and civil war may shake the royal family from their seat. This is not what Prussia wants.

A Hohenzollern must, indeed, be tyrannical and odious before Prussians come to think that rather than put up with him they would do without Hohenzollerns altogether, and take the risk not only of that anarchy which attends revolution in all countries, but of that political break up which is the peculiar danger of Prussia. Nor is it merely fear that would make Prussian Constitutionalists very reluctant to quarrel with the army. They want, above all things, to avoid a collision with the army; for the army in Prussia is so national a force, and the soldiers belong so much to every class, that the ordinary Prussian would have a feeling of personal pain if he had to do anything by which the lives of the soldiers were sacrificed. It is the very complaint of the military authorities of Prussia that their men are too short a time under arms, and remain too much of civilians. And if this is so, other civilians naturally wish to avoid shooting, or being shot by, them. But above all, it must be remembered that this contest is not so much a political as a social one. The true issue is not whether the power of the crown shall be limited, but whether there shall henceforth be the strong line of demarcation which at present separates the Prussian noble from the plebeian. M. Von Bismark and his colleagues are the representatives of one of the shabbiest, meanest, most spiritless aristocracies that ever afflicted a nation. But they belong to an aristocracy which socially is very powerful, which glories in giving itself airs, which triumphs in the silliest exclusiveness, and, what is of more importance, which has now for two centuries at least been revered and

petted and magnified by the mass of Germans, although its proper eminence has been so small. The puerility of minor dandies and exquisites is exactly the quality which M. Von Bismark and his friends display and delight in displaying. General Von Roon behaved, and claimed to behave unquestioned, very much as the vulgar type of provincial magnate goes on at a county ball, where snobs of all sorts are to be astonished and put down. This does not lessen the bitterness with which the conduct of the Prussian ministers has inspired those who have suffered under it; but, as they are sensible men, they know that patience is the best weapon in such a case. They are aware that nothing brings down the affectations and insolence of a sham aristocracy so much as the quick, punctual, methodical discharge of the duties of business. If they play carefully, they are sure of the game; for no aristocracy that has not got in it qualities and a capacity of which Prussian nobles never dream can stand long against the attacks of men possessing wealth, and education, and political fame, and national esteem.

And, politically as well as socially, the Prussians think themselves sure to win. They have told the king a simple truth. They have bid him understand that, unless he sends his present advisers away, the Chamber and the sovereign must remain separated. There is no other alternative. Either the king must do without a Parliament, or he must get a set of ministers who will be decently civil to the representatives of the people. The king has replied that he prefers to do without a Parliament; and so the deputies are sent away, and the Government is to see what it can do by itself. The Prussians say that they are confident the attempt must be a failure. For some time, a Prussian king can do very well without a Parliament. The ordinary revenue of the crown does not depend on a yearly vote, and the ordinary revenue is nearly enough to go on with. The army can be recruited and kept up, and officials can get their salaries, without any public grant. It is true that the ordinary revenue would not quite suffice, and that this must lead to a deficit, while no loan could be negotiated without the sanction of Parliament. No new legislation could be made on any subject, and although the necessity for new laws is not a pressing one in Prussia, yet a sovereign who is incapable of introducing any recognized change into any great department of affairs begins after a time to feel himself in a very pitiable condition. The position of Prussia, too, in Germany, would soon alter for the worse if the king stood alone. It could make no new arrangements with regard to the Zollverein, and the commercial leadership of the Zollverein is one of the greatest elements of Prussian ascendancy in Northern Germany. Nor could his neighbors reckon on King William being able to protect them in war or to preserve peace for them. He can scarcely go to war without the consent of his subjects, for war costs money, and the money is not to be got at easily. Of course all this calculation supposes that the courts of law would do their duty, and that, if a tax were illegal, judges would boldly pronounce that the law forbade its being levied. The Prussians feel sure of their judges. They think them an honorable, upright, fearless set of men, and several of the highest and most eminent Prussian judges are members of the Lower House and have taken a leading part in the opposition to the unconstitutional action of the ministers. Nor is it very likely that the judges would go out of their way to please the court; for judges, if warped by anything, are much more likely to be influenced by the general opinion of the society in which they live than by a vague wish to stand well with ministers; and the judges belong to that class of society which is fighting its battle against the old privileged order. It is true that if the king were resolved to set up a tyranny, he need care very little for law courts. He could treat judges as they are treated in France, and the Federal States, and Turkey. He could make martial law supersede every other. But this is exactly what those who have watched him most closely feel sure he will never do. He will shrink from that abyss which yawns at the feet of every government and dynasty that places itself in open opposition to law. He will stick by his aristocratical friends when they merely bully and hector in a legal and peaceable way, but he will not do anything that will make him feel that his position is entirely altered, and that he reigns altogether as a despot. Whether this is a true prophecy time alone can show, but it has no absurdity on the face of it which should make us refuse to listen to it.

From The Press, 6 June.

Prussia has at last completely thrown off the mask. The unwisest sovereign of these times, encouraged by his ministers, who are proving themselves the greatest enemies of their country, has determined to rule henceforth without a Parliament. From its very origin the constitution was a farce. By it were granted powers which it was never intended should be fairly exercised. It was apparently thought by the king that the Chamber of Deputies would entertain so deep a reverence for his "divine" office that it would never think of seriously opposing his

wishes. So long as the decrees of the Government were obediently registered by the Chamber all went on swimmingly. But a Constitutional Government is not to be carried on in such a milk-and-water fashion. If the deputies had the right of approving what was brought before them, they thought it only a necessary and natural consequence that they might also disapprove, and give free expression to their views, showing the grounds upon which they differed in opinion from the Administration. This, however, did not suit the ministers nor their kingly master. It was absurd to think, according to their view of the case, that a Budget, for example, should be modified to please the Chamber of Deputies. It is true the Constitution required that the Lower Chamber should approve of the Budget before taxes were collected under its authority—but such opposition was never apparently contemplated, and when it arose the Chamber was treated as a nullity, and the consent of the Upper House was deemed sufficient. Several other collisions occurred, and last of all took place the personal dispute regarding the privilege of the ministers to insult the Lower Chamber, and to occupy in it a position above its control. This, if anything, showed a much greater contempt for the representatives of the people than the previous difference regarding the Budget. The result is that the Chamber has been dismissed, without apparently the least intention of reassembling it for the discharge of its duties, or of dissolving it and electing another in its stead. It is felt to be useless to try the temper of the people any longer. If a dissolution took place, the same deputies, or others pledged to support their policy, would infalliby be returned. So the king is determined to rule without a Parliament, and to enforce measures which are known to be directly against the wishes and feelings of the nation. This is a dangerous game to play. To levy taxes without authority is an assumption of power which, after their recent constitutional experience, the Prussians may think it worth their while to oppose by passive if not active resistance. A legion of German Hampdens may be forthcoming to test the prerogative of the monarch in the courts of law. But the Prussian Government has determined to go any length in support of its unwise and arbitrary proceedings. It has now gagged the press. In the name of the Constitution, which was framed to preserve and promote the liberties of the people, it has done its utmost to instal despotic power. This is the necessary consequence of ruling without a Parliament.

During the Budget dispute the expression of opinion in the newspapers of the country was unfettered. But it is useless to silence the representatives of the people in Parliament without also silencing their supporters, who made themselves heard throughout the length and breadth of the land. Hence the decree, based on the 63d article of the Constitution, which at a stroke makes every newspaper either the slave of the ministry, or its victim. Article 63, upon which this is alleged to be founded, empowers the ministry, when the Chambers are not assembled, and under circumstances of unusual urgency, to issue decrees which shall have the force of law, provided that such are "*not in opposition to the Constitution.*" The devil can quote scripture to suit his own purposes; but not more cleverly can the King of Jesuits plead his cause from Holy Writ than the King of Prussia and his ministers when taking the Constitution for their text. Upon the authority of the article alluded to they have issued a decree which "empowers the administrative authorities to prohibit, temporarily or altogether, after two warnings, the publication of newspapers whose attitude is, on the whole, dangerous to the public welfare." The ministry is also empowered "to forbid the introduction of foreign newspapers into Prussia, on similar grounds, when thought advisable." In short, the press is at the mercy of the Government, which is determined henceforth to rule with despotic power. But what utter absurdity it is to think of ruling such an intelligent people as the Prussians upon principles which would disgrace a barbaric age. It is useless to prevent the expression of opinion. The people will in consequence give a hundred-fold worse character to the Government than any writer would ever think of attributing to it. The unwise men who are thus seeking to coerce a whole people may as well endeavor to prevent them from thinking —or to shut out the light of the sun—as attempt to suppress public opinion in so enlightened a nation. The age is too advanced for such measures. We confidently believe that the Prussians will emerge from the difficulties by which they are surrounded without giving their enemies the opportunity which they desire of overwhelming them. Passive resistance can conquer armed force. And such, we trust, will be the opinion of the friends of Constitutional Government in Prussia.

IN WAR TIME.

[Read before the Alumni of the Friends' Yearly Meeting School, at the annual meeting at Newport, R. I., 15th 6th Mo., 1863.]

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

ONCE more, dear friends, you meet beneath
A clouded sky;
Not yet the sword has found its sheath,
And on the sweet spring airs the breath
Of war floats by.

Yet trouble springs not from the ground,
Nor pain from chance;
Th' Eternal order circles round,
And wave and storm find mete and bound
In Providence.

Full long our feet the flowery ways
Of peace have trod,
Content with creed and garb and phrase:
A harder path in earlier days
Led up to God.

Too cheaply truths, once purchased dear,
Are made our own;
Too long the world has smiled to hear
Our boast of full corn in the ear
By others sown.

To see us stir the martyr fires
Of long ago;
And wrap our satisfied desires
In the singed mantles that our sires
Have dropped below.

But now the cross our worthies bore
On us is laid,
Profession's quiet sleep is o'er,
And in the scale of truth once more
Our faith is weighed.

The cry of innocent blood at last
Is calling down
An answer in the whirlwind blast,
The thunder and the shadow cast
From Heaven's dark frown.

The land is red with judgments. Who
Stands guiltless forth?
Have *we* been faithful as we knew,
To God and to our brother true,
To Heaven and Earth?

How faint through din of merchandise
And count of gain,
Has seemed to us the captives' cries!
How far away the tears and sighs
Of souls in pain!

This day the fearful reckoning comes
To each and all;
We hear amidst our peaceful homes
The summons of the conscript drums,
The bugle's call.

Our path is plain: the war-net draws
Round us in vain,
While, faithful to the Higher Cause,
We keep our fealty to the laws
Through patient pain.

The levelled gun, the battle brand
We may not take;
But, calmly loyal, we can stand
And suffer with our suffering land
For conscience sake.

Why ask for ease where all is pain?
Shall *we* alone
Be left to add our gain to gain,
When over Armageddon's plain
The trump is blown?

To suffer well is well to serve;
Safe in our Lord
The rigid lines of law shall curve
To spare us; from our heads shall swerve
Its smiting sword.

And light is mingled with the gloom;
And joy with grief;
Divinest compensations come,
Through thorns of judgment mercies bloom
In sweet relief.

Thanks for our privilege to bless
By word and deed,
The widow in her keen distress,
The childless and the fatherless,
The hearts that bleed!

For fields of duty opening wide,
Where all our powers
Are tasked the eager steps to guide
Of millions on a path untried:
THE SLAVE IS OURS.

Ours by traditions dear and old
Which make the race
Our wards to cherish and uphold,
And cast their freedom in the mold
Of Christian grace.

And we may tread the sick-bed floors
Where strong men pine,
And, down the groaning corridors,
Pour freely from our liberal stores
The oil and wine.

Who murmurs that in these dark days
His lot is cast?
God's hand within the shadow lays
The stones whereon his gates of praise
Shall rise at last.

Turn and o'erturn, O outstretched Hand!
Nor stint, nor stay;
The years have never dropped their sand
On mortal issue vast and grand
As ours to-day.

Already, on the sable ground
Of man's despair,
Is freedom's glorious picture found,
With all its dusky hands unbound
Upraised in prayer.

Oh, small shall seem all sacrifice
And pain and loss,
When God shall wipe the weeping eyes,
For suffering give the victor's prize,
The crown for cross.

WHEN THOU SLEEPEST.

BY CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

When thou sleepest, lulled in night,
Art thou lost in vacancy?
Does no silent inward light,
Softly breaking, fall on thee?
Does no dream on quiet wing
Float a moment mid that ray,
Touch some answering mental string,
Wake a note and pass away?

When thou watchest, as the hours,
Mute and blind, are speeding on,
O'er that rayless path, where lowers
Muffled midnight, black and lone;
Comes there nothing hovering near,
Thought or half reality,
Whispering marvels in thine ear,
Every word a mystery,

Chanting low an ancient lay,
Every plaintive note a spell,
Clearing memory's clouds away,
Showing scenes thy heart loves well?
Songs forgot, in childhood sung,
Airs in youth beloved and known,
Whispered by that airy tongue,
Once again are made thine own.

Be it dream in haunted sleep,
Be it thought in vigil lone,
Drink'st thou not a rapture deep
From the feeling, 'tis thine own?
All thine own; thou need'st not tell
What bright form thy slumber blest;
All thine own; remember well
Night and shade were round thy rest.

Nothing looked upon thy bed
Save the lonely watchlight's gleam;
Not a whisper, not a tread
Scared thy spirit's glorious dream.
Sometimes, when the midnight gale,
Breathed a moan and then was still,
Seemed the spell of thought to fail,
Checked by one ecstatic thrill;

Felt as all external things,
Robed in moonlight, smote thine eye;
Then thy spirit's waiting wings
Quivered, trembled, spread to fly;
Then th' aspirer, wildly swelling,
Looked where, mid transcendency,
Star to star was mutely telling
Heaven's resolve and fate's decree.

Oh, it longed for holier fire
Than this spark in earthly shrine;
Oh, it soared, and higher, higher,
Sought to reach a home divine!
Hopeless quest! soon weak and weary
Flagged the pinion, drooped the plume,
And again in sadness dreary
Came the baffled wanderer home.

And again it turned for soothing
To th' unfinished broken dream;
While the ruffled current smoothing,
Thought rolled on her startled stream.
I have felt this cherished feeling,
Sweet and known to none but me;
Still I felt it nightly healing
Each dark day's despondency.

THE FLOWER.

BY GEORGE HERBERT.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! ev'n as the flowers in spring;
To which, besides their own demean,
The late past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away,
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart
Could have recovered greennesse? It was gone
Quite undergound; *as flowers depart*
To see their mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power!
Killing and quickening, bringing down to hell,
And up to heaven in an houre;
Making a chiming of a passing bell.
We say amisse
This or that is;
Thy word is alle, if we could spell.

Oh, that I once past changing were,
Fast in Thy paradise, where no flower can wither!
Many a spring, I shoot up fair,
Off'ring at heav'n, growing and groning thither:
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring-showre,
My sinnes and I joining together.

But while I grow in a straight line;
Still upward bent, as if heaven were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline:
What frost to that? what pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When Thou dost turn,
And the least frown of Thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing; Oh, my onely light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom Thy tempests fell at night.

These are thy wonders, Lord of Love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide,
Which when we once can finde and prove
Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.
Who would be more
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their paradise by their pride.

THE LIVING AGE.

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CONTENTS:

☞ Sorry that we cannot go so far out of our line as to copy from the *Knickerbocker* for July the leading article, from which our correspondent has derived so much advantage. We have read it with interest. It is on the Movement Cure ; the curative effects of special bodily exercise. It is, we see, by our friend Mr. Henry C. Williston, one of whose California articles was copied into *The Living Age* from an English Magazine. Mr. W. when we saw him last, ten or fifteen years ago, was in full health and vigor ; but we can hardly entirely regret a change which has given occasion for so much fortitude and perseverance.

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THE ITINERANT'S WIFE.

BY AN ITINERANT'S DAUGHTER.

She is her gray-haired father's pride,
  She is her mother's surest stay:
One stands and whispers by her side,
  "Will you leave these and come away?
Lo! East and West and South and North
  The fields all white and ready lie,
Waiting the laborers coming forth
  To reap for immortality.
My Lord bids me a reaper be;
Will you go forth and work with me?"

She giveth him her heart and hand,
  She strengtheneth her soul with prayer,
Leaveth for aye that household band
  To tread a path of toil and care.
She layeth by her girlish ways,
  Her new life awes her with its weight
Of earnestness; "O Christ," she prays,
  "Help me to honor my estate."
She lives a pure, devoted life
The young itinerant's noble wife.

They wander here, they wander there;
  They find no sure abiding-place;
God gives a people to their care,
  They tarry for a little space.
She sees the seeds of friendship grow
  To firm-laced vines in kindly soils;
The summer comes—"Arise, and go!"
  She loseneth the clinging coils,
And forth again doth sadly roam
To find another transient home.

These early years with hope are bright,
  Her heart with zeal and love is warm;
Her hands are strong, her step is light,
  And lithe and buoyant is her form.
Her household is in order found,
  The most exacting call it good;
She visits all the circuit round,
  Just as the pastor's helpmeet should;
Her footsteps linger by the door
Where dwell the suff'ring and the poor.

Time glideth by on swiftest wings;
  She bears the name of mother now;
Deep joy unto her heart it brings,
  But lines of care unto her brow.
For wants are many, income small,
  And given oft with poorest grace;
Her children must be fitted all
  To fill in life an honored place;
She layeth self aside for this,
And counteth sacrifice as bliss.

Death ent'reth now and then the door;
  Small, busy hands grow strangely still;
Small feet no longer tread the floor,
  Small forms lie stretched out white and chill.
The mother weepeth by the clay,
  The father stands with bowing head,
And unto pitying friends doth say,
  "Give us where we may lay our dead."
Small graves far, far apart are found
Upon a wide, wide burial ground.

Still swiftly on the years do go;
  Her heart with zeal and love is warm;
Her hands are weak, her step is slow,
  And thin and nerveless is her form.
Her people seldom see her face,
  She does not visit anywhere;
They wonder that so oft her place
  Is vacant in the house of prayer.
They think not of her many cares,
Nor all the weight of pain she bears.

Thus, day by day, her duties grow
  More heavy, but her strength is gone;
But that the others may not know,
  She meekly toileth on and on,
Till strangers take the work away,
  And let the weary fingers rest;
They fold the hands grown cold as clay,
  And lay them on her quiet breast;
There falls a silence over all,
There comes the shadow of the pall.

Her years the bell rings on the air,
  We wonder they so soon are told,
For there was silver in her hair,
  And we had thought that she was old.
We say, "'Tis well that she hath died,
  For she was weak and frail at best;
He soon will find another bride,
  One of more zeal and strength possessed."
We speak with dry and careless tone,
He and his children grieve alone.

They, standing on the hither shore
  Of that dark stream that onward rolls,
With ceaseless flow and sullen roar,
  Unto the shadowy land of souls,
Watch where her life-boat went across,
  And though they feel that she is blest,
They struggle with a sense of loss,
  And long to follow her to rest;
Then hide their loneliness and pain,
And turn them to their toil again.

She, standing on the farther shore,
  Greeteth her loved ones on the strand
Who went across the stream before:
  She takes her children by the hand,
And in the light of God's white throne,
  Reads her life-pages, one by one.
Reading with vision clear, doth find
  That what she had not understood—
What here seemed ill and strange and blind—
  Hath wrought out everlasting good:
Thus happy, blessed for evermore
She waits upon the farther shore.

—*Methodist Advocate and Journal.*

From The Dublin University Magazine.

THE SCIENCE AND TRADITIONS OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

MAGIC, SORCERY, AND WITCHCRAFT.

THE wide and full view of nature and its operations enjoyed by our first parents was probably much contracted after their fall, and only descended in a fragmentary manner to their posterity. After the flood, this treasure, diminished and broken up, was far from being common property to the sons of the children of Noah. It remained in greatest fulness among the heads of families of the descent of Heber; and, when idolatry began to prevail, it continued in an inferior and perverted form among the Assyrian and Egyptian priests. Among them were known, or believed to be known, all means by which knowledge of present and future things, and of the cure of diseases, could be innocently obtained, or evilly wrung from spiritual powers. This knowledge got in time the name of magic, for which different derivations have been given. "Priestly knowledge" is probably the best equivalent. When any one gifted with a portion of this science chose to exert it for the mere attainment of power or temporal possessions, or for the destruction or harm of others, he was looked on as a malignant sorcerer or witch would be in modern times. Sir Edward Bulwer, who has made magic, in its use and abuse, his particular study, has well individualized the higher class of sages in the noble-minded *Zanoni*, and the evil-disposed professors in *Arbaces*, priest of Isis, and the poison-concocting witch of Vesuvius.

There were at all times individuals tormented with a desire to penetrate the designs of Providence, the cause and mode of natural processes ever before their eyes, the dark mysteries of life, and of the union of mind and matter, and they ardently longed that these deep and inexplicable arcana should become intelligible to their intellect.

These classes of men saw within the range of their mental and bodily faculties no means of gratifying their wishes. Unblessed with patience or acquiescence in the Divine Will, or faith in the power, or confidence in the goodness of the Creator, they determined on devising some means to oblige those beings whose presence cannot be detected by bodily organs, to be their guides through the labyrinth which they never should have thought of entering. From Zoroaster to the man who subjects household furniture to sleight-of-hand tricks, all professors and disciples of forbidden arts are obnoxious to be ranged in one of these categories.

It would take us out of our way to examine the various processes through which the clear insight, accorded to our first parents of the relation in which all creatures stand to the Creator, passed in degenerating to the worship of created things, human passions, the functions of nature, and the souls of departed heroes. It is merely requisite for our purpose to say that the heavenly bodies, so mysterious in their unapproachableness, and in their motions, and the undoubted influence of the apparently largest two on the condition of the parent earth, became chief objects of adoration. The prolific earth, which appeared to give birth to all living beings, to furnish them with food, and all things essential to their existence, and in whose bosom all seek their final rest, was the loved, the genial *Alma Mater*. Her handmaidens, the subtle and (as was supposed) simple elements, the water, the fire, and the air, came in for their measure of worship. The original notion of the heavenly messengers and guardian angels became deteriorated in time to that of dæmons or genii. Our modern verse-makers, when mentioning the genius of Rome, the genius of Cæsar, etc., scarcely reflect that what to them is a mere poetic image, was an existing, potent being to the contemporaries of the Tarquinii, the Fabii, and the Julian family.

As has been observed, nothing evil was necessarily connected with the word *magic*. The Persian Magi were well qualified to rule their subjects by their superior attainments in science. They sacrificed to the gods; they consulted them on their own affairs, but particularly as to the issue of events pregnant with the weal or woe of their people. The Egyptian priests were depositories of all the knowledge that had survived the dispersion at Babel in a fragmentary form. Both priests and Magi had recourse to rites in presence of the people for the foreknowledge of future events. This, in fact, formed a portion of the state religion; but an acquaintance with more recondite and solemn ceremonies, which they practised in secret, was carefully kept from the commonalty.

While the Greeks and Romans paid divine honors to Jupiter and Juno, or their doubles,

Zeus and Héré, and the other divinities, great and less great, some tradition of the primeval truth held its ground among the more intelligent, and the existence of a Supreme Ruler was acknowledged. With some Destiny was chief ruler, and an uneasy feeling was abroad that Jove would be deprived of power some day. It was the same in the Scandinavian mythology. The giants and the wolf Fenris were to prevail against the Æsir, though themselves were, in turn, to perish also, and after this twilight of the gods, the world was to be renewed under the sway of the All-Father.

Nearly everything in the mythologies was a corruption, or a distortion, or shadow of some primeval revelation or religious ceremonial, or commandment solemnly given.

The dread inhabitants of Jotunheim, though inferior to Odin and his family in Asgard, were an enduring trouble to them, especially as they were aware of the dreadful strife when the horrible twilight was to come. This had a parallel in the Grecian mythology. The Titans, though subdued and bound, could not be destroyed: and Prometheus, suffering tortures on his rock, was less in awe of Zeus than Zeus was of him. These views, both Grecian and Scandinavian, were the remains of early traditions of truths debased and disfigured. The powers of evil were permitted to exert their forces to contravene the designs of Providence in reference to the human race. Towards the end of the world their baleful energies will be exerted with their fullest force, but to be finally crushed; and then God's kingdom will indeed come, and all, except the thoroughly reprobate, will have no will but his.

Etherealized beings as they were, the gods might perhaps be happy in Olympus feasting on their nectar and ambrosia; but for their own meagre, shivering shades, once this life was past, they expected but a chill, comfortless existence. A long life on the warm, genial bosom of mother Earth formed their most cherished wish, and the spiritual beings that ruled the air, the earth, and hades, were invoked and questioned as to the future earthly weal and woe of the consulters.

What a disheartening picture is given in the eleventh book of the Odyssey of the existence after death, and of the gloomy rites performed by Odysseus in order to know his own future fortunes. He leaves the abode of the goddess Circe, who can do nothing better than direct him to sail to the confines of Orcus, situate on the outer rim of the earth-encircling ocean stream, and consult the shade of the blind Seer Tiresias. He arrives at the gloomy beach that never basked in the warm light of the sun, scoops an ell-wide trench, pours into it milk, honey, water, wine, and meal, and last, the blood of the black ewe and ram given him by the enchantress. No sooner has the blood been poured in than the poor spectres of the mighty dead—hungry and wan—crowd round the pit to drink the blood. The sage warrior's heart aches when the shade of his revered mother presses forward, impelled by hunger, and all ignorant and regardless of the presence of her unhappy son. Oh, stern destiny! he knows her well enough, but is forced to keep her off at the sword's point till Tiresias has satisfied his thirst in the sacrificial gore. Then after learning the destiny of his house, he may permit the poor maternal shade to come and satisfy her unnatural appetite.

This may be said to be the earliest account of a necromantic rite, which was not, however, practicable in ordinary cases. If the body had not obtained sepulchral rites, the poor, shivering soul could not cross the Styx, and perhaps it might avail itself of the opportunity to appal some late relative by its ghastly presence, exhort him to collect its mortal relics, burn them, move three times round the pyre, and pronounce the farewell charm which privileged the poor shade to cross in Charon's cranky cockle-shell, and enjoy the sad comforts of Elysium. Once there, the shade was deaf to the voices of all mortal charmers,* and the curious inquirer into futurity either consulted an oracle, or employed the legal trafficker in omens, or made solemn perquisitions to the evil or good genius who was born at the same moment, and would at the same moment perish with him. The system of paganism, being based in error could not be expected to be consistent. Whatever the Grecian poets might think concerning the state of the separated souls, their

* There were exceptions, however, to this general rule. Some terrible adepts in magic incantations were even powerful enough to draw down dread Hecate from her sphere; nay the Dii Majores themselves were obnoxious to their hellish charms. In the Hindoo mythology such power could be obtained by severe penances. Witness Southey's *Kehama.*

Roman brethren would persist in considering the spirits of the good as taking interests in the weal of their native cities or their own surviving families. They hovered unseen near the family hearths, and were believed to dwell in the little images, the Lares, which were placed near the kitchen fires. These loved and reverenced little images resembled monkeys rather than men. They were appropriately clad in the skins of the dog, the faithful house-guard, and their festivals were held in the genial month sacred to Maia. The souls of wicked men, the Larvæ or Lemures, employed themselves on the other hand in working evil to their survivors, whose lot they envied. They received a kind of worship arising from fear. They were besought not to work harm to the house nor its inmates, but to be their defence against stranger beings of their class. The homage paid to them had thus a Fetish character. Frightful little idols were made to propitiate them, and probably to frighten away strange Larvæ. Teraphim * of this class have been discovered under entrances to buildings at Nineveh. Some have thought that the little idols carried away by Rachel were of this frightful character. We incline rather to suppose them to belong to the class of the benevolent and protecting Lares.†

As all the knowledge possessed by the priests and philosophers of heathen times—and in which the generality of men did not share—was properly magic, the name was not connected with any idea of evil. It was the abuse of this knowledge, such as causing, by incantations, gods or demi-gods, or souls of departed men to appear, and do for the theurgist something evil and out of the ordinary course of nature; this was what was odious, to which they gave the name *goetia*, and which was continued under the Christian dispensation by the title of "sorcery."

In the Egyptian temples, and in those raised to Appollo, Esculapius, and others, were dormitories devoted to the convenience of patients, who, previous to a near approach to the divinity were required to abstain for some short time from food, for a longer period from wine, to drink water, to bathe, to be fumigated, to be rubbed well, and in fact to observe a regimen similar to what a skilful physician of modern times would recommend. The sick man was put to rest (generally on the skin of a black ram) * where no glimpse of heaven's light could penetrate, and where no sound from the outer world could be heard. Next day he was questioned by the priests as to how the night had passed; and in most cases he had a vision of the god to communicate. The heavenly visitor had appeared in such or such a guise, and had prescribed such and such remedies. These remedies, mostly extracted from herbs, and generally accompanied with superstitious circumstances and charms, were resorted to with a most unhesitating faith on the part of the invalid. The cures were numerous, and the failures but few. Access to the adytum of the god was out of the question. It was a great privilege to be allowed to approach the apartment of high priest or priestess, and all the active agencies of the secret machinery of the establishment were religiously kept a mystery to the profane.† Hence the management of the sick worshippers can only be guessed at. One of these two theories may be rationally adopted. The priests, well acquainted with the science of optics, and the other divisions of natural philosophy, as well as the skilful treatment of the sick, would find it a matter of little difficulty to present to the patient under the influence of a narcotic, amid fumigations and sweet music, a personification of the deity of the temple, and make him listen entranced to the words of wisdom, and the health-imparting oracles proceeding from his sacred lips.

Theory number two supposes the existence of animal magnetism.

After the skilful preparation of the patient already described, and while his faith was strong, and his expectation of seeing glorious sights was eager and intense, and while his senses of smelling and hearing were entranced, he was subjected to a process of animal magnetism. Then, while gifted with

* *Repheh*—one who relaxes with fear, or strikes with terror.

† In Russian cottages were to be seen not long since the tutelar *Obross*. In an islet off one of the British isles, an unshapely stone is, or was some time ago, propitiated with libations, so that he might send some good shipwrecks.

* When the highland chief wished his seer to bring him information from the world of spirits, he caused him to take his unhallowed rest on the hide of a newly-slain bull, and within hearing of a cataract. The rite was in force when Herodotus was collecting materials for his history, a black sheepskin being the bed-sheet in the earlier period.

† *Pro Fanum*—before or outside the temple.

clairvoyance, and his attention powerfully directed to this or that matter connected with his complaint, he gave utterance to the names or descriptions of the medicines on which depended his cure. Of course, when the wise priests lighted on a happily-conditioned subject, they did not neglect to direct his regards to scenes and events about which they required some definite information. If the passive instrument of the skill and knowledge of the priests retained any memory of his experience next morning, he of course gave credit to the god for the fancied visions or ecstacies. His cure followed. Isis, or Horus, or Ceres, or Apollo, was powerful and propitious; the priests were their wise and benevolent ministers and favorites, and greater lustre and glory were shed on the fane in which these wonders occurred.

At Delphi, where a priestess was the medium through whom Apollo gave counsels and uttered prophecies, she was questioned by her managers while her brain was excited by intoxicating fumes. She needed to lead a mortified and chaste life, otherwise excitement produced death. The priests made a happy selection, when choosing their instrument, among maids of a delicate organization, and fine-strung or partly diseased nervous system. She was never seen by any of the numerous worshippers that thronged to the temple for insight into their future lives or relief from their present maladies. She was carefully bathed, rubbed, anointed, fumigated, and in all respects treated as the unsound suppliants who came to be healed at this or that temple.

Among the answers given at Delphi are two remarkable ones, both returned to Crœsus, the rich King of Lydia. He directed his ambassadors to inquire of the oracle on the hundredth day after their departure, and at a certain hour of that day, how he (Crœsus) was employed at the moment. The priests having their unhappy *Pythia* composed in the magnetic trance at the moment, directed her from headland to headland; and, having landed her on the Asian coast, spirited her on to the palace of Sardis. What is the rich monarch of Lydia doing at this moment, cried they? and an answer came in Greek hexameters:—

"See, I number the sands; the distances know I of ocean;
Hear even the dumb; comprehend, too, the thoughts of the silent.
Now perceive I an odor—an odor it seemeth of lamb's flesh,
As boiling—as boiling in bronze—and mixed with the flesh of a tortoise.
Brass is beneath, and with brass is this covered all over." *

And indeed, just then, Crœsus was seething a lamb and tortoise in a brazen pot covered with a brazen lid.

The other question was—whether the king's son, then dumb, would ever enjoy the faculty of speech, and this was the answer—

"Lydian, foolish of heart, although a potentate mighty,
Long not to hear the voice of a son in thy palace.
'Twill bring thee no good; for know, his mouth he will open,
Of all days, on the one most unlucky."

Crœsus, on the point of being slain in his last battle with Cyrus, was preserved by his hitherto dumb son crying out to the Persian soldier—"Man, do not kill Crœsus!"

One of three suppositions must be made in relation to these answers.

1st. Herodotus has related the things which were not.

2d. The Pythia was in the magnetic sleep when she was asked the questions, saw the events, and gave true answers.

3d. The devil had a certain knowledge of what was passing where he was not personally present, and a limited knowledge of future events, and was thus able to keep up the delusions of mythology.

Old-fashioned Christians, who consider it safest to look on the natural sense as the rule, and the non-natural as the exception, when studying the historic portions of Scripture, will, if they trust to the good old Geoffrey Keating, of Halicarnassus, adopt at once our third hypothesis. German rationalists and their English admirers, and all who put faith in Mesmer's buckets and brass rods, and ignore the personality of the spirit of evil, and are certain that the demoniacs of Judea were only afflicted with epilepsy, will favor the second supposition.

We have now seen magi and priests using such lights as were vouchsafed to them for the benefit of their kings and patrons, and for the recovery of the sick; but, beside these reverently disposed sages, there were others of more or less proficiency in the learning of

* "Ennemoser's History of Magic," translated by William Howitt.

the time who were strongly acted on by a desire to pierce deeper into the secrets of nature, so as to procure a long enjoyment of this world's goods, as they looked but to a joyless after-life. These became incessant in sacrificing to, and otherwise propitiating, the mysterious Hecate, the powers that ruled Hades, and the elements of the earth, the fire, and the air, that they might be admitted to communication with those subtle and powerful beings from whom they were separated by their envelope of earth. The means used were travesties of the forms in which adoration had been paid from the beginning to the Supreme Being—incantations in mystic numbers instead of prayers, and sacrifices chiefly of unclean animals, and offerings of various substances always looked on with disgust as connected with the decay of our mortal frames.

All that may be fairly looked on as superstitious practices among Christians, all belief in fairies and ghosts, are relics of paganism, which, despite the zeal and teaching of the early missionaries, remained fixed in the minds and hearts of the partly converted. Some pagan ideas remained the objects of lingering attachment and reverence, others of fear and dislike. The great shaggy satyr, Pan, concerning whom the awful voice was heard by the coast-dwellers of the central sea —"The great god Pan is dead," lost his prestige, and became the hoofed and horned devil of mediæval story and legend. The Lares and Lemures began to feel their identities and dispositions blending and getting confused; and at last the brownie or goblin, drudging lubber-fiend, lurikawn or pooka, was the result—nearly as well disposed as the Lar to the happiness of the family in which he was domesticated, but retaining something of the malignity of the Larva, and taking delight in whimsical and ludicrous annoyance, inflicted on lazy man or maid-servant. He still was grateful for food, but his reason for decamping from any house where new clothes were laid in his way, has not, as far as we know, been satisfactorily accounted for. The old familiar was only provided with a dog-skin dressing-gown, so that for want of a suit of ceremony, he could not go out to evening parties however willing he might be. Perhaps had the Latian or Veian, or Tuscan Lar, been gladdened with the sight of a good surtout, the temptation would have been above his strength, and his comfortable berth by door or hob of Penetralia, would have known him no more.

The spirit of prophecy made the soul of the chaste priestess of Delphi his favorite resting-place; but, when the oracle became dumb, the genius, now a lying, and perverse, and ill-informed one, selected for abode the breast of a woman, young or old, who, for the gift, had bartered her salvation with the Evil One. It fared somewhat better with the fauns and the female genii of the hills, the forests, the lakes, and the rivers. These became fairies, more or less kindly disposed to man; and the worst that happened to the fauns was their transformation to pookas, fir-darrigs, and lurikeens.

In the heathen dispensation, Zeus, Ares, Poseidon, and Orcus, contract morganatic marriages with mortal women; and some favored mortals, such as Anchises, Endymion, Tithonus, and Numa Pompilius, found favor in eyes of goddess, nymph of stream or sea, Oread of the hill, or Hamadryad of the wood. Those good times having come to an end, Michael Scott is found dwelling with the fairy queen in her kingdom; the handsome fisherman sitting by the side of the northern fiord, is enticed by the mermaid to descend to the meads and bowers at the bottom of the green waves; Ossian follows a golden-haired maiden through the sun-lighted waves till they reach Tir-na-n-Oge, land of youthful delight, at the bottom of the Atlantic; and the founder of the house of O'Sullivan Mhor is equally fortunate. Women, neglecting the sacred Christian rites, are carried into fairy hills, and recognized after many years by old neighbors, who, belated and slightly affected by "mountain dew," have entered an enchanted rath, lighted up brighter than the day, and filled with beautiful men and women with rich dresses, such as he never before saw, and probably will never see again.

But the representatives of the Celtic or Gothic superstition have received damage from their remote ancestors. The graceful fairy, dressed in red and green, skimming over a Kerry meadow by moonlight, or the Neck, sitting by Scandinavian lake, and playing on his harp, is equally doubtful of future happiness, when their present home shall "wither like a parched scroll." If priest or peasant tell the anxiously inquiring Neck

that he will be saved through the Saviour's merits and goodness, then will he joyfully dance on the smooth lake to the sound of his harp; but if a harsh answer is made, he utters a shriek, and dives to the water's deepest recess. These parallels might be extended to the utmost limit of a volume; so we give them up in despair.

In adverting to the successors of the magicians, white and black, of ancient times, we must necessarily refer to that repository of recondite knowledge, the Cabbala. The root of the word is *kibbel*, to receive, which had reference to the supposed lofty learning acquired by Moses, while on the Mount, and which he afterwards communicated to Joshua. This was orally handed down to succeeding scholars, and passed in time to Christian adepts, whom the later Jewish sages admitted to their confidence in the spirit of Freemasonry. By degrees, those secret communications, in which the hidden designs of Providence, and all the mystic relations of spirit and matter were revealed, were entrusted to ink and parchment. The adepts began to feel less interest in the vast scheme of creation than in their own supposed relations with the lower invisible beings among whom they lived; and at last the studies of the sages seemed confined to the means for obliging the elementary spirits to appear and reveal their knowledge.

Has any reader of the *University* not yet perused the "Rape of the Lock," that gem of ethereal poesy? Without pausing for answer, we beg to remind him that the poet, in dedicating the work to Mrs. Arabella Fermor, the beautiful heroine of the piece, refers her to certain memoirs of Le Comte de Gabalis for illustration of the spiritual machinery of the fable. He tells her that many ladies had read the book on the supposition of its being a romance, but says nothing as to the author's name or station. The witty and learned writer was the Abbe de Villars, of the Montfaucon family, and near relative of the learned Père de Montfaucon, Benedictin. He was assassinated on the road from Paris to Lyons in 1675, by a relative of his own.

The *Count of Gabalis*, a profound Rosicrucian, pays a visit to the representative of the author, a young gentleman with a penchant for occult studies, and reveals the mysteries of his peculiar science to his half incredulous listener. The disciple taking the master's hypotheses as certain, deduces preposterous conclusions from them, but is not able to shake the count's confidence in the soundness of his system, of which the following meagre outline is presented:—

"At the creation, beings of a refined and subtle essence were created to watch over the four elements, and kept the machinery of our terrestrial orb in the most pleasing and useful order. They were not spirits in the common acceptation of the word, but rather the quintessence of the several elements, refined and condensed, and differing from each other much in the same proportion as the grosser particles from which they were sublimated. These were the nymphs, the sylphs, the salamanders, and the gnomes, their respective charges being the waters, the air, the fire, and the earth. There were male and female spirits, even as the human race consisted of men and women; and if our first parents had consulted the well-being of themselves and their posterity, Eve would have wedded one of these pure and powerful beings, and Adam another. Then, instead of the sickly, weak, and wicked race that now incumbers the earth, there would flourish, during the time allotted for its endurance, a noble race of intellectual, powerful, and glorious beings, exempt from the yoke of passion and appetite, and enriched with a profound knowledge of the operations of nature, the mystical relations of the other heavenly bodies with ours, and the duties of all creatures to the Creator.

"This desirable state of things, however, was not to be. Our first parents foolishly (and even wickedly according to the Cabbalistic philosophy, of which Count Gabalis was a high professor), preferred each other for life companions, and, we their unhappy offspring, are enduring the bitter consequences of their folly.

"Noah was wiser in his generation than Adam. Being actuated by the most lofty motives, he and his wife, *Vesta*, agreed to live apart, and select new partners from the elementary genii. She selected the Salamander, Oromasis, for her new lord and master, and their children were the renowned Zoroaster (otherwise Japhet), and Egeria, the beloved of Numa in aftertimes. Sambethe, a wise daughter of Noe, had the same good-fortune. It is scarcely necessary to explain that the sybils had the blood (*ichor*, we meant to say) of the sylphs in their arteries. Ham did not approve of this conduct of his parents, nor of the similar one of his brothers and their partners. He was a man of low propensities, and preferred his earthly wife to sylph, ondine, gnome, or salamander, and see the result in the inferior African race, their pos-

terity. The vestal virgins were instituted in honor of her mother by Egeria, and Zoroaster shed his lights on Persia and other countries of Asia. The noble race (Ham's posterity excepted) that so rapidly peopled the world after the flood, owed their personal greatness and the stupendous works they were able to execute (still an enigma to the little people of later times) to the wisdom of Noah and Vesta's selection of partners.* It is not surprising that the grand feature of Manichæism, the denouncing of matrimony as being of the Evil Principle or Arimanes, should have taken its rise in the favored country of the son of the Salamander, Oromasis.

"One little inconvenience attending the condition of our Rosicrucian essences, was their being subject to annihilation after longer or shorter periods of existence. However, there was not wanting balm in Gilead. As soon as marriage rites were solemnized between mortal and sylph, that moment the aerial bride or bridegroom became immortal. So the tutelary spirits of fire, air, and water, were well disposed to these profitable and pleasing alliances with the adepts of the Cabbalistic science. The devils, notwithstanding the prevalent belief concerning their state, were strictly confined within the glowing centre of the earth, and unable to look abroad on our fair world, or induce man or woman to displease the Creator. The gnomes—the spirits of the earth produced by the selection and etherization of its finest particles, residing in the regions next to the demons' habitation, had good opportunity of witnessing their horrible condition, indefinitely aggravated by the idea of the eternity of their sufferings. The demons, on their side, improved the occasion by representing to the simple-minded gnomes, that if they formed earthly connections they would be damned, and their torments lengthened out for an eternity of eternities. This had the desired effect. Scarcely a gnome would consent to be united to the finest man or woman born (bear in mind that there are male and female gnomes), while the only bar that prevented every nymph, sylph, and salamander from obtaining the boon of immortality, was the fewness of the large minded philosophers of the occult science, who alone were calculated to make them happy. The following great fact jars a little in principle with what has been explained, but *we* are not to blame.

"During the period from the days of Noe to the commencement of the Christian era, and in the rampant days of Paganism, the elemental spirits wished to furnish to man these helps, which an outraged Providence seemed indisposed to afford. So fine weather was sent and prophecies were uttered by various oracles, the foreseeing power of each being an individual of one of the four orders.

"As in most cases the human Media of old prophecies were of the gentle sex, they must have got their inspiration from spiritual beings of the ungentle ditto, who imparted their knowledge of futurity to their mortal spouses in return for the great boon of immortality received through them. Gnome, nymph, salamander, or sylph, partaking in no degree whatever of the malevolent nature of the demons, thought—good easy spirits!—that they were doing great good by imparting their knowledge of future and distant occurrences to their favorites; but see how the best things may be abused by mortal folly and demon wickedness. The devils finding man abandoned to his own devices, and no powers looking after his lowly condition but the benevolent beings of the Cabbala, got it circulated among the degenerate sons of men, that the priestess who sat on the uncomfortable tripod at Delphi, received inspiration, not from an elemental sprite, but from a deity, who deserved and ought to receive divine honors from the hands and lips of man. Moreover, the spirits the refined quintessences and the guardians of the elements from which they had been formed, were not merely to be cherished and honored, but adored—yes, adored!* Oh, cunning and baleful fiends, how like the 'bees of Trebizond,' you convert the finest juice extracted from the flowers of creation into deadly poison, driving the souls of men into madness.

"It might be naturally supposed that the marriage of an ondine or a sylph with a son of Eve, would be attended with some joyful ceremonial; such, indeed, was the case. The sprites on these occasions would, as a preparatory exercise, listen to a *Prone* from a head doctor in Cabbalistic lore. If it were a reluctant gnome brought at last to see the error of his ways, the professor would hold forth on the great benefit conferred on him

* It may be reasonably supposed that the text "The sons of God saw the daughters of men," etc., etc., misunderstood and misinterpreted, led, to the adoption of these absurdities and the Manichean errors, among the professors of the Cabbala. A variety introduced by some sage makes *Namah*, wife of Noah, to have been beloved by the spirit Azael, who for her sake voluntarily renounced his high privilege, and has continued an outcast to the present time.

* We are not ignorant of the jarring of this portion of the Cabbalistic theory upon that already enunciated concerning the innocuous and confined condition of the natives of Pandemonium. But if any theory-monger whose system is not based on God's Word finds fault, we will be at the trouble of obliging him to produce his own. The vulgar theory as to the necessity of a good memory to a liar is very applicable here.

by his union with a daughter of earth, all that his neighbors of the burning pit could say against it, notwithstanding.

"Orpheus was the first of mortal mould who held forth to these subtilized beings; and on his opening speech the great gnome, *Sabatius*, abjured annihilation and celibacy, and took a mortal bride. These meetings have since borne the name of the wise convert, and a new trait of the malice of the devil has manifested itself thereby. We do not hear much of 'Witches' Sabats,' so called, till the middle of the fifteenth century, but they existed long before; and the Satanic agents took care to spread abroad that instead of intellectual and mildly joyful reunions, they were meetings held by repulsive old hags, and shameless young women, and the reprobate men, all presided over by the great goatish-looking wretch himself, who made villanous music for them, exhorted them to do all the mischief practicable between that and the next meeting; and instead of allowing them to kiss his hand or mouth, obliged each man or woman to bestow his or her accolade upon a less honorable portion of his person. Another palpable instance of the devil's vain-glory, and his spite against gnomes and men! Knowing the noble and lofty position to be attained by man when united in brotherhood to the elemental genii, he gets his *fauterers* on earth to throw an air of sordid indecency, impiety, and horror over these reunions, Goethe and other poets giving their aid, and thus deterred men from an acquaintance so beneficial to themselves and their posterity.

"We must give another instance or two of the malicious aspersions thrown upon the descendants of the gnomes and sylphs. The great (impostor according to some) Appolonius of Tyana understood the language of birds; could vanish into thin air when Domitian wished to lay hands on him; raised a dead girl to life; announced in an assembly in Asia, that at the same moment they were putting a tyrant to death in Rome; * but all these great deeds of his are imputed to the devil instead of the ondine or salamander, to whom he was tied in Hymen's chain. An English princess bears the sage Merlin to a spirit-husband, and the world, instigated by the evil one, denounces her as an unchaste woman. Yea, many will contend that the fay or genius, Melusina, is not the ancestress of the noble house of Lusignan, in Poitiers.

"If any ambitious and inquisitive reader is induced to seek the acquaintance of these wise, beautiful, and benevolent beings, and is anxious to know the mode of opening a communication with them, let him restrain his impatience a little. The learned Comte de Gabalis offered to introduce his disciple to an assembly whom he was going to address in public; this was to be on the next interview between disciple and sage; but if it took place, the Abbé has left presentation and acquaintance unrecorded. There is a supposition that the Teraphim carried off from Laban were used by him for obtaining interviews with the sprites, and therefore his concern at being robbed of them was so great. Micheas, in the Book of Judges, also bitterly lamented his idols, probably for the same reason. The only hope we can hold out to our presumptuous friend lies in a search after these idols or Teraphim.

"The mystics of the Middle Ages cherished tutelar genii, as well as these beings just enlarged on. These undertook to warn the mortals to whom they were attached of impending danger, to point out the right line of conduct in doubtful concerns, and to be of as much use to him in worldly matters as his guardian angel in the affairs of his spiritual ones. Hence the warnings sent in dreams — the sudden thoughts that enter the mind, as by inspiration, pointing to this or that line of conduct or action, sure to lead to a good result. Those who appear born to disappointments and misfortunes are naturally wayward and negligent and indocile to good instruction: hence their genii at last get tired of their charge, and leave them to the ordinary adverse course of events. What earthly chance would all the non-beautiful women have of winning desirable partners in life were they not aided by their genii, who communicate a charm to their tones and gestures, infuse an agreeability of manner into them, and cause their homely features to be seen through an enchanted medium? An example will exhibit the proceedings of these good genii better than whole pages of essay.

"A savant of Dijon, contemporary with Christina of Sweden and Descartes, was annoyed by a passage in one of the Greek poets for days. He was unable to penetrate the sense; and, at last, despairingly betook himself to sleep. In a dream his genius conducted him to the royal library of Stockholm. He accurately observed the arrangement of the shelves, busts, etc., and at the end, opened a volume, and found, about the twenty-fourth page, a passage in Greek which completely solved his difficulty. Awaking, he struck a light, wrote down the lines while they were

* This Cagliostro of the ancients was born in Cappadocia, a few years before the Christian era. He was a Pythagorean, and renounced wine, women, meat, and fish, at least in appearance. He died towards the end of the first century, making sure to conceal the manner of it, even from his confident, Damis. This honest man wrote his life, which was afterwards enlarged and polished into a romance by Philostratus.

fresh in his memory, and on rising next morning, he found the solution of his perplexity on the table. He questioned by letter the philosopher, Descartes, who had charge of the library at Stockholm at the time, and found the description given of its local features to correspond exactly with the picture presented to him in his sleep. A duplicate of the very scarce volume, which he had up to the date of his dream, never seen, was sent to him, and his wonder and perplexity were great. Let no professional mountebank ascribe this wonderful circumstance to his darling clairvoyance; the savant had no professor by to throw him into the mesmeric trance, and bid him *cherche*.

"This case was nearly matched by what happened to a councillor of the French Parliament, to whom a young man appeared in his sleep, and uttered a few words in a foreign and (to him) unknown tongue. He wrote down the sounds as well as he could, and showed the paper to the learned Mons. de Sommaise, who pronounced the piece to be a Syriac passage written in Roman character, and the purport this: "Go out of thy house; for it will be a heap of ruins tomorrow evening." The councillor showed himself a man of sense. He removed his family and his furniture; and the house, when it fell, caused no loss of life nor valuable furniture.

"These and other wonderful interferences of genii for good are given on the authority of an Irish adept, whom his French laudator called *Magnamara*. He made no difficulty of bringing a young aspirant face to face with his guardian genius. In an obscure apartment he drew a circle on the floor, and a square within the circle (Sir E. Bulwer Lytton would have preferred a pentagon), placed a mysterious name of the Deity at each angle of the figure, and the powerful name, *Agla*, in the centre. He then stripped the postulant, clapped a brimless hat on his head, and a winding-sheet round his shoulders, made him so stand inside the square that the powerful *Agla* would lie between his feet, punctured some characters on his forehead, and wrote certain words in two small circles in his right hand. This was all, except some very vigorous prayers said on his knees, with his face to the rising sun.

"It will be recollected that the Comte de Gabalis forgot to summon, or was prevented from summoning, one of the elementary sprites for the edification of his disciple; but the Irish sage, after gratifying his pupil with the sight of his genius, called up a refractory gnome, to whom he read an unavailing lecture on the stiff-neckedness of his tribe regarding intermarriages with mortals. The dress of ceremony was the same as on the visit of the genius — the brimless hat, the winding-sheet, and the inscriptions, and fumigations, and lustrations, were not omitted. The tyro went on his knees, and recited a certain formula, with his face to the east, his eyes having previously been rubbed with a collyrium used by Psellus * when invoking spirits. He had also swallowed some drops of a concentrated essence of pure earth. The gnome prince appeared, small of size, but finely proportioned, and in his reply to the great Magnamara, he was as little complimentary to the human family as the King of *Brobdingnag* to Lemuel Gulliver's fellow-men, after the little man had endeavored to impress his gigantic majesty with the goodness and power and ability of European human nature in the reign of the First George."

Such sages as the imaginary Count of Gabalis and Mr. Magnamara would, of course, shudder at being obliged to seek aid from genius or elementary sprite in obtaining any gift less than the Universal Menstruum or the philosopher's stone, and this chiefly for the advantage of their fellow men. They renounced the agency of the devil and his imps (in theory) as earnestly as ever did *Miss Miggs* "prenounce the Pope of Babylon and all his works which is Pagan." The contrast between the knowledge-seeking, disinterested spirit of Rosicrucianism † evident in the dreamy theories of Cardan, Agrippa, Paracelsus, Albertus Magnus, and others, and the malignant, disgusting, and horrible practices of sorcery, from its rise among the earliest idolators, is very striking. It is not surprising, that those who believed every portion of the earth and its products, and all the powers of nature, to be represented by some numen or spiritual influence, should endeavor to propitiate the superior essences, and subjugate the inferior ones to their will. The moon, so mystical in its motions and changes, its apparent waning and extinction, and renewal of being, could not fail to attract the deepest attention from every tyro in the study of occult sciences. The priests boasted

* A Greek writer who flourished in the reign of Constantine Ducas.

† *Ros*, dew; and *crux*, cross. The dew was supposed one of the most effective dissolvents for all stubborn substances. Crucibles were marked with the cross, and the compound word was deemed a fit title for sages in search of the Universal Menstruum and the philosopher's stone. John Valentine Andreæ, born in the end of the fifteenth century, makes first mention of the society. They guarded their secrets as carefully as the Druids. They seem to have dwindled into the Illuminati of the eighteenth century.

the possession of occult knowledge; they had their neophytes, and impiously parodied in their profane ceremonies, the primeval modes of offering homage, or invoking the Creator of the world. When spiritual and powerful qualities were imputed to matter, or those influences that produce modifications or changes therein, it was but a natural sequence that the heavenly agents, the angels, should become the genii, or good dæmons, or intelligences, and that the memory of the evil spirits should keep its hold on the popular imagination, and their essences be perpetuated in those malignant beings represented in surviving specimens of Etruscan art, in the Egyptian Typhon, in the Scandinavian Loki, and the Wolf Fenris, and the world-encircling Serpent, and the Giants of Jotunheim. and the Orcus or Pluto of Greece and Rome, and his grisly satellites, and triple-headed dog, and the Incubi and Succubi, and the fearful Larvæ, and the dread Parcæ, and the representatives of war, and of natural scourges and evils, and of man's own baleful passions.

The primeval knowledge possessed by man of the subserviency of all the powers of pain or evil to the great and good Creator, became enfeebled and perverted, till they came at last to be looked on as influences whose powers did not depend for their continuance on the pleasure or will of Heaven's Ruler or Rulers. Osiris and Isis could not extinguish Typhon, or even deprive him of his evil privileges; the Giants, and Loki, and the Wolf, bade defiance to the dwellers in Asgard, to whom man was dear; the Titans, the Furies, and the Grisly King of Hell, paid no direct worship to Zeus or Jupiter. So all these sinister and baleful sub-divinities, gradually found incense burning to them, and sacrifices offered in deprecation of their dread offices. These sacrifices were mostly the intestines of black animals, and the hair and nails of human beings; and the institution still survives, wherever Fetish worship is kept up by the ignorant and lazy denizens of tropical countries, or the benighted dwellers within the Arctic circle.

The Manichean belief in Arimanes the independent Evil Principle, over Ormuzd, the Good Principle, could not obtain any decided victory, harmonizes well with this portion of mythology. As our lighter and more graceful fairy fictions, and resorting to holy wells, and our bonfires on the eves of May Day and St. John the Baptist, and our efforts to dive into the secrets of futurity on All-Saints' eve, remain lasting and *comparatively* harmless remains of Celtic or Teutonic Mythology, so all attempts by means of witchcraft,* to recover lost goods, to avert evil from ourselves, or inflict it on our neighbors, are connected with the gloomy rites paid to the representations of evil in the operations of nature or their own passions, by the ancient seekers of infernal aid.

Every sincere believer in the inspiration and authenticity of the Scriptures, will acknowledge that before, and at the period of, Our Lord's appearance on the earth, the demons were permitted to sensibly afflict the bodies of men.† Witness Job and the demoniacs relieved by the Saviour. They likewise exerted some influence over irrational animals, the possession of the swine for instance.

To those who cannot suppose or believe that there is a spiritual essence capable of all evil and incapable of good, and whom we designate by Satan or Devil, and who, if they granted his existence, cannot conceive how he could open a communication with a human being, or how he could, by entering into such human being, set him distracted, or how he could produce madness in an irrational herd of swine, and drive them to their destruction,—to such, part of what is said above will appear void of sense. But if we are to grant nothing but what we can understand, then there are no such things as dreams, —muscular motion is not the result of intellect acting on fine, soft, sensitive threads of nerves, and communicating messages through them from the central seat of consciousness. In fact, no animal functions were ever discharged, for it is beyond human intellect to conceive how the soul, undecaying and always the same, is now ultimately united with the tissues of a certain body, and is found after the lapse of some months, as intimately united with an entirely different set of nerves, muscles, bones, etc. The former frame having been entirely decomposed, and sunk into the earth, or flown into the air in minute particles.

* *Wissen* to know; hence also *wit*.

† If any weight were to be given to the interpretation of some who pretend that demoniacs were merely relieved of some ailment incident to human nature, all certainty as to the meaning of ordinary speech would be at an end.

The children of Israel could not have abode so long among the idolatrous Egyptians without having seen magic-rites practiced, and having been more or less influenced for the worse by evil examples.

So we find Moses forbidding such practices as the following: Divining by the motions of the clouds, or perhaps enchanting by the eye, consulting the flights of birds, or the movements of terrestrial animals, enchanting by drugs or charmed forms of speech, unlawful prying into the occult qualities of matter, consulting familiar spirits or the souls of the departed.

The prohibition was not unneeded, as the Woman of Endor is found invoking or pretending to invoke a spirit to give an answer to the reckless King of Juda. She evidently was confident of producing in person some familiar spirit or phantasm of her own contrivance, and hence her surprise when the ghost of Samuel, or an angel in his likeness, made his appearance.

If evil spirits had prescience of coming events before the reign of Christ was established on earth, then it is scarcely to be doubted that they imparted this gift to the priestesses who ministered at Delphi; or those who served Jupiter at Dodona, or in the Libyan Oasis. No means more effective could the devil have used to confirm the worship of the false deities, who were supposed to communicate this foreknowledge.

If this were not in the power of the fiends, and if there be such a faculty incident to persons in a diseased state of nerve as clairvoyance, the priestesses were in this category, and the impostor priests, the hard-headed magnetizers, throwing them into the state of lucid trance, got from them the information they needed. Supposing that these means were not resorted to, they who were the depositaries of the learning of the times would use drugs or fumes to produce a kindred effect. Besides these, the only remaining theory available is, that the agency of many ingenious agents were at work to procure all sorts of information; and that juggling replies, answers dictated by extensive knowledge, and deep human penetration were returned.

To those whose object was their own aggrandizement, different modes presented themselves according to circumstances; sacrifices were offered to Mercury, or other deities, for success in individual speculations; witch-hazel twigs held upright by two forks would turn down when over concealed treasures; or a candle, made with the fat of a dead man, and held in a dead man's hand, would light the selfish and unscrupulous seeker to concealed hoards; and the practitioners would never omit the muttering of charms during the operation.

Then, if the life of an undesirable individual was aimed at, there were powerful charms devoting him to death; and a waxen image, set slowly to melt before the fire would involve his gradual decay; or pierced with knives or bodkins, would inflict sympathetic pangs on his sensitive frame.

Horace's *Canidia* was skilled in such manipulations, and the art was not lost in the days of the wife of good Duke Humphrey (herself a professor), nor for a score of centuries later.

However the charms still used by ignorant and superstitious people may savor of Christian faith somewhat abused, there can be no doubt but modern incantations are the mere relics of some that were spoken years before the Christian era. Here is a charm, once popular in parts of Ireland, at all events. There are varieties of it to be found in England:—

"CHARM FOR THE TOOTH-ACHE.

"St. Peter sitting on a marble stone, our Saviour passing by, asked him what was the matter. 'Oh, Lord, a tooth-ache!' 'Stand up, Peter, and follow me; and whoever keeps these words in memory of me, shall never be troubled with a tooth-ache.' Amen."

The next charm is worthy this one. We have not heard it in Ireland:—

"CHARM FOR CRAMP.

"The devil is tying a knot in my leg,
Mark, Luke, and John, unloose it, I beg.
Crosses three we make to ease us,
Two for the thieves, and one for Christ Jesus."

"CHARM FOR EPILEPSY.—NO. 1.

"Caspar brings myrrh, Melchior incense, Balthazar * gold; whoever carries these three names about with him, will, through Christ, be free from the falling sickness."

While using No. 2, the operator takes the patient by the hand, and whispers in his ear, thus combining animal magnetism and incantation:—

* These are the traditional names given to the Magi that came to adore the infant Saviour. Their relics are supposed to rest in Cologne.

"I abjure thee by the sun, and the moon, and the gospel of this day, that thou arise, and no more fall to the ground. In the name," etc., etc., etc.

Among the peasantry in portions of Ireland some fifty years since, the following prayer, slightly tinged with the character of a charm, would be repeated after lying down to rest:—

"Here I lay me down to sleep,
To God I give my soul to keep;
Sleep now, sleep never,
To God I give my soul forever.
Four corners on my bed,
Four angels o'er them spread,
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
God bless the bed that I lie on!
When I'm asleep and cannot see,
Wake, sweet Jesus, and comfort me.
Jesus within me, Jesus without me,
Twelve Apostles round about me!
God the Father bless me,
Illuminate and sanctify me,
This good night and for evermore.
Amen."

However objectionable the form here and there, it was repeated in good faith and with genuine piety.

There is scarcely a variety of witchcraft or sorcery witnessed or suspected in modern times, which cannot be traced to anti-Christian times. The following instance is selected from the "Golden Ass" of Lucius Apuleius*:—

Pamphile, a married woman, is distinguished by her want of fidelity to her husband, Milo. She can control the elements, shake the stars in their sphere, raise the spirits of the dead, and enthrall the divinities themselves. Being anxious for a dark night, that she may execute a love spell, she threatens the sun himself with a misty veil if he does not accelerate his chariot wheels down the western slope. She has seen her new favorite under the hands of the barber, and his fair locks falling from the scissors. She hurries her maid to the shop of the artist in hair, to secure some of the curly locks, and when welcome darkness arrives, she brings out on a balcony open at both ends—

"Divers sorts of aromatics, tablets engraved with unknown characters, nails wrenched from ships wrecked on the ocean, limbs and remnants of buried and unburied corpses, noses and fingers, pieces of flesh of crucified criminals sticking to the iron nails, blood-stained daggers of assassins, and skulls, from which the teeth of wild beasts had ripped the scalp. All these things she arranged in proper order; and then, after performing a sacrifice, and pronouncing an incantation over the palpitating entrails of the victim, she poured over them a libation of cows' milk, mountain honey, and wine diluted with spring water. Finally, she took the hair, mixed with it much perfume, plaited it in several distinct locks, tied all the locks in a knot together, and threw them on the live coals of a chafing dish to be consumed."

The next expected result would be the hastening of the young man to her door; but something had gone wrong in the preparation of the unholy rite. Photis, the maid, prowling about the barber's chair, had conveyed some of the Theban's flowing ringlets into her bosom, but the worthy barber was on the watch. He seized and searched her, recovered the stolen honors, and gave the roguish maid the key of the street. She coming home in great fear of a beating, saw three goat-skin bags of wine resting on a wall; some tufts of hair resembling the desired ones in color, were soon detached from these skins and burned unsuspectingly by Pamphile. Now comes the *bizarre* result of the sorcery. No sooner had the hair begun to crackle than the wine-bags, with their contents, roused to a factitious state of existence, and obeying the potent spell, rushed furiously towards Milo's house.

Arrived there, they thundered at the door, and the hero of the tale, a temporary visitor returning belated, saw what he supposed were three bluff robbers striving to effect an entrance. He rushed on them, and his sword was in their vitals before they could devise any effective plan of defence. He was taken up by the patrol, tried for the murder of the three citizens, and exposed to public derision and laughter, as all but himself knew

* This writer was born at Madaura, S.W. of Carthage, in the second century. While travelling to Alexandria, for the purpose of study, he stayed at Ocea (now Tripoli), at the house of a young friend; and the mother of this youth, a rich widow, thought fit to endow him with her hand and her treasures. He was brought to trial by her family for the alleged crime of having bewitched her, but was honorably acquitted. His *apology* on this occasion was a favorite with succeeding scholars. His "Golden Ass" is a curious specimen of early romance. In the translation of it into English by Sir George Head, Longman and Co., 1851, the indelicate passages and expressions are omitted. In a story of Heathen Society, written by a Heathen, such blemishes were certain to abound.

what and who the sufferers were. Apuleius is supposed to have introduced this passage into his philosophic tale for the purpose of throwing ridicule on his own prosecutors for their treatment of himself, on the score of his magic.

Pamphile, wondering at the ill-success of her charm, took an opportunity next night to change herself into an owl, to fly away to her love, as he would not, or perhaps could not, come to her.

"She first divested herself of all her garments, and then having unlocked a chest, took from it several little boxes, and opened one which contained a certain ointment. Rubbing this ointment a good while between the palms of her hands, she anointed her whole body, and then whispered many magic words to a lamp, as if she was talking to it; then she began to move her arms, first with tremulous jerks, and afterwards by a gentle undulating motion, till a glittering downy surface overspread her body; feathers and strong quills burst forth presently, her nose became a hard, crooked beak, her toes changed to curved talons, and Pamphile was no longer Pamphile, but it was an owl I saw before me. And now, uttering a harsh, querulous scream, leaping from the ground by little and little, in order to try her powers; and presently, poising herself aloft on her pinions, she stretched forth her wings on either side to their full extent, and flew away."

Lucius, envying the witch her power, begs of Photis to furnish him with a box of the ointment. She is at first unwilling, but finally complying, she unfortunately hands him a wrong one; and when he is swinging his arms in triumph, expecting to be on the wing in a moment, he finds his tender skin hardening, his soles degenerating into horny hoofs, his palms the same, his mouth becoming a muzzle, his ears lengthening, and his entire structure and nature metamorphosed into those of an ass. Photis is in despair for a moment, but recollecting herself, she bids him be of courage. He has nothing to do but to masticate the first rose he meets in the morning, and he will be as good a man as ever. Had he changed to a bird, a drink of water, in which a little anniseed and a few laurel leaves had been steeped, would have restored him.* Alas! before morning came, he had been kicked by his own beasts, seized on by banditti, and begun to be hurried through all the strange adventures in the work, including the original of the bandit and cavern-scene of Gil Blas.

The higher and nobler portion of the science having been transmitted to the professors of the Cabbala, resulted, to the great surprise of the sage experimenters themselves, in valuable chemical discoveries, and a great advance in our knowledge of astronomy. Canidia and Pamphile, and their sisters, left to modern wizards and witches, nothing better than skill in the concocting of poisons and love philters, and charms to withdraw the produce of cultivated fields, and of cattle, from their rightful owners, and spells producing lingering sickness and death, by melting wax effigies of the victims, and other diabolical means.

There have been but few varieties in the rites of sorcery during three thousand years, the change of faith from Paganism to Christianity having effected little worth notice. It will be sufficient to quote the ceremonies of which the Lady Alice Kyteler, of Kilkenny, her son, William Outlawe, and their accomplices, were accused about the year 1300. Ireland has had in her time a liberal quota of troubles, but certainly very few of them proceeded from witch-finding and witch-burning on a large scale — for this let us be duly thankful! The Kilkenny *cause célèbre* was a very remarkable one, but we have no space to enter into its details, with the exception of some of the alleged magic rites. Lady Alice was accused of having been seen sweeping the dust of the street* to the threshold of her son, William, mumbling this charm the while,—

"To the house of William, my son,
Hie all the wealth of Kilkenny town."

Herself and her friends were accused of re-

* We give with some reluctance, formulas of sorcery, but have no hesitation in quoting this one at length, for who that can honestly quote Terence's *Homo Sum* would not take pleasure in restoring to manhood a poor brother, who by any means, magic or what you will, had got himself converted into owl or ass.

* There was much symbolism in all these devil's doings. A witch, desirous to transfer the produce of a farmer's lands to herself or another, would be found on May morning skimming the dew off the grass of one of his meadows into a bowl. She would draw the spancel of one of his cows, to take the milk from his flock; she would draw the pot-rack, and after awhile, removing the pot-lid, she would find the pot filled with curds and whey, if the spell was lucky; all the operations being accompanied by charmed rhymes, chanted in a low, mysterious tone.

nouncing their faith in the Saviour for certain periods, during which time they would not attend at Mass, say a prayer, nor discharge any religious function whatever. They killed certain animals, and flung the torn portions about at cross-roads, thus offering them as a sacrifice to *Robin, Son of Artis*, a devil of low degree. They mimicked the ceremony of excommunication against sundry parties to whom they bore ill will. They sacrificed to the demons the intestines of cocks, mingled with horrible worms, baleful herbs, nails and hair of dead men, the clothes and portions of the bodies of unchristened children. They boiled these and other such ingredients in the skull of an executed criminal, over a fire of oak sticks. They made magic powders and magic candles from the hellish mixture, to excite love in some, and procure lingering deaths for others.

Lady Alice had held conferences with the said Robin Artisson in the shapes of a black cat, a black dog, and a black man. She was known to have sacrificed to him nine red cocks, and nine peacocks' eyes, at a stone bridge; and on more than one occasion to have anointed a coulter, and performed long, airy journeys on it. So far her accusers. Lady Alice, however, got in safety to England. William Outlawe, a man of influence, submitted to imprisonment for a season; and poor Petronilla de Meath was burnt. She had been flogged six times; and it is probable that she confessed to being present at the horrible rites above named, in company with Lady Alice, to escape a repetition of the degrading torture. She was the first real or suspected witch burned in Ireland. We do not at this moment recollect another.

In the reign of Philip Augustus, the Templars were put on their defence in more than one kingdom, and accused of crimes too horrible even to be mentioned in this place, and the suppression of the Order was the result. From the middle of the fifteenth century, with little interruptions, there were in Germany and Belgium and France, a series of searches for, and findings of, witches.

Sabat meetings were the subjects into which the judges entered with the greatest zest. They were never weary of hearing how the poor, old, demented creatures anointed twig, or broom, or tongs, and how they flew through the air to the brocken, or any other convenient dance-floor; how *Old William*, in likeness of goat, or dog, or the old god Pan, received them; how he made inquiries as to the amount of mischief each had done since last reunion, and how he distributed rewards or stripes, according to the greater or less amount of evil wrought.

After these reports were handed in, and the needful labor finished, the amusement grew fast and furious. When dancing was the order of the night, the fiend made music on a peculiar flageolet, sometimes using his nose as a substitute; and when the orgies, altogether unfit for description, came to an end, each jaded old girl and boy (for men were also of the horrible society) were conveyed by the same steeds to the place from whence they came, and were scarcely able to leave their beds for a week.

Early in the sixteenth century, trials for witchcraft began in Scotland. The celebrated case connected with the Munroes of Fowlis, occupied public attention from about 1577 to the end of the century.

It is well known that when the Scottish Solomon was not hunting, cased in his padded suit, or writing Latin polemics, or indecent songs, or unbending with his favorites, he was gloating over the revelations made by the miserable, distracted creatures—in great part the result of insidious questions put to them by their torturers, or of the workings of their own crazed intellects on the subjects of past trials, and fireside conversations in city and country. One trial for sorcery came too near to himself to be pleasant.

Lady Essex married very young, cared little for her lord, but much for young Carr, James's minion. Doctor Forman and Mrs. Turner were employed by her to use their knowledge of sorcery to put the Earl of Essex out of the way, and secure for herself the affections of the Earl of Somerset—Carr. The husband obstinately continued to live; so a divorce was got on plausible grounds, and the guilty pair were wedded. Sir Thomas Overbury, who had been the most useful agent in the commencement of the intrigue, somehow displeased the earl and countess, and was committed to the Tower. He is supposed to have been there poisoned, and Carr and his lady were brought to trial. James, for very urgent reasons, exerted himself to get an acquittal. Mrs. Turner was executed in her yellow ruff. Dr. Forman would also have suffered only for having met with a sudden

death, foretold, as it is said, by himself on the previous day.

Strange to say, accused witches fared better before the Spanish tribunals than elsewhere. Their revelations were rightly judged to be the result of their own diseased imaginations. One woman gave a circumstantial account of her ride to the meeting, and the orgies there witnessed and shared, but a crony of her own proved, that after anointing her stick, she had lain down on her own hearth and dreamed the rest.

The terrible *Malleus Maleficarum*, the "Hammer of Witches," was put forth in 1484, by the inquisitors Jacob Sprenger, and one who called himself Henricus Institor. Reginald Scott, Dr. Cotta, and Thomas Ady, were among the few that had sufficient sense to see through the general delusion under which their contemporaries labored, and courage to publicly express their convictions in writing. While lamenting the hard treatment experienced by the accused, we must take into account the general disregard of life which distinguished the witch period, and that many, very many, of those burned, deserved hanging, at least, for real crimes.

A BALLAD ON A BISHOP.

The Bishop of Rochester thinks it's the ticket
To hinder his clergy from playing at cricket;
That parsons should bowl well, or make many notches, ter-
Rific appears to the Bishop of Rochester.

The Bishop of Rochester's awfully skeared
At the thought of the clergymen wearing the beard:
Nor cares for the plea of heretical railer
That they've done it from Aaron to Jeremy Taylor.

The bishop prohibits, with Claphamite rigor,
The spring to the saddle, the touch on the trigger,
"Nor, Fishers of Men," he remarks, "do I wish a man
To angle, though Peter, I know, was a fisherman."

To the bishop a parson, as strong in the arm
As he is in the pulpit, says, "Pray, may I farm?"
"No, *sir*, you shall breed neither small ewe nor big ram
While I'm your diocesan," cries Dr. Wigram.

Replies the bold parson, "Please, bishop, to mind
That the Church hath a glebe to the pastor assigned,
Which means he's to farm it:"—a brave *rara avis*
Appears, by the way, this recalcitrant Davies:

Says the bishop, "Look here: it's reported to me
That you mix with coarse farmers too much, Mr. D."
"My lord, some false notions you've taken aboardship,
I do no such thing, I declare to your lordship.

"I don't buy or sell. I don't hunt, fish, or shoot.
Won't you leave a poor parson one manly pursuit?"

But the wisdom of Solomon backed by young Sirach
Would never have moved the inflexible hierarch

The bishop, whose name is both Wigram and Cotton,
The latter well rammed in his ears must have gotten,
For in periods as swollen as elephantiasis
He turns Mr. Davies slap out of the diocese.

"With how little of wisdom in state or in creed
The world may be governed," said Axel the Swede,
And this bishop, who useth episcopal pen so,
Owns he doesn't know Hebrew, but censures Colenso.

His brother, the Bishop of Punchester, waits
To see how he'll get out of Davies's Straits;
But wishes that Pam had been rather more wary
When Vaughan tacked a *nolo* to *e-piscopari*.

—*Punch.*

SHAKSPEARE ON THE COPPERHEADS.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

The following extract from "Coriolanus" has a direct application:

"What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese; you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favors swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes." Per Se.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

EUGENIE DE GUERIN.

Who that had spoken of Maurice de Guérin could refrain from speaking of his sister Eugénie, the most devoted of sisters, one of the rarest and most beautiful of souls? "There is nothing fixed, no duration, no vitality in the sentiments of women towards one another; their attachments are mere pretty bows of ribbon, and no more. In all the friendships of women I observe this slightness of the tie. I know no instance to the contrary, even in history. Orestes and Pylades have no sisters." So she speaks of the friendships of her own sex. But Electra can attach herself to Orestes, if not to Chrysothemis. And to her brother Maurice Eugénie de Guérin was Pylades and Electra in one.

The name of Maurice de Guérin,—that young man so gifted, so attractive, so careless of fame, and so early snatched away; who died at twenty-nine; who, says his sister, "let what he did be lost with a carelessness so unjust to himself, set no value on any of his own productions, and departed hence without reaping the rich harvest which seemed his due;" who, in spite of his immaturity, in spite of his fragility, exercised such a charm, "furnished to others so much of that which all live by," that some years after his death his sister found in a country house where he used to stay, in the journal of a young girl who had not known him, but who heard her family speak of him, his name, the date of his death, and these words, "*il était leur vie* (he was their life);" whose talent, exquisite as that of Keats, with less of sunlight, abundance, and facility in it than that of Keats, but with more of distinction and power, had "that winning, delicate, and beautifully happy turn of expression" which is the stamp of the master,—is beginning to be well known to all lovers of literature. This establishment of Maurice's name was an object for which his sister Eugénie passionately labored. While he was alive, she placed her whole joy in the flowering of this gifted nature; when he was dead, she had no other thought than to make the world know him as she knew him. She outlived him nine years, and her cherished task for those years was to rescue the fragments of her brother's composition, to collect them, to get them published. In pursuing this task she had at first cheering hopes of success: she had at last baffling and bitter disappointment. Her earthly business was at an end; she died. Ten years afterwards, it was permitted to the love of a friend, M. Trébutien, to accomplish for Maurice's memory what the love of a sister had failed to accomplish. But those who read with delight and admiration, the journal and letters of Maurice de Guérin could not but be attracted and touched by this sister Eugénie, who met them at every page. She seemed hardly less gifted, hardly less interesting, than Maurice himself. And now M. Trébutien has done for the sister what he had done for the brother. He has published the journal of Mdlle. Eugénie de Guérin, and a few (too few, alas!) of her letters. The book has made a profound impression in France; and the fame which she sought only for her brother now crowns the sister also.

Parts of Mdlle. de Guérin's journal were several years ago printed for private circulation, and a writer in the *National Review* had the good fortune to fall in with them. The bees of our English criticism do not often roam so far afield for their honey, and this critic deserves thanks for having flitted in his quest of blossom to foreign parts, and for having settled upon a beautiful flower found there. He had the discernment to see that Mdlle. de Guérin was well worth speaking of, and he spoke of her with feeling and appreciation. But that, as I have said, was several years ago; even a true and feeling homage needs to be from time to time renewed, if the memory of its object is to endure; and criticism must not lose an occasion like the present, when Mdlle. de Guérin's journal is for the first time published to the world, of directing notice once more to this religious and beautiful character.

Eugénie de Guérin was born in 1805, at the château of Le Cayla, in Languedoc. Her family, though reduced in circumstances, was noble; and even when one is a saint one cannot quite forget that one comes of the stock of the Guarini of Italy, or that one counts among one's ancestors a Bishop of Senlis, who had the marshalling of the French order of battle on the day of Bouvines. Le Cayla was a solitary place, with its terrace looking down upon a stream-bed and valley; "one may pass days there without seeing any living thing but the sheep, without hearing any

living thing but the birds." M. de Guérin, Eugénie's father, lost his wife when Eugénie was thirteen years old, and Maurice seven: he was left with four children, Eugénie, Marie, Erembert, and Maurice—of whom Eugénie was the eldest, and Maurice was the youngest. This youngest child, whose beauty and delicacy had made him the object of his mother's most anxious fondness, was commended by her in dying to the care of his sister Eugénie. Maurice at eleven years old went to school at Toulouse; then he went to the Collège Stanislas at Paris; then he became a member of a religious society, which M. de Lamennais had formed at La Chênaie in Brittany; afterwards he lived chiefly at Paris, returning to Le Cayla at the age of twenty-nine, to die. Distance, in those days, was a great obstacle to frequent meetings of the separated members of a French family of narrow means. Maurice de Guérin was seldom at Le Cayla after he had once quitted it, though his few visits to his home were long ones; but he passed five years—the period of his sojourn in Brittany, and of his first settlement in Paris—without coming home at all. In spite of the check from these absences, in spite of the more serious check from a temporary alteration in Maurice's religious feelings, the union between the brother and sister was wonderfully close and firm. For they were knit together, not only by the tie of blood and early attachment, but also by the tie of a common genius. "We were," says Eugénie, "two eyes looking out of one forehead." She on her part brought to her love for her brother the devotedness of a woman, the intensity of a recluse, almost the solicitude of a mother. Her home duties prevented her from following the wish, which often arose in her, to join a religious sisterhood. There is a trace—just a trace—of an early attachment to a cousin; but he died when she was twenty-four. After that, she lived for Maurice. It was for Maurice that, in addition to her constant correspondence with him by letter, she began in 1834 her journal, which was sent to him by portions as it was finished. After his death she tried to continue it, addressing it "to Maurice in Heaven." But the effort was beyond her strength; gradually the entries became rarer and rarer; and, on the last day of December, 1840, the pen dropped from her hand: the journal ends.

Other sisters have loved their brothers, and it is not her affection for Maurice, admirable as this was, which alone could have made Eugénie de Guérin celebrated. I have said that both brother and sister had genius: M. Sainte Beuve goes so far as to say that the sister's genius was equal if not superior to her brother's. No one has a more profound respect for M. Sainte Beuve's critical judgments than I have; but it seems to me that this particular judgment needs to be a little explained and guarded. In Maurice's special talent, which was a talent for interpreting nature, for finding words which incomparably render the subtlest impressions which nature makes upon us, which brings the intimate life of nature wonderfully near to us, it seems to me that his sister was by no means his equal. She never, indeed, expresses herself without grace and intelligence; but her words, when she speaks of the life and appearances of nature, are in general but intellectual signs; they are not like her brother's—symbols equivalent with the thing symbolized. They bring the notion of the thing described to the mind, they do not bring the feeling of it to the imagination. Writing from the Nivernais—that region of vast woodlands in the centre of France—"It does one good," says Eugénie, "to be going about in the midst of this enchanting nature, with flowers, birds, and verdure all round one, under this large and blue sky of the Nivernais. How I love the gracious form of it, and those little white clouds here and there, like cushions of cotton, hung aloft to rest the eye in this immensity!" It is pretty and graceful, but how different from the grave and pregnant strokes of Maurice's pencil: "I have been along the Loire, and seen on its banks the plains where nature is puissant and gay; I have seen royal and antique dwellings, all marked by memories which have their place in the mournful legend of humanity—Chambord, Blois, Amboise, Chenonceaux; then the towns on the two banks of the river,—Orleans, Tours, Saumur, Nantes; and, at the end of it all, the ocean rumbling. From these I passed back into the interior of the country, as far as Bourges and Nevers, a region of vast woodlands, in which murmurs of an immense range and fulness" (*ce beau torrent de rumeurs*, as, with an expression worthy of Wordsworth, he elsewhere calls them) "prevail and never

cease." Words whose charm is like that of the sounds of the murmuring forest itself, and whose reverberations, like theirs, die away in the infinite distance of the soul.

Maurice's life was in the life of nature, and the passion for it consumed him; it would have been strange if his accent had not caught more of the soul of nature than Eugénie's accent, whose life was elsewhere. "You will find in him," Maurice says to his sister of a friend whom he was recommending to her, "you will find in him that which you love, and which suits you better than anything else—*l'onction, l'effusion, la mysticité*." Unction, the pouring out of the soul, the rapture of the mystic, were dear to Maurice also; but in him the bent of his genius gave even to those a special direction of its own. In Eugénie they took the direction most native and familiar to them; their object was the religious life.

And yet, if one analyzes this beautiful and most interesting character quite to the bottom, it is not exactly as a saint that Eugénie de Guérin is remarkable. The ideal saint is a nature like Saint François de Sales or Fénélon; a nature of ineffable sweetness and serenity, a nature in which struggle and revolt is over, and the whole man (so far as is possible to human infirmity) swallowed up in love. Saint Theresa (it is Mdlle. de Guérin herself who reminds us of it) endured twenty years of unacceptance and repulse in her prayers; yes, but the Saint Theresa whom Christendom knows is Saint Theresa repulsed no longer; it is Saint Theresa accepted, rejoicing in love, radiant with ecstasy. Mdlle. de Guérin is not one of these saints arrived at perfect sweetness and calm, steeped in ecstasy; there is something primitive, indomitable in her, which she governs, indeed, but which chafes, which revolts; somewhere in the depths of that strong nature there is a struggle, an impatience, an inquietude, an ennui, which endures to the end, and which leaves one, when one finally closes her journal, with an impression of profound melancholy. "There are days," she writes to her brother, "when one's nature rolls itself up, and becomes a hedgehog. If I had you here at this moment, here close by me, how I should prick you! how sharp and hard!" "Poor soul, poor soul," she cries out to herself another day, "what is the matter, what would you have: Where is that which will do you good? Everything is green, everything is in bloom, all the air has a breath of flowers. How beautiful it is! well, I will go out. No, I should be alone, and all this beauty, when one is alone, is worth nothing. What shall I do then? Read, write, pray, take a basket of sand on my head like that hermit-saint, and walk with it? Yes, work, work! keep busy the body which does mischief to the soul! I have been too little occupied today, and that is bad for one, and it gives a certain ennui which I have in me time to ferment."

A certain ennui which I have in me: her wound is there. In vain she follows the counsel of Fénélon: "If God tires you, *tell Him that he tires you.*" No doubt she obtained great and frequent solace and restoration from prayer: "This morning I was suffering; well, at present I am calm, and this I owe to faith, simply to faith, to an act of faith. I can think of death and eternity without trouble, without alarm. Over a deep sorrow there floats a divine calm, a suavity which is the work of God only. In vain have I tried other things at a time like this: nothing human comforts the soul, nothing human upholds it:—

> "A l'enfant il faut sa mère,
> A mon ame il faut mon Dieu."

Still the ennui reappears, bringing with it hours of unutterable forlornness, and making her cling to her one great earthly happiness—her affection for her brother—with an intenseness, an anxiety, a desperation in which there is something morbid, and by which she is occasionally carried into an irritability, a jealousy, which she herself is the first, indeed, to censure, which she severely represses, but which nevertheless leaves a sense of pain.

Mdlle. de Guérin's admirers have compared her to Pascal, and in some respects the comparison is just. But she cannot exactly be classed with Pascal, any more than with Saint François de Sales. Pascal is a man, and the inexhaustible power and activity of his mind leave him no leisure for ennui. He has not the sweetness and serenity of the perfect saint; he is, perhaps, "der strenge, kranke Pascal,—*the severe, morbid Pascal*"—as Goethe (and, strange to say, Goethe at twenty-three, an age which usually feels Pascal's charm most profoundly) calls him; but

the stress and movement of the lifelong conflict, waged in him between his soul and his reason keep him full of fire, full of agitation, and keep his reader, who witnesses this conflict, animated and excited; the sense of forlornness and dejected weariness which clings to Eugénie de Guérin does not belong to Pascal. Eugénie de Guérin is a woman and longs for a state of firm happiness, for an affection in which she may repose: the inward bliss of Saint Theresa or Fénélon would have satisfied her; denied this, she cannot rest satisfied with the triumphs of self-abasement, with the sombre joy of trampling the pride of life and of reason underfoot, of reducing all human hope and joy to insignificance; she repeats the magnificent words of Bossuet, words which both Catholicism and Protestantism have uttered with indefatigable iteration: "On trouve au fond de tout le vide et le néant—*at the bottom of everything one finds emptiness and nothingness*," but she feels, as every one but the true mystic must ever feel, their incurable sterility.

She resembles Pascal, however, by the clearness and firmness of her intelligence, going straight and instinctively to the bottom of any matter she is dealing with, and expressing herself about it with incomparable precision; never fumbling with what she has to say, never imperfectly seizing or imperfectly presenting her thought. And to this admirable precision she joins a lightness of touch, a feminine ease and grace, a flowing facility which are her own. "I do not say," writes her brother Maurice, an excellent judge, that I find in myself a dearth of expression; but I have not this abundance of yours, this productiveness of soul which streams forth, which courses along without ever failing, and always with an infinite charm." And writing to her of some composition of hers, produced after her religious scruples had for a long time kept her from the exercise of her talent; "You see, my dear Tortoise," he writes "that your talent is no illusion, since after a period I know not how long of poetical inaction, a trial to which any half-talent would have succumbed, it rears its head again more vigorous than ever. It is really heart-breaking to see you repress and bind down, with I know not what scruples, your spirit, which tends with all the force of its nature to develop itself in this direction. Others have made it a case of conscience for you to resist this impulse, and I make it one for you not to follow it." And she says of herself, on one of her freer days: "It is the instinct of my life to write, as it is the instinct of the fountain to flow." The charm of her expression is not a sensuous and imaginative charm like that of Maurice, but rather an intellectual charm; it comes from the texture of the style rather than from its elements; it is not so much in the words as in the turn of the phrase, in the happy cast and flow of the sentence. Recluse as she was, she had a great correspondence: every one wished to have letters from her; and no wonder.

To this strength of intelligence and talent of expression she joined a great force of character. Religion had early possessed itself of this force of character, and reinforced it: in the shadow of the Cevennes, in the sharp and tonic nature of this region of southern France, which has seen the Albigensians, which has seen the Camisards, Catholicism too is fervent and intense. Eugénie de Guérin was brought up amidst strong religious influences, and they found in her a nature on which they could lay firm hold. I have said that she was not a saint of the order of Saint François de Sales or Fénélon; perhaps she had too keen an intelligence to suffer her to be this, too forcible and impetuous a character. But I did not mean to imply the least doubt of the reality, the profoundness, of her religious life. She was penetrated by the power of religion; religion was the master-influence of her life; she derived immense consolations from religion, she earnestly strove to conform her whole nature to it; if there was an element in her which religion could not perfectly reach, perfectly transmute, she groaned over this element in her, she chid it, she made it bow. Almost every thought in her was brought into harmony with religion; and what few thoughts were not thus brought into harmony were brought into subjection.

Then she had her affection for her brother: and this, too, though perhaps there might be in it something a little over-eager, a little too absolute, a little too susceptible, was a pure, a devoted affection. It was not only passionate, it was tender, pliant, and self-sacrificing to a degree that not in one nature out of a thousand—of natures with a mind and will like hers—is found attainable. She thus

united extraordinary power of intelligence, extraordinary force of character, and extraordinary strength of affection; and all these under the control of a deep religious feeling.

This is what makes her so remarkable, so interesting. I shall try and make her speak for herself, that she may show us the characteristic sides of her rare nature with her own inimitable touch.

It must be remembered that her journal is written for Maurice only; in her lifetime no eye but his ever saw it. "*Ceci n'est pas pour le public*," she writes; "*c'est de l'intime, c'est de l'âme, c'est pour un.*" "This is not for the public; it contains my inmost thoughts, my very soul; it is for *one*." And Maurice, this *one*, was a kind of second self to her. "We see things with the same eyes; what you find beautiful, I find beautiful; God has made our souls of one piece." And this genuine confidence in her brother's sympathy gives to the entries in her journal a naturalness and simple freedom rare in such compositions. She felt that he would understand her, and be interested in all that she wrote.

One of the first pages of her journal relates an incident of the home-life of Le Cayla, the smallest detail of which Maurice liked to hear; and in relating it she brings this simple life before us. She is writing in November, 1834:—

"I am furious with the gray cat. The mischievous beast has made away with a little half-frozen pigeon, which I was trying to thaw by the side of the fire. The poor little thing was just beginning to come round: I meant to tame him; he would have grown fond of me; and there is my whole scheme eaten up by a cat! This event, and all the rest of to-day's history, has passed in the kitchen. Here I take up my abode all the morning and a part of the evening, ever since I am without Mimi.* I have to superintend the cook; sometimes papa comes down and I read to him by the oven, or by the fireside, some bits out of the *Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church*. This book struck Pierril † with astonishment. '*Que de mouts aqui dédins!* What a lot of words there are inside it!' This boy is a real original. One evening he asked me if the soul was immortal; then afterwards, what a philosopher was? We had got upon great questions, as you see. When I told him that a philosopher was a person who was wise and learned: 'Then, mademoiselle, you are a philosopher.'

* The familiar name of her sister Marie.

† A servant boy at Le Cayla.

This was said with an air of simplicity and sincerity which might have made even Socrates take it as a compliment; but it made me laugh so much that my gravity as catechist was gone for that evening. A day or two ago Pierrel left us, to his great sorrow: his time with us was up on Saint Brice's day. Now he goes about with his little dog, truffle hunting. If he comes this way I shall go and ask him if he still thinks I look like a philosopher."

Her good sense and spirit made her discharge with alacrity her household tasks in this patriarchal life of Le Cayla, and treat them as the most natural thing in the world. She sometimes complains, to be sure, of burning her fingers at the kitchen fire. But when a literary friend of her brother expresses enthusiasm about her and her poetical nature: "The poetess," she says, "whom this gentleman believes me to be, is an ideal being, infinitely removed from the life which is actually mine—a life of occupations, a life of household business, which takes up all my time. How could I make it otherwise? I am sure I do not know; and, besides, my duty is in this sort of life, and I have no wish to escape from it."

Among these occupations of the patriarchal life of the châtelaine of Le Cayla intercourse with the poor fills a prominent place:—

"To-day," she writes on the 9th of December, 1834, "I have been warming myself at every fireside in the village. It is a round which Mimi and I often make, and in which I take pleasure. To-day we have been seeing sick people, and holding forth on doses and sick-room drinks. 'Take this, do that;' and they attend to us just as if we were the doctor. We prescribed shoes for a little thing who was amiss from having gone barefoot; to the brother, who, with a bad headache, was lying quite flat, we prescribed a pillow; the pillow did him good, but I am afraid it will hardly cure him. He is at the beginning of a bad feverish cold, and these poor people live in the filth of their hovels like animals in their stable; the bad air poisons them. When I come home to Le Cayla I seem to be in a palace."

She had books, too; not in abundance, not for the fancying them: the list of her library is small, and it is enlarged slowly and with difficulty. The *Letters of Saint Theresa*, which she had long wished to get, she sees in the hands of a poor servant girl, before

she can procure them for herself. "What then?" is her comment: "very likely she makes a better use of them than I could." But she has the *Imitation*, the *Spiritual Works* of Bossuet and Fénélon, the *Lives of the Saints*, Corneille, Racine, André, Chenier, and Lamartine; Madame de Staël's book on Germany, and French translations of Shakspeare's plays, Ossian, the *Vicar of Wakefield*, Scott's *Old Mortality* and *Red Gauntlet*, and the *Promessi Sposi* of Manzoni. Above all, she has her own mind; her meditations in the lonely fields, on the oak-grown hillside of "The Seven Springs;" her meditations and writing in her own room, her *chambrette*, her *délicieux chez moi*, where every night, before she goes to bed, she opens the window to look out upon the sky—the balmy moonlit sky of Languedoc. This life of reading, thinking, and writing, was the life she liked best, the life that most truly suited her. "I find writing has become almost a necessity to me. Whence does it arise, this impulse to give utterance to the voice of one's spirit, to pour out my thoughts before God and one human being? I say one human being, because I always imagine that you are present, that you see what I write. In the stillness of a life like this my spirit is happy, and, as it were, dead to all that goes on upstairs or down-stairs, in the house or out of the house. But this does not last long. 'Come, my poor spirit,' I then say to myself, 'we must go back to the things of this world.' And I take my spinning, or a book, or a saucepan, or I play with Wolf or Trilby. Such a life as this I call heaven upon earth." Tastes like these, joined with a talent like Mdlle. de Guérin's, naturally inspire thoughts of literary composition. Such thoughts she had, and perhaps she would have been happier if she had followed them; but she never could satisfy herself that to follow them was quite consistent with the religious life, and her projects of composition were gradually relinquished.

"Would to God that my thoughts, my spirit, had never taken their flight beyond the narrow round in which it is my lot to live. In spite of all that people say to the contrary, I feel that I cannot go beyond my needlework and my spinning without going too far: I feel it, I believe it: well, then, I will keep in my proper sphere; however much I am tempted, my spirit shall not be allowed to occupy itself with great matters until it occupies itself with them in Heaven."

And again:—

"My journal has been untouched for a long while. Do you want to know why? It is because the time seems to me misspent which I spend in writing it. We owe God an account of every minute; and is it not a wrong use of our minutes to employ them in writing a history of our transitory days?"

She overcomes her scruples, and goes on writing the journal; but again and again they return to her. Her brother tells her of the pleasure and comfort something she has written gives to a friend of his in affliction. She answers:—

"It is from the Cross that those thoughts come which your friend finds so soothing, so unspeakably tender. None of them come from me. I feel my own aridity; but I feel, too, that God, when he will, can make an ocean flow upon this bed of sand. It is the same with so many simple souls, from which proceed the most admirable things; because they are in direct relation with God, without false science and without pride. And thus I am gradually losing my taste for books; I say to myself, 'What can they teach me which I shall not one day know in Heaven? let God be my master and my study here!' I try to make him so, and I find myself the better for it. I read little; I go out little; I plunge myself in the inward life. How infinite are the sayings, doings, feelings, events of that life! Oh, if you could but see them! But what avails it to make them known? God alone should be admitted to the sanctuary of the soul."

Beautifully as she says all this, one cannot, I think, read it without a sense of disquietude, without a presentiment that this ardent spirit is forcing itself from its natural bent, that the beatitude of the true mystic will never be its earthly portion. And yet how simple and charming is her picture of the life of religion which she chose as her ark of refuge, and in which she desired to place all her happiness;

"Cloaks, clogs, umbrellas, all the apparatus of winter, went with us this morning to Andillac, where we have passed the whole day; some of it at the curé's house, the rest in church. How I like this life of a country Sunday, with its activity, its journeys to church, its liveliness! You find all your neighbors on the road; you have a courtsey from every woman you meet, and then, as

you go along, such a talk about the poultry, the sheep and cows, and the good man and the children! My great delight is to give a kiss to these children, and to see them run away and hide their blushing faces in their mother's gown. They are alarmed at *las doumaïsélos*,* as at a being of another world. One of these little things said the other day to its grandmother, who was talking of coming to see us: '*Minino*, you mustn't go to that castle; there is a black hole there. What is the reason that in all ages the noble's château has been an object of terror? Is it because of the horrors that were committed there in old times? I suppose so."

This vague horror of the château, still lingering in the mind of the French peasant fifty years after he has stormed it, is indeed curious, and is one of the thousand indications how unlike aristocracy on the Continent has been to aristocracy in England. But this is one of the great matters with which Mdlle. de Guérin would not have us occupied; let us pass to the subject of Christmas in Languedoc:—

"Christmas is come; the beautiful festival, the one I love most, and which gives me the same joy as it gave the shepherds of Bethlehem. In real truth, one's whole soul sings with joy at this beautiful coming of God upon earth,—a coming which here is announced on all sides of us by music and by our charming *nadalet*.† Nothing at Paris can give you a notion of what Christmas is with us. You have not even the midnight mass. We all of us went to it, papa at our head, on the most perfect night possible. Never was there a finer sky than ours was that midnight,—so fine that papa kept perpetually throwing back the hood of his cloak, that he might look up at the sky. The ground was white with hoar-frost, but we were not cold; besides, the air, as we met it, was warmed by the bundles of blazing torch-wood which our servants carried in front of us to light us on our way. It was delightful, I do assure you; and I should like you to have seen us there on our road to church, in those lanes with the bushes along their banks, as white as if they were in flower. The hoar-frost makes the most lovely flowers. We saw a long spray so beautiful that we wanted to take it with us as a garland for the communion table, but it melted in our hands: all flowers fade so soon! I was very sorry about my garland; it was mournful to see it drip away and get smaller and smaller every minute."

* The young lady.

† A peculiar peal rung at Christmas-time by the church-bells of Languedoc.

The religious life is at bottom everywhere alike; but it is curious to note the variousness of its setting and outward circumstance. Catholicism has these so different from Protestantism! and in Catholicism these accessories have, it cannot be denied, a nobleness and amplitude which in Protestantism is often wanting to them. In Catholicism they have, from the antiquity of this form of religion, from its pretensions to universality, from its really wide-spread prevalence, from its sensuousness, something European, august, and imaginative: in Protestantism they often have, from its inferiority in all these respects, something provincial, mean and prosaic. In revenge, Protestantism has a future before it, a prospect of growth in alliance with the vital movement of modern society; while Catholicism appears to be bent on widening the breach betwen itself and the modern spirit, to be fatally losing itself in the multiplication of dogmas, Mariolatry, and miracle-mongering. But the style and circumstance of actual Catholicism is grander than its present tendency, and the style and circumstance of Protestantism is meaner than its tendency. While I was reading the journal of Mdlle. de Guérin, there came into my hands the memoir and poems of a young Englishwoman, Miss Emma Tatham; and one could not but be struck with the singular contrast which the two lives in their setting rather than in their inherent quality, present. Miss Tatham had not, certainly, Mdlle. de Guérin's talent, but she had a sincere vein of poetic feeling, a genuine aptitude for composition. Both were fervent Christians, and so far, the two lives have a real resemblance; but in the setting of them, what a difference! The Frenchwoman is a Catholic in Languedoc; the Englishwoman is a Protestant at Margate—Margate, that brick-and-mortar image of English Protestantism, representing it in all its prose, all its uncomeliness,—let me add, all its salubrity. Between the external form and fashion of these two lives, between the Catholic Mdlle. de Guérin's *nadalet* at the Languedoc Christmas—her chapel of moss at Eastertime—her daily reading of the life of a saint, carrying her to the most diverse times, places, and peoples—her quoting, when she wants to fix her mind upon the staunchness which the religious aspirant needs, the words of Saint Macedonius to a hunter whom he met

in the mountains, "I pursue after God, as you pursue after game"—her quoting, when she wants to break a village girl of disobedience to her mother, the story of the ten disobedient children whom at Hippo St. Augustine saw palsied;—between all this and the bare, blank, narrowly English setting of Miss Tatham's Protestantism, her "union in Church-fellowship with the worshippers at Hawley-Square Chapel, Margate;" her "singing with soft, sweet voice, the animating lines—

> 'My Jesus to know, and feel his blood flow,
> 'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below;'"

her "young female teachers belonging to the Sunday school," and her "Mr. Thomas Rowe, a venerable class-leader,"—what a dissimilarity! In the ground of the two lives, a likeness; in all their circumstance, what unlikeness! An unlikeness, it will be said, is that which is non-essential and indifferent. Non-essential—yes; indifferent—no. The signal want of grace and charm in English Protestantism's setting of its religious life is not an indifferent matter; it is a real weakness. *This ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone.*

I have said that the present tendency of Catholicism—the Catholicism of the main body of the Catholic clergy and laity—seems likely to exaggerate rather than to remove all that in this form of religion is most repugnant to reason; but this Catholicism was not that of Mdlle. de Guérin. The insufficiency of her Catholicism comes from a doctrine which Protestantism, too, has adopted, although Protestantism, from its inherent element of freedom, may find it easier to escape from it; a doctrine with a certain attraction for all noble natures, but, in the modern world at any rate, incurably sterile,—the doctrine of the emptiness and nothingness of human life, of the superiority of renouncement to activity, of quietism to energy; the doctrine which makes effort for things on this side of the grave a folly, and joy in things on this side of the grave a sin. But her Catholicism is remarkably free from the faults which Protestants commonly think inseperable from Catholicism; the relation to the priest, the practice of confession, assume, when she speaks of them, an aspect which is not that under which Exeter Hall knows them, but which—unless one is of the number of those who prefer regarding that by which men and nations die to regarding that by which they live—one is glad to study. "*La confession*," she says twice in her journal, "*n'est qu'une expansion du repentir dans l'amour:*" and her weekly journey to the confessional in the little church of Cahuzac is her "*cher pélerinage;*" the little church is the place where she has "*laissé tant de misères:*"—

"This morning," she writes one 28th of November, "I was up before daylight, dressed quickly, said my prayers, and started with Marie for Cahuzac. When we got there the chapel was occupied, which I was not sorry for. I like not to be hurried, and to have time, before I go in, to lay bare my whole soul before God. This often takes me a long time, because my thoughts are apt to be flying about like these autumn leaves. At ten o'clock I was on my knees, listening to words the most salutary that were ever spoken; and I went away feeling myself a better being. Every burden thrown off leaves us with a sense of brightness; and when the soul has laid down the load of its sins at God's feet, it feels as if it had wings. What an admirable thing is confession! What comfort, what light, what strength is given me every time after I have said, *I have sinned.*"

This blessing of confession is the greater, she says, "the more the heart of the priest to whom we confide our repentance is like that divine heart which 'has so loved us.' This is what attaches me to M. Bories." M. Bories was the curé of her parish, a man no longer young, and of whose loss, when he was about to leave them, she thus speaks:—

"What a grief for me! how much I lose in losing this faithful guide of my conscience, heart, and mind, of my whole self which God had appointed to be in his charge, and which let itself be in his charge so gladly! He knew the resolves which God had put in my heart, and I had need of his help to follow them. Our new curé cannot supply his place: he is so young! and then he seems so inexperienced, so undecided! It needs firmness to pluck a soul out of the midst of the world, and to uphold it against the assaults of flesh and blood. It is Saturday, my day for going to Cahuzac; I am just going there, perhaps I shall come back more tranquil. God has always given me some good thing there, in that chapel, where I have left behind me so many miseries."

Such is confession for her when the priest is worthy; and, when he is not worthy, she

knows how to separate the man from the office:—

"To-day I am going to do something which I dislike; but I will do it, with God's help. Do not think I am on my way to the stake; it is only that I am going to confess to a priest in whom I have not confidence, but who is the only one here. In this act of religion, the man must always be separated from the priest, and sometimes the man must be annihilated."

The same clear sense, the same freedom from superstition, shows itself in all her religious life. She tells us, to be sure, how once, when she was a little girl, she stained a new frock, and on praying, in her alarm, to an image of the Virgin which hung in her room, saw the stains vanish: even the austerest Protestant will not judge such Mariolatry as this very harshly. But, in general, the Virgin Mary fills, in the religious parts of her journal, no prominent place; it is Jesus, not Mary. "Oh, how well has Jesus said: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden.' It is only there, only in the bosom of God, that we can rightly weep, rightly rid ourselves of our burden." And again: "The mystery of suffering makes one grasp the belief of something to be expiated, something to be won. I see it in Jesus Christ, the Man of Sorrow. *It was necessary that the Son of Man should suffer.* That is all we know in the troubles and calamities of life."

And who has ever spoken of justification more impressively and piously than Mdlle. de Guérin speaks of it, when, after reckoning the number of minutes she has lived, she exclaims:—

"My God, what have we done with all these minutes of ours, which thou, too, wilt one day reckon? Will there be any of them to count for eternal life? will there be many of them? will there be one of them? 'If thou, O Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who may abide it?' This close scrutiny of our time may well make us tremble, all of us who have advanced more than a few steps in life; for God will judge us otherwise than as he judges the lilies of the field. I have never been able to understand the security of those who place their whole reliance, in presenting themselves before God, upon a good conduct in the ordinary relations of human life. As if all our duties were confined within the narrow sphere of this world! To be a good parent, a good child, a good citizen, a good brother or sister, is not enough to procure entrance into the kingdom of heaven. God demands other things besides these kindly social virtues, of him whom he means to crown with an eternity of glory."

And, with this zeal for the spirit and power of religion, what prudence in her counsels of religious practice; what discernment, what measure! She has been speaking of the charm of the *Lives of the Saints*, and she goes on:—

"Notwithstanding this, the *Lives of the Saints* seem to me, for a great many people, dangerous reading. I would not recommend them to a young girl, or even to some women who are no longer young. What one reads has such power upon one's feelings; and these, even in seeking God, sometimes go astray. Alas, we have seen it in poor C.'s case. What care one ought to take with a young person; with what she reads, what she writes, her society, her prayers, all of them matters which demand a mother's tender watchfulness! I remember many things I did at fourteen, which my mother, had she lived, would not have let me do. I would have done anything for God's sake; I would have cast myself into an oven, and assuredly things like that are not God's will: he is not pleased by the hurt one does to one's health through that ardent but ill-regulated piety which, while it impairs the body, often leaves many a fault flourishing. And, therefore, Saint François de Sales used to say to the nuns who asked his leave to go barefoot: 'Change your brains, and keep your shoes.'"

Meanwhile Maurice, in a five years' absence, and amid the distractions of Paris, lost, or seemed to his sister to lose, something of his fondness for his home and its inmates; he certainly lost his early religious habits and feelings. It is on this latter loss that Mdlle. de Guérin's journal oftenest touches, —with infinite delicacy, but with infinite anguish:—

"Oh! the agony of being in fear for a soul's salvation, who can describe it! That which caused our Saviour the keenest suffering, in the agony of his Passion, was not so much the thought of the torments he was to endure, as the thought that these torments would be of no avail for a multitude of sinners; for all those who set themselves against their redemption, or who do not care for it. The mere anticipation of this obstinacy and heedlessness had power to make sorrowful, even unto death, the Son of Man. And this feeling all Christian souls, according to the

measure of faith and love granted them, more or less share."

Maurice returned to Le Cayla in the summer of 1837, and passed six months there. This meeting entirely restored the union between him and his family. "These six months with us," writes his sister, "he ill, and finding himself so loved by us all, had entirely re-attached him to us. Five years without seeing us had perhaps made him a little lose sight of our affection for him; having found it again, he met it with all the strength of his own. He had so firmly renewed, before he left us, all family ties, that nothing but death could have broken them." The separation in religious matters between the brother and sister gradually diminished, and before Maurice died it had ceased. I have elsewhere spoken of Maurice's religious feeling and its character. It is probable that his divergence from his sister in this sphere of religion was never so wide as she feared, and that his reunion with her was never so complete as she hoped. "His errors were passed," she says, "his illusions were cleared away; by the call of his nature, by original disposition, he had come back to sentiments of order. I knew all, I followed each of his steps; out of the fiery sphere of the passions (which held him but a little moment) I saw him pass into the sphere of the Christian life. It was a beautiful soul, the soul of Maurice." But the illness which had caused his return to Le Cayla reappeared after he got back to Paris in the winter of 1837–8. Again he seemed to recover; and his marriage with a young Creole lady, Mdlle. Caroline de Gervain, took place in the autumn of 1838. At the end of September in that year, Mdlle. de Guérin had joined her brother in Paris; she was present at his marriage, and stayed with him and his wife for some months afterwards. Her journal recommences in April, 1839; zealously as she had promoted her brother's marriage, cordial as were her relations with her sister-in-law, it is evident that a sense of loss, of loneliness, invades her, and sometimes weighs her down. She writes in her journal on the 4th of May:—

"God knows when we shall see one another again! My own Maurice, must it be our lot to live apart, to find that this marriage, which I had so much share in bringing about, which I hoped would keep us so much together, leaves us more asunder than ever? For the present and for the future, this troubles me more than I can say. My sympathies, my inclinations, carry me more towards you than towards any other member of our family. I have the misfortune to be fonder of you than of anything else in the world, and my heart had from of old built in you its happiness. Youth gone and life declining, I looked forward to quitting the scene with Maurice. At any time of life a great affection is a great happiness; the spirit comes to take refuge in it entirely. O delight and joy which will never be your sister's portion! Only in the direction of God shall I find an issue for my heart to love, as it has the notion of loving, as it has the power of loving."

From such complainings, in which there is undoubtedly something morbid,—complainings which she herself blamed, to which she seldom gave way, but which, in presenting her character, it is not just to put wholly out of sight,—she was called by the news of an alarming return of her brother's illness. For some days the entries in her journal show her agony of apprehension. "He coughs, he coughs still! Those words keep echoing forever in my ears, and pursue me wherever I go; I cannot look at the leaves on the trees without thinking that the winter will come, and that then the consumptive die." Then she went to him and brought him back by slow stages to Le Cayla, dying. He died on the 19th of July, 1839.

Thenceforward the energy of life ebbed in her; but the main chords of her being, the chord of affection, the chord of religious longing, the chord of intelligence, the chord of sorrow, gave, so long as they answered to the touch at all, a deeper and finer sound than ever. Always she saw before her "that beloved pale face;" "that beautiful head, with all its different expressions, smiling, speaking, suffering, dying," regarded her always:—

"I have seen his coffin in the same room, in the same spot where I remember seeing, when I was a very little girl, his cradle, when I was brought home from Gaillac, where I was then staying, for his christening. This christening was a grand one, full of rejoicing, more than that of any of the rest of us; specially marked. I enjoyed myself greatly, and went back to Gaillac next day, charmed with my new little brother. Two years afterwards I came home, and brought with me for him a frock of my own making. I dressed him in the frock, and took him out with me along

by the warren at the north of the house, and there he walked a few steps alone, his first walking alone, and I ran with delight to tell my mother the news: 'Maurice, Maurice has begun to walk by himself!'—Recollections which, coming back to-day, break one's heart!"

The shortness and suffering of her brother's life filled her with an agony of pity. "Poor beloved soul, you have had hardly any happiness here below; your life has been so short, your repose so rare. O God, uphold me, stablish my heart in thy faith! Alas, I have too little of this supporting me! How, we have gazed at him and loved him and kissed him—his wife, and we, his sisters; he lying lifeless in his bed, his head on the pillow as if he were asleep! Then we followed him to the churchyard, to the grave, to his last resting-place, and prayed over him, and wept over him; and we are here again, and I am writing to him again, as if he were staying away from home, as if he were in Paris. My beloved one, can it be, shall we never see one another again on earth?"

But in heaven?—and here, though love and hope finally prevailed, the very passion of the sister's longing sometimes inspired torturing inquietudes:—

"I am broken down with misery. I want to see him. Every moment I pray to God to grant me this grace. Heaven, the world of spirits, is it so far from us? Oh, depth, oh, mystery of the other life which separates us! I, who was so eagerly anxious about him, who wanted so to know all that happened to him, —wherever he may be now, it is over! I follow him into the three abodes, I stop wistfully in the place of bliss, I pass on to the place of suffering—to the gulf of fire. My God, my God, no! Not there let my brother be! not there! And he is not: his soul, the soul of Maurice, among the lost . . . . horrible fear, no! But in purgatory, where the soul is cleansed by suffering, where the failings of the heart are expiated, the doubtings of the spirit, the half-yieldings to evil? Perhaps my brother is there and suffers, and calls to us amidst his anguish of repentance, as he used to call to us amidst his bodily suffering! 'Help me, you who love me.' Yes beloved one, by prayer. I will go and pray; prayer has been such a power to me, and I will pray to the end. Prayer! Oh! and prayer for the dead! it is the dew of purgatory."

Often, alas, the gracious dew would not fall: the air of her soul was parched: the arid wind, which was somewhere in the depths of her being, blew. She marks in her journal the first of May, "this return of the loveliest month in the year," only to keep up the old habit: even the month of May can no longer give her any pleasure: "Tout est changé—*all is changed.*" She is crushed by "the misery which has nothing good in it, the tearless, dry misery, which bruises the heart like a hammer."

"I am dying to everything. I am dying of a slow moral agony, a condition of unutterable suffering. Lie there, my poor journal! be forgotten with all this world which is fading away from me. I will write here no more until I come to life again, until God reawakens me out of this tomb in which my soul lies buried. Maurice, my beloved! it was not thus with me when I had *you!* The thought of Maurice could revive me from the most profound depression: to have him in the world was enough for me. With Maurice, to be buried alive would have not seemed dull to me."

And, as a burden to this funereal strain, the old *vide et néant* of Bossuet, profound, solemn, sterile:—

"So beautiful in the morning, and in the evening, *that!* how the thought disenchants one, and turns one from the world! I can understand that Spanish grandee, who, after lifting up the winding-sheet of a beautiful queen, threw himself into a cloister and became a great saint. I would have all my friends at La Trappe, in the interest of their eternal welfare. Not that in the world one cannot be saved, not that there are not in the world duties to be discharged as sacred and as beautiful as there are in the cloisters, but . . . ."

And there she stops, and a day or two afterwards her journal comes to an end. A few fragments, a few letters carry us on a little later, but after the 22d of August, 1845, there is nothing. To make known her brother's genius to the world was the one task she set herself after his death; in 1840 came Madame Sand's noble trbute to him in the *Revue des deux Mondes;* then followed projects of raising a yet more enduring monument to his fame, by collecting and publishing his scattered compositions: these projects, I have already said were baffled: Mdlle. de Guérin's letter of the 22d of August, 1845, relates to this disappointment. In silence, during nearly three years more, she faded away at Le Cayla. She died on the 31st of May, 1848.

M. Trébutien has accomplished the pious task in which Mdlle. de Guérin was baffled, and has established Maurice's fame; by publishing this journal he has established Eugénie's also, she was very different from her brother; but she too, like him, had that in her which preserves a reputation. Her soul has the same characteristic quality as his talent,— *distinction*. Of this quality the world is impatient; it chafes against it, rails at it, insults it, hates it; it ends by receiving its influence, and by undergoing its law. This quality at last inexorably corrects the world's blunders, and fixes the world's ideals. It procures that the popular poet shall not finally pass for a Pindar, nor the popular historian for a Tacitus, nor the popular preacher for a Bossuet. To the circle of spirits marked by this rare quality, Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin belong; they will take their place in the sky which these inhabit, and shine close to one another, *lucida cidera*.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE NILE SONG.

As Sung at the Meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, May 25, 1863, when it was announced that "the Nile was Settled."

HAIL to the chiefs who in triumph advancing
Bring us as trophy the Head of the Nile!
Light from the African Mystery glancing
Brightens the name of our Tight Little Isle.
Honor to Speke and Grant,
Each bold hierophant
Tells what the Ages have thirsted to know:
Loud at the R. G. S.
Sets out their great success
Roderick vich Murchison, ho, ieroe!

Theirs was no summer trip, scaling a mountain,
Making gilt picture-books, dear to the Trade;
Far in the desert-sand, seeking yon fountain,
Perilous tracks the brave travellers made.
They are no Longbows,
Who, south of Calbongos
And Galwen, discovered the source of the flow;
They need no rhyme-prater,
Their Line's the Equator,
Says Roderick vich Murchison, ho, ieroe!

Nor, boys, alone of the Nile fountain brag we,
Now of Ungoro the site we decide,
Now we know all of Uganda and Kragwè,
And how King Kamrasi must fatten his bride.
Stanford, of Charing Cross,
Swears by King Charles's horse,
Splendid addition his next map shall show:
"Travelled by Grant and Speke,"
Vainly he will not seek,
Roderick vich Murchison, ho, ieroe!

Shout, buffers, shout for the African Highlands,
Shout for Nyanza, the Lake on the Line!
Nile, that now wanders through silent and shy lands,
Some day may roar like the Thames or the Rhine.
While the Moon's Mountains stand,
Speke and Grant's gallant band
Down to posterity famous shall go:
And far below zero
Are Cæsar and Nero,
Cries Roderick vich Murchison, ho, ieroe!

—*Punch.*

THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.—*To the Editor of The Times.*—Sir: The lustre of Captain Speke's brilliant achievement in settling once and forever the fact that the Lake Victoria Nyanza is the source of the Nile will not, I am sure, be impaired by the disclosure of the strange fact to which I wish by your permission to direct the attention of geographers,—the fact, namely, that this great lake is correctly laid down in an Atlas, published 116 years ago, by the name of the Lake Zambre, extending from the 4th to the 11th degree of S. latitude, and being about 400 miles by 60 in breadth, while the accompanying letter press in a very curious detailed account of the district distinctly states the fact that it is the source of the Nile and of two other great rivers.

The work in question is The Complete System of Geography, by Emanuel Bowen, geographer to his majesty, published in two vols., folio, in 1747. The Lake Zambre (alias Victoria Nyanza) will be found in the two maps inserted at pages 384 and 480, and this remarkable paragraph at page 482 under the head of "Congo proper":—

"This kingdom is watered by several rivers, the most considerable of which is the Zaire abovementioned, otherwise called the great river of Congo, which Dapper says springs from three lakes. The first is called Zambre, out of which the Nile issues; the second Zaire, which forms the rivers Lelunde and Coanze, and the third is a lake made by the Nile; but the chief of all is the Zambre, which is as it were the centre from which proceed all the rivers in this part of Africa."

The fact that the true source of the Nile was thus accurately defined more than a century ago appears well worthy of record.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
T. HERBERT NOYES, JR.

Paxhill, June 6.

From The Spectator.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

There is nothing more illustrative of the growth of the social life of England than the system of weights and measures now in use. It is a huge tree, which has developed itself in the open air, under sunshine, wind, and rain, untouched by the scissors of art, and unbiassed by scientific culture. Nearly all the sovereigns and parliaments of Great Britain, from the Conquest to the present time, have tried to regulate and adjust this multiform produce of ages; but it ever escaped their grasp, rewarding all attempts to create uniformity by shooting up in more luxurious disorder. It was enacted in Magna Charta that, "there shall be through our realm one weight and one measure," and the injunction was repeated by royal and legislative edicts innumerable, with the only ultimate effect that there are now at least a hundred different weights and measures. Every county, nay, every town and village in England, is happy in its particular standards of weight, capacity, and length. Slight difference in the latitude and longitude of a place will decide whether the measure called a bushel shall consist of one hundred and sixty-eight pounds, or seventy-three pounds, or eighty pounds, or seventy pounds, or sixty-three pounds, or only sixty pounds. The most universal article of consumption, wheat, is sold by the bushel of eight gallons at Saltash, in Cornwall, and of twenty stones at Dundalk, in Leinster; it is sold, in towns near to each other, by the load of five quarters, by the load of five bushels, and by the load of three bushels; by the load of four hundred and eighty-eight quarts at Stowmarket, in Suffolk, and of one hundred and forty-four quarts at Ulverston, in Lancashire. It is quite doubtful whether a so-called hundredweight shall contain one hundred and twenty pounds or one hundred and twelve pounds. By custom, a hundredweight of pork at Belfast is one hundred and twenty pounds; while at Cork it is one hundred and twelve pounds. The most popular of all measurements, the bushel, is fluctuating from five quarters in some places to four hundred and eighty-eight pounds in others, the quarter itself being an unsettled quantity, varying no less than from sixty pounds to four hundred and eighty. Nor is it even settled what is meant by a mile. The English mile is 1,760 yards; the Scotch mile is one English mile and two hundred and seventeen yards; and the Irish mile is one English mile and four hundred and eighty yards. As to the smaller standards of weight and length used in trade and commerce, they are almost endlessly diversified. A grocer subdivides his pounds by sixteen; a goldsmith by twelve, twenty, and twenty-four; and an apothecary by twelve, eight, three, and twenty. Again, a firkin of butter is fifty-six pounds, and a firkin of soap sixty-four pounds; while a barrel of soap is two hundred and fifty six pounds, but a barrel of gunpowder only one hundred and twelve pounds. A sack of flour is twenty stone, and a sack of coal fourteen stone, or two hundred and twenty-four pounds. But the little matter as to what the term "stone" means is not at all settled, for a stone of butcher's meat or fish is eight pounds, a stone of cheese sixteen pounds, a stone of glass five pounds, and a stone of hemp thirty-two pounds. In sum total, there seem to be almost as many different weights and measures in this country as there are towns and villages and articles of commerce. It is the quintessence of individualism and self-government—enough, probably, to satisfy even Lord Stanley.

The history of the efforts made by successive governments, for the last six hundred years and more, to bring order and uniformity into this state of things is as curious as amusing. In the long struggle of central authorities with the spirit of individualism, the latter invariably ended by getting the upper hand, and not only defeated the objects of the former, but turned them in the very opposite direction. Scores of parliamentary commissions deliberated on the vexed question of weights and measures, and nearly every one finished the business by adding a few more to the multifarious standards already existing, instead of subtracting therefrom. The standards of measure and weight adopted by the people were always taken either from some part of the human body, such as the foot, the length of the arm, and the span of the hand, or from some natural objects, such as a barleycorn, or other kind of grain. But the early English sovereigns ordered the adoption of the yard, supposed to be founded upon the breadth of the chest of our burly Anglo-Saxon ancestors. The yard continued till the reign of Henry VII., when

the ell, being a yard and a quarter, or forty-five inches, was introduced by the trading Flemings and the merchants of the Hanse Towns. Subsequently, however, Queen Elizabeth brought the old English yard back to its post of honor, and had an imperial standard yard made of metal, and safely deposited in the Tower. After that, a series of parliamentary commissions began legislating upon the subject, increasing a hundredfold the confusion. Every generation saw a new standard springing up, based on the ever-changing size of barleycorns, or human feet and hands, and the ever-changeable state of human minds. Finally, by an Act passed in 1841, the Legislature annihilated all preceding legislations, abolished all natural standards of hands and feet and chest, and recommended reference to certain pieces of metal "enclosed in a case, hermetically sealed and embedded within the masonry of some public building, the place to be pointed out by a conspicuous inscription on the outside, and not to be disturbed without the sanction of an Act of Parliament." But the standard pieces, and the masonry, and the conspicuous inscription were never made; new parliamentary commissions took up the work of the old ones, changing it entirely; and so the thing has gone on till the present moment, the last "select committee appointed to consider the practicability of adopting a simple and uniform system of weights and measures" having been nominated as recently as the month of May, 1862. The labors of this youngest-born of select committees have been, of course, severe; and the evidence gathered in eighteen sittings was presented to the public in the shape of a tremendous blue-book of three hundred pages. It is about the fifteenth blue-book of the kind issued, and in whatever else parliamentary commissions may have been deficient, the literature of weights and measures which they have produced certainly weighs and measures something by this time.

In France, too, the confusion in weights and measures was great before the Revolution, but the Constituent Assembly of 1789 carried through a radical reform, as far as legislation was concerned, in the shortest possible time. The demand for uniformity being universally acknowledged, the Assembly, without further ado, resolved to apply a remedy, and for this purpose requested the Academy of Sciences to nominate a number of learned men who should settle the matter. They appointed five, among them the famous trio Lagrange, Condorcet, and Laplace, and their report was laid before the Legislature at the end of a few months. The unit of length upon which they fixed was the ten-millionth part of the quadrant, or fourth of the meridian of the earth, which measure they proposed to call a metre, deducing therefrom, upwards and downwards, on the decimal system, all other standards of length, weight, and capacity. The scheme was beautiful in theory, and irreproachable from the philosophical point of view; and though it was well known that its practical execution would be productive of many unwelcome changes and much monetary embarrassment, the Assembly at once adopted it, postponing, however, the operation of the law for some years. Meanwhile, steps were taken to diffuse information on the subject; an immense quantity of tables and books were issued at nominal prices for the instruction of the general public, and everything was done to prepare the people for the coming change in the traffic of every-day life. A request had been previously sent to the English Government to co-operate in the great work, so as to bring about an international uniformity of weights and measures; but the invitation was declined with thanks on this side of the Channel. The French people themselves did not seem to admire the metric system at all in the commencement, and it took a long time before it found favor, particularly with the lower classes. The law came into force on the 1st of July, 1794; but so great was the resistance against it, even at the end of eighteen years, that the Emperor Napoleon found it necessary to agree to a thorough change of the system at a moment when a widely popular measure was required of him. On the 12th of February, 1812, his majesty issued a decree which virtually superseded the law of the Constituent Assembly, and authorized in all *retail* transactions the use of the eighth, the sixteenth, and the fourth as divisors, and also the old standard of weights and measures which were still in use throughout France. There were, therefore, now two systems of weights and measures legally established in France; and the two were used side by side for a quarter of a century, with the result that the philosophic metric system gradually got the upper hand,

driving the old practical one out of the field. The victory of science over habit and custom having thus been satisfactorily established, King Louis Philippe, in 1837, passed another law, repealing that of 1812, and rendering it penal, not only to use the old system, but even to keep the old weights and measures in shops, warehouses, or offices. Since then the system of Laplace and Condorcet has had all its own way, and at the present moment no other is known, even in the remotest districts of France. Most of the continental countries, among them Belgium, Holland, Sardinia, Tuscany, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, and Greece, have also adopted the metric system, and Russia is preparing to do the same. The Teutonic States of Europe, however, and with them Great Britain, have as yet withstood the voice of science, and kept to habit and custom. It is an exemplification of the whole growth of Teutonic life—abhorring violence, and adhering to the slow development of time and nature.

The parliamentary commission which discussed during last session the whole question of weights and measures decided that England, too, shall accept the metric system; but, under this proviso, "that no compulsory measures shall be resorted to until they are sanctioned by the general conviction of the public." To carry out the system, it is recommended that a "Department of Weights and Measures" be established in connection with the Board of Trade, entrusted with the conservation and verification of the standards, as well as the duty of making the metric system known to the public. To aid in this object, the Committee of Council of Education shall order the metric system to be taught in all the schools receiving Government grants; and it shall furthermore be included in papers of competitive examinations for the civil service. Lastly, Government shall sanction the use of the metric system in the levying of the Customs' duties; shall publish the statistics of income and expenditure in terms of the metric system, and shall interdict the employment of any other weights and measures but the metric and imperial, "until the metric has been generally adopted." All these recommendations of the select committee are evidently based on the experience gained by the introduction of the decimal system in France, in the two periods of 1794 to 1812, and 1812 to 1837. The fear of entering the road of compulsory legislation is visible in every one of the revolutions, and goes to the extent of leaving even to the public the duty of giving names to the new weights and measures. On the important question whether the new standards of measurement which are henceforth to be in legal use, side by side with the old ones, shall be denominated by the Greco-French terms in use among our Gallic neighbors, or be described in good English words, the select committee is absolutely mute. Yet it is in this that lies the real difficulty of the matter. It was very justly observed by Mr. Drinkwater Bethune, one of the parliamentary commissioners in 1841, that it is much easier to change values than to change names; and Mr. Quincey Adams made the same remark while inquiring into the decimal system for introducing it into the United States. The great repugnance of the French people, for more than twenty years, to adopt the new law of weights and measures, was not so much owing to the alteration in values and quantities, but to that of names, which fact is abundantly proved by the whole literature on the subject published during the period from 1794 to 1812. But if the French did not like the long words "hectometre," "kilometre," "myriametre," "decimetre," and so forth, as denominating measures, and the words, "kilogramme," "kilolitre," etc., as describing weights, the English can far less be expected to adopt them with anything like good-will. Even in France many of the old names of weights and measures are still in daily use, although, as already said, the new system has been completely adopted. What would seem, therefore, most reasonable, is that before introducing metres and kilometres into this country as proposed by the last parliamentary commission, some idiomatic nomenclature should be settled and fixed upon, ready to be bestowed upon the strangers from abroad. The metric system, according to the select committee, must inevitably come upon us, for the simple reason that our present non-system has become cumbrous and inconvenient, and that as it would be unwise and almost impossible to invent a new one, all that remains is to adopt the system already in use over the greater part of Europe. "The metric system is ready made to our hands," is the sum total of parliamentary recommendations, which is undoubtedly true. But it is equally so that the Greco-Gallic names of the new system are by no means ready made to our tongues, and before gaining naturalization will have to go through the old Anglo-Saxon mill.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

SIBYL'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

The gentlemen were still lingering over their wine or their conversation in the dining-room below, but the ladies had flocked upstairs into the little drawing-room, and were clustered over the ottoman and cushioned seats, which furnished the deep bay-window looking through the thick summer leafage of the trees in the Close towards the minster. The hour was drawing on towards sunset, the sunset of a rich August evening; and the crimson light that suffused the cloud-flakes of the sky reflected a soft roseate blush on all faces. These faces were five, two matronly, three youthful. Lady Anne Vernon, the dean's wife, and her widowed sister, Lady Mary Rivers, were the matrons; the maidens were their children, Julia and Isabel Vernon, and Sibyl Rivers.

Julia and Isabel Vernon were fine young women of four and five and twenty, well bred and well educated, but not dowered with the fatal gift of beauty; Sibyl Rivers was a spoilt child, lovely as a May morning, sweet as violets, fresh as dew; all manner of things fair and fragrant rose to the mind to compare with her.

The ladies' after-dinner talk was drowsy at the beginning, as such talk commonly is, but it brightened into vivacity by and by, over last night's race ball, where Sibyl had made her début, and had achieved without effort that intoxicating triumph and success which are all the more delicious from being wholly unanticipated.

"Yes, Aunt Mary, Sir John Needham said, and Mr. Digby Stuart, whose word is law, solemnly agreed with him, that your Sibyl was the very prettiest three-year-old that had come out in Hillminster since Lady Raymond's year," said Julia Vernon, who was good-natured, and had no moral scruples about making Sibyl vain.

"If only this dear little head be not turned!" whispered Lady Mary, shaking her own as she stroked her daughter's glossy hair. The possessor of the dear little head in question shook it in reply, looking rosily delighted; but just in the crisis of her happy blush she caught her cousin Isabel watching her with cold, scornful eyes, and shuddered as old wives say we shudder when some foot treads on the place of our grave that is to be.

'Twas so strange, so very strange she thought, this dread and repugnance she could not help feeling for Isabel; she remembered no sensation like it save one thrilling moment of terror in Wales, when she trod upon a snake, saw it rear its baleful head and hiss at her, then wriggle away through the tall grass, which stirred in its tops as the wind stirs it when it is low; and nestling lower amongst the cushions of the ottoman, she turned half away to avoid her cousin's gaze, and into the full light of the setting sun which wrapt her from head to foot in its warm glow.

"When you invited Aunt Mary and Sibyl out of their seclusion in Wales to enjoy the modest gaieties of Hillminster, you did not think you were introducing so dangerous a rival amongst the well-known belles of your own town and county, did you mamma?" went on Julia, appealing to Lady Anne with mock seriousness. "But you found out your mistake last night, when you saw how Sibyl's grace and newness piqued the jaded admiration of the men, while your own girls endured even more than their usual neglect. I always felt that mamma was deficient in the first qualifications of a chaperone, Aunt Mary, and we suffer for it."

"My *dear* Ju!" remonstrated her mother, but Lady Mary smiled kindly on her outspoken niece.

She saw a vista opening out from that crowded whirl where her dear little Sibyl shone brightest and fairest, ending in a good husband and a happy home such as her own married life had never known. For Lady Mary had made a runaway match with a handsome Irish subaltern, and she had been reaping the consequences ever since in penury and neglect. Lieutenant Rivers died when Sibyl was about ten years old; and since that event, which nobody but his ill-used wife deplored, she had hidden herself in Wales, teaching her child herself, and doing her best to avoid those errors in the training of her darling which had been the source of her own long trials and troubles.

Thus far Sibyl had answered well to her loving care. She was not by any means a perfect character, for pride was rank in her; her feelings were impetuous, her passions strong, and her will weak. But she had no small jealousies, no irksome vanities.

The dean had taken to her with a sponta-

neous kindliness, Lady Anne Vernon caressed her, and her cousin Julia treated her with patient indulgence. Only Isabel stood coldly aloof. At first sight Sibyl had shrunk from *her* with a gesture of shuddering repulsion that was utterly inexplicable; for Isabel was prepared to give her as warm a welcome as the rest. She saw the expression of frightened antipathy, and was dismayed even more than she was bewildered. She could not interpret it, but neither could she forgive it. She laid up the remembrance secretly in her heart, unwitting yet of the soil fertile for evil in which she planted it: but it germinated there, and in due season brought forth leaf and bud, blossom and bitter poison-fruit, as all indulged hate and anger must unless God in his mercy give us grace and strength to pluck up the deadly growth by its roots.

Lady Anne Vernon had an evening party after the dinner, and as the rosy sunset yielded to twilight, the group ensconced in the pleasant window dropped off one by one to adjourn presently to the great drawing-room, where the coming guests were to be received. Some few arrived before the gentlemen made their appearance, the only noticeable person amongst them being old Sir Jasper Raymond's young wife.

Lady Raymond was the most popular woman in Hillminster. She had been popular as a girl, lovely and penniless, but she was even more popular now. She had had suitors galore, but the tale went, that with genuine feminine perversity she had set her heart on almost the only man of her acquaintance who was indifferent to her; which tale was not and could not be precisely correct, because no one save herself knew the true story of her love and her griefs, for the simple reason that she had never told it. But all the world was clear on one point—there had been *something* serious between her and Mr. Digby Stuart, of Alverston Priory, which had ended in *nothing*, and after an interval of a few months, her marriage at Nice with Sir Jasper Raymond was announced to the general confusion, surprise, and indignation of Hillminster. Why had she thrown herself away on a man of seventy? It was wicked, unnatural, monstrous! The men could not forgive the cruel sacrifice; the women, except a few, could not understand it.

Mr. Digby Stuart was still her friend, and her husband's friend, but gossip had never meddled indiscreetly with such honorable names. He was in the dining-room of the deanery now, and soon after nine had struck from the minster tower, he came in with the rest of the gentlemen, made his cordial greeting to Lady Raymond as to others of the evening guests, and the shrewdest observer or the most idly malicious could have found no whisper of doubt to circulate over the manner of their meeting. They were two who, if they could not have met thus innocently and without pain, would have parted to the uttermost ends of the earth that they might never meet at all.

Mr. Digby Stuart was a fine-looking person, distinguished in bearing, and serious in countenance, but with some play of sarcasm about his mouth, and a kindly penetration in his steady gray eyes. There was a mystery about him that he did not marry, being past thirty, the head of an old family, and in possession of a good estate. Several romances explanatory of the riddle had been coined for him, the most popular of which was that he had been a changeling at his birth, and that only on condition of his leading a single life, and leaving the property at his death to the lawful heritors thereof, was he suffered to continue now in undisturbed enjoyment of it. This grotesque story was as far wide of the truth as it well could be; but it served the purposes of conversation now and then, and there were perhaps one or two persons who even believed it.

Twelve o'clock had struck some time before the last carriage rolled away from the deanery door on this memorable night, from which dates the beginning of that sorry jest played out in cruel earnest, which I am about to narrate. But when are the eyes of seventeen drowsy? Sibyl Rivers was as wakeful as at the beginning of the evening; and though her mother gently admonished her that she had better come to bed, she must needs adjourn for five minutes' talk to her cousins' room. The five minutes lengthened out to half an hour, during which Isabel Vernon found or invented occasion to make so many cold, disenchanting remarks, that the impression of pleasantness the evening had left on Sibyl's mind was quite rubbed off thereby.

"Mr. Digby Stuart says you are a pretty child," was one of these remarks. "He

asked how old you were, and was surprised to hear you were more than fifteen. It is time you dropped your baby airs, though they suit your dimples very well. Still affectation of naturalness is as much affectation as any other grace you might choose to put on, and it looks silly when girls are grown up to women."

Sibyl pouted like six years old; she paid no heed to the latter clause of her cousin's speech, but replied to the former part with visible pique. "Mr. Digby Stuart did not talk to me as if I were a child," said she.

"*No?* I saw you listening to him, as if his commonplaces were pearls of wisdom dropped from the lips of a god."

"Isabel! He was only inviting mamma to go over to luncheon at Alverston to-morrow, and to take me. She knew the priory long ago in his father's time, and he wants to show her the improvements. He is very kind, and I was pleased to think of the excursion."

"Well, don't be *too* pleased, and don't run away with any delusion that he is *too* kind; for it is his way to be kind to everybody. How exquisite Lady Raymond was to-night, Julia!"

"Perfect—she always is."

Sibyl stood smothering her indignation for a minute or two while the sisters discussed Lady Raymond's dress in detail, and then saying, as by an irresistible impulse, "Oh, Isabel, how you hate me!" turned to leave the room. Julia looked up startled and interrogative, but Isabel only laughed.

"You silly child, as if I could hate anything like *you!*" sneered she; throwing into the *you* as much significance of scorn as the monosyllable accentuated by her bitter lips could convey.

Sibyl felt at once ashamed of her impetuous speech, and with hot tears in her eyes and a passionate red on her cheek, she sobbed good-night, and rushed away to her mother. Come into that quiet, kindly presence, her first words were again, "How Cousin Isabel hates me!"

"My darling!" exclaimed Lady Mary, in a tone of deprecation, "you must not give way to such fancies. Why should your Cousin Isabel hate you?"

"I don't know, but I am sure she does!" was the emphatic reply.

"Hush, hush, Sibyl! Say your prayers, my child, and ask God to keep you loving and true. *Hate*, darling,—you don't know what *hate* means."

Alverston Priory was about six miles up the river from Hillminster, and though not important enough to be a show-place, it was still one of the best and handsomest houses in that part of the county—a house, as the neighborhood agreed, that only wanted a mistress to make it perfection.

Lady Mary Rivers and Sibyl drove thither the next day, escorted by Lieutenant George Lansmere, a nephew of Lady Mary's, the second son of her eldest brother, the present earl. George Lansmere was two-and-twenty, and held a commission in the cavalry regiment then stationed at Hillminster. It was very pleasant for the young officer in country-quarters to have a family of hospitable kinsfolk at the deanery. His cousins, Julia and Isabel, made much of him, and he submitted for some months to the flattering process with serene masculine assurance that such attentions were his due; but when Sibyl Rivers appeared on the scene he fell straightway into captivity to her bright eyes, and lost all thought and consideration for himself. He was genuinely and heartily in love, and to sit opposite the beaming face of his divinity, six miles out to Alverston and six miles home again to Hillminster, was, in the present state of his feelings, a paradisiacal delight. He was not a young man to set the world on fire, but he was honest and honorable; and Lady Mary Rivers, whose thoughts day and night rested in hopeful contemplation of her daughter's future, was by no means reluctant to encourage his tolerably evident pretensions.

By what mesmeric fatality is it that one man wins love unsought, possibly undesired, while another may wear himself out in devoted painstaking efforts to gain the faintest response to his passion and not succeed? From the first hour of Sibyl Rivers meeting with Mr. Digby Stuart, her fancy had been attracted; her thoughts insensibly followed it, and when George Lansmere began his wooing her heart was gone. Neither coquette nor flirt was Sibyl; she reflected never, she only *felt;* and when George was most eager and assiduous she repaid him with gentle smiles and sweet kindness to

compensate for her real indifference, and thus misled him perhaps further than the most elaborate wiles could have done.

On this day of her visit to Alverston Priory she was the same simple, childlike creature she had always been; a miracle of ignorance and unworldliness, with consciousness slowly awakening, and womanly instinct awakening with it, but utterly removed from speculation on possiblities or consequences. She was glad to be there; five minutes of listening to Mr. Digby Stuart's conversation with her mother, five minutes of slow sauntering by his side through the conservatory where he enriched her with a sprig of geranium, were sweeter in the passing and dearer in the remembrance than the longest and most joyous holidays of her past life.

It is hard work to amuse a preoccupied mind; and George Lansmere on the homeward drive was troubled twice or thrice with an intrusive suspicion that Sibyl was rather absent, but it never entered into his heart to conceive that she could be dreaming about that very grave and proud personage, the master of Alverston Priory. The dashing lieutenant of hussars would have felt small dread of such a rival, even had his imagination directed him to look out for any in that quarter; and when Sibyl announced to Lady Anne Vernon, on reaching the deanery, that they had had "a most charming day!" perhaps he may be excused for the pleasing delusion that his own presence had contributed materially to its delightfulness.

The first to detect poor Sibyl's secret was Lady Raymond, who, with the inexplicable freemasonry of women who love, read its subtle signs with deepest dismay. She tried to save the child by hints and warnings, and pretty parables involving much literal truth personal to herself; but the only effect of these attempts was to make Sibyl shy of her; and she had not the courage, even had she the right, to speak openly. For a moment, a little moment and no more, she watched Mr. Digby Stuart with a jealous regard, but in his manner to Sibyl there was nothing more than in his manner to other girls; and whatever food for her dreams she had was evolved purely out of her own fervent fancy. If it be a reproach to a woman to love unsought, and the popular voice has decided that it is, then had Sibyl Rivers incurred it heavily.

With Lady Raymond her pityful secret was safe, but it soon passed into the possession of her cousin, Isabel Vernon, whose eyes were quickened to all opportunities of inflicting a quiet stab on the tender soul that instinctively distrusted her. She made the discovery in this wise:—One morning about midway the month of September, Mr. Digby Stuart rode over to the deanery to confer with the dean on some matter of public business. The ladies up-stairs in the little drawing-room heard of his arrival, and Lady Anne Vernon sent down a message to the library bidding him stay to luncheon. An answer was returned that he was sorry, but being in some haste he must despatch his business and go. When she heard this Sibyl vanished from her nest amidst the cushions of the ottoman, and a few minutes afterwards Isabel silently followed her. She had seen Sibyl's breast rise and fall, her color glow and fade during the passage of the messages to and fro between drawing-room and library, and a shrewd suspicion born of these emotional changes sprang into sudden and full vitality in her brain. "She is in love with Mr. Digby Stuart! Oh, the vain little Quixotic fool! She might as wisely cry for the moon at once!" thought she, and a mingling of something not unlike pity shot through her scorn; for Isabel's hate was not yet grown to that height which triumphs in the great calamity of its object, and much less was it grown to that height which expends itself in procuring such calamity.

Sibyl had betaken herself to her mother's room, whence, from the window in the high Gothic gable, she could see Mr. Digby Stuart ride through the Close, and then, over the tops of the houses in the precentor's court, watch him again if by chance he were returning at once to Alverston direct by the road; watch him a mile on his way until man and horse diminished to a mere speck in the distance. Isabel assured herself from her own window that he went that way; and then, passing through the pretty dressing-room that served Lady Mary Rivers as boudoir, she cautiously put aside the portiére that separated it from the bedroom adjoining, and came upon Sibyl unawares—upon Sibyl lost in sweet reverie, leaning her forehead against the glass, straining her eyes after the fast diminishing figure on the white high road, and deaf and blind to everything outside the sphere of her own thoughts.

Isabel stood for a minute hushed and observant—time enough to repent, time enough to steal away, time enough to save her own soul from the first active step into a temptation that was to beguile her whither she would have shrunk from imagining even now; but the demon was strong in her at that instant, and stepping over the thick carpet with noiseless tread, she laid a hand on Sibyl's shoulder and whispered, with a laugh which made no pretence of masking her contempt, "I'm sure Mr. Digby Stuart would feel immensely flattered if he knew who takes such a tender interest in his comings and goings." Sibyl sprang back with an inarticulate sound between a cry and a sob, her visage blanched for a moment, then dyed scarlet with guilty blushes. She did not utter a word; and Isabel, eyeing her with a steady, sarcastic penetration, went on: "So this is the clue to your fits of pretty abstraction! I wish you joy of your love? Don't let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on your damask cheek; don't pine away in green and yellow melancholy, but let yourself go, let your hidden passion reveal itself. Men are mostly vain. If Mr. Digby Stuart were told who lavishes on him such deep devotion, his heart, though proverbially tough as bend leather, would surely yield."

"Isabel!" gasped Sibyl, in a tone and with a gesture which were of themselves an ample confession; and in that light her cousin understood, accepted, and responded to them.

"You have made me your confident against your will," said she. "I don't covet the burden of sentimental secrets, but I suppose I must keep yours for the credit's sake of our sex. I declare I am very sorry for you, Cousin Sibyl; for to speak the honest truth I believe you have no more chance of winning a return to your feelings than I have of becoming Empress of China. If Mr. Digby Stuart had been inclined to marry, he would not have let Lady Raymond slip through his fingers; and compare Lady Raymond with yourself. How came you ever to indulge in such a cruel delusion as that you could rival *her?*"

"I don't know; I don't know," muttered Sibyl, her lips parched, her eyes fixed, her heart in her boson growing colder and heavier at every word until it was cold and heavy as clay.

"Have you told aunt Mary?"

"No;" and Sibyl turned away from her questioner to hide the passion of tears she could no longer repress.

"If you do not wish all the world to know, you must exercise self-control; you must be on your guard," said Isabel, after a short pause. "There is nothing that lays a girl more open to ridicule than the imputation that she has fallen in love with a man who has shown her no preference; and I am sure Mr. Digby Stuart has shown *you* none. Hush! this is like a baby! Don't let us have all the gossips in Hillminster set a-chatter! I'll lock the door, and then you can cry your cry out; but I hope nobody will come.

Nobody did come, and Sibyl's agony had its way. Isabel brought her some sal volatile and water to drink, and stood over her putting in words of wisdom and counsel at every lull in the storm; and when it was spent bathed her eyes, smoothed her hair, dressed her for a walk round the Close, tied a veil under her chin, and carried her off finally to evening prayers at the minster, without exciting a word of remark, so matter-of-fact and quiet were her manœuvres. Sibyl felt very humble and grateful now, in spite of her distrust. The reaction after her excitement left her depressed, shame-stricken, and trembling. Till to-day her secret had been the glory of her youth—now it was its bitterest blot. She could never have imagined the tortures that she felt because of it. Isabel had put it before her in its ugliest light. "If you betray me I shall die!" was her often reiterated moan. "If you betray me I shall die!"

Isabel experienced no pain at seeing her suffer; she was drifting before the evil impulses to which she had yielded at the beginning, and her heart, without preconcerting plans to harm the child, readily adopted the opportunities that circumstances presented. Had Sibyl been bolder or less ingenuous, she would have stubbornly denied the charge, but it was now fully admitted, and she lay at her cousin's mercy. It seemed to her just then that though Isabel spoke satirically she was practically kind. "What should I do without you?" sighed she as they returned homewards across the Close. "Oh, what should I do without you?"

"It appears to me that you would still rather have kept your secret to yourself," was Isabel's response.

"Oh, yes! It did not make me wretched or afraid; it was easier to bear when no one knew it. Isabel, if you betray me I shall die!" That became Sibyl's one idea now—*concealment*. The unveiling of her love had profaned it, made it an absurdity, a mockery—something to be utterly, profoundly, and forever ashamed of. *He* would despise it—despise her for giving it; so Isabel had told her, and Isabel knew how the world and the men of the world spoke of such unsought love. Henceforward Isabel must be her screen, her safety, her adviser; and if Isabel betrayed her she should die!

There was a dinner-party at the deanery that evening, consisting chiefly of the clergy and their wives, but George Lansmere was coming, and the dean had added Mr. Digby Stuart to the number of guests by an invitation given that morning and accepted conditionally. "It is not certain that he will be able to come," said the dean, only mentioning his impromptu invitation to Lady Anne when they assembled in the drawing-room before dinner. "It is not certain that he will be able to come, but I want him to meet Danvers—they were both Christchurch men, and of the same year." Danvers—the Reverend Canon Danvers—was the canon newly come into residence, and also newly come into office; a stranger to Hillminster, but not to the diocese; a widower with two boys, and considerable private means independent of the emoluments of his position—a great acquisition in every way to the society of a cathedral town.

Sibyl heard the dean's announcement with a shudder; she turned hot, then cold, then glanced timidly towards Isabel, who was looking away from her, and making conversation with her sister over a new song. Presently the company began to arrive, George Lansmere as usual being the earliest. The young officer had not made satisfactory progress with Sibyl since the day of the drive to Alverston, and was sometimes almost like to be disheartened over his prospects. She was very uncertain; one day sweet and summery, the next, shy, impatient, or repellent. He had opened his mind to Lady Mary, who had exhorted him to have patience, and had privately lectured Sibyl on her capriciousness, and at this point they continued stationary; George's reflection being—"I don't think she cares for me, she has a fancy for some one else;" and her mother's equally grave and anxious, "I cannot understand why Sibyl does not take to George, unless she has conceived a secret attachment to some other person."

Mr. Digby Stuart did come, but not until he had been waited for ten minutes, and, while apologizing to Lady Anne Vernon for his tardiness, he continued to hold in his hand a spray of beautiful white flowers, very rare and choice, and of exquisite perfume, which he presently offered to Sibyl.

"It is the first bloom," said he. "You wished to see it in flower, if you recollect; and I promised you the earliest branch that came out in perfection." Sibyl blushed, and accepted it with shy eagerness which escaped notice then, but which was pitifully remembered later; and in spite of all the foregone miseries and humiliations of the day, she felt inexpressibly happy until she caught Isabel watching her with cold eyes of scorn. "Delirious little fool!" Isabel thought, and her glance expressed her thought. She hated Sibyl vehemently, actively, at that instant, for her childish elation; and Sibyl, shrinking within herself again under her freezing contempt, felt all her temporarily vanished distrust return.

As luck or ill-luck would have it, Sibyl's place at dinner was between Mr. Digby Stuart and the new canon, and Isabel's place was opposite, between George Lansmere and a fat old married rector, very loquacious and fond of his jest. The natural consequences ensued. When the ladies returned to the drawing-room, Sibyl was pleasantly excited, and Isabel was dull, tired, and cross. Then again, in the drawing-room, Sibyl's gift, which her mother tenderly insisted on fixing in her hair, became a nucleus of conversation which ranged away to Alvertson itself, coming round ever and again to that spray of white blossoms. "What a fuss about a flower!" said Isabel; "it was to be seen at Kew three years ago." She demolished the novelty of the flower; but she suggested to one or two commonplace minds then present that she was jealous of the distinction Mr. Digby Stuart had conferred on her pretty cousin.

That night, when the guests dispersed, Sibyl went straight to her mother's room. She would have given much to have her secret all to herself again; for she was afraid of Isabel. She took the white flower from her hair, and put it into a glass of water,

first touching the sweet blossoms tenderly with her lips; a happy gleam passed over her face as she indulged in this caress, but it soon vanished, and the weary sadness that succeeded it was very pathetic. She knelt so long at her prayers that Lady Mary, at ease in her mind, tired and comfortable, fell fast asleep on her pillow, and only awoke in the dead of the night to hear Sibyl shuddering and sobbing in her dreams, and uttering broken words of piteous entreaty, the only sense of which to her mother's ears was—"If you betray me, I shall die; oh, Isabel, if you betray me, I shall die!" Lady Mary closed no eye again until Sibyl had been roused from her nightmare of dread, and had poured the story of her love and her grief into her mother's breast.

The following morning when Isabel met her aunt, she perceived at once that her interference with Sibyl was known and the manner of it strongly disapproved. She expected that Lady Mary would speak to her on the subject, but she did not, and then Isabel understood that it was to be left undiscussed. Sibyl was very quiet and subdued all day, and in the evening Lady Mary began to talk about carrying her off to the seaside for a week or two before the cold autumnal winds began to blow—Sibyl was so fond of the sea. Isabel listened with a silent, expressive sneer, but Julia good-humoredly expostulated, saying that Lady Mary must not keep her cousin away from the October ball.

"I don't care for the October ball," sighed Sibyl, who would have done better not to have spoken just then.

"Eh, what?" cried the dean. "Not care for the October ball—the best ball of the year! Lady Mary, you must look after your missykin, who expresses such unnatural sentiments, or the next news will be that she has fallen in love at cross-purposes like the heroine in a novel!"

Sibyl grew scarlet, others looked confused too, and an awkward silence ensued, which was not broken until somebody proposed music. The rest of the evening passed off without incident.

Of course, as soon as they were in private Lady Anne Vernon asked explanation of her sister's sudden resolve; she was told that it was on Sibyl's account.

"I think it wise to take her away from Hillminster—at any rate, for a little while; for she has conceived an attachment that is never likely to prosper. Unless Isabel has told you, you will hardly guess for whom," said Lady Mary.

"Is it Mr. Digby Stuart?"

"Yes. But how do you know it?"

"The idea came into my head last night, and but for certain other circumstances I could imagine he had a predilection in her favor too. I am sure he admires her, and if he were free to marry, which from past events it is commonly supposed he is not, I would never advise you to take her out of the way. I am sorry for you, Mary; I wish she could have loved George, poor child!"

And then it was decided that Sibyl had better go; whether ever to return to Hillminster or not, might be left for subsequent consideration. But she could not go for several days yet. Ladies travel with impediments which cannot be packed up at a moment's notice, and during those several days occurred certain circumstances which, trivial as they were in themselves, tended to increase the feverish ill-feeling of Isabel. She had acted a cruel part by Sibyl in making her feel herself degraded by her secret love, and Lady Mary's displeasure and resentment were evident. Then Mr. Danvers came to call, bringing his two pretty boys, and during his chat with Lady Anne Vernon, he committed them especially to Sibyl's care, and they made friends with her sweet face at once. Again, each afternoon on one pretence or another came poor George Lansmere, like a demented moth fluttering round a candle-flame that is dropping low in the silver socket; and though such frequent visits were unusual, Mr. Digby Stuart was to and fro every day between Hillminster and Alverston, and twice the dean brought him in to luncheon. Then he met Lady Mary and Sibyl in the High Street, attended them on a shopping expedition, and conducted them home to the deanery when it was over. The next morning he dropped in at eleven o'clock, and sat chatting in the little drawing-room for an hour with the girls.

"I don't know what to think, I never knew him do such a thing before," said Lady Anne, musingly, to her sister. "If it means anything, he will not be frustrated by your carrying Sibyl off, depend upon that. He will either follow you or write."

Lady Mary indulged in the pleasures of hope, too; she was very willing to believe

what she would have liked to be true. Isabel looked on with jealous rage. Sibyl was almost happy, almost herself again, during those final days at the deanery; her child-like love was easily fed and satisfied.

"You are in a state of beatitude now; take care, or you will have to repent it in dust and ashes!" said Isabel to her, with a vicious glance and a tone of anything but blessing.

"O Isabel, how you do hate me!" was Sibyl's indignant rejoinder.

This was on the last night of their being together. The next morning Isabel went out at a quarter before ten to minster prayers, and during her absence Lady Mary Rivers and her daughter left. The cousins thus parted without good-byes. Neither had good-by been said to Mr. Digby Stuart.

"He does not know where we are going, does he, mamma?" Sibyl asked on their way to the station.

"No, darling! he is not aware of our leaving Hillminster, unless you have told him."

"I have not told him, mamma."

"If he wishes to know he can find out by inquiring at the deanery. Aunt Anne has our address."

The same evening Lady Mary Rivers and Sibyl were at home in their pleasant lodgings at Scarbro.

Two days passed over without incident, bright September days, sunny in fading woods, sunny on lake-like sea. On the third night the wind changed and blew for a storm. On the third morning a heap of letters was brought in by the landlady and ranged on the breakfast-table. When Lady Mary Rivers came down-stairs with Sibyl, she took them all in her hand, looked them over, and tossed one lightly across to her daughter, saying: "From your Cousin Isabel;" and then with a half-sigh of disappointed expectation opened another from Lady Anne Vernon, and plunged into its closely written pages, where she found enough to interest her, and take her attention entirely away from Sibyl, until she heard her cry in a voice of thrilling delight, "Mamma, mamma!" when, looking round, she saw her clutching her letter to her bosom, while her face grew rosy with blushes and her eyes glistened through tears of unutterable joy.

"What is it, my own darling?"

Sibyl came and knelt down by her mother, and put the letter into her hands.

"My happy child, my fortunate child!" murmured Lady Mary as she read it. "My happy child, my fortunate child! How shall I thank heaven enough for sparing you the anguish of a wasted love?"

The letter was a proposal of marriage to Sibyl from Mr. Digby Stuart, couched in almost romantically tender terms; full of affectionate enthusiasm and professions of unalterable fidelity—a lover's letter to a girl of whose responsive love he entertains not the slightest doubt; a little reproachful now and then that she should have left Hillminster without warning him; but only reproachful as by right. Lady Mary remembered her Irish subaltern and her own courting days as her eye ran swiftly along the sweet, fervent lines, and blessed God who had given her darling such a joyful lot when she seemed to be hanging on the brink of a woman's sorest tragedy. It was a morning of quite delirious happiness for them both. Outside the rain lashed vehemently, the wind ravened, the sea was churned into yeasty mountains of foam; but indoors hope and love reigned supreme. Sibyl must answer her letter, and she needed no teaching how; her heart bade her respond to it with honest joy, and Lady Mary could not find it in hers to curb the sweet utterance of such pure and fond affection. So the letter was written and sent, Sibyl carrying it to the post herself through the blustering storm, and her mother, after a gentle, ineffectual remonstrance, accompanying her.

By night she seemed to have lived half a life since the blissful morning, and by night she was a little weary; glad to lie by the fire and dream silently over her glorious happiness. Lady Mary watched her with tender satisfaction, and suffered her to rest a long while undisturbed; but at length she asked, "By-the-by, Sibyl, what news had you from your Cousin Isabel? I did not remember to inquire before."

"I had no letter from Cousin Isabel; I had no letter but *this*." *This* was warmly hidden somewhere in the bosom of her dress.

"Indeed! the address struck me as being like her hand: she does write a bold hand like a man's."

Sibyl drew out the precious document to

consider it, and took the opportunity of reperusing it down to the last dear word. By that time she had forgotten her Cousin Isabel and all about her; and with a kiss on the signature, and a sigh of intense joy, she restored it to its safe hiding-place, and fell into another delicious reverie.

All that night the winds beat and the tempest raged. Wrecks, broken wrecks, drifted in upon the strand, and still the gale gathered and grew until the morning.

"It has been an awful night," said Lady Mary; "and it is an awful morning. God have pity on all poor souls at sea!" She was standing at the window, gazing out on the writhing trees and shrubs of the cliff-gardens, and Sibyl stood by her with hand and chin resting on her mother's shoulder. Lady Mary, turning round by-and-by from her dreary contemplation, saw tears standing in her child's eyes, and asked, with sudden anxiety, what ailed her darling.

"I don't know, mamma, but I have had such cruel dreams. I cannot recall them, but I feel the pain, the dreadful pain and oppression of them yet," was the grievous reply; and then the brimming tears overflowed and fell.

Lady Mary did not try to rally Sibyl out of her weeping mood; a strange sense of trouble impending took possession of herself. She endeavored to reason it down, and to think this depression was a simple consequence of yesterday's excitement; but do what she would, or say what she would, her feeling of uneasiness increased. She had a presentiment, as people say, that something was going to happen. "If it were fit weather we would walk on the cliff and get these cobwebs blown out of our brains," said she, as they sat down to breakfast. "How the blast howls in the chimney! I never heard it howl as it howls here."

So Lady Mary fancied; but the storm that was raging over Scarbro was raging all over the county, and all over the kingdom. Through the windy towers of Hillminster and through the creaking fir-woods at Alverston howled the blasts, with the same hoarse triumph as they howled round about the house by the sea, where she and Sibyl sat watching the livelong day.

At Hillminster all went on in the regular routine; at Alverston the master came downstairs in the morning quietly non-expectant, like a man who has little to hope and little to fear, either from the world within or the world without. The post-bag lay on the table, but he went first to the window and scanned the weather, noted how the great trees swayed and bent before the long rush of the storm, then rose erect and tossed their wild hair, as if in frantic defiance of their tormentors.

The entrance of a servant bringing in breakfast caused him to relinquish his survey; and before seating himself at the well-spread table he unlocked the bag and drew forth its contents—*The Times*, the *Quarterly Review*, and a dozen or more letters, amongst them Sibyl's, conspicuous in its delicate, blush-tinted envelope. It was so different from the rest that Mr. Digby Stuart naturally singled it out paused a moment over the unfamiliar writing, and then broke the seal. The servant had quitted the room, and he was alone—fortunately alone. As he read the first few lines a feeling of utter bewilderment came over him; he turned the page to look at the signature, and then a dark flush suffused his face, which deepened and deepened as the sense of the letter forced itself on his understanding, until no girl ever showed more cowed with shame and confusion than did he.

"What an infamous jest!" was his low-spoken comment. "What a cruel, infamous jest!"

Mr. Digby Stuart was not a vain man, but he knew at once this letter was no forgery; it was the naïve, happy response of an innocent girl to some base fabrication that had been but too successfully imposed upon her in his name. If he had been her mother he could not have felt more indignant and more pitying. Not a grain of contempt mingled with wrath. "If it lay with me only to prevent it, she should never know what a wicked trick has been played upon her. She is a good little thing. It was such a pleasure to look at her blithe face, to listen to her blithe tongue!" He was about to take up the letter and read it again, but he checked himself—"What can I do? what ought I to do?" groaned he. "It is some woman, some malicious, bad woman who hates her, that has done it." He sat a long while considering, his breakfast untouched, his other letters unopened; and the longer he considered, the more painful and perilous appeared the way out of this atrocious dilemma. "I'll

ride over to Hillminster, and consult Jessie; I must prevail on her to undertake it. I dare not face Lady Mary; and as for this child," he paused, with an exclamation of intolerable compassion and rage, his hand on the letter containing her fond confession, her innocent, joyous reciprocation of all the tender things said to her in the fictitious epistle which she had received as from himself. He rang the bell, and gave orders to have his horse saddled and brought round to the door within ten minutes; and at the end of that time he was mounted and galloping away to Hillminster, through the driving rain.

Sir Jasper Raymond's house was in the Close, not far from the deanery, and Mr. Digby Stuart's appearance there before ten o'clock in such inclement weather gave rise to some speculations amongst the inmates of other stately dwellings about the minster, who happened at that hour to be taking note of what was passing out of doors. He dismounted, drenched and dripping, and, asking for Lady Raymond, was ushered into the library, where she joined him almost immediately.

"Jessie, I want your help," said he, advancing to meet her as she entered.

"It is always at your service, Philip; what is your present need? Sit down, pray; you look ill."

"Some person has played off a sorry jest upon Lady Mary Rivers' daughter and myself. I hardly know how to tell even you, Jessie, it is so cruelly mortifying: and I am at my wits' end how to act. Sibyl has written me a dear little letter in answer to one she believes me to have written to her, of which, God knows, I never thought or penned a line."

"It is Isabel Vernon," said Lady Raymond.

"*Isabel Vernon!* Her own cousin! A woman who must have known the sweet, innocent thing she is."

"Yes; Isabel hates Sibyl — only her own bitter heart can tell why — and this is her shameful revenge. The poor girl betrayed her secret to me early; and Isabel's sharp eyes spied it out a week ago. Let me see Sibyl's letter, then I can advise you better what steps to take."

Mr. Digby Stuart gave it reluctantly, but he did give it; and as Lady Raymond read it, womanly tears glittered in her eyes. Her sole comment, as she came to the conclusion, was—"If you were free, Philip, I would bid you make her your wife; you could not have a dearer or a better."

"But I am not free," was his response.

"You were kind to her; I observed that you liked to be near her, listening to her songs and her prattle."

"Yes, yes; I am conscious of it now. She pleased me—there can be no blame attached to her. Many a man has offered marriage to a woman, and been accepted on slighter grounds than I gave her. But, Jessie, it is not to excuse her I am here now — she needs no excuse to me of all the world. It is to entreat you to be my mediator; to entreat you to see Lady Mary, and explain the cruel jest that has been played upon the child. If any sacrifice within my power could spare it to them I would make it, but I am fast bound hand and foot."

Lady Raymond was frightened at his proposition. "Would it not be easier to compel Isabel Vernon to write, and own to her wicked mischief?" suggested she.

"Easier for us, certainly, but not for Sibyl or her mother. You have kind ways, Jessie; if any one can soften the pain of wounded love and pride, *you* can. Let me burn her poor little letter; it is sacred as a surprised secret of life and death." He took a few perfumed twigs from a spill-case on the chimney, lighted them at the fire, and held the letter in the flame, until it shrunk into tindery film, and fluttered down upon the ashes of the hearth.

"You wish me to go to them, and to-day?" said Lady Raymond.

"Yes, Jessie, I am requiring a hard thing of you!"

"My heart aches for Sibyl, Philip; have I not known the sorrow? but mine was the sorrow without the cruel shame that will embitter hers. I know not how she will bear it, for she is as proud and pure as she is passionate and tender. Isabel Vernon has one plea for her baseness—she does not know what love means. No woman who has ever loved could have played this sorry jest in such deadly earnest."

"Isabel Vernon's part can wait. You will go to Sibyl and Lady Mary?"

"Yes. Sir Jasper is not ailing much this morning; you must keep him company in my absence, and explain as far as needs. If I

prepare now, I can start by the noon train which reaches Scarbro about five."

"God bless you, Jessie! you are a good woman. Trouble has made you very pitiful?" They shook hands on it, trusty friends now, who had been lovers once, and in half an hour Lady Raymond was on her way.

At Scarbro the hours had been strangely long with Sibyl and her mother; and neither had done much to occupy them. Sibyl watched the rain, and the trees, and the sea, with folded hands on her lap and frequent sighs. When it began to darken, Lady Mary bade her come away from the window to the fireside; but she either did not heed or did not hear, for she was still cowering within the curtains when the maid arrived to close them, and brought in lights. The room-door was left ajar while the young woman performed her duties, and during that moment a voice was heard on the stairs which caused Sibyl to start to her feet and cry: "It is Lady Raymond. Why does she come here?"

Her mother had no time to answer before Lady Raymond entered with an ineffectual pretence of ease which she soon dropped. She kissed Sibyl, who stood on the spot where she had risen and made no advance to greet her, and then seated herself beside Lady Mary, keeping fast hold of her tremulous hand.

"Tell us," whispered the mother faintly, glancing towards her daughter. "I guess, but tell us quickly."

"Lady Mary, that love-letter Sibyl replied to yesterday was not written by Mr. Digby Stuart, but by her cousin Isabel Vernon," answered Lady Raymond, forcing out the words with a choking sensation. She could not have added another syllable to soften them if her own life had depended on it, and for the next five minutes there was not a sound in the room. Lady Mary was the first to break the silence.

"Where is that letter, Sibyl? Let us show it to Lady Raymond," was what she said. Sibyl neither moved nor spoke. "My darling, give me the letter," repeated her mother, rising and going to her. Still Sibyl was mute and motionless. Her mother took it out of her bosom; she neither resisted nor uttered a word. Her mother kissed her cooingly as she would have kissed a baby, but she might as well have kissed a face of stone. "What is it? What ails her, Lady Raymond?" stammered she, greatly alarmed.

"It must be the shock; let us lay her down; when she gets leave to cry she will be better." So they laid her down, and where they laid her there she remained, never closing eye or moving limb or lip, suddenly stricken as by a total suspension of every sense, every faculty. They watched by her the night through, and there was no change. They watched by her till the morning, and there was no change. They watched by her through the sunny autumnal day that came after the storm, and there was no change when the sun went down; there was no change any more on earth in the breathing statue that had been instinct once with youth and joyous love, and all the hopes of life in blossom-time.

And how did it all end? This is a true tale, and therefore it can have no end in particular; no neat tying up of loose tags; no decisive sentences of moral or poetical justice.

"I did it in jest. I never expected the letter would deceive her or Aunt Mary either," was Isabel Vernon's quivering defence when her work was brought home to her. Good-natured persons gave her the benefit of the doubt.

Sibyl survived several years. Many expedients were devised to rouse her; cruel expedients they may seem to us. For a little while she was parted from her mother, and during that period Mr. Digby Stuart and her Cousin Isabel were introduced into her presence, with some vague hope that the sight of them might break the spell that held fast-bound her powers of volition. All in vain. They were *alike* to her; him she had loved, and the woman who had done worse than slain her! Isabel disguised herself carefully in her dread of recognition; she need not have dreaded it; Sibyl did not know her own mother.

After a time, professional treatment failing, and the poor soul being quite harmless, Lady Mary took her home again, and they lived in an old-fashioned house, inclosed in a walled garden, in one of the quiet suburbs of Hillminster. George Lansmere once begged to be allowed to see her. "Why give yourself the pain, my dear boy?" Lady Mary said. "She will not remember you, nor will

you remember her." But he did; he saw sweet Sibyl still in that passive figure sitting in the sun, burnt-brown her face as a gleaner's in the harvest-fields, with short rusted hair, and wide pathetic eyes, in which there was no expression but the expression of an animal, wounded, and in desperate pain. Whether she really suffered I cannot tell. Lady Mary long entertained hopes of her restoration; and when friends asked after her daughter, which they did often because it gratified her to know her darling was not forgotten, her usual reply was that she fancied she was a *little* clearer, a *little* brighter.

She had been in this state nearly seven years, when one Sunday morning—Easter-day morning it was—Lady Raymond was summoned from her pillow an hour before dawn, by a message from the old-fashioned house in the suburb. Through the still streets, ere the world was awake, she hurried; and when she entered the garden, where the first sunrays were gleaming and the birds were all a-twitter, Lady Mary met her—met her almost cheerfully. "Too late! you are too late, love; she is gone. It has pleased the good God to take her," said she; then replying to a felt but unspoken inquiry, she added, "No; she did not know me—not even at the last. But she will know me in heaven, she will know me again in heaven!"

Sir Jasper Raymond died in the autumn of the same year as Sibyl, and then the gossips began to say again that Mr. Digby Stuart would marry the widow; but he did not. *Why*, remained still their secret. It was not until nearly ten years after the holy Easter morning when Death came with his merciful order of release to Sibyl, that they were privately married in London. They were then no longer young, but Jessie was always a sweet and loving woman; they married as soon as he was *free*—free from *what* or from *whom* is matter of speculation to the general community of Hillminster still. But Lady Anne Vernon, and one or two others of Mrs. Digby Stuart's nearest and dearest friends, know now that their long separation was due to an old, old folly of his boyhood, when he was deluded into a secret marriage in Paris with a beautiful white witch of a woman who shortly left him, and would afterwards neither live with him nor die to release him. She set up her tent in Rome, and held there a semi-vagabond court of all nations, maintained in part by his liberal allowance, but chiefly by the contributions levied on her train of Platonic admirers, artist folk, gamblers, and the like. She called herself by a picturesque title, and was eccentric rather than bad.

Julia Vernon married Mr. Danvers. She has no children of her own, but she is an excellent mother to his.

Isabel also married—well as to rank and fortune, very meanly as to mate. She also is childless, and on the face of her, she is an unhappy, dissatisfied woman, whom few persons love—she herself loving few or none.

The dean is dead, and Lady Anne lives with her sister Lady Mary, in the old-fashioned house in the suburb.

George Lansmere is lieutenant-colonel now by promotion won in the field of battle. He wears many decorations, amongst others the Cross of Valor, and a bit of glory in an ugly sword cut across the left cheek and temple. He is still a bachelor, and his own mother being long since dead, he calls Lady Mary "mother;" when he has a few days' leave to spare he goes *home* to her like a son.

This is all the end I have to tell to this story of a sorry jest played out in earnest.

The Many Mansions in the House of the Father, Scripturally Discussed and Practically Considered. By G. S. Faber, B. D. Brown & Co. Pp. 456.—This thick volume is inscribed to the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and contains a prefatory memoir of the author by Francis A. Faber, B. D. The writer believes the heavenly bodies to be "The Many Mansions," and that Heaven will be the Earth renewed, and not a moral but a material heaven, as "after the Resurrection we shall exist in a solid material body." He believes, moreover, that angels are like man, and are spirits combined with matter; and that "the Place" of what he calls "Penal Confinement" is in the bowels of the earth, while "the Intermediate State" (which he by no means confounds with Purgatory) "is immediately under the surface of the earth." In support of these and kindred views he brings erudition and scriptural and church authority, and he argues out his case very calmly.—*Reader.*

From The Richmond Inquirer, 12 June.

TWO YEARS HENCE.

In two years, as many persons hope, we may possibly have peace — that is, always provided we continue to repulse and defeat the invading enemy. The Yankee "Democracy" is certainly rousing itself, and preparing for a new struggle (at the ballot-box) in the *great cause of the "spoils,"* or, as they call it, the cause of Constitutional Liberty. Those Democrats are evidently beginning to *raise a Peace platform for their next Presidential election:* and if they have the good luck to be helped on and sustained by more and more serious disasters of the Yankee army in the field, there is no doubt that the present devourers of the said spoils at Washington may soon be so discredited and decried that our enemy's country would be ripe for such peaceful ballot-box revolution.

It is sincerely to be hoped that those earnest champions of constitutional freedom will be helped on and sustained in the manner they require—namely, by continued and severe reverses in the field; and it is the first and most urgent duty of our countrymen so to help and sustain that Democratic party. It is nothing to us which of their factions may devour their "spoils;" just as little does it signify to us whether they recover or do not recover that constitutional liberty which they so wantonly threw away in the mad pursuit of Southern conquest and plunder. *But it is of the utmost importance to us to aid in stimulating disaffection among Yankees against their own Government, and in demoralizing and disintegrating society in that God-abandoned country.* We can do this only in one way — namely, by thrashing their armies and carrying the war to their own firesides. Then, indeed, conscientious constitutional principles will hold sway; peace platforms will look attractive; arbitrary arrests will become odious, and habeas corpus be quoted at a premium. This is the only way we can help them. *In this sense, and to this extent, those Democrats are truly our allies, and we shall endeavor to do our duty by them.*

But they evidently look for other and further help at our hands, and of quite a different sort. No doubt they are pleased for the present, with the efficient aid which the Confederate army is affording them. Chancellorsville was a God-send to them, and the tremendous repulse at Port Hudson is quite a plank in their platform. Yet they understand very well that no matter how soundly their armies may be happily beaten; no matter how completely Lincoln's present war policy may be condemned by its results, yet all this will not be enough to enable the *unterrified Democracy to clutch the "spoils"*—or, as they phrase it, to restore the Constitution of their fathers. This, of itself would never give them a Peace-Democrat President and Cabinet; it would only result in another Abolitionist Administration, with a new Secretary of War, and a new Commander-in-Chief, and a slightly different programme for "crushing the rebellion." Those Black Republicans are in power; after long waiting, pining, intriguing in the cold shade of the opposition; and they have now the numerical preponderance so decidedly that they both can and will hold on to the office with a clutch like death. The Democrats can do absolutely nothing without "the South," as they persist in terming these Confederate States; and they cannot bring themselves to *admit the thought that we would refuse to unite with them (as alas! we used to do) in a grand Universal Presidential campaign, for a Democratic President, with a Peace platform, and the "Constitution as it is."* In fact, this whole two years' war, and the two years' more war which has yet to be gone through, is itself, in their eyes, only a Presidential campaign, only somewhat more vivacious than ordinary.

This explains the Vallandigham Peace Meetings in New York and New Jersey; and the "manly declarations" of Mr. Horatio Seymour and other patriots. "Do not let us forget," says Fernando Wood, writing to the Philadelphia meeting, "that those who perpetrate such outrages as the arrest and banishment of Mr. Vallandigham, do so as necessary war measures. Let us, therefore, strike at the *cause*, and declare for *peace and against the war.*"

This would sound very well if the said "declaring for peace" could have any effect whatever in bringing about peace. If a man falling from a tower could arrest his fall by declaring against it, then the declarations of Democrats against the war might be of some avail. As it is, they resemble that emphatic pronouncement of Mr. Washington Hunt: "Let it be proclaimed *upon the housetops*, that no citizen of New York shall be arrested without process of law." There is no use in

bawling from the housetops what everybody knows to be nonsense. Or this resolution of the New Jersey meeting:—

Resolved, That in the illegal seizure and banishment of the Hon. C. L. Vallandigham, the laws of our country have been outraged, the name of the United States disgraced, and the rights of every citizen menaced, and that it is now the duty of a law respecting people to *demand* of the Administration that it at once and forever desist from such *deeds of despotism and crime*. [Enthusiasm.]

Demand, quotha? The starling that Mr. Sterne saw in the cage, said only "I can't get out." It would have been more "manly" to scream, "I demand to get out—I proclaim on the housetops that I *will* get out."

Another of the New Jersey resolutions throws an instructive light upon this whole movement, and its objects.

Resolved, That we renew our declaration of attachment to the Union, pledging to its friends, *wherever found*, our unwavering support, and to its enemies, in whatever guise, our undying hostility, and that, God willing, we will stand by the Constitution and laws of our country, and under their sacred shield will maintain and defend our liberty and rights, "peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must." [Great cheering.]

This phrase, "wherever found," implies that there are friends of the Union in this Confederacy, and the resolution obligingly pledges to them the support of the New Jersey Democracy—not surely without an equivalent return.

To the same meeting, Gen. Fitz John Porter writes a letter, declaring, of course, for the Constitution and resistance to despotism, and ending thus:—

"The contest of arms, however, will not be required; the certain and peaceful remedy will be found in the ballot-box. Let us all possess our soul in patience. The remedy is ours."

Gen. Fitz John knows well that the remedy is *not* theirs, unless "the South" consent to throw its votes into that same ballot-box; and it is for this, and this only, that the Democratic hook is baited with "Peace." But in a speech of Senator Wall, of New Jersey, before a Democratic Club of Philadelphia (which we find printed in *The Sentinel*), is a passage more fully expounding the Democratic plan than any other we have seen. He says:—

"Subjugation or annihilation being alike impossible, I am in favor of an immediate cessation of hostilities, for an armistice,—that 'mid the lull of the strife the heat of passion shall have time to cool, and the calm, majestic voice of reason can be heard. In the midst of such a calm I am for endeavoring to learn from those in arms against us what their demands may be, and inviting their co-operation in the name of a common Christianity, in the name of a common humanity, to some plan of reconciliation or reconstruction by which the sections may unite upon a more stable basis—a plan in which the questions upon which we have differed so long may be harmoniously adjusted; and each section, by virtue of the greatness developed in this war, may profit by the experience. If it shall be found that sectional opinions and prejudices are too obstinate, and the exasperations of this war have burnt too deep to settle it upon the basis of reconciliation or reconstruction, then I know that separation and reconstruction are inevitable."

Here is the whole plan: an armistice, and then "inviting our co-operation." During that armistice they hope that the "calm, majestic voice of reason" and a "common Christianity" might do something considerable. The game, as they calculate, would then be on the board, with stakes so tempting! Mr. Wall would endeavor "to learn from us what our demands are."

Anything in reason he would be prepared to grant us: but if we replied, our demands are, that you bring away your troops from every inch of our soil, that you leave the Border States free to decide on their own destiny, that you evacuate all our forts and towns which you now hold, and make us rid of you and the whole breed of you forever, then Mr. Wall would exclaim, What, do you call that the calm, majestic voice of reason? is that your common Christianity? He would say, *when I spoke of the calm majestic, etc., I meant the spoils;* when I said a common Christianity, *I meant money*. Let us talk rationally—how much common Christianity will you take?

In vain is a net spread in the sight of any bird. We are 'ware of them; and we will watch them well, and the friends of the Union, "wheresoever found." *Our views go a little further than theirs—we hope to so disorganize and disintegrate society in their country that they will rush into armed revolution and anarchy. We spit upon their ballot-box.*

We care not what they "demand" in resolutions, nor what helpless trash they proclaim on the housetops. We do not believe in their power to attain so much as an armistice for two years to come. If an armistice, indeed, were offered, and the invading troops were withdrawn, of course we should not object to it, and good use could be made of it.

But, mark well, *ye armistice mongers!* During that suspension of hostilities all negotiations must be between government and government. Our lines should be more strictly guarded than ever. No negotiations or fraternization of parties by public meetings or private conferences; *no bargaining with the calm voice of reason; no secret pocketing of Wall's "Common Christianity."*

But armistice there will be none, and we are glad of it. Our sovereign independence is already won and paid for with treasures of brave blood. *It shall not be sold by pedlers, to be built into a Yankee platform.*

From The Athenæum.

Songs in the Night. A Collection of verses by the late Grace Dickinson. Wertheim & Co.

THESE are songs in the night in sad verity! sung by a poor bed-ridden woman in a union workhouse. The description of the circumstances under which they were sung is touching indeed—one of those pathetic facts of life which beat the best fictions of literature. Grace Dickinson became an inmate of the Halifax workhouse in consequence of being in a decline; and it was there she wrote this collection of verse. At first she jotted her thoughts down on a slate—later she was unable to do this; but curiously enough she had learnt the deaf and dumb alphabet on purpose to converse with a poor deaf and dumb workhouse companion, and when she could not sit up in bed to hold her pencil, she dictated her verses to her mute amanuensis. Books have been composed under many singular conditions, but these we look upon as among the most singular and interesting. The chaplain of the Halifax union workhouse vouches for the verses being a genuine expression of the writer's religious feelings, and as such they give us one more proof that many and many a jewel of God gets trampled and darkened in the mire of this world that shall one day shine very brightly in its heavenly setting. They also suggest the thought that men in the position of workhouse chaplains may do a world of good and be great comforters to suffering souls who are let out of life by that grimmest door of death, the pauper's grave. Blessings be upon all who in this way are true to the Master's word! Several of the pieces in this little book may fairly claim a place in collections of hymns, as the following characteristic specimen will show:—

"My lot on earth is poor and mean,
My circumstances sad indeed;
But Jesus cheers the dreary scene:
He meets me in my greatest need.

"He smiles on me though some may turn,
He pities failings none can see;
He welcomes me, whoe'er may spurn:
How kind my Jesus is to me!

"He comforts and he succors me;
He teaches me to look above,
Beyond this life and its rough sea,
To yonder land of rest and love.

"He hushes all my passions still,
He makes the storm become a calm,
Brings sweet submission to his will,
And holds me with his mighty arm.

"He makes the curse a blessing prove;
He turns my sorrow into joy;
He teaches this hard heart to love,
And make His praises my employ.

"He turns my darkness into light,
He makes this earth become a heaven;
Gives inward peace 'midst outward fright:
All glory to His name be given."

The piety is better than the poetry—such is often the case with hymns; and, apart from the literary estimate, the little book deserved publication for the facts which it contains. There must be many kind hearts that will be touched by the story to put forth a helping hand; for it appears that when poor Grace Dickinson fell worn out at the workhouse-door she had with her a burden of two children. These she had toiled hard for during eighteen months of widowhood, and failed at last. These are still living in the workhouse. The book is printed in their behalf; and the dying mother would undoubtedly have thought her verses had won ample fame if she had known that they would be of service to her little ones, as we trust they may be.

SPRING AT THE CAPITAL.

The poplar drops beside the way
Its tasselled plumes of silver-gray ;
The chestnut pouts its great brown buds, impatient for the laggard May.

The honeysuckles lace the wall ;
The hyacinths grow fair and tall ;
And mellow sun and pleasant wind and odorous bees are over all.

Down-looking in this snow-white bud,
How distant seems the war's red flood !
How far remote the streaming wounds, the sickening scent of human blood !

For Nature does not recognize
This strife that rends the earth and skies ;
No war-dreams vex the winter sleep of clover-heads and daisy-eyes.

She holds her even way the same,
Though navies sink or cities flame ;
A snow-drop is a snow-drop still, despite the nation's joy or shame.

When blood her grassy altar wets,
She sends the pitying violets
To heal the outrage with their bloom, and cover it with soft regrets.

O crocuses with rain-wet eyes !
O tender-lipped anemones !
What do ye know of agony and death and blood-won victories ?

No shudder breaks your sunshine trance,
Though near you rolls, with slow advance,
Clouding your shining leaves with dust, the anguish-laden ambulance.

Yonder a white encampment hums ;
The clash of martial music comes ;
And now your startled stems are all a-tremble with the jar of drums.

Whether it lessen or increase,
Or whether trumpets shout or cease,
Still deep within your tranquil hearts the happy bees are murmuring "Peace !"

O flowers ! the soul that faints or grieves
New comfort from your lips receives ;
Sweet confidence and patient faith are hidden in your healing leaves.

Help us to trust, still on and on,
That this dark night will soon be gone,
And that these battle-stains are but the blood-red trouble of the dawn—

Dawn of a broader, whiter day
Than ever blessed us with its ray—
A dawn beneath whose purer light all guilt and wrong shall fade away.

Then shall our nation break its bands,
And, silencing the envious lands,
Stand in the searching light unshamed, with spotless robe, and clean, white hands.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

"OUT IN THE COLD."

BY LUCY LARCOM.

What is the threat ! "Leave her out in the cold ?"
Loyal New England, too loyally bold :
Hater of treason !—ah, that is her crime ;
Lover of freedom, too true for her time.

Out in the cold ? oh, she chooses the place,
Rather than share in a sheltered disgrace,
Rather than sit at a cannibal feast,
Rather than mate with the blood-reeking beast.

Leave out New England ? and what will she do,
Stormy-browed sisters, forsaken by you ?
Sit on her Rock, her desertion to weep ?
Or, like a Sappho, plunge thence in the deep ?

No ; our New England can put on no airs ;
Nothing will change the calm look that she wears.
Life's a rough lesson, she learned from the first,
Up into wisdom through poverty nursed.

Not more distinct on his tables of stone
Was the grand writing to Moses made known,
Than is engraven in letters of light
On her foundations the One Law of Right.

She is a Christian ; she smothers her ire,
Trims up the candle, and stirs the home fire,
Thinking and working and waiting the day
When her wild sisters shall leave their mad play.

Out in the cold, where the free winds are blowing,
Out in the cold, where the strong oaks are growing,
Guards she all growths that are living and great ;
Growths to rebuild every tottering State.

"Notions" worth heeding to shape she has wrought,
Lifted and fixed on the granite of thought ;
What she has done may the wide world behold ;
What she is doing, too, out in the cold.

Out in the cold ! she is glad to be there,
Breathing the northwind, the clear healthful air,
Saved from the hurricane passions that rend
Hearts that once named her a sister and friend.

There she will stay while they bluster and foam,
Planning their comfort when they shall come home,
Building the Union an adamant wall,
Freedom-cemented, that never can fall.

Freedom, dear-bought with the blood of her sons;
See the red current ! right nobly it runs !
Life of her life is not too much to give
For the dear nation she taught how to live.

Vainly they shout to you, sturdy Northwest ;
'Tis her own heart that beats warm in your breast;
Sisters in nature as well as in name,
Sisters in loyalty, true to that claim.

Freedom your breath is, O broad-shouldered North!
Turn from the subtle miasma gone forth
Out of the South land, from Slavery's fen,
Battening demons, but poisoning men.

Still on your Rock, my New England, sit sure,
Keeping the air for the great country pure.
There you the "wayward" ones yet shall enfold;
There they will come to you out in the cold.

—*Taunton Gazette.*

THE LIVING AGE.

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CONTENTS:

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LITTLE CHARLEY.

O Sunshine, making golden spots
Upon the carpet at my feet,
The shadows of the coming flowers;
The phantoms of forget-me-nots
And roses red and sweet!
How can ye seem so full of joy,
And we so sad at heart, and sore?
Angel of Death, again thy wings
Are folded at our door!

We can but yearn through length of days,
For something lost we fancied ours;
We'll miss the darling when the Spring
Has touched the world to flowers.
For thou wast like that dainty month,
Which streams the violet at its feet;
Thy life was slips of golden sun,
And silver tear-drops braided sweet,
And thou wast light, and thou wast shade
And thine were sweet, capricious ways;
Now lost in purple languors, now
No bird in ripe-red Summer days
Were half so wild as thou!

O little Presence! Everywhere
We find some touching trace of thee!
A pencil mark upon the wall
That "naughty hands" made thoughtlessly;
And broken toys around the house,
Where he has left them they have lain,
Waiting for little busy hands
That will not come again—
Will never come again,

Within the shrouded room below
He lies a-cold; and yet we know
It is *not* Charley there;
It is not Charley cold and white,
It is the *robe* that in his flight
He gently laid aside.
Our darling hath not died!
O rare pale lip! O clouded eyes
O violet eyes grown dim!
Ah, well this little lock of hair
Is all of him.
Is all of him that we can keep,
For loving kisses, and the thought
Of him and death may teach us more
Than all our life hath taught!
God walking over starry spheres,
Doth clasp his tiny hand,
And leads him through a fall of tears,
Into the Mystic Land!

Angel of Death! We question not
Who asks of Heaven, "Why doth it rain?"
Angel, we bless thee, for thy kiss
Hath hushed the lips of Pain!
No, "Wherefore?" or "To what good end?"
Shall out of doubt and anguish creep
Into our thoughts; we bow our heads.
"He giveth his beloved sleep!"

T. B. Aldrich.

THE SUNKEN CITY.

By day it lies hidden and lurks beneath
The ripples that laugh with light;
But calmly and clearly and coldly as death,
It glooms into shape by night,
When none but the awful heavens and me
Can look on the City that's sunk in the Sea.

Many a castle I built in the air;
Towers that gleamed in the sun;
Spires that soared so stately and fair
They touched heaven every one,
Lie under the waters that mournfully
Closed over the City that's sunk in the Sea.

Many fine houses, but never a home;
Windows, and no live face!
Doors set wide where no beating hearts come;
No voice is heard in the place:
It sleeps in the arms of Eternity—
The silent City that's sunk in the Sea.

There the face of my dead love lies,
Embalmed in the bitterest tears;
No breath on the lips! no smile in the eyes,
Though you watched for years and years;
And the dear drowned eyes never close from me,
Looking up from the City that's sunk in the Sea.

Two of the bonniest Birds of God
That ever warmed human heart
For a nest, till they fluttered their wings abroad,
Lie there in their chambers apart,—
Dead! yet pleading most piteously
In the lonesome City that's sunk in the Sea.

And oh, the brave ventures there lying in wreck,
Dark on that shore of the Lost!
Gone down, with every hope on deck,
When all-sail for a glorious coast.
And the waves go sparkling splendidly
Over the City that's sunk in the Sea.

Then I look from my City that's sunk in the Sea,
To that Star-Chamber overhead;
And torturingly they question me—
"What of this world of the dead
That lies out of sight, and how will it be
With the City and thee, when there's *no more sea?*"

—All the Year Round.

MAY.

The wet leaves flap, the sad boughs sway;
The Spring is dead, and her child May—
May, who fed the nestling bird—
May, who sang at every word—
May, who turned the dew to wine—
May, who bade the sun to shine—

May, who gave us skies of blue—
May, who brought the cuckoo too—
May, who gave the sunbeams power—
May, who sent the hawthorn flower—
May, who buds with soft rain fed—
May, the Spring's dear child, is dead.

—Chambers's Journal.

From The New Monthly Magazine.

THE PRIMEVAL FORESTS OF THE AMAZONS.*

The boundless forest district which, in the torrid zone of South America, connects the river basins of the Orinoco and the Amazon is, undoubtedly, one of the wonders of the world. This region deserves, according to De Humboldt, to be called a Primeval, or Virgin Forest, in the strictest sense of the word. If every wild forest, densely covered with trees, on which man has never laid his destroying hand, is to be regarded as a primitive forest, then, argues that great naturalist, the phenomenon is common to many parts both of the temperate and the frigid zones; if, however, this character consists in its impenetrability, primitive forests belong exclusively to tropical regions. ("Views of Nature," Bohn's ed., p. 193.)

This is the view entertained of a primeval forest by one of the great authorities on the subject—one who, of all old investigators, Bonpland, Martius, Poppig, and the Schomburgs, and before the time of Wallace and Bates, had spent the longest period of time in primeval forests in the interior of a great continent. Although we prefer to use the term in its simplest and accepted sense, of a forest with which man's toil has had nothing to do, we may add, that in Humboldt's somewhat arbitrary definition as to its "impenetrability," that this is by no means, as is often erroneously supposed in Europe, always occasioned by the interlaced climbing lianas, or creeping plants, for these often constitute but a very small portion of the underwood. The chief obstacles are the shrub-like plants, which fill up every space between the trees in a zone where all vegetable forms have a tendency to become arborescent.

In these great primeval forests man is not. "In the interior of part of the new continent," Humboldt says, in another work, "we almost accustom ourselves to regard men as not being essential to the order of nature. The earth is loaded with plants, and nothing impedes their development. An immense layer of free mould manifests the uninterrupted action of organic powers. The crocodiles and the boas are masters of the river; the jaguar, the peccari, the dante, and the monkeys traverse the forest without fear and without danger: there they dwell as in an ancient inheritance." In fact, just as, geologically speaking, the earth in the epoch of the growth of arboreal ferns in temperate climates, the reign of huge and paradoxical amphibia, and the possible predominance of a hot and humid atmosphere, charged with carbonic acid, was not prepared for man, so the great primeval forests of tropical America are in the present day in the same condition, in a certain sense, and, as yet, the habitation of the predecessor of man only—the monkey—except where clearances are effected.

"This aspect of animated nature, in which man is nothing," Humboldt goes on to remark, "has something in it strange and sad. To this we reconcile ourselves with difficulty on the ocean, and amid the sands of Africa; though in these scenes, where nothing recalls to mind our fields, our woods, and our streams, we are less astonished at the vast solitude through which we pass. Here, in a fertile country adorned with eternal verdure, we seek in vain the traces of the power of man; we seem to be transported into a world different from that which gave us birth. These impressions are so much the more powerful, in proportion as they are of longer duration. A soldier, who had spent his whole life in the missions of the Upper Oroonoko [as De Humboldt spells the name of the river], slept with us on the bank of the river. He was an intelligent man, who, during a calm and serene night, pressed me with questions on the magnitude of the stars, on the inhabitants of the moon, on a thousand subjects of which I was as ignorant as himself. Being unable by my answers to satisfy his curiosity, he said to me, in a firm tone: 'With respect to men, I believe there are no more above than you would have found if you had gone by land from Javita to Cassiquaire. I think I see in the stars, as here, a plain covered with grass, and a forest traversed by a river.' In citing these words, I paint the impression produced by the monotonous aspect of those solitary regions."

There is more in it, though, than appeared at the moment even to the philosophic Humboldt. It is the deeply humiliating sense in man that the primeval forest is not yet prepared to be his abode, that, except in the

* The Naturalist on the River Amazons: a Record of Adventures, Habits of Animals, Sketches of Brazilian and Indian Life, and Aspects of Nature under the Equator, during Eleven Years of Travel. By Henry Walter Bates. Two Vols. John Murray.

spirit of adventure or necessity, renders it so repugnant to him. He feels that it is as yet the inheritance only of arboreal man — the monkey.

Another class of philosophers, like Buckle, have assigned the exceeding luxuriance of vegetation in the primeval forest as the reason why "civilization" cannot gain a firm footing in a region where so much of labor and energy is expended in keeping down the thousands and thousands of germs of vegetable life ever ready to dispute with man the possession of the soil. The expression, however, is erroneous. It should have been "population." There is nothing at all to prevent the highest amount of civilization displaying itself in Amazonia. The great rivers are navigable—open a tract in the forest, and it can be cultivated, and the produce elaborated by all that is most perfect in appliances and machinery — but the energetic vegetation opposes itself to the more humble settler, and hence it acts as a bar upon the spread of population, not of civilization—simply as such.

The first great feature of the primeval forest is, then, its "impenetrability;" the second, is its non-adaptation to the development of the human species; the third, is the exceeding energy and restless rivalry of vegetation. A German traveller, Burmeister, has said that the contemplation of a Brazilian forest produced on him a painful impression, on account of the vegetation displaying such a spirit of restless selfishness, eager emulation, and craftiness. He thought the softness, earnestness, and repose of European woodland scenery were far more pleasing, and that these formed one of the causes of the superior moral character of European nations. According to this view of the case, the primeval forest is not only not suited for the development of man, but is not calculated to improve his moral and intellectual faculties. How this happens will be best explained by an extract from Mr. Bates's admirable work now before us:—

"In these tropical forests each plant and tree seems to be striving to outvie its fellow, struggling upwards towards light and air—branch and leaf and stem—regardless of its neighbors. Parasitic plants are seen fastening with firm grip on others, making use of them with reckless indifference as instruments for their own advancement. Live and let live is clearly not the maxim taught in these wildernesses. There is one kind of parasitic tree, very common near Para, which exhibits this feature in a very prominent manner. It is called the Sipo Matador, or the Murderer Liana. It belongs to the fig order, and has been described and figured by Von Martius in the Atlas to Spix and Martius's Travels. I observed many specimens. The base of its stem would be unable to bear the weight of the upper growth; it is obliged, therefore, to support itself on a tree of another species. In this it is not essentially different from other climbing trees, and plants, but the way the matador sets about it is peculiar, and produces certainly a disagreeable impression. It springs up close to the tree on which it intends to fix itself, and the wood of its stem grows by spreading itself like a plastic mould over one side of the trunk of its supporter. It then puts forth, from each side, an arm-like branch, which grows rapidly, and looks as though a stream of sap were flowing and hardening as it went. This adheres closely to the trunk of the victim, and the two arms meet on the opposite side and blend together. These arms are put forth at somewhat irregular intervals in mounting upwards, and the victim, when its strangler is full grown, becomes tightly clasped by a number of inflexible rings. These rings gradually grow larger as the murderer flourishes, rearing its crown of foliage to the sky mingled with that of its neighbor, and in course of time they kill it by stopping the flow of its sap. The strange spectacle then remains of the selfish parasite clasping in its arms the lifeless and decaying body of its victim, which had been a help to its own growth. Its ends have been served — it has flowered and fruited, reproduced and disseminated its kind and now, when the dead trunk moulders away, its own end approaches; its support is gone, and itself also falls."

The Murderer Sipo merely exhibits, in a more conspicuous manner than usual, the struggle which necessarily exists amongst vegetable life in these crowded forests, where individual is competing with individual and species with species, all striving to reach light and air in order to unfold their leaves and perfect their organs of fructification. All species entail in their successful struggles the injury or destruction of many of their neighbors or supporters, but the process is not in others so speaking to the eye as it is in the case of the matador. The efforts to spread their roots are as strenuous in some plants and trees as the struggle to mount upwards is in others. From these apparent

strivings result the buttressed stems, the dangling air roots, and other similar phenomena.

The impenetrability of primeval forests, their non-adaptation to the human species, and the rivalry of vegetation, are not their only almost peculiar and certainly striking phenomena. The climbing character of the plants and animals is equally remarkable. The tendency to climb, forced upon specific creations by the necessities of circumstance—the getting up in so dense a vegetation to light and air—is peculiarly attested by the fact that climbing trees do not form any particular family or genus. There is no order of plants whose especial habit it is to climb, but species of many and of the most diverse families, the bulk of whose members are not climbers, seem to have been driven by circumstances to adopt this habit. The orders Leguminosæ, the Guttiferæ, Bignoniaceæ, Moraceæ, and others, furnish the greater number. There is even a climbing genus of palms (Desmoncus), the species of which are called, in the Tupi language, Jacitara. These have slender, thickly spined, and flexuous stems, which twine about the taller trees from one to the other, and grow to an incredible length. The leaves, which have the ordinary pinnate shape characteristic of the family, are emitted from the stems at long intervals, instead of being collected into a dense crown, and have at their tips a number of long recurved spines. These structures are excellent contrivances to enable the trees to secure themselves by in climbing; but they are a great nuisance to the traveller, for they sometimes hang over the pathway and catch the hat or clothes, dragging off the one or tearing the other as he passes. The trees that do not climb are for the same reasons exceedingly tall, and their trunks are everywhere linked together by the woody flexible stems of climbing and creeping trees, whose foliage is far away above, mingled with that of the taller independent trees. Some are twisted in strands, like cables, others have thick stems contorted in every variety of shape, entwining, snake-like, round the tree trunks, or forming gigantic loops and coils among the larger branches; others, again, are of zig-zag shape, or indented like the steps of a staircase, sweeping from the ground to a giddy height.

The very general tendency of the animals that dwell in the primeval forests to become climbers is as remarkable as in the plants. It must be premised that the amount and variety of life in the primeval forests is much smaller than would, *à priori*, be expected. There is a certain number of mammals, birds, and reptiles, but they are widely scattered, and all excessively shy of man. The region is so extensive and uniform in the forest clothing of its surface, that it is only at long intervals that animals are seen in abundance when some particular spot is found which is more attractive than others. Brazil, moreover, is throughout poor in terrestrial mammals, and the species are of small size; they do not, therefore, form a conspicuous feature in its forests. The huntsman would be disappointed who expected to find there flocks of animals similar to the buffalo herds of North America, or the swarms of antelopes and herds of ponderous pachyderms of Southern Africa. The largest and most interesting portion of the Brazilian mammal fauna is also aboreal in its habits. All the Amazonian, and in fact, all South American monkeys, are climbers. There is no group answering to the baboons of the Old World which live on the ground. The most intensely arboreal animals in the world are the South American monkeys of the family Cebidæ, many of which have a fifth hand for climbing in their prehensile tails, adapted for this function by their strong muscular development, and the naked palms under their tips. A genus of plantigrade carnivora, allied to the bears (Cercoleptes), found only in the Amazonian forests, is entirely arboreal, and has a long flexible tail like that of certain monkeys. Even the gallinaceous birds of the country—the representatives of the fowls and pheasants of Asia and Africa—are all adapted by the position of the toes to perch on trees, and it is only on trees, at a great height, that they are to be seen. A great proportion of the genera and species of the Geodephaga, or carnivorous ground beetles, are also in these forest regions fitted by the structure of their feet to live exclusively on the branches and leaves of trees. This, according to Mr. Bates, who adopts the Darwinian theory, would seem to teach us that the South American fauna has been slowly adapted to a forest life, and,

therefore, that extensive forests must have always existed since the region was first peopled by mammalia.

Even reptiles and insects do not abound in primeval forests so much as might have been anticipated. A stranger is, at first, afraid in these swampy shades of treading at each step on some venomous reptile. But, although numerous in places, they are by no means so generally, and then they belong, for the most part, to the non-venomous genera. Our traveller got for a few moments once completely entangled in the folds of a snake—a wonderfully slender kind, being nearly six feet in length, and not more than half an inch in diameter at its broadest part. It was a species of dryophis. The hideous sucurugu, or water-boa (Eunectes murinus), is more to be dreaded than the forest snakes, save the more poisonous kinds, as the javaraca (Craspedocephalus atrox), and will often attack man. Boas are so common in the wet season as to be killed even in the streets of Para. Amongst the more common and most curious snakes are the Amphisbœnæ, an innocuous genus, allied to the slow-worm of Europe, and which lives in the subterranean chambers of the saüba ant. The natives call it, as the Orientals would do, Mai das Saübas, "the mother of ants."

The primeval forest is also, for the most part, free from mosquitoes and insect pests. It is this that, with the endless diversity, the comparative coolness of the air, the varied and strange forms of vegetation, and even the solemn gloom and silence, combine to render even this wilderness of trees and lianas attractive. Such places, Mr. Bates remarks, are paradises to a naturalist, and if he be of a contemplative turn, there is no situation more favorable for his indulging this tendency. There is something in a tropical forest akin to the ocean (Humboldt had made the same remark before) in its effects on the mind. Man feels so completely his insignificance there, and the vastness of nature.

Some idea may be formed of the appearance of things in the low ground, by conceiving a vegetation like that of the great palm-house at Kew spread over a large tract of swampy ground, but he must fancy it mingled with large exogenous trees, similar to our oaks and elms, covered with creepers and parasites, and figure to himself the ground encumbered with fallen and rotten trunks, branches, and leaves; the whole illuminated by a glowing vertical sun, and reeking with moisture.

This is not the case, however, with the great extent of the primeval forests—that which is truly geographical in importance, and which stretches many hundreds of miles in some directions without a break. The land is there more elevated and undulating; the many swamp plants, with their long and broad leaves, are wanting; there is less underwood, and the trees are wider apart. The general run of these trees have not remarkably thick stems; the great and uniform height to which they grow without emitting a branch, is a much more noticeable feature than their thickness, but at intervals a veritable giant towers up. Only one of these monstrous trees can grow within a given space; it monopolizes the domain, and none but individuals of much inferior size can find a footing near it. The cylindrical trunks of these larger trees are generally about twenty to twenty-five feet in circumference. Von Martius mentions having measured trees in the Para district which were fifty to sixty feet in girth at the point where they become cylindrical. The height of the vast column-like stems is not less than a hundred feet from the ground to their lowest branch. The total height of these trees, stem and crown together, may be estimated at from a hundred and eighty to two hundred feet, and where one of them stands, the vast dome of foliage rises above the other forest trees as a domed cathedral does above the other buildings in a city. The gallinaceous birds of the forest, perched on these domes, are completely out of reach of an ordinary fowling-piece.

A very remarkable feature in these trees is the growth of buttress-shaped projections around the lower part of their stems. The spaces between these buttresses, which are generally thin walls of wood, form specious chambers, and may be compared to stalls in a stable: some of them are large enough to hold half a dozen persons. The purpose of these structures is as obvious, at the first glance, as that of the similar props of brickwork which support a high wall. They are not peculiar to one species, but are common to most of the larger forest trees. Their nature and manner of growth are explained when a series of young trees of different ages

is examined. It is then seen that they are the roots which have raised themselves ridge-like out of the earth; growing gradually upwards as the increasing height of the tree required augmented support. Thus they are plainly intended to sustain the massive crown and trunk in these crowded forests, where lateral growth of the roots in the earth is rendered difficult by the multitude of competitors.

Many of the woody lianas suspended from trees, it is also to be observed, are not climbers, but the air roots of epiphytous plants (Aroideæ,) whose home is at the top of the forest, in the air, and has no connection with the soil below—a forest above a forest. The epiphytes sit on the strong boughs of the trees above, and hang down straight as plumb-lines. Some are suspended singly, others in leashes; some reach half way to the ground, and others touch it, ultimately, and then strike their rootlets into the ground.

The underwood of the primeval forest varies much in different places; at times it is composed mainly of younger trees of the same species as their taller parents; at others, of palms of many species, some of them twenty to thirty feet in height; others small and delicate, with stems no thicker than a finger: then, again, of a most varied brushwood, or of striving interlacing climbing lianas. Tree ferns belong more to hilly regions and to the forests of the Upper Amazons. Of flowers there are few. Orchids are very rare in the dense forests of the low lands, and what flowering shrubs and trees there are, are inconspicuous. Flower-frequenting insects are, in consequence, also rare in the forest. The forest bees belonging to the genera Melipona and Euglossa, are more frequently seen feeding on the sweet sap which exudes from the trees, or on the excrement of birds on leaves, than on flowers.

The annual, periodical, and diurnal cycle of phenomena, in the primeval forest, are all worthy of notice. As in all intertropical regions, the season is pretty nearly always the same, and there is no winter and summer; the periodical phenomena of plants and animals do not take place at about the same time in all species, or in the individuals of any given species, as they do in temperate countries. Of course there is no hybernation, nor, as the dry season is not excessive, is there any estivation, as in some tropical countries. Plants do not flower or shed their leaves, nor do birds moult, pair, or breed simultaneously. In Europe, a woodland scene has its spring, its summer, its autumnal, and its winter aspects. In the equatorial forests the aspect is the same, or nearly so, every day in the year—a circumstance which imparts additional interest to the diurnal cycle of phenomena—budding, flowering, fruiting, and leaf-shedding, are always going on in one species or another. The activity of birds and insects proceed without interruption, each species having its own separate times. The colonies of wasps, for instance, do not die off annually, leaving only the queens, as in cold climates; but the succession of generations and colonies goes on incessantly. It is never either spring, summer, or autumn, but each day is a combination of all three. With the day and night always of equal length, the atmospheric disturbances of each day neutralizing themselves before each succeeding morn; with the sun in its course proceeding midway across the sky, and the daily temperature the same within two or three degrees throughout the year, how grand in its perfect equilibrium and simplicity is the march of Nature under such peculiar circumstances!

At break of day the sky is, for the most part, cloudless. The thermometer ranges from 72 to 73 deg. Fahr., which is not oppressive. The heavy dew, or the previous night's rain, which lies on the moist foliage, is quickly dissipated by the glowing sun, which rising straight out of the east, mounts rapidly towards the zenith. All nature is refreshed, new leaf and flower-buds expanding rapidly. Some mornings a single tree will appear in flower, amidst what was the preceding evening a uniform mass of green forest—a dome of blossoms suddenly created as if by magic. The birds all come into life and activity, and the shrill yelping of the toucans makes itself more especially heard. Small flocks of parrots take to wing, appearing in distinct relief against the blue sky, always two by two, chattering to each other, the pairs being separated by regular intervals; their bright colors, however, not apparent at that height. The only insects that appears in great numbers are ants, termites, and social wasps; and in the open grounds, dragon-flies.

The heat increases rapidly up to two o'clock, when the thermometer attains an average of from 92 to 93 deg. Fahr., and by that time

every voice of mammal or bird is hushed; only on the trees the harsh whirr of the cicada is heard at intervals. The leaves, which were so moist and fresh in early morning, become lax and drooping; the flowers shed their petals. The Indian and mulatto inhabitants of the open palm-thatched huts are either asleep in their hammocks or seated on mats in the shade, too languid even to talk. On most days in June and July a heavy shower falls, sometimes in the afternoon, producing a most welcome coolness. The approach of the rain-clouds is interesting to observe. First the cool sea-breeze, which commenced to blow about ten o'clock, and which had increased in force with the increasing power of the sun, would flag, and finally die away. The heat and electric tension of the atmosphere then becomes almost insupportable. Languor and uneasiness seize on every one; even the denizens of the forest betraying it by their motions. White clouds appeared in the east; and gather into cumuli, with an increasing blackness along their lower portions. The whole eastern horizon becomes almost suddenly black, and this spreads upwards, the sun at length becoming obscured. Then the rush of a mighty wind is heard through the forest, swaying the tree-tops; a vivid flash of lightning bursts forth, then a crash of thunder, and down streams the deluging rain. Such storms soon cease, leaving bluish-black motionless clouds in the sky until night. Meantime all nature is refreshed; but heaps of flower-petals and fallen leaves are seen under the trees. Towards evening life revives again, and the ringing uproar is resumed from bush and tree. The following morning the sun rises in a cloudless sky, and so the cycle is completed; spring, summer, and autumn, as it were, in one tropical day. The days are, more or less, like this throughout the year. A little difference exists between the dry and wet seasons; but generally the dry season, which lasts from July to December, is varied with showers, and the wet from January to June, with sunny days.

We often read, in books of travels, of the silence and gloom of the primeval forest. They are—Mr. Bates adds his testimony to the fact—realities, and the impression, he says, deepens on a longer acquaintance. The few sounds of birds are of that pensive or mysterious character which intensifies the feeling of solitude rather than imparts a sense of life and cheerfulness. Sometimes, in the midst of the stillness, a sudden yell or scream will startle one; this comes from some defenceless fruit-eating animal, which is pounced upon by a tiger-cat or stealthy boa-constrictor. Morning and evening the howling monkeys make a most fearful and harrowing noise, under which it is difficult to keep up one's buoyancy of spirit. The feeling of inhospitable wildness, which the forest is calculated to inspire, is increased tenfold under this fearful uproar. Often, even in the still hour of mid-day, a sudden crash will be heard, resounding afar through the wilderness, as some great bough or entire tree falls to the ground. There are besides, many sounds which it is impossible to account for. Mr. Bates found the natives, generally, as much at a loss in this respect as himself. Sometimes a sound is heard like the clang of an iron bar against a hard, hollow tree, or a piercing cry rends the air; these are not repeated, and the succeeding silence tends to heighten the unpleasant impression which they make on the mind.

With the natives it is always the "Curupira" the wild man or Spirit of the Forest, which produces all noises they are unable to account for. Myths are the rude theories which mankind, in the infancy of knowledge, invent to explain natural phenomena. The "Curupira" is a mysterious being, whose attributes are uncertain, for they vary according to locality. Sometimes he is described as a kind of uran-utan, being covered with long shaggy hair, and living in trees. At others he is said to have cloven feet, and a bright red face. He has a wife and children, and has been even known to come down to the roças to steal the mandioco. "At one time," Mr. Bates relates, "I had a Mameluco (cross-breed) youth in my service, whose head was full of the legends and superstitions of the country. He always went with me into the forest; in fact, I could not get him to go alone, and whenever we heard any of the strange noises mentioned above, he used to tremble with fear. He would crouch down behind me, and beg of me to turn back. He became easy only after he had made a charm to protect us from the Curupira. For this purpose he took a young palm-leaf, plaited it, and formed it into a ring, which he hung to a branch on our track."

With all these drawbacks, there is plenty,

in the contemplation or exploration of the primeval forest, to counteract any unpleasant impression which these various phenomena, and especially the reckless energy of the vegetation, might produce. There is the incomparable beauty and variety of the foliage, the vivid colors, the richness and exuberance everywhere displayed, which makes the richest woodland scenery in Northern Europe a sterile desert in comparison. But it is especially the enjoyment of life manifested by individual existences which compensates for the destruction and pain caused by the inevitable competition. Although this competition is nowhere more active, and the dangers to which each individual is exposed nowhere more numerous, yet nowhere is this enjoyment more vividly displayed. If vegetation had feeling, its vigorous and rapid growth, uninterrupted by the cold sleep of winter, would, one would think, be productive of pleasure to its individuals.

In animals, the mutual competition may be greater, the predacious species more constantly on the alert than in temperate climates; but there is, at the same time, no severe periodical struggle with inclement seasons. In sunny nooks, and at certain seasons, the trees and the air are gay with birds and insects, all in the full enjoyment of existence; the warmth, the sunlight, and the abundance of food producing their results in the animation and sportiveness of the beings congregated together. We ought not to leave out of sight, too, the sexual decorations—the brilliant colors and ornamentation of the males, which, although existing in the fauna of all climates, reach a higher degree of perfection in the tropics than elsewhere. This seems to point to the pleasures of the pairing seasons. "I think," Mr. Bates remarks upon this, "it is a childish notion that the beauty of birds, insects, and other creatures is given to please the human eye. A little observation and reflection show that this cannot be the case, else why should one sex only be richly ornamented, the other clad in plain drab and gray? Surely, rich plumage and song, like all the other endowments of species, are given them for their own pleasure and advantage. This, if true, ought to enlarge our ideas of the inner life and mutual relations of our humbler fellow-creatures."

Such, then, are the main and leading features of the primeval forest: The impenetrability of this "forêt vierge" par excellence; its non-adaptability to human existence; the rivalry of vegetation; the climbing plants and animals; the few insects, and especially the freedom from mosquitoes; the marsh forest as contradistinguished from the upland forest; the colossal trees with their huge buttresses and pendent air-plants (a forest on a forest); the various underwood and struggling lianas; the absence of flowers; the unvarying character of the annual, periodical, and diurnal cycle of phenomena; the silence and the gloom broken by mysterious and hitherto unexplained sounds; and the sources of enjoyment to be derived from the beauty and variety, richness and exuberance, and the vivid sense of existence with which all living creatures are endowed.

But there are also other and various phenomena which belong to the details of the same extensive regions, and which enter more particularly into a narrative of local explorations. Mr. Bates arrived with Mr. Wallace at Para on the 28th of May, 1848. This city is hemmed in by the perpetual forest on all sides landwards, but the white buildings roofed with red tiles, the numerous towers and cupolas of churches and convents, the crowns of palm-trees reared above the building, all sharply defined against the clear blue sky, give an appearance of lightness and cheerfulness which is most exhilarating. There are also picturesque country-houses to be seen scattered about, half buried in luxuriant foliage. On landing, however, the hot, moist, mouldy air, which seemed to strike from the ground and walls, reminded our explorer of the atmosphere of the tropical stoves at Kew. The merchants and shopkeepers dwelt in tall, gloomy, convent-looking buildings near the port; the poorer class, Europeans, negroes, and Indians, with an uncertain mixture of the three, in houses of one story only, of an irregular and mean appearance. Here, were idle soldiers, dressed in shabby uniforms, carrying their muskets carelessly over their arms; there, were priests, and negresses with red water-jars on their heads, and sad-looking Indian women carrying their naked children astride on their hips. Amongst the latter were several handsome women, dressed in a slovenly manner, barefoot or shod in loose slippers, but wearing richly decorated earrings, and round their

necks strings of very large gold beads. They had dark expressive eyes, and remarkably rich heads of hair. "It was a mere fancy," Mr. Bates says, "but I thought the mingled squalor, luxuriance, and beauty of these women were pointedly in harmony with the rest of the scene, so striking in the view was the mixture of natural riches and human poverty."

The houses were mostly in a dilapidated condition, and signs of indolence and neglect were everywhere visible. The wooden palings which surrounded the weed-grown gardens were strewn about broken; and hogs, goats, and ill-fed poultry wandered in and out through the gaps. But amidst all, and compensating every defect, in the eyes of a naturalist, rose the overpowering beauty of the vegetation. Mangoes, oranges, lemons, dates, palms, bananas, and pine-apples are among the common fruits. There were also all kinds of noises by day and by night, cicidas, crickets and grasshoppers rivalling the plaintive hooting of tree-frogs. This uproar of life never ceases, night nor day, and is one of the peculiarities of a Brazilian climate. The stranger becomes accustomed to it after a time; but Mr. Bates says that, after his return to England, the death-like stillness of summer days in the country appeared to him as strange as the ringing uproar did on his first arrival at Para.

The first walks were naturally directed to the suburbs of Para, through avenues of silk and cotton-trees, cocoa-nut palms, and almond-trees. Much was found to interest our naturalists in their first explorations, the more especially as the species of animals and plants differed widely in the open country from what are met with in the dense primeval forests. Parroquets, humming-birds, vultures, flycatchers, finches, ant-thrushes, tanagers, japirus, and other birds abounded. The tanagers represent our house sparrows. Geckos and other lizards are met with at every step. The gardens afforded fine showy butterflies and other insects. The most remarkable and obnoxious of this tribe were, however, the ants. Of these, two species make themselves more particularly obnoxious. One of these is a giant, an inch and a quarter in length, and stout in proportion. The other is the saüba—the pest of Brazil—whose underground abodes are very extensive. The Rev. H. Clark has related that the saüba of Rio de Janeiro has excavated a tunnel under the bed of the river Parahyba, at a place where it is as broad as the Thames at London bridge. These are the Brunels of the insect world. Besides injuring and destroying young trees, the saüba ant is most troublesome to the inhabitants, from its habit of plundering the stores of provisions in houses at night.

Mr. Bates speaks of Para—albeit a tropical city—as very healthy. English residents, who had been established there twenty or thirty years, looked almost as fresh in color as if they had never left their native country. "The equable temperature, the perpetual verdure, the coolness of the dry season when the sun's heat is tempered by the strong sea-breezes, and the moderation of the periodical rains, make," he says, "the climate one of the most enjoyable on the face of the earth." It is, however, exposed to fearful attacks of epidemics.

The original Indian tribes of the district are now either civilized, or have amalgamated with the white and negro immigrants. Their distinguishing tribal names have long been forgotten, and the race bears now the general appellation of Tapuyo, which seems to have been one of the names of the ancient Tupinambas. The Indians of the interior, still remaining in the savage state, are called by the Brazilians, Indios or Gentios (heathens). All the semi-civilized Tapuyos speak the Lingoa Geral—a language adapted by the Jesuit missionaries from the original idiom of the Tupinambas. The language of the Guaranis, living on the Paraguay, is a dialect of it, and hence it is called by philologists the Tupi-Guarani language; printed grammars of it are always on sale at the shops of the Para booksellers. The fact of one language having been spoken over so wide an extent of country as that from the Amazons to Paraguay, is quite an isolated one, and points to considerable migrations of the Indian tribes in former times. At present the languages spoken by neighboring tribes on the banks of the interior rivers are totally distinct; on the Juara, even, scattered hordes belonging to the same tribe are not able to understand each other.

The mixed breeds, which now form, probably, the greater part of the population of the province of Para, have each a distinguishing name. Mameluco denotes the offspring

of White with Indian; Mulatto, that of White with Negro; Cafuzo, the mixture of the Indian and Negro; Curiboco, the cross between the Cafuzo and the Indian; Xibaro, that between the Cafuzo and Negro. These crosses are seldom, however, well demarcated, and all shades of color exist; the names are generally only applied approximately. The term Creole is confined to negroes born in the country. Trade and planting is chiefly in the hands of the whites, the half-breeds constitute the traders, the negroes the field laborers and porters, the Indians the watermen. Amusingly enough, there are Gallegos, or Gallican water-carriers in Para, as well as in Oporto and Lisbon.

The semi-aquatic life of the people is one of the most interesting features of the country. The montaria, or boat of five planks, takes the place of the horse, mule, or camel of other regions. Almost every family has also an igarite, or canoe, with masts and cabin. Our traveller's first experiences with the montaria was not happy. He got upset, and had to run about naked whilst his clothes were being dried on a bush. Marmosets, a family of monkeys, small in size, and more like squirrels than true monkeys in their manner of climbing, are common in Para, and are often seen in a tame state in the houses of the inhabitants. Many other species of monkeys are also kept tame. We have seen a French sketch of Para which has a monkey at every door.

In August, 1848, Messrs. Bates and Wallace started on an excursion up the Tocantins, a vast tributary to the Para River, which is ten miles in breadth at its mouth, and has been compared by Prince Adalbert of Prussia to the Ganges. Unfortunately, the utility of this fine stream is impaired by the numerous obstructions to its navigation in the shape of cataracts and rapids, which commence about a hundred and twenty miles from Cameta — a town of some importance, pleasantly situated on the left bank of the river some twenty miles from its embouchure. The river at that place is only five miles in width, and the broad expanse of dark green waters is studded with low, palm-clad islands. There are towns, villages, and large planters' establishments along the banks. The inhabitants are chiefly Mamelucos, showing that the mixed race thrives best in this climate, and they lead an easy, lounging, semi-amphibious kind of life. There is, says Mr. Bates, a free, familiar, *pro bono publico* style of living in these small places, which requires some time for a European to fall into. People walk in and out of the houses as they please. There is, however, a more secluded apartment, where the female members of the families reside. These Mamelucos are, however, by no means ignorant, and there is many a classical library in mud-plastered and palm-thatched huts on the banks of the Tocantins. Higher up the river they met with families of tawny white Mamelucos encamped in the woods, to enjoy the cooler air and fresh fish. When we say encamped, their hammocks were slung between the tree trunks, and the litter of a numerous household lay scattered about. They had even their pet animals with them, and they picnic thus for three months at a time, the men hunting and fishing for the day's wants. On the 16th of September our travellers arrived at the first rapids, beyond which the river became again broad (it was about a mile at the rapids) and deep, and the scenery was beautiful in the extreme. They persevered up to the second falls at Arroyos, where the bed of the river, about a mile wide, is strewn with blocks of various sizes, and the wildness of the scene added to the roar of the rapids was very impressive. The descent by which they exchanged the dry atmosphere, limpid waters, and varied scenery of the upper river, for the humid flat region of the Amazons valley, was effected without any particular incidents. One day, when they were running their montaria to a landing-place, they saw a large serpent on the trees overhead; the boat was stopped just in the nick of time, and the reptile brought down with a charge of shot. At the mouth of the Tocantins, numbers of fresh-water dolphins were rolling about in shoaly places. There were two species: one, the Tucuxi, rises horizontally, showing first its back fin, draws an inspiration, and then dives gently down, headforemost; the other, the Bouto, or porpoise, rises with its head upwards, it then blows, and immediately afterwards dips, head downwards, its back curving over. It seems thus to pitch head over heels. There is nothing that speaks more eloquently of the vast size of the "Queen of Rivers" than the presence of these fresh-water dolphins and porpoises. Both species are exceedingly numer-

ous throughout the Amazons and its larger tributaries, but they are nowhere more plentiful than in the shoaly water at the mouth of the Tocantins, especially in the dry season. In the Upper Amazons, a third pale flesh-colored species is also abundant. With the exception of a species found in the Ganges, all other varieties of dolphin and porpoises inhabit exclusively the sea. In the broader parts of the Amazons, from its mouth to a distance of fifteen hundred miles in the interior, one or other of the three kinds here mentioned are always heard rolling, blowing, and snorting, especially at night, and these noises contribute much to the impression of sea-wide vastness and desolation which haunts the traveller. Besides dolphins, porpoises, river cows, and anacondas in the water, frigate birds and fluviatile gulls and terns in the air are characteristic of the same great river. Flocks of the former were seen on the Tocantins hovering above at an immense height.

Mr. Bates stayed some time, at an after period, at Cameto, the chief produce of which are cacao, india-rubber, and Brazil nuts, and the population about five thousand. The inhabitants are almost wholly of a hybrid nature. The Portuguese settlers were nearly all males, the Indian women were good-looking, and made excellent wives; so the natural result has been, in the course of two centuries, a complete blending of the two races. The lower classes are as indolent and sensual as in other parts of the province, a moral condition not to be wondered at in a country where perpetual summer reigns, and where the necessaries of life are so easily obtained. But they are light-hearted, quick-witted, communicative, and hospitable. The forest here is traversed by several broad roads, which pass generally under shade, and part of the way through groves of coffee and orange-trees, fragrant plantations of cacao, and tracts of second-growth woods. The houses along these beautiful roads belong chiefly to Mameluco, mulatto, and Indian families, each of which has its own plantation. Besides the main roads, there are endless by-paths which thread the forest, and communicate with isolated houses. Along these the traveller may wander day after day without leaving the shade, and everywhere meet with cheerful, simple, and hospitable people.

Mr. Bates had an opportunity here of verifying a fact in natural history which has been doubted. He detected a large hairy spider in the act of disposing of two small birds—finches—which he had caught in his dense white web. The hairs with which these bird-killing spiders are clothed come off when touched, and cause a peculiar, and our author says from sad experience, an almost maddening irritation. One day he saw some children with one of these monster spiders secued by a cord round its waist, by which they were leading it about the house as they would a dog! There were only two monkeys near Cameta: the Pithecia satanas, a large species, clothed with long brownish black hair, and the tiny white and rare Midas argentatus, which, running along a branch, looked like white kittens. There were plenty of humming-birds; and Mr. Bates says there was no need for poets to invent elves and gnomes whilst Nature furnishes us with such marvellous little sprites ready to hand.

Among other excursions made in the province of Para was one to Caripi, a Scotch gentleman's establishment in a region once the centre of flourishing estates, but which have now relapsed into forest in consequence of the scarcity of labor and diminished enterprise. Mr. Bates was much troubled here with blood-sucking bats, which got into his hammock and bit him on his hip. A feline animal called the Sassu-arana, or false deer, from its color, was also met with at this spot. The great ant-eater was likewise not uncommon. It was killed for the sake of its flesh, which is something like goose in flavor; sometimes, however, it would in its turn nearly kill the dogs that hunted it. It seems a pity to destroy this useful animal, where the ants are the pests of the country. There are at least four species, two of which are very small, and essentially arboreal. The great banded and maned ant-eater is the only ground species, just as the megatherium was the only ground species of the allied group of sloths, which are still more exclusively South American forms than ant-eaters. Humming-birds abounded in the orange-groves, and Mr. Bates several times shot by mistake a bird hawk-moth instead of a bird. It was only after many days' experience, he says, that he learnt to distinguish one from the other when on the wing. This resemblance, which is the subject of a curious illustration in Mr. Bates's work, has attracted the notice of the natives, all of whom, even educated whites,

firmly believe that one is transmutable into the other. The resemblance is certainly remarkable; but there is nothing more in it. The analogy between the two creatures has been brought about, probably, by the similarity of their habits—both poising themselves before a flower whilst probing it with their proboscis. Mr. Gould relates that he once had a stormy altercation with an English gentleman, who affirmed that humming-birds were found in England, for he had seen one flying in Devonshire; meaning thereby the humming-bird hawk-moth, of which we have one well-known indigenous species.

Snakes abounded in this region; many of the species were arboreal, and sometimes looked like the flexuous stem of a creeping plant endowed with life, and threading its way amongst the leaves and branches—animated lianas. It was rather alarming, in entomologizing about the trunks of trees, to suddenly encounter, on turning round, a pair of glittering eyes and a forked tongue within a few inches of one's head. Water-snakes will also sometimes take the bait intended for a fish, and the Amazonian angler often brings an unwelcome visitor to the surface. The extraction of the hook, which is generally swallowed, as with an eel, is an operation that is, we suppose, left to some bystander.

A curious question in connection with the acclimatization and domestication of animals—a subject which occupies the attention of Europe, as well as of Australia and other countries, in the present day—presented itself at Murucupi, a creek where Indians and half-breeds had lived for many generations in perfect seclusion from the rest of the world, the place being little known or frequented. The spot is described, as far as scenery is concerned, as exquisitely beautiful. Then, again, the inhabitants had groves of bananas, mangoes, cotton, palm-trees, pawpaws, coffee, and sugar. They had also plots of Mandisca and Indian corn. But animal food is as much a necessary of life in this exhausting climate as it is in Europe. Now these people have no idea of securing a constant supply of meat by keeping cattle, sheep, or hogs, nor is there any lack of tamable animals fit for human food in the Amazonian forests. There are the tapir, the paca, the cutia, and the curassow turkeys; but the management of domestic animals is unsuited to their tastes, and such, says Mr. Bates, is the inflexibility of organization in the red man, and by inheritance from Indians also in half-breeds, that the habit seems impossible to be acquired by them, although they show great aptitude in other respects for civilized life. Thus they continue to be fishers and hunters, despite the fatigue and uncertainty of the process; and this inveterate instinct is far more opposed to their progress in civilization than the more imaginary one of their competition with an excessive vegetation.

On the first night of the rainy season there was a tremendous uproar—tree-frogs, crickets, goat-suckers, and owls, all joining to perform a deafening concert. The croaking and hooting of frogs was so loud that they could not hear one another's voices within doors. Ants and termites came forth in the winged state next day. Mr. Bates retreated to Para under these adverse circumstances, and began to prepare for an expedition up the Amazons. At this epoch (1849) steamers had not been introduced, and nearly all communication with the interior was by means of sailing-vessels, and the voyage, made in this way, was tedious in the extreme. When the regular east wind blew—the "vento geræ," or trade wind of the Amazons—sailing-vessels could get along very well; but when this failed, they were obliged to remain, sometimes many days together, anchored near the shore, or progress laboriously by means of the "espia." This, where the density of vegetation put tracking out of the question, was accomplished by sending forward a cable by a montaria, which was secured to a tree or bough, and the vessel hauled up, and so on, repeating the process. Anything more tedious it is difficult to imagine. Mr. Bates obtained a passage in a schooner belonging to a young Mestizo, named Joao da Cunha Correia, who was ascending the river on a trading expedition. The channel by which the passage had to be effected from the Para to the Amazons was not more than eighty to one hundred yards in width, and was hemmed in by two walls of forest, which rose perpendicularly from the water to a height of seventy or eighty feet. The water was of great and uniform depth, even close to the banks. They seemed, indeed, to be in a deep gorge, and the strange impression produced was augmented by the dull echoes produced by the voices of the In-

dian crew and the splash of their paddles. This channel was thirty-five miles long, and it took three days and a half in effecting the passage. The extremity of the channel is said to be haunted by a Paje, or Indian wizard, whom it is necessary to propitiate by depositing some article on the spot, if the voyager wishes to secure a safe return from the "sertão," as the interior of the country is called. Here the trees were all hung with rags, shirts, straw-hats, bunches of fruit, and so forth. The men caught plenty of fish in these channels, the prevailing kind being a species of Loricaria, wholly encased in bony armor. A small alligator, not more than two feet in length, is also found in the shallow creeks.

The channel, on entering the Amazons Proper, formed a splendid reach, sweeping from south-west to north-east, with a horizon of water and sky both up stream and down. The majestic river did not, however, present the lake-like aspect which the waters of the Para and Tocantins affect, but had all the swing, so to speak, of a vast flowing stream. There was a spanking breeze, and the vessel bounded gaily over the waters. The same evening, however, a furious squall burst forth, tearing the waters into foam, and producing a frightful uproar in the neighboring forests. In half an hour all was again calm, and the full moon appeared sailing in a cloudless sky.

The Amazons is at the junction of the Xingu, one of its great tributaries, ten miles broad, and, with the exception of a trifling detention of two days in the sickening heat, becalmed, the weather was delightful, the air transparently clear, and the breeze cool and invigorating. At daylight on the 6th, a chain of blue hills, the Serra de Almeyrim, appeared in the distance on the north bank of the river. The sight was most exhilarating, after so long a sojourn in a flat country. The coast throughout is described, however, as having a most desolate aspect: the forest is not so varied as on the higher land, and the water frontage, which is destitute of the green mantle of climbing plants that form so rich a decoration in other parts, is encumbered at every step with piles of fallen trees, peopled by white egrets, ghostly storks, and solitary herons. The Almeyrim range is only the first of a long series of hilly ranges, each having their separate names, and, for the most part, with steep rugged sides, destitute of trees and clothed with short herbage, but here and there exposing bare white patches. One of these ranges, called the Paranaquara, is remarkable for its flat tops. The valley, or river plain, is contracted to its narrowest breadth in this hilly region, being only from four to five miles broad. In no other part of the river do the highlands on each side approach so closely. Beyond, they gradually recede, and the width of the river valley consequently increases, until in the central parts of the Upper Amazons it is no less than five hundred and forty miles.

Santarem, a beautifully situated town, which Mr. Bates made his head-quarters for no less than three years, lies at the mouth of the Tabajos, and, although four hundred miles from the sea, is accessible to vessels of heavy tonnage coming straight from the Atlantic. There is plenty of land here, and the Tapajos opens a direct way into the heart of the mining provinces of interior Brazil. But where is the population to come from, inquires Mr. Bates, to develop the resources of this fine country? At present the district, within a radius of twenty-five miles, contains barely six thousand five hundred inhabitants; behind the town the country is uninhabited, and jaguars roam nightly close up to the ends of the suburban streets. This while other countries are groaning under the necessity of contributing to the support of an excessive population. The tendency of mankind is to cumulate, instead of wisely distributing itself amidst virgin lands, forests, and waters. The progress in such regions is, hence, of an almost geological slowness.

Mr. Bates took up his head-quarters for the time being at Obydos, a small town of twelve hundred inhabitants, on the north bank, airily situated on a high bluff and in a hilly district. The river here is contracted to a breadth of rather less than a mile (1,738 yards), and the entire volume of its waters, the collective product of a score of mighty streams, is poured through the strait with tremendous velocity, and a depth of from thirty to forty fathoms. Behind is an extensive lake, called the Lago Grande da Villa Franca, which communicates with the Amazons both above and below Obydos. The inhabitants of Santarem are mainly whites, and they have lately imported negroes, before which they used to do, what a free negro is

said to have recommended us to do in Australia, to force servitude on the Indians. It is indeed questionable if it is not better to teach the savages to earn a livelihood by honest industry, than to let them starve in idleness. There were heiresses at Obydos whose property was reckoned in cacao plantations, oxen, and slaves. Some enterprising young men had come over from Para and Maranham to appropriate to themselves the ladies and their fortunes. The people were very sociable and hospitable, but only one had enterprise sufficient to establish a sugar-mill.

The forest around Obydos was more varied than it is in the Amazons region generally, and is rendered utterly impenetrable by the thick undergrowth of plants of the pine-apple order, and by cacti. Monkeys abounded, and one species, a coaita, is much esteemed as an article of food. The worst is, that this is just the most mild, affectionate, intelligent, and human-like monkey. A wood-cricket is also met with here that sings so loudly that the natives place it, like a bird, in a wicker-work cage. Mr. Bates likewise met with some transition forms here among butterflies, which he believes tend to show that a physiological species can be and is produced in nature out of the varieties of a pre-existing closely allied one. The process of origination of a species in nature, he remarks, as it takes place successively, must be ever, perhaps, beyond man's power to trace, on account of the great lapse of time it requires. But we can obtain a fair view of it by tracing a variable and far-spreading species over the wide area of its present distribution, and a long observation of such will lead to the conclusion that new species in all cases must have arisen out of variable and widely disseminated forms.

Mr. Bates started from Obydos in a trader's boat, passing on his way numerous houses, each surrounded by its grove of cacao-trees. A cacao-tree costs about sixpence, and one family manages its own small plantation of ten to fifteen thousand trees. The life of these cacao cultivators is pleasant: the work is all done under the shade, and occupies only a few weeks in the year. But the people are poor, for they have no gardens, orchards, or domestic animals, and they live on fish and farinha. At night-time the boat generally lay to, and dinner was also cooked ashore, either in a shady nook of the forest or at the house of some settler. The mornings were cool and pleasant, but by evening the heat would grow intolerable; later, however, the hours were delicious. The hammocks were swung on deck, and they went to sleep amid a perpetual chorus of animals, among whom the chief performers were the howling monkeys. Their frightful, unearthly roar deepened the feeling of solitude which crept on as darkness closed around them. Soon after, the fireflies came forth and flitted about the trees. As night advanced, all became silent in the forest, save the occasional hooting of tree-frogs, or the monotonous chirping of wood-crickets and grasshoppers. Now and then they came to large islands with sand-banks—open spaces in which the canoe-men take great delight—and hence they generally land at them, spending part of the day in washing and cooking. These sand-banks resembled the sea-shore. Flocks of white gulls were flying overhead, and sandpipers coursed along the edge of the water. These birds must have adapted fluviatile habits like the tern on the Nile and Euphrates. In this peculiarity they are analogous to the dolphins and porpoises, which in so vast a stream as the Amazons are, as we have seen, no longer marine, but purely fluviatile creations. There were also plenty of rarer birds, ibises, unicorn-birds, that bray like a jackass, barbets, or pig-birds, and others.

An elevated wooded promontory constitutes the boundary between the provinces of Para and Amazons. Beyond this the explorers stopped four days at the village of Villa Nova. There were pools here, in which grew the Victoria water-lily, and which swarmed with water-fowl, snowy egrets, striped herons, and gigantic storks. Canary-birds and macaws were stirring in the trees. There were also hawks and eagles. At a subsequent period, Mr. Bates passed eight months at this lively spot. The whole tract of land here is, in reality, a group of islands which extend from a little below Villa Nova to the mouth of the Madiera, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles; the breadth of this island and lacustrine district varying from ten to twenty miles. The country bordering these interior waters is said to be extremely fertile and not insalubrious, the broad lakes having clear waters and sandy

shores. They abound in fish and turtle, and swarm with wild-fowl. The woods, unfortunately, abound in ticks, as in red acari in other places, which mount to the tips of blades of grass, and attach themselves to the clothes of passers-by. Mr. Bates says it occupied him a full hour daily to pick them off his flesh after his diurnal rambles. The Urubu vultures were another annoyance. They are so bold that if the kitchen was left unguarded for a moment, they walked in and lifted the lids of the saucepans with their beaks to rob them of their contents. They also follow the fishermen to the lakes, where they gorge themselves with the offal of the fisheries. Kept in their proper places, they are manifestly useful scavengers. The butterflies were at once colossal and most beautiful, and our naturalist describes it as a grand sight to see them by twos and threes floating at a great height in the still air of a tropical morning.

A next stay of ten days was made at a village where a line of clay cliffs diverts the course of the river. At a festival here, the meal consisted of a large boiled pirarucu—a manatee, or river cow—which had been harpooned for the purpose in the morning. Mr. Bates describes the meat as having the taste of very coarse pork; but the fat, which lies in thick layers, is of a greenish color, and of a disagreeable, fishy flavor. The manatee, or "vacca marina," as it is also called, is one of the few objects which excite the dull wonder and curiosity of the Indians, notwithstanding that it is very common. The fact of its suckling its young at the breast, although an aquatic animal, seems to strike them as something very strange. One was killed on the Upper Amazons which was nearly ten feet in length and nine feet in girth at the broadest part.

Mr. Bates did not proceed on his first ascent of the Amazons beyond Barra, a large goodly town at the junction of the Rio Negro, and which is now the principal station for the lines of steamers which were established in 1853—a steamer running once a fortnight between Para and Barra, and a bi-monthly one plying between the latter place and Nanta, in the Peruvian territory. On a second excursion, Mr. Bates left Barra for Ega, the first town of any importance on the Solimoens, while Mr. Wallace explored the Rio Negro. The distance is nearly four hundred miles, which he accomplished in a small cuberta, manned by ten stout Cucama Indians, in thirty-five days. On this occasion he spent twelve months in the upper region of the Amazons. He revisited the same country in 1855, and devoted three years and a half to a fuller exploration of its natural productions. This in addition to his residence at Santarem and the exploration of the Tapajos.

The sketches of life and of the aspects of nature under such various circumstances, and during such a lengthened period, are minutely detailed and very entertaining—nor were all these explorations effected without adventures. When on the Cupari, a tributary to the Tapajos, a Sucuruju (the Indian name for the anaconda, or great water-serpent, Eunectes murinus) robbed the hen-coop in the boat. Some days afterwards, the young men belonging to the different sitios agreed together to go in search for the serpent, which had committed many other depredations. It was found after a long search, sunning itself on a log at the mouth of a muddy rivulet, and was despatched with harpoons. It was not a large one, only eighteen feet nine inches in length, but it had a most hideous appearance, owing to its being very broad in the middle and tapering abruptly at both ends.

At Ega, Mr. Bates relates, a large anaconda was near making a meal of a young lad about ten years of age. The father and his son went one day in their montaria a few miles up the Teffé, to gather wild fruit; landing on a sloping, sandy shore, where the boy was left to mind the canoe whilst the man entered the forest. The beaches of the Teffé form groves of wild guava and myrtle-trees and during most months of the year are partly overflown by the river. Whilst the boy was playing in the water under the shade of these trees, a huge reptile of this species stealthily wound its coils around him, unperceived till it was too late to escape. His cries brought his father quickly to the rescue, and he rushed forward, and seizing the anaconda boldly by the head, tore its jaws asunder. There appears to be no doubt that this formidable serpent grows to an enormous bulk, and lives to a great age, for Mr. Bates heard of specimens having been killed which measured forty-two feet in length. The natives of the Amazons country universally be-

lieve in the existence of a monster water-serpent, said to be many score fathoms in length, which appears successively in different parts of the river. They call it the Mai d'agoa—"the mother or spirit of the water." This fable, which was doubtless suggested by the occasional appearance of Sucurujus of unusually large size, takes a great variety of forms, and the wild legends form the subject of conversation amongst old and young, over the wood fires in lonely settlements.

One day that Mr. Bates was entomologizing alone and unarmed, in a dry ygapo, where the trees were rather wide apart and the ground coated to the depth of eight or ten inches with dead leaves, he was near coming into collision with a boa-constrictor. He had just entered a little thicket to capture an insect, and was pinning it, when he was startled by a rushing noise. He looked up to the sky thinking a squall was coming on, but not a breath of wind stirred in the tree-tops. On stepping out of the bushes, he met face to face a huge serpent coming down a slope, and making the dry twigs crack and fly with his weight as he moved over them. He had frequently met with a smaller boa, the Cutim-boia, in a similar way, and knew from the habits of the family that there was no danger, so he stood his ground. On seeing him the reptile suddenly turned, and glided at an accelerated pace down the path. There was very little of the serpentine movement in his course. The rapidly-moving and shining body looked like a stream of brown liquid flowing over the thick bed of fallen leaves, rather than a serpent with skin of varied colors. The huge trunk of an uprooted tree lay across the road; this he glided over in his undeviating course, and soon after penetrated a dense swampy thicket, where Mr. Bates, who had set after him at first, says he did not care to follow him.

Adventures with alligators are not less amusing. One day, when out turtle fishing in the pools in the neighborhood of Ega, when the net was formed into a circle, and the men had jumped in, an alligator was found to be enclosed. "No one," Mr. Bates says, "was alarmed, the only fear expressed being that the imprisoned beast would tear the net. First, one shouted, 'I have touched his head;' then another, 'He has scratched my leg.' One of the men, a lanky Miranha, was thrown off his balance, and then there was no end to the laughter and shouting. At last a youth of about fourteen years of age, on my calling to him from the bank to do so, seized the reptile by the tail, and held him tightly, until, a little resistance being overcome, he was able to bring it ashore. The net was opened, and the boy slowly dragged the dangerous but cowardly beast to land through the muddy water, a distance of about one hundred yards. Meantime, I had cut a strong pole from a tree, and as soon as the alligator was drawn to solid ground, gave him a sharp rap with it on the crown of his head, which killed him instantly. It was a good-sized individual; the jaws being considerable more than a foot long, and fully capable of snapping a man's leg in twain." The species was the large cayman, the Jacaréuassu of the Amazonian Indians (Jacare nigra).

At another spot in the same neighborhood no one could descend to bathe without being advanced upon by one or other of these hungry monsters. There was much offal cast into the river, and this, of course, attracted them to the place. "One day," Mr. Bates relates, "I amused myself by taking a basketful of fragments of meat beyond the line of ranchos, and drawing the alligators towards me by feeding them. They behaved pretty much as dogs do when fed; catching the bones I threw them in their huge jaws, and coming nearer and nearer, showing increased eagerness after every morsel. The enormous gape of their mouths, with their blood-red lining and long fringes of teeth, and the uncouth shape of their bodies, made a picture of unsurpassable ugliness. I once or twice fired a heavy charge of shot at them, aiming at the vulnerable part of their bodies, which is a small space situated behind their eyes, but this had no other effect than to make them give a hoarse grunt and shake themselves; they immediately afterwards turned to receive another bone which I threw to them."

From Good Words.

CHRISTMAS EVANS.*

There are few travellers or tourists in Wales who will not remember having seen at some halting-place in their rambles, either at the seaside lodging-house, or in the little parlor of the country inn, a picture of an unprepossessing countenance, with one eye quite closed up, and very little apparent speculation in the other. If this portrait were met with anywhere but in Wales, it would probably at once be taken for a representation of some renowned pugilist copied from the original very shortly after one of his professional engagements. But as every one knows that in Wales the people seldom exhibit portraits of any but divines, the visitor is constrained to take a closer inspection of the picture, and from the wisp of white neck-tie, the high black coat collar, and the *tout ensemble* of the costume, he is impelled to the conclusion that the suspected gladiator is verily a member of the clerical ranks. Though by profession clerical, however, our friend does not seem to be very dainty of his "cloth:" for even in an engraving his coat appears to indicate rude manufacture, and long wear. Lavater himself might well be puzzled to divine the powers or the passions which the drowsy face denotes; for with the exception of a sort of sluggish, elephantine humor expressed in the one eye which is supposed to be susceptible of daylight, a drearier or more stolid physiognomical blank it is difficult to conceive.

Yet this is a faithful likeness of a great man. We use the word great in its more conventional sense, and not as implying the possession of the higher and subtler intellectual endowments, for the most partial and enthusiastic Cambrian would scarcely claim these qualities for his idol. For it is before the picture of an idol that we stand; a man as emphatically and devotedly *worshipped* in his day, as any deity of heathendom; and more so, probably, within his own sphere than any one hero of a man-worshipping age.

It is a pity that this picture was not taken whilst this Welsh apostle was engaged in public labor, at the moment that his violent imagination was revelling amidst its mildest and most grotesque extremes. Then would have become apparent in the face some index of the specialities of the man; for if ever there was a man whose general appearance in repose belied his character, that man was Christmas Evans.

It is difficult, if not impossible, for the most phlegmatic spectator to look upon a dense and eager crowd of people unmoved. But no phlegmatic spirit could *attract* a crowd around himself. There never probably in the history of oratory was an eye which surveyed such vast multitudes of which itself was the centre, as the one eye of Christmas Evans. If an artist could have sketched him then, there would have been an almost inspired animation in the face which is stereotyped as so dull and heavy. Not that there was no fire within; far from that. He had a feverish soul—an almost volcanic nature—there was lava under that drowsy exterior, and it lay very near the surface. But it needed some fire from without to kindle the fire within, and oftentimes the inspiration of the mighty crowds which came to hear him preach effected this in a marvellous degree. Vast crowds they were; and as curious as they were vast. It would have been indeed a study for a painter to have looked upon the rapt fixedness of the upturned faces of the tens of thousands who thronged round this uncouth declaimer, as he held them spell-bound by his weird and rugged eloquence. I can imagine a reader starting at the expression tens of thousands, as applied to one congregation, but in several instances it is not an overstatement. I have been assured by several ministers in Wales, that as many as forty or fifty thousand people have been congregated together at the services he has conducted. The effect of his name in the heyday of his popularity in Wales was talismanic. No matter how formal the company, you had but to introduce his name to lift the thermometer from zero to fever heat. The mention of "old Christmas," instead of causing a Welshman instinctively to button his top-coat, would be enough to make him literally perspire with enthusiasm—for he would not associate the name with the hoary king who wears a holly crown; but with the travelling preacher, with his old hat, his threadbare coat, his black gaiters—and his one eye.

It is not an easy matter to convey a correct idea of the necromancy of his power by

* It must be thirty or forty years since the editor of *The Living Age* copied an account of Christmas Evans. After so many years, his name is talked of again!

any specimens we might furnish of his style of preaching, as they must lose much of their wild music from their translation into the English dialect. Still, however, an extract or two will give some notion of the grotesqueness of his imagery; and will furnish an incidental illustration of the susceptibility of the Welsh character to the influence of a luxuriant and perfectly unbridled imagination. It will be seen that Christmas Evans did not trouble himself much about consecutiveness of thought or illustration, but crowded metaphor on metaphor, and absolutely precipitated his soul into the wild turmoil of excitement he was creating in others.

Possibly, however, it may be well to postpone our extracts until we have furnished a very hasty account of his life, with a few of its more amusing incidents.

From among the picturesque hills of Cardiganshire there runs down a mountain stream known as the Tify, or, according to our English mode of pronunciation, the *Tivy*. Until a few months ago the angler found here congenial sport, and many a brave salmon has been landed on its banks. But business enterprise, always unromantic and unsportsmanlike, has discovered a rich vein of lead amongst the mountain slopes which dip into these leaping waters; and their impregnation with the lead ore has banished the Waltonian from the spot, while the undermining of the hills has also undermined the constitutions of the fish. This part of the Principality has hitherto escaped the relentless invasions of the outer world, and has remained shut up in a sort of intramural seclusion and aboriginal retirement. It was in one of the sparsely sprinkled hamlets of this neighborhood that Christmas Evans first looked upon the light. He saw the world with *two* eyes at his birth, though an accident closed up one before he reached to man's estate.

While occupied as a farm laborer, he met with a series of narrow escapes, which fomented in his mind a kind of faith in special and supernatural agency. He had a fall from a tall tree whose boughs he was engaged in cutting, and was found senseless with his open pruning knife in his hand. On another occasion he fell into a swollen torrent of water, and by almost a miracle, escaped drowning. Subsequently, on quarrelling with a comrade, he was stabbed in the breast so savagely as to render his recovery for some time precarious. These things stirred within him that belief in what is preternatural, which from time to time became apparent in the private converse, and even the public addresses of his after life. Speaking about accidents, although the mishap which deprived him of his eye occurred some time after those related above, it may as well be mentioned now. He was a lad of about eighteen, and, stirred by the impassioned fervor of the "revivals" which were continually rife in Wales in the latter half of the eighteenth century, had already begun to preach, though with little satisfaction to himself or profit to others. He had run to a fair at a place called Capel Cynon, and was returning home with a copy of "The Pilgrim's Progress" he had purchased, when he was attacked by a number of the "roughs" who frequented these fairs, and in the struggle received a blow in the eye, which permanently closed it, and necessitated the truthful artist to present our hero with the *unsightly* wink upon his countenance which his portraits bear.

Christmas Evans showed much of his natural energy in the uphill work of self-education. For the first ten or more years of his life he could neither read nor write, but contrived to teach himself these accomplishments very perfectly as far as his own language was concerned. The prospects of his life beginning, however, to shape themselves more definitely in the direction of the Christian ministry, he began to acquire a very slender smattering of the classics under the Rev. D. Davies of Castell Hywel. This Mr. Davies appears to have been quite a phenomenon. He was a man of gigantic stature and proportions. The neighbors round were afraid to lend him their little Welsh ponies, lest he should break their backs; and his tailor was wont to speak of him after his death with a kind of awful veneration. He was educated at the Caermarthen Presbyterian College, but he wandered widely from the orthodox faith. He was led into these aberrations, not from a skeptical habit of mind, but from the essential tenderness of his nature, which caused him to shrink from all doctrines which seemed to him in any way to interfere with the happier hopes of mankind. He declared his belief alike in the true piety of John Calvin, and Dr. Priestley, though he condemned the ma-

terialism of the latter in the following humorous stanza :—

"Here lie at rest, in oaken chest,
Together packed up neatly,
The bones and brains, flesh, blood, and veins,
And Soul of Dr. Priestley."

Despite his cultured scholarship and refinement of mind, he retained a more than rustic uncouthness of appearance. A Welsh bard, happening to see him in a deluge of rain all swathed from head to foot in twisted bands of straw, delivered an impromptu upon him, of which the following is a translation :—

"O Bard and Teacher, famed afar!
Such light I never saw;
It ill becomes a house like thine
To wear a roof of straw."

to which Davies is said to have replied :—

"The rain is falling fast, my friend;
You know not what you say:
A roof of straw, methinks, does well
Beseem a house of clay."

Such was the tutor of Christmas Evans; a congenial mentor for such a pupil. That pupil continued to preach first under Presbyterian auspices, afterwards nominally as a Baptist, but actually as a Christmas Evansite, with an increasing degree of acceptance. At first he did not seem very particular how he obtained his sermons, but it appears he had more confidence in other people's resources than his own. One of his earliest successful efforts was a discourse readily extracted from the "Thesaurus Theologicus" of Beveridge. The plagiarism was not detected at the time, though probably confessed by himself after his popularity had been achieved. A second attempt, however, proved less successful;—for having committed to memory and appropriated another published sermon, he was found out and taxed with the fact, which he could not deny. Some of his friends, by way of excuse, were loud in their praises of the young preacher's prayer, but it subsequently transpired that he was indebted also for this prayer to a minister of the name of Griffith Jones! He even went so far as to vindicate to some extent this doubtful policy, for in a charge to a young minister many years after, he is reported to have said, "You may steal the iron, brother, if you like, but be sure you always make your own nails;—then, if needs be, you can swear they are your own property." In accordance with this principle, he gave the following comparison between adroit and awkward plagiarism: "G—— goes to Llandovery fair, sees his chance, runs away with a horse, and at the first smithy gets it newly shod, docks the mane and tail, and transforms the animal as much as possible; W—— goes to the fair, steals a horse too, but leaves it precisely as he found it;—the consequence is, W—— is caught as a thief, while G—— passes for an honest man."

I fear I have related nothing yet of this Cambrian apostle to recommend him to the reader's esteem; certainly nothing to account for the wondrous popularity he afterwards attained. I had nearly said, "his *unbounded* popularity;" but that would have been a mistake, for it never extended beyond the hills of "the Principality." Of course the fame of his "sensations" made his name well known throughout the United Kingdom, insomuch that his sermons and memoirs have met with a considerable Transatlantic circulation; and within the last twelve months, or little more, he figured conspicuously in a meritorious French publication. Still, I can never believe, from reading translations of his most notable discourses, that he would ever have attained anything like the legitimate popularity and position in England or Scotland which he attained in Wales. There was an unbridled and an inconsecutive revelry about his pictorial conceits which would have been regarded as savoring of coarseness, and would have repelled any people in whom a taste for what is essentially grotesque and wild did not predominate over more literary and chastened predilections. He was a Welshman to the backbone, and as such we must regard him. And the extravagancies which would have caused him to rank amongst the most illiterate of revivalists here, raised him to a pinnacle of notoriety amongst the *élite* of his own province; and have placed his compositions amongst the seelectest of Cambrian classics! So strong were all his Welsh propensions, that he jealously watched and strenously censured any appearance of a tendency on the part of the younger ministers with whom he came in contact to import any English idioms or mannerisms, or to select the basis of their discourses from any English source.

But with all this uncouthness, and apparent intolerance of that which we should deem simply becoming and seemly in an aspirant

to prelectorial influence, there was a true power and poetry in his mind, which entitle him to stand out as a man of mark. It was his advantage to find his birthplace in a land which has been the nursery of rugged fancies; to speak in a language the most fitting his mind, and which gave a sort of Æolian melody to what in any other dialect would have been harsh; and to flourish at a time when the public mind around him was heated with hectic influences, and the pulse of pietism was at fever point. He had an imagination, and a strong one; and so impetuous was his temperament, that he could scarcely help pouring forth the wild fancies which disturbed him. If his imagination had been more chaste, and his taste more scrupulous, he would undoubtedly have been less popular. There was more of the audacious than the sublime about his flights, if flights they could be called. He seemed fonder of diving than of soaring, and sometimes there would be an unshrinking precipitancy in his descents which seems almost shocking to our reverential sensibilities. Verily, of him it might be said, "Facilis decensus Averni," for he would pitch headlong into some boiling Phlegethon of his own creation—if he could not find one in his text—and flounder there in energetic convulsions until both himself and his audience were almost frenzied by the fervent heat.

The great Carthaginian rival of Scipio lost his eye in a quagmire; and if we had been assured that Christmas Evans sustained a similar loss by tumbling into some sulphurous cauldron, which the hags of his imagination, like Macbeth's witches, had mixed under his pulpit, we could scarcely have marvelled at the fact.

When his popularity was at its height, itinerancy was prevalent amongst the country ministers of the Principality; so our hero was much engaged in journeying from place to place, principally on foot, preaching as he went. As he advanced, his fame went before him, and his admirers clustered round him in vast force. Preaching now in a chapel, whose every corner would be crowded, and whose vicinity would be besieged by as many thousands as there were hundreds within; and now in the open air, his congregations gathered and swelled like a rolling snowball until they attained prodigious proportions. This "Pilgrim's Progress" must have had its deeper as well as its more grotesque appearances. Fully persuaded that he had received a "commission from on high" to undertake the journey, the fervid evangelist would start forth upon an excursion extending from one extremity of the Principality to the other. At first, during the time he was travelling the northern counties, his success was not quite equal to that which his sanguine presentiments had presaged. Discomfited by this discovery, his tender conscience troubled him with tormenting misgivings that he had not been "called" to the work of the ministry. And as he arrives at that well-known road which lies through the lovely and majestic "Pass of Aberglaslyn," there commences a strong heart-wrestling with the Supreme, which is most touching in its sacred earnestness. We love him better, believe him more, and feel more tender towards his extravagances now that we have seen him weighed down by modest self-distrust—alighting from the pony which has been lent him for a few miles, and going into a field to pray that some inward witness may be given him to attest the truth of his mission, and to assure him of his divine credentials in its discharge. The heart even of the Christian man of taste and culture cannot fail to warm towards the poor wayfarer as he turns aside into those mountain glens and kneels down upon the heather to implore an assurance of his high commission. And as he carries that assurance with him on his further way, in place of the weight of misgiving which had surcharged his soul, we can scarcely wonder at the spreading enthusiasm which his appeals created amongst the population, and that by the time he reached the south his ascendency over the simple-minded multitude should have become strong and influential. Behold him now amongst the valleys of Glamorganshire in the midst of one of his greatest excitements. The trumpet has been sounded before him, a voice has prepared the way in the wilderness in the shape of "publications" from all the pulpits in every hamlet and town, and the one-eyed evangelist is expected by a mighty crowd at every halting place. Chapels are by this time out of the question, and nothing but a twenty-acre field will accommodate the worshippers. In the middle of a working day at harvest time Christmas Evans will arrive. A most inconvenient time! No matter, service at

two o'clock. Hodge flings down his sickle and Polly her fork, and away they rush to the field where Christmas is to preach. They perspire more over the sermon than they did over their work. Christmas is to preach again at seven o'clock that evening. Long before the time appointed the stir begins. The housewife cannot keep her servants to their work, and perhaps she would not if she could; but the dairy-maid forgets her milking pail, and leaves the kine to low untended in the meadow, and all set off to the great point of attraction. Wayfarers from all the country-side come crashing through the hedge, sadly destroying the poor farmer's fences, who cannot interfere, because he stands in the cart with Christmas, with his steel spectacles across his nose, and his best top-boots on, to give out the hymns; and he feels that it will be a much easier job for him to stop the gaps with hurdles in the morning, than to spell out the hymns and pitch the tune: so, like a true philosopher, he concentrates his energies on the matter in hand, and leaves the rest to take its chance. And now the preacher rises. He peers queerly at the throng out of his one eye as he gives out the text. A very few moments suffices for exposition, for that is not his forte. Soon the stir amongst the crowd begins. The Cambrian clown stands open-mouthed, splashed to the eyes with the soil of many strata; for the orator has slackened the reins, and his wild fancy begins to plunge and grow ungovernable. Very soon the steed becomes as frantic as that of Phaeton himself, and carries its driver *nolens volens* up hill and down dale with fearful randomness. But the charioteer has no sense of fear,—there seems to be something in the wild motion which exhilarates and delights him, and away he goes, flinging aside the bridle, and postilioned by relays of "spirits from the vasty deep," who ply whip and spur to make the pace still madder. Judgment and taste run still panting up and make a dive at the heads of the prancing coursers; but the "fast and furious" Tam o'Shanter strikes them down and runs over them, turning back to laugh at them as they lay sprawling in the dust. One can almost fancy the shade of some learned gardener amongst Hebrew roots and Greek derivations rising from the grave, and lifting up its flaccid hands in horror as old Christmas flings all sober commentaries to the winds, and dramatizes away as follows concerning the demoniac, whose spirits were transmitted to the swine: "By this time the devil became offended with the Gadarenes, and in a pout he took the demoniac away and drove him into the wilderness. He thought the Gadarenes had no right to meddle with his property; and he knew that 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' He could not send him home, so he thought he would try to persuade him to cut his own throat. But here Satan was nonplussed, his rope was too short; he couldn't turn executioner himself, as then the act would have been his own sin and not the man's. The poor demoniac must therefore go and hunt up a sharp stone or anything he could get. It was while looking for this that he met the Son of God." After a little more similar description the preacher goes on: "Methinks that one of the men who fed the hogs kept a better look-out than the rest of them, and said,—

"'What ails all the hogs? Look sharp there, boys—keep them in—use your whips. Why don't you run—Why, as I live, there's one of them bolted headlong over the cliff! There! there — Morgan — yonder goes another! Drive them back, Tom.'

"Never was such running and whipping and hallooing; but down go the hogs, before they were aware of it. One of them said,—

"'They are all gone!'

"'No, sure, not all of them gone into the sea?'

"'Yes, every one of them; and if ever the devil entered anything in this world, he has entered into those hogs.'

"'What,' says Jack, 'and is the noble black hog gone?'

"'Yes! yes! I saw him scampering down that hill as if the very devil himself were in him; and I saw his tail take the last dip in the water below.'"

Then he goes on most ludicrously to describe the meeting of the drovers with their master—their rueful tale—and the owner's anger at the loss of his pigs. Then he gives a wierd account of the delivered demoniac going through the cities declaring his deliverance, which, if he did it after the fashion which old Christmas ascribes to him, must have left some doubt upon the public mind as to the perfectness of his cure! The preacher makes him shout,—

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes!—Please to take notice of me the demoniac among the tombs—I am the man"—and so on—describing the

features of his deliverance. After this comes a description of the return of the demoniac to his wife, and the meeting between them. The children are depicted as playing outside—at length they come running into the house.

"'O mother! father is coming, and he will kill us all.'

"'Children, come all into the house,' said the mother—'let us fasten the doors.'

"'Are all the windows fastened, children?'

"'Yes, mother.'

"'Mary, my dear, come from the window; don't be standing there."

"'Why, mother, I can hardly believe that it is father! that man is well dressed.'"

I should like to extract the whole of this grotesque scene; but space will not permit, for the preacher's description are so very minute. Suffice it to say, the demoniac comes tapping at the window; and when the wife has been in strong hysterics and "brought to" by the usual appliances, she finds her husband sitting quietly beside her, tenderly consoling and soothing her, and giving an account of the deliverance wrought upon him. And then he winds up with a chorus of "Glory in the highest! Hosanna! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! Let the whole earth praise Him. The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!" And this chorus would be taken up by the vast concourse who had been swaying to and fro in unrestrained excitement, until the very air resounded with the shouts of "Gogoniant! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!"

The following is part of a most grotesque description of the search of the Wise Men after the young child:—

"I imagine them entering a village, going up to the gate and inquiring, 'Do you know anything of the child?' The gatekeeper comes to the door, and, mistaking their question, answers, 'You have to pay three halfpence for each of the asses.' They explain, 'We didn't ask whether there was anything to pay, but whether you knew anything of the child.' 'I know nothing of him,' says the gatekeeper, 'but a little further on you will find a blacksmith's shop, inquire there.' The Wise Men go to the shop. 'Do you know anything of the young child?' The smith answers, 'The asses can't be shod just now, you will have to wait two hours.' 'You mistake us,' say the Wise Men, 'we don't want the asses shod, but we want to hear of the young child.' 'I don't know anything about him,' says the smith, 'but ask at the public-house.' The Wise Men go to the inn. 'Do you know anything of the young child?' The landlord shouts to the servant, 'Be quick, a quart of porter for the strangers.' No, no, we want neither porter nor ale; but can you tell us anything about the young child?' No; but in the shop to the left there is a person who reads all the newspapers (!), and perhaps he can tell you.' At the shop they ask. 'Do you know anything here about the young child?' 'Half a quarter of tobacco for the strangers,' says the shopkeeper to his apprentice. 'We don't want any tobacco, but we want to hear about the young child.'" And so old Christmas sends these unfortunate wise men here and there, afflicting all his creations with deafness, until at last they meet with John the Baptist, with his camel's hair, and leathern girdle, who says he knows all about him—"Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world!"

Such are specimens of the wild pictorial style of Christmas Evans. Many other extracts might be given, manifesting greater power and poetry than these, and savoring a little less of the grotesque. But it will be easy to draw from such as have been given some idea of the effects such a man would be likely to produce when speaking vehemently in a language suited to his style, and to a multitude of kindred temperaments with his own. I have made these few transcriptions from a great number of specimens furnished by the Rev. D. M. Evans, of Llanelly, in a very able memoir* of Christmas Evans recently published.

It will be plainly seen that there is something more than the illiterate rant of vulgarity and ignorance in this good man. His imagination was by no means of a lofty type; but it was potent of its kind. It made common things available for illustration, and spoke at once to the meaner comprehensions of men. It might be said that he degraded lofty and sacred themes by bending them down to a too material standard; but this fault was not the result of irreverence, or of a desire to popularize himself at the expense of his theme, but only a necessary part of a nature wherein fancy and emotion predominated over every moderating faculty—a mind which was nothing if not pictorial, and which was so natural and unrestrained in its painting and dramatic tendency that even in the article of death it could not curb the inspiration of its visions, but with a wave of the hand and a whispered adieu to the weepers round his bed, cried, "Drive on!" as though he saw some heavenly chariot waiting to carry him away to the homes of the "spirits of the just."

ARTHUR MURSELL.

* Published by Heaton & Son, 21 Warwick Lane.

From The Saturday Review.

DE ROSSI'S ANCIENT INSCRIPTIONS FROM CHRISTIAN ROME.*

It is pleasant to welcome from the Vatican press a thoroughly learned and useful work. The long-expected collection of Christian Inscriptions, on which the Cavaliere de Rossi has been engaged for so many years, has at last made its appearance in a first volume—a folio of above six hundred pages, admirably printed, but stitched in the familiar faint gray paper wrapper which is so much affected by Italian editors and publishers, and so much detested by book-collectors. Five more volumes of equal bulk are promised; and we hope sincerely that this great undertaking will reach a speedy and successful conclusion. De Rossi has collected from all quarters no less than eleven thousand Christian inscriptions, all belonging to the first six centuries of our era. It is his intention to print the whole of these, as far as possible, in fac simile, by means of woodcuts and lithography, or by special founts of type. His scheme also includes the arrangement of this immense mass of inscriptions in (at least) approximate chronological order, excluding all which are not certainly Christian. A very long and learned prefatory essay, written in Latin, discusses the whole subject in all its bearings. The author claims to have formed, for the first time, a complete system of what he calls Christian Epigraphy. His commentary and explanations are not merely critical as to the text, but are designed to show what incidental light is thrown by these ancient inscriptions upon the creed and practice of Christian antiquity, and also upon incidental questions of history and chronology.

About one-tenth of the whole collection of inscriptions are *dated*. These, with the Prolegomena, form the contents of this first volume. The learned author has arranged as many as 1,374 Roman epitaphs, all bearing dates more or less exact, in a continuous chronological series, extending from the year A.D. 71—which is the earliest note of time which has been as yet discovered—to the end of the fifth century. The labor of this systematic arrangement must have been enormous. For some of the dates are reckoned by the notation of different *eras;* others by the official years of emperors, consuls, magistrates, popes, and bishops; others, again, by solar and lunar cycles, and by what are called indictions. De Rossi concludes that the use of eras in ancient Christian epigraphy at Rome was confined to foreigners from the East, Africa, and Spain. The native Roman Christians employed the other methods of determining dates. It need scarcely be said that the disquisitions on these subjects are of the greatest and most varied interest and importance. The author, for example, has examined and re-arranged the consular fasti, and has shown that the Jews and early Christians used the Solar Cycle of their Pagan contemporaries. From this last conclusion he derives some guidance as to many epochs of ecclesiastical history, and especially as to the determination of the actual year of our Saviour's crucifixion. In discussing the Lunar Cycles, De Rossi had occasion to examine the famous Paschal controversies. We shall not be surprised to find him, in his capacity of a Roman partisan, castigating the rival pretensions of the Church of Alexandria. What he calls the "fabula de Orientali paschatis definiendi ritu a Britannis usurpato et de Orientali Britannicæ ecclesiæ origine" is also very summarily disposed of.

The chapter of the Prolegomena which deals with the undated inscriptions is considerably easier reading than the preceding ones. The Cav. de Rossi proves that, during the ages of persecution, all, or nearly all, the Christian inscriptions were subterranean. In the reign of Constantine, Christian monuments first begin to make their appearance above ground. Between A.D. 364 and 374 as many memorials seem to belong to one class as to the other. Then the proportions begin to be inverted. From 375 to 400 the underground epitaphs became less and less numerous; from 400 to 410 they are rare; from 410 to 450 they are quite exceptional. These considerations are obviously very useful for ascertaining the age of an undated epitaph. The author assigns its age to every inscription with the audacity of an expert. We should regard it as the height of rashness to controvert any of his decisions. No living man can compete with him in experience and long familiarity with his subject. He reminds us that long and minute examination of the palæographic character of the writing, of the symbols used, of the language, style, formulas, orthography, nomenclature, and a thousand other details, has given him almost

* *Inscriptiones Christianæ Urbis Romæ Septimo Sæculo Antiquiores.* Edidit Joannes Bapt. de Rossi Romanus. Volumen Primum. Romæ: Ex Officina Libraria Pontificia. Ab anno MDCCCLVII ad MDCCCLXI. London: C. J. Stewart.

a new sense in interpreting these ancient records. It is satisfactory to see that De Rossi's general conclusions are consistent with the common-sense view of the matter. For example, he distinguishes two general styles of ancient Christian Epigraphy—that of the ages of persecution, and that of the time which followed the political enfranchisement of the Church:—

"The first (he says) is simple and timid. It expresses the Christian faith rather by symbols than by words; and when words make their appearance, they seem to flow spontaneously from the heart, and to express the tenderest emotions in a language which, though rude and untaught, is simple, fresh, and sometimes elegant. Hence these affecting exclamations, *Vivas in Deo*, *In Domino*, *In Christo*, *In pace*, *Refrigera*, *Deus tibi refrigeret*, *Pete pro nobis—pro conjuge—pro filiis—pro fratribus—pro sorore*, and many others. In these epitaphs there is seldom or never any reference to the private history of the deceased, or to his merits, or even to the day of his death. The style of the second epoch is very different. In its frigid and verbose language one sees much more desire to sing the praises of the departed, and to record the dates of his birth and death, than the wish to pour forth the spontaneous expression of pious and affectionate sentiments in the true language of the heart."

It is certainly somewhat startling to find that, even in the fourth century of the Christian era, it was common to describe the dead as being *miræ bonitatis atque sanctitatis*, *miræ innocentiæ ac sapientiæ*, and the like. But it seems that, even in the earlier centuries, it was not unusual to describe any departed soul by the phrase *spiritus sanctus*—an expression which De Rossi reprehends as theologically inconvenient, without seeing that there is no difference, in respect of Christian humility, between using the epithet *sanctus* to a human spirit, and saying that a man had been *miræ sanctitatis*. The philological importance of these ancient epitaphs, as giving in so many cases the earliest transitional forms by which the ancient Latin began to change into the modern languages derived from it, seems to be, if not overlooked by De Rossi, yet scarcely sufficiently recognized. But it is true that the preliminary essay ends with some abruptness, deferring some of the disquisitions suggested by the later epitaphs, and this (presumably) among the rest, for a future volume.

Our readers will, from these remarks, have seen the nature and general treatment of this invaluable work. We shall hope to recur in more detail to the consideration of the first instalment of ancient Christian epitaphs here given, and so lucidly explained. Meanwhile, we may borrow from the Cav. De Rossi's preface a short notice of the existing literature of Christian epigraphy. So early as the time of Charles the Great, the ancient inscriptions of Rome began to be copied. The most ancient *Sylloge* of this kind is preserved in the *Codex Einsiedlensis*, and is attributed to a follower of Alcuin. From this and similar collections not a few of De Rossi's 11,000 epitaphs are borrowed. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the value of these monumental records was universally acknowledged; but it was not till the year 1578 that the Roman catacombs were re-opened, after the forgetfulness of many centuries. Hence it is that the almost inexhaustible supply of Christian inscriptions has been procured. Bosio, the author of the famous *Roma Sotterranea*, describes the excitement that prevailed in Rome on the 31st of May in that year, when the catacomb under the Via Salaria was accidentally discovered. After Bosio, Gruter's name is the most notable in this branch of antiquities, until we come to Zaccaria, who, with his contemporary, Danzetta, attempted to give a polemical bearing to the subject. The title of Danzetta's essay, which remains (perhaps happily) unpublished among the Vatican MSS., is *Theologia Lapidaria*. The names of Marinius and of Angelo Maii bring down the scientific study of Christian epigraphy to our own times. De Rossi himself was persuaded, more than twenty years ago, by the well-known Padre Marchi, whom few recent visitors to the Roman catacombs will forget, to turn his attention to this branch of antiquities. He acknowledges his great obligations to the present pope for his constant patronage and for his liberal pecuniary assistance towards the publication of this costly work. So far as we see, De Rossi himself possesses all the requisite qualities of a good editor. We believe that he is thoroughly honest and accurate. His information is never taken at second-hand without verification. His system of producing *fac similes* of almost all the inscriptions which he gives is beyond all praise; for, as it need scarcely be said, in a difficult legend there is not a stroke or a contraction which may not be of importance. We could have wished that in some cases the unerring help of photography could have been obtained. This splendid volume, published at Rome for twenty scudi, is to be obtained in this country from the authorized agent, Mr. C. J. Stewart, of King William Street, for £4 8s. No public library should be without it, for it will be undoubtedly the standard authority on its subject. De Rossi's collection of ancient Christian epitaphs may be supplemented by the results of further discoveries, but it is quite certain that it can never be superseded.

From The Examiner.

FOOLS AND KNAVES.

"He is very foolish, but he is no one's enemy but his own." How often do we hear this said, and how false it generally is. The fools are enemies of others indirectly, and very dangerous enemies too. The fools make the knaves. As there is a wages' fund for honest labor, so there is a gullibility fund for sharping and swindling. The extent of the one is proportionate to the extent of the other. Indeed, when we count up the number of cheats, we may estimate the number of dupes that have been necessary to their existence, and may calculate, with sufficient approximation to the truth, how many fools go to a knave. Many a fellow at the treadmill might have been an honest man if it had not been for the opportunity of cheating that some egregious booby offered. Indeed, pretty much what game is to the poacher gullibility is to the sharper, and the head of folly tempting to offence which the country keeps up is something monstrous. Philanthropy delights in the idea of reformation, but why does it expend all its care upon the offender at the bar and bestow none on the prosecutor in the witness-box? For if that green goose goes forth as he is, the plucking of him will make a score of sharpers. You shut up a dangerous madman, and here is a dangerous booby, as there is in him the making of many rogues by process of temptation. He is the whetstone that sharpens the iron,—

"the tool
That knaves do work with, called a fool."

Of course the more of these fools there are the worse for the community, as the rascality that begins with preying upon them obtains an edge that is turned against the sounder part of the public. A magistrate lately said, very justly, that he would not take cognizance of charges of theft of goods improperly exposed, and so offering undue temptation. And every dupe is improperly exposed, and a walking temptation to all knavishly predisposed. There are two sorts of gulls egregious, the one simplex, like young Primrose in the "Vicar of Wakefield;" the other complex, like the Finsbury stable-keeper who let a gig to Lord John Russell to go down to the queen at Windsor, and lent the then Premier £4 10s for some small purchases he wanted to make on the road; or the keeper of a cook's shop in Camden town, who, the other day, lodged and boarded a duke's son, who was sadly put out by receiving his father's cheque for £100 instead of ten times as many thousands, which he had a right to expect. The gull complex is part booby, part cormorant, and the voracity which is dominant is really at the bottom of his credulity. It is eagerness for gain which makes tradesmen the dupes of sharpers dealing in the most outrageously improbable representions. So, too, in those vulgar everyday sharping tricks practised on country folks accosted in the street and taken to a public-house, where a confederate is met who proposes some trick, it will generally be seen that there is a biter bitten, that Hodge was fleeced from his eagerness to overreach, and that he had all the will to be knave with only the capacity to be fool. When we read these cases in the police reports we often wish the complainant could share punishment with the prisoner.

An account of a swindling case is now going the rounds of the press which is a good example of a whole class, and how it is that folks are taken in, by what paltry devices working on feelings to match.

A young gentleman unknown makes his appearance at Wolverhampton, taking up his quarters at the best hotel. He orders a carriage and pair to take him to pay a visit to a neighboring clergyman. The coachman has no white gloves. The young gentleman is scandalized. He never can consent to be driven by a coachman without white gloves. The man must get white gloves. Here was a pledge of respectability and something more. Confidence was inspired in every breast by the exaction of white gloves as a *sine quâ non*. Next to white gloves for the driver came a demand for a black band for the visitor, for mourning is a sign of promise, ideas of inheritance or legacy being associated with it. The unknown arrives at the door of the clergyman, and sends in a card with a black border.

"The card announced him to be 'Mr. Charles Wickes, Woodlands, Spring Grove, and Carlton Club, Pallmall.' This address obtained him a ready audience. Now face to face with the rev. gentleman the latter was quite prepared, from the features of his visitor to believe him when he said that he was the son of an old parishioner whom he (the clergyman) knew when he had a living at

Cambridge. The young gentleman had embraced the profession of architect, and furthermore was an author; for it was he, he asserted, who had written the work, published by Weale and by Ackerman, on the 'Towers and Spires of England.' He was in that neighborhood sketching the collegiate church of Wolverhampton, with a view to the publication of his sketch in another work which he was preparing; but he *was without ready cash, and desired an introduction to one of the banks in the district.* He not only obtained the note of introduction, but also an invitation to dinner on the following day."

Thus easily was made dupe minor No. 1, who was, in turn, to make dupe major No. 2. The rev. gudgeon was the bait caught for the great fish. Mr. Wickes of Woodlands, Spring Grove, and the Carlton Club, Pall-mall, armed with the clergyman's introduction (of a person of whom he knew nothing), goes to the Bilston District Bank in Wolverhampton, presents the letter of credence of the clergyman, and proposes to open an account with a cheque on the Southampton Bank for £2,000. He is in the neighborhood to purchase an estate, for which he has agreed, and intends to bring down to it his wife, a lady of large fortune he has recently married. In his hurry about the estate he had not supplied himself with money for current purposes, and wants some cash, a mere trifle, on the account of the £2,000 cheque, £40 will suffice. The thing is done of course, for one who promises to be so good a customer, and who begins his account so handsomely. By the time the cheque for no effects is returned as filched, Mr. Wickes of Woodlands, Spring Grove, has disappeared, having consented for once to be driven off by a coachman without white gloves. The clergyman, with a suitable party of the best company to meet the literary visitor, waited dinner next day for the son of his old friend, and author of the "Towers and Spires of England," and the Bilston Bank will wait still longer for its £40. Mark what a convenient tool for a knave was that uninquiring parson, so readily taking all on trust, and vouching for an utter stranger. And the bank believed the credentials, and the story of the purchase of the estate and the rich wife, it believed all this because of the £2,000 cheque, which made it desirable and pleasant to believe. A rogue who had less understood his business, and what he had to do with, than Mr. Wickes of Woodlands, would have drawn either for some more modest or more magnificent sum, but Mr. Wickes knew exactly the size and feather of the fly that would catch his trout. It was altogether a fine piece of art, from the white gloves, to the parsonage, the bank, the purchase of the estate, the wife, and the small advance on the large cheque. How a rogue like this must chuckle over his dupes, and amuse himself with all the littlenesses and blind cupidities upon which he practises.

As for the good easy parson concerned in this roguish little drama, we must ask, as we are often tempted to do in similar cases, has any man a right to be such a fool? He should be committed to a reformatory for a year or so, to take lessons in common sense and prudence, not that he would ever learn them, but that point has nothing to do with the uses of reformatories, about the effects of which we must not be too curious, but take the will for the deed.

The Sunday and other Questions.—A gardener having to receive his wages a few weeks ago, on a Saturday, from a lady, the wife of one of the memorialists in favor of opening the Botanic Gardens on Sunday, after church hours, presented himself in such a guise, or rather disguise, mentally, that the servants of the establishment expelled him from the kitchen. Pitying his drunken condition the lady, when paying him what was due, kindly advised him to act the part of a good husband and take the money at once to his wife without stopping at a dram shop on the way, whereupon, with a sanctimonious leer of superior piety, he replied that he "had—a—complaint—agen—*her*—husband—for seeking—the—desecration—of God's—holy day—by—labor—in—the—Bo—tanic (hiccup)—Gardens," etc., concluded with a thunderbolt about "divine wrath on profane Sabbath breakers." This is a match for the ower true story of a lady who was giving herself and her pet dog an airing on Sunday morning in Heriot Row before church time, and found her companion was straying too far. Having forgot her dog-whistle, she hastily asked a man she met to whistle him back. In her hurry, however, she had not remarked his unsteady gait and bloated face, and was not a little surprised when, instead of giving a "whistle loud and shrill," he hiccupped out with severe gravity —"This is no day for whistling, mem!"—*Scotsman.*

From The Spectator.

MORMONISM IN WALES.

The rapid growth of Mormonism in Wales seems to be entirely escaping the attention of those who ought to have done all that was possible to prevent it. Ministers of all persuasions seem to be agreed in considering the subject scarcely worth a thought. A Wesleyan, living at Cardiff, told us the other day that there were very few Mormons left in the Principality. If there are not, it is owing to the regular stream of emigration kept up from Wales to Utah. A few days after this very remark was made, about eighty men and women—the latter nearly all young, good-looking, robust girls—left Cardiff station *en route* for the Salt Lake. They had been gathered from the surrounding country, and many were very respectable in appearance. One young man had been assistant to a surgeon of Cardiff. We remember many such embarkations from the ports of South Wales, and yet, in the very heart of this district, the notion is general that Mormonism is dying out. The truth is, that it is subtly and surely extending. The Mormon agents are ever watchful and active, while the Established Church and Dissent make the fatal mistake of treating them as members of a decaying sect, and as impostors unworthy of regard. No course could suit the Mormons better, except actual persecution. They have modified some of their principles of late years, so as to divert the attention of unbelievers. Very few now profess to perform miracles, because they found it difficult to produce marvels enough to satisfy their votaries. This was their weakest point, and they gave it up. Joseph Smith—than whom a more abandoned debauchee and astonishing liar and hypocrite has never appeared, even among his own followers—held and practised certain doctrines, such as that of the expediency of systematic seduction, which his disciples have since been compelled to disavow in public, however closely they may adhere to them in secret. The result is that the creed makes way among the lower classes in the Principality. In Liverpool, where there are many Welsh, there are also many Mormons. Let it be remembered that the sect is little more than thirty years old, and it will at once be seen that it has assumed formidable proportions. Statistics and census returns do not give the full measure of its progress, for the simple reason that as fast as converts are made they are sent off to Utah. A perpetual emigration fund is in existence for this purpose, and as the people are taught that Christ himself will certainly come to establish his kingdom in Utah or Missouri, they go out with an unchangeable belief that happiness here and high rewards hereafter await them. The Book of Mormon has been translated into the Welsh language, and finds ready—almost eager—acceptance among the poor ignorant people of the hills. The women, young and old, adopt Mormonism greedily. The case has been mentioned of a woman of sixty, who left her home in Wales to be married in Utah, leaving behind her a husband of seventy. The favorite toast in Utah, "More Women," seems to guarantee that even this wretched creature would be welcomed by the horde of profligates who let loose the reins of their passions, and practice habitual infamy in the name of the Almighty.

The spread of this sect in the Principality recalls to recollection those miserable huts which make their appearance in a single night on some of the Welsh commons. The people are under the delusion that any dwelling which can be erected in a night cannot afterwards be removed, and the fact that the owner of the land does not in some cases care to interfere favors the notion. The progress of the Mormons is something analogous to this. They work in the dark, and no one seems to think the result of their labors worth interfering with. Nearly all their great gatherings are held at night, and it rarely happens that even the local police hear of them till they are over. Their baptisms are always conducted by the light of the moon, or by torchlight when the night is dark. Upon a spot on the banks of the river Ebbw, between Crumlin and Newbridge, many a wild gathering of this kind has taken place, the men and women dressing and undressing by the banks, as we once saw a party of Mormons doing in Derbyshire. Up in the hills, where the success of the preachers is greater than in the towns, the meetings are held so secretly that it is almost impossible for a stranger to gain admittance. It is at these private gatherings that the temptations are held out which induce young women to forsake their homes and kindred for a life which they would revolt at here. It is at these also that miracles are occasionally performed.

We heard of several of these miracles, but could not succeed in seeing one, although there is a man in Monmouthshire who declares that he is ready to move one of the largest mountains in the county, called Twm Barlwm, down miles away to the moors; and that he not merely could, but would do it, only that he does not like to injure Lord Tredegar, whose property it partly is. The reluctance of this man to remove his neighbor's landmark is much appreciated in the district. An actual miracle was performed by another elder a little time ago. A certain man who had a hump upon his back was introduced to a Mormon meeting. The elders present announced that they had taken pity on their brother's deformity, and as a reward of his fidelity to the faith they had made up their minds to remove the hump. Even when achieved by a miracle, such an operation must necessarily cause a mess, and they consequently took the man behind a curtain to save the feelings of the congregation. Their prayers were long and boisterous, and the audience soon began to see the effect of them. For the curtain scarcely reached down to the heels of the party, and the people in front distinctly saw a stream run down the legs of the hunchback. But if the operation was a miracle, the hump itself was no less marvellous, for the stream that ran down was not of blood, but of sawdust, and a hump of sawdust is not usual even in these "last days." Presently the man came forth straight and smiling, and a solemn thanksgiving was held for his deliverance.

On another occasion—this occurred in Cardiff—a husband urged his wife, who was not a Mormon, to go to a meeting, and promised her that she should see there "the angels of the Lord." She went, and during the service the lights were turned out, and she saw figures in white moving about. Close by her feet she discerned strange small figures moving slowly, and rustling as they moved. She was probably expected to faint here, but she seized one of the figures at her feet instead, and put it in her pocket. When she got home she found that it consisted of a few frogs in a white paper bag. The elders declared that these were miracles, and their dupes believed them. There is nothing that a Welsh enthusiast will not believe. Their devotion to their creed, whatever that creed may be, is wonderful. It is shown in a blind, unhesitating, unwavering acceptance of whatever they are taught. It is rarely indeed that they change their religion. They are obstinate in all things—it is part of their national character; but in religious opinions they are simply immovable. If you reason with them they look upon you as an appointed agent of the tempter of souls. A lady in Newport had an excellent servant who became a Mormon. She was a good girl, and her mistress took a deal of trouble to convince her of her folly, and to explain to her what life in Utah actually is. These efforts seemed but to confirm the girl in her intention, and her mother professed her joy at her daughter's firmness, and hoped "that she would become one of the wives of Brigham Young, as she was a pretty girl." These were the mother's own words. These characteristics of the Welsh—boundless credulity and an unalterable fidelity to their religion—render Wales a chosen land for men of the Wycherley class, and preaching is as common an occupation as that of shoemaking. Promises which an English workman would laugh at as the dreams of a madman are received implicitly by the poor Welsh collier or haulier as sober realities. They are like plastic clay in the hands of Mormon agents. The very origin of the new revelation exactly suits them. The miracle of the golden plates, committed to the charge of a poor ignorant man like one of themselves, is a story possessing unspeakable fascination for them. They never tire of hearing about it, and they hope that they in their turn may one day be selected as the instruments of communicating fresh messages from Heaven to man. The true story of Smith's imposture they look upon as the invention of the devil. They would brave any danger, and endure any torture for the sake of their religion. Nor is it inconsistent, perhaps, with human nature, that the more debasing the superstition to which an untrained mind links itself, the more ardent is its attachment to it, and the more firmly does it take hold of it.

It is only in the towns that a stranger can hope to get inside a Mormon meeting-house, and it was not without some trouble that, even in Newport, we could ascertain where the sect assembled. At last a small public house was pointed out, and there two or three Sunday evenings ago we went to hear the proceedings. The room was apparently used for

an Odd Fellows' lodge, and there were not above forty persons present—for the exportation to Utah a few days before had thinned the ranks. They were all of the working class, some very respectably dressed, and the women generally clean and well looking. Two or three women had children in arms, and there were other children of five or six years of age among the congregation. There were also a few young men in the room, lank and gaunt, and having a self-satisfied smirk on their countenances, as if they were looking forward to the bliss of having a dozen wives. The elders were worn, haggard men, who looked as though they actually had the wives, and did not find it a bliss at all, but quite the contrary. There were two or three very old men there, and some boys who are not yet eligible for Utah. The whole group had gathered round a little dark grubby man, who was preaching to them with much earnestness and volubility.

He was insisting upon the divine inspiration of the Book of Mormon. Rude, unpolished, and unlettered as he was, he impressed us as being a thoroughly earnest man. His argument was that fresh revelation from God was necessary to convert the present age. The Scriptures are not sufficient for this purpose, for they fail even to convince. Scholars and divines are always wrangling about the meaning of this and the other passage, and many of the laws laid down in the Bible were intended for a people and a state of society now passed away. Moreover, God has constantly held direct communication with his servants. An instance, the speaker said, might be found in St. Mark (he should have said St. Matthew) where the Saviour addresses Peter in the words, "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in Heaven." It was a similar revelation that God made to his servant Joseph Smith. The speaker dwelt upon this point at some length, but his line of argument had evidently been disturbed by the entry of strangers. He talked at the strangers—there were three of them—a good deal, and the young women also carefully surveyed them, perhaps mentally calculating the possibility of their making proposals to them by and by as true Mormons. And it must be owned that if the Mormon men in Wales are all of the type who were present at that meeting, the women have some excuse for being in such haste to get to Utah.

The first elder (whose name was Webb) sat down, and another rose to succeed him—a mean, yellow, dirty man, who spoke a north-country dialect with a Yankee twang, and looked the incarnation of a vulgar hypocrite. There was nothing whatever in his manner indicative of sincerity of purpose. He spoke in a bullying tone, using great vehemence and very Mormon-like language. He began by remarking, "the people's minds is a good deal more enlightened now than it were." There was much ignorance and superstition in high places, which prevented the new gospel finding its way to the people. Men refused to believe the message of the Prophet Joseph Smith, but he would remind them that every inspired messenger had been received with doubt, including the Saviour himself. Smith's followers were reviled, but "I tell you," shrieked the harsh grating voice, "that gods and angels look down upon you with approval, and that you are acceptable to them." Working himself into a paroxysm of wrath, his emaciated sensual face on fire with anger, he denounced all revilers of "God's chosen people," future and to come, and particularly warned the strangers present that they would suffer dreadful punishments if they came there to mock. Some of the women, however, having perhaps already marked the elder stranger for their own, looked at him in a spirit of gentleness, and were evidently inclined to deal more mercifully with him than was the saint. This yellow, dirty man then pulled what looked like a window rag from his pocket and rubbed his oily face with it, and resumed his speech in a lower key. Joseph Smith was merely, he said, like an errand-boy who had received a message from God to deliver to mankind. "I myself," he added, "have received the gift of the Holy Spirit, and there is many here as knows it." Then he waxed wrath again at the strangers (who had been listening throughout with the utmost gravity and patience) and said that others before them had mocked the Lord's anointed and suffered for it. This last objurgation lasted several minutes, and made the elder hotter and greasier than ever, insomuch that the window-rag was fished out again and applied to his forehead. Finding that his denunciations did not disconcert the strangers, the elder

suddenly brought his exhortation to a close, and said, in a low, quick voice, "there will be a meeting afterwards for our own people only." A hymn was sung,—it was a strange unmeaning doggrel,—a prayer was offered, and the people, evidently puzzled, rose to depart. But the yellow man, probably not having exhausted his store of ribaldry and blasphemy, called out to them to stay, desiring that strangers only should leave. As it was evidently useless to stay, the strangers did leave, and were presently followed by three women, who had possibly been told off by the elders to try what they could do with the unbelievers.

The strangers got into conversation with these women. All were young, and two of them were going to Utah with the next batch of emigrants. They particularly wished to know what the strangers thought of the meeting, and unanimously agreed with them in thinking that the yellow, dirty man, made a mistake in abusing persons who happened to drop in at the service, since he might drive away those who would become converts. Being asked whether they expected to be married in Utah, they said "Yes" with alacrity. In reply to a further question, one acknowledged that she should not like to be apportioned a twelfth part of a husband's love and attention: "I hope to keep my husband to myself, as you hope to keep your wife, I suppose." "Yes, but your religion allows a man to have several wives." "That is only what is said of us. Don't you believe it. Only some of the elders have more wives than one." This girl further said that her age was twenty, that she had been brought up to Mormonism from a child, and that she would not change her religion for all the world. Her father was a Mormon, she said, and sometimes preached. She was good-looking, and so sincere that the tears started to her eyes when she spoke of her religion. She was exactly the kind of person the Mormons seek to entrap—they invariably work their ministrations upon the best looking young women they can find.

It may seem extraordinary to some that a creed such as that of Mormonism should make the progress it does, but after attending this meeting we were little surprised at the circumstance. The first speaker dwelt much upon the happiness his belief afforded him, and in the vague melancholy search after happiness which all men make this peculiar form of religion steps in and professes to lead the way. It undertakes to realize our hopes, not hereafter only, but on this earth, where hitherto we have been taught to expect disappointment. Christ is shortly coming to his kingdom, and looks down upon the labors of his "Latter-day Saints" with peculiar favor. Their reward is sure. Then, so far as material circumstances are concerned, their desires will be provided for. To men they offer a piece of land, with the prospect of independence—that great ambition of the working classes, which it is nearly impossible for them to gratify in this country. Here they must drudge and toil on, with little hope of bettering their condition; there they may be landed proprietors at once, working for their own profit, their children (which are here an encumbrance) a help and a blessing to them, and the encouraging thought in their minds that while thus enjoying the fruits of their labor they are performing a religious duty, and helping to set up the last kingdom of God upon the earth. Women are taught to believe that in that favored land beyond the Rocky Mountains, they may marry and have children without the fear of their being brought to want or shame; while the sensual find a Mohammedan Paradise prepared for them, and their favorite vices encouraged as a religious obligation. The man who has the largest number of children is the most honored in Utah, for he does most to strengthen the kingdom. Mothers gladly give up their daughters for what they deem a sacred cause. Their imaginations are enraptured by the stories of peace and contentment and happiness to be enjoyed by the Great Salt Lake. No wonder that the ignorant believe, and believe gladly, in representations which cheer their hearts and promise an alleviation of their hardships—no wonder that when Church and Dissent are alike passive, the poison is widely distributed and absorbed, and that thousands fall victims to that mirage which lures them to fresh scenes in the vain hope of finding a happier lot—the hollow chimera which has wrecked so many, and against which the high and eternal truths of Christianity alone can and ought to prevail.

From The Spectator.

HORSEBACK IN MANTCHU TARTARY.*

Mr. Fleming is a traveller after the ancient rather than the modern fashion, and the great volume in which he has recorded his experiences will be read for reasons other than the charm of the author's style. He does not manufacture epigrams, or startle his reader by new and acute theories; his own reflections are sometimes oddly simple, and his whole narrative reads rather like the talk of a garrulous old man than the sharp incisive descriptions to which recent travellers have accustomed society. He has occasionally a flux of words most annoying to critics, and he dwells on his personal miseries, particularly those he suffered from bad smells, with a minuteness not a little tiresome to all who care more about the Mantchus than Mr. George Fleming. But his narrative is a most charming one, nevertheless, or, it may be, in *consequence* of these very defects. The big volume is neither more nor less than a huge gossiping letter, addressed by a fine-natured, clear-speaking fellow, with the very keenest of eyes, to a reader who wants to know "all about" a portion of China never visited by an Englishman, or, indeed, by a European, except some chance Russian or forgotten Jesuit. He has an untrodden region to tell of, and he photographs it and its people and their ways, instead of manufacturing theories to account for its and their existence. Long and lifelike descriptions, reading like pages out of Hakluyt's collection, are interspersed with personal anecdotes, local legends, stories of adventures in Southern China, attempts at Chinese history, and little sketches, some of them revealing no common artistic power. There are two of them in particular, "dining before an audience," and "the useless passport," which are really admirable for the mixed impression of fun and fidelity they leave on the reader's eye. The second in particular, a sitting mandarin, surrounded by policemen, gives a better impression at once of the similarity and the difference between China and Europe than anything we remember to have seen. All the personages are Tartar to the backbone, yet it is an Austrian guard-room which the sketch suggests.

Mr. Fleming, while serving in July, 1861, at Tien-tsin, was seized with an eager desire to test the new treaty and gratify his own curiosity by a journey into the interior, and the arrival of a Shanghai friend decided him to fix on Moukden, the capital of Manchuria, as his ultimate destination. The usual route is by sea, but the travellers wanted to ascertain if the provision of the treaty which allows Europeans to travel had been explained in the interior, and resolved to do the distance, some seven hundred miles, on horseback. They could obtain no interpreter, but they had a sharp groom, and Mr. Michie knew some little of the Mandarin dialect; so, provided with a passport from the consul, and another from a Chinese official, three strong ponies, a cart, and a sufficiency of silver florins and copper "cash," they set out on their dangerous expedition round the Gulf of Pechelee. Of course, such a march produced an adventure an hour, sometimes comic, sometimes exasperating, but always fresh, and always recorded in a tone which reminds one rather of Smollett than any more recent writer. Mr. Fleming manages to make us perceive, not only the points of the landscape and the peculiarities of the people, but the conditions under which life is permanently carried on, the reasons, as it were, why China is so populous and so orderly an empire. The impression left will decidedly raise the Englishman's estimate of Chinese civilization, by showing him how very closely it resembles his own. Mr. Fleming, for example, soon after he had fairly escaped from the beaten track, came a few miles beyond the little town of Fungtai upon a succession of villages like those of a prosperous English county: "Ten li further we found another quite as charming and as rich in the possession of excellent water, with its little cottages built of wood and whitewashed, their roofs tiled or thatched, and roomy enclosures also of brick, finished in the most workman-like manner, and the attached gardens stocked with fruit trees and vegetables. Every little aggregation of houses, spread evenly and not too thickly over the country, was snugly embosomed in genial sylvan shade, from the light green curtain of which they peeped out lovingly on the tastefully planted rows of trees that grew apart from them like model plantations, for fuel or building purposes." In the distance stood up huge black mountains of granite, and, "from their feet, ex-

* *Travels on Horseback in Mantchu Tartary.* By G. Fleming. Hurst and Blackett.

tending away to the right and right-front, and margined only by the sky, lay a cosmorama of wavy vegetation, a sea of yellowish green, placidly sweeping and nodding in every direction, and obeying the light puffy airs from the ravines and gullies. This is the result of uninterfered-with industry and unwearied toil; a fair and acceptable specimen of the glory and pride of the sons of Ham, alike their source of grandeur and permanency, their populousness and prosperity, uniformity, and cheerful peacefulness as a nation. It is a country cultivated to the utmost degree that mortal man, unaided by science, could hope to attain." The high roads, narrowed to the last practicable point to save land, are left unfenced, except by an occasional trench, and approached by still narrower paths, dividing fields covered with millet or barley, or the castor-oil plant, or studded with olive green melons as thick as cannon balls, or broken by walled-in gardens of exquisite horticulture, the walls covered with creepers, the frequent arbors loaded with vines, and the plots crowded with herbs, vegetables for the table, and peach, pear, and plum trees. Flowers grown only to look at are few, and those chiefly honeysuckle and cockscomb. The whole adult population were at work in the fields or gardens, the very aged sitting about under the huge trees which shade the village, and guarding the children at their play. Every village has its roadside well full of clear sparkling water, there is streaming traffic on the roads, and everywhere there is an air of comfort and absence of pressure from above which greatly modifies the English impression of Chinese manners. There is always a village inn, and a guard-house or police-station of some kind or other, a few shops, a forge, and one or two houses of a wealthier class, the English mansion being the only feature of the scene the absence of which Mr. Fleming regrets. Probably the Chinese peasantry, who till their own land and eat its product, instead of taking only a share in the shape of wages, would, if they knew all the facts, be of a different opinion. There must be hundreds of thousands of such villages in China in which life flows on for centuries in orderly tranquillity, and it is in these, and not in the packed cities, where life is compressed by competition till it almost expires, that the true strength of China, the conservative force which protects its civilization, really consists. A little way on Mr. Fleming stumbled on such a village on market day.

"At thirty li from Kia-ping we reached the cosy little town of Cooyuh, and on a market-day; for at its busiest hour we found ourselves struggling through a crowd of agriculturalists and traders. They occupied every crammable corner, and wedged each other so tightly into the middle of the narrow street that they could scarcely extricate themselves from the stalls, from the piles of goods heaped up on each side of the thoroughfare, and from the live stock kicking, squealing, bleating, lowing, and neighing on every hand.

"Here business was being transacted by staid, bargain-making, healthy old men, clad in sober homespun blue or white cotton stuff, and the great brimmed straw hat scarcely attached to their venerable heads by bands of black tape.

"Speculations and questionable ventures were sparkling in the eyes of the younger negotiators, who, attired in their best outfits—consisting of a maximum of silk, and a minimum of the less pretentious material, with clean-shaven heads, and long, well-plaited, glistening queues, too elaborate to be protected from the great heat by any sort of covering—talked loudly and long, and strutted around their customer, or around the stock in which they were about to invest their capital, using their fans in the most coquettish manner, far more for display than for any real benefit to their olive complexions.

"The more wealthy farmer, the owner of but a small plot, and the day laborer, all mingled and bargained, bought and sold, in the quietest and readiest manner possible, without disturbance, and, so far as we could see in such a dense crowd, without those preservers of the peace in Hesperian markets and fairs—the lynx-eyed policemen.

"Stalls, shaded by square-topped white cotton umbrellas, which nearly knocked our heads off in consequence of our not stooping low enough to pass beneath them, were shaking beneath every kind of native produce; and long rows of sacks stood on end with open mouths, exhibiting their contents, perfectly lined each side of the way. Beans, pease, wheat, barley, and millet, were the staple articles exposed for sale. Baskets full of fresh and salted vegetables; stands laden with home-made cotton cloth, coarse, but thick and durable; or great bundles of the white flocculent material ready for spinning; little stores of alum or sal-ammoniac; all sorts of hardware and pottery of native manufacture; tailoring and shoemaking booths; while harness and saddlery hung over all the poles and pegs of the saddlers' compartment.

There were tempting displays of large-sized, well-colored, but very deceptive flavorless apples, and hard watery pears, with an abundant and more acceptable assortment of peaches, apricots, and nectarines, in which we indulged greatly, and filled pockets and saddlebags.

"There were butchers cutting and chopping at the legs and bodies of well-dressed pigs, slain for the occasion; and, better than all, a sight which made our gustatory nerves fairly tingle; there were delicious legs of the 'yang row'—the mutton, about which we had inquired fruitlessly at every halting-place, fresh and glowing in its delicate tints of white and red."

What, save the *locale*, the dress, and the language, is the difference between that scene and the one we have all witnessed in an English market village? The inns are, of course, of every kind and degree, but a good one must be very like an English country inn, only the sleeping-rooms are a succession of brick buildings on the ground floor. The guests sit usually in hot weather under a shade in the yard, which is adorned with miniature gardens, and "at each side of the doorway, resting on rugged pillars of rock-work, are immense glazed vases filled with water on the surface of which float fine specimens of the almost idolized water-lily—just on the point of blooming, with black and red gold fish swimming around the stems, and sporting under the great palmate leaves—curious looking animals, with an extraordinary development of the caudal fin, and eyes protruding far beyond their heads. In one corner are some dwarf fruit trees, the most notable of which is the species of citron called 'the fingers of Buddha'—from the digitated manner in which the fruit grows—the plum-tree, and the peach, the double blossoms of which, in the early spring months, form such a beautiful spectacle in northern gardens." The houses are always in gardens, which are, moreover, always surrounded by walls, a Chinaman having an English love for privacy and the sense of exclusive possession. They are always of wood or brick, with over heavy wooden roofs, and have a curious summer-house effect, resembling in fact, precisely the now almost extinct willow-pattern plate. The furniture consists chiefly of tables, chairs, —the Chinese have arrived at the arm-chair, —and low stools, with ponderous screens and wardrobes; and heat is secured in winter either by braziers, or by a brick bed-place built hollow over a furnace and supplied with hot-air pipes. The fuel is wood or millet stalk, or pounded coal mixed with mud, Mr. Fleming says, but, as we suspect, with rice-water, a mode of using it universal in Asia, and which is convenient because the fire never goes out, and emits little or no smoke. The people were all decently dressed—though Mr. Fleming records, with a quaint cockney horror, that he found men at work frequently in the fields and on the towing-paths quite naked —and are as neat in their costume as Dutchmen, and far more so than English peasants. They speak, like most races except the English, kindly and civilly to one another, and are unique in Asia for their treatment of animals. They *never* punish.

"Hence a mule that, in the hands of a foreigner, would be not only useless but dangerous to every one about it, becomes in the possession of a Chinaman as quiet as a lamb and as tractable as a dog. We never beheld a runaway, a jibbing, or a vicious mule or pony in a Chinaman's employment; but found the same rattling cheerful pace maintained over heavy or light ground by means of a *turr-r* or *cluck-k*, the beast turning to the right or left and stopping with but a hint from the reins. This treatment is extended to all the animals they press into their service. Often have I admired the tact exhibited in getting a large drove of frightened sheep through narrow crowded streets and alleys, by merely having a little boy to lead one of the quietest of the flock in front; the others steadily followed without the aid either from a yelping cur or a cruel goad. Cattle, pigs, and birds are equally cared for."

The "gentle" Hindoo, who will not kill an animal for the world, treats it while alive with sickening cruelty, and the Burmese who reverences all life as the gift of the Creator, is as brutal as the English cabman. Throughout his long ride Mr. Fleming, though sometimes bullied by innkeepers and always jealously watched by the mandarins, suffered little annoyance from the people except through their ungovernable curiosity. No serious attack ever seems to have been made on him, and were the Government really willing, Europeans might apparently travel from end to end of northern China.

The descriptions of country, village, and wayside inn life constitute the true charm of this book; but Mr. Fleming reached the great wall at its meeting with the sea. It is, he

says, exactly like the walls of most Chinese towns, from thirty to forty feet high, and twenty-five feet broad, with towers at every one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet.

"They, with the walls, have been admirably built to withstand the devastations of ages of exposure in such a climate. The basement or foundation for the whole is widely and compactly formed for bearing the weight of such a load of matter, by imperishable granite blocks imposed on each other to an elevation of six or eight feet from the ground. On this the body of the building is reared, consisting of an internal bank of earth tightly rammed and packed, and encased in a sloping brick shell of no great thickness, embedded very firmly in mortar of great apparent strength and hardness—consisting, so far as I can judge, of a large proportion of remarkably white lime, similar to the chunam of India, mixed with sand and pebbles in very small quantity. The courses of the brickwork were regular and well pointed, and in working up the wall the observer could scarcely fail to notice that it had only been laid in layers six or eight feet deep at a time; leading him to suppose that the builders had been fully alive to the necessity of allowing one part to settle down and solidify before building any higher, in order to prevent displacement and speedy demolition from premature shrinking."

The bricks are large, and of a dark slate color. The wall crossing the plains, gliding up the mountains and crossing ravines, irresistibly strikes the imagination; but on the hills it is not above eight feet high, and has, in many places, crumbled from the unceasing action of the elements. Beyond this wall no Chinaman is allowed to pass, except with merchandise once a year, the Tartars fearing lest their Chinese subjects with their untiring industry and habit of accumulation, should gradually cultivate the desert and buy them out,—a curious and melancholy illustration of the grand peculiarity of China—a civilization which never advances beyond sharply defined limits.

PHŒBUS APOLLO'S COMPLAINT.

Oh, weary as Fox Talbot, and weary as Daguerre,
That set me up in business (as the firm of Sun and Air),
For since then as portrait painter so wide my fame has flown—
I haven't had a moment that I can call my own;
With positives and negatives, collodion and albumen,
I lead a life no god before e'er lived, and, I hope, few men.
Here's Claudet, Mayall, Watkins, Maul and Polyblank, Caldesi,
At the camera and the printing-frame keep me toiling till I'm crazy.

Standing patron of the fine arts I was well content to be,
To take the chair at meetings of the Muses, three times three:
With Clio and Euterpe, Polyhymnia & Co.,
To paint and play *en amateur* was nice and *comme il faut.*
But to drudge and mess about in each photographic den,
From the moment of one's rising till one goes to bed again,
Is really not the business a sun-god ought to follow—
'Tis a ray and not R. A. that flings a halo round Apollo.

If I could choose my sitters my case were not so hard:
To transmit the face of beauty, statesman, warrior, or bard,
Is work that would not sully e'en the majesty of Phœbus,
But as my old friend Horace puts it "*modus est in rebus.*"
And nowadays each nobody must with my rays make free,
Till *cartes* are ta'en by cart-loads, that ta'en should never be.
Albumenized, collodionized, on paper and on glass,
The whole world seems mad for setting the *carte* before the ass!

Of privacy our great ones' joys and griefs I'm forced to rob;
Compelled to do the bidding of the genuine British snob;
To lurk behind the sofa where the queen sits in her weeds,
To squint over her shoulder at the letter that she reads;
To dodge the prince and princess, e'en through their honeymoon;
Play the spy upon their morning, and blab their afternoon,
Shoot them flying on their drives from some sheltering bush or tree,
And peep in through the key-hole on their dinner and their tea.

—*Punch.*

From The Saturday Review.

MARIE-ANTOINETTE.*

If an illustration were needed to show the difficulty of arriving at historical truth, it might be found in the endless controversies on the faults and virtues of the personages who were in turn the heroes or victims of the French Revolution. Though two generations have passed away, party feeling still survives, and on the suspicious evidence of contemporary pamphlets and private memoirs it is constantly being attempted to reverse, or at least to modify, opinions that have for a long time held their ground. Historical criticism was never more active and more intelligent than it is at the present day in France. There is a much greater disposition than was formerly the case to consult well-authenticated documents, instead of adopting the stereotyped conclusions of popular writers. Therefore, notwithstanding the brilliant inaccuracy of a Thiers and the undisguised advocacy of a Louis Blanc, we are disposed to hope that in the present age some progress may be made in arriving at a true appreciation of the actors in the greatest drama of modern history. Though, no doubt, individual opinion or party feeling may often diminish the value of the numerous essays on the French Revolution which the press of Paris furnishes, yet, upon the whole, we think it must be admitted that there is an increasing tendency to examine and judge the Revolution and its epoch with greater calmness and moderation. Malignant vituperation and slander, accompanied with the fiercest denunciations, are the worst weapons of attack and defence in times of violent popular commotions. The most vindictive persecutions and punishments are their natural consequence, and infamy is frequently, whether justly or not, attached to the memory of the victims. But it may sometimes happen that a later generation may reverse a wrongful verdict, and rescue from undeserved obloquy bright and honorable names.

Few of the great characters of the French Revolution have been more perseveringly and more foully assailed than Marie Antoinette. For the last dozen years of her life she suffered from persecution, and at length from such ferocious cruelty as would have seemed to be impossible in a civilized age and a Christian country. The most slanderous imputations were recklessly made upon her conduct and character by a nation which professes to be the depositary of the spirit of chivalry; and it has often, in comparatively modern times, been attempted to insist upon those charges, supported as they were by the most questionable testimony of insinuations contained in private memoirs. Even historians have, in some cases, passed an unfavorable judgment on the queen, based as it would seem on the *médisance* of Parisian society, and not upon any reliable evidence. On the other hand, there are innumerable defenders of the outraged queen, who seek to represent her as a saint in her life and a martyr in her death, and who, from compassion for her sufferings and indignation at her traducers and oppressors, have been led to exaggerate and falsify what could be said in her favor. The last champion that has appeared is M. de Lescure, who begins by assuming an attitude of judicial impartiality, which, however, occasionally verges on indiscriminate admiration. Now there can be no question that, when Marie Antoinette became Queen of France, she enjoyed universal popularity. Her youth and beauty won the affection of all. The society of Paris rejoiced in having a court presided over by a high-born princess, and those who were less frivolous hoped that the time had come when the reign of Dubarry and her fellows was to cease forever. Never was a reign more auspiciously commenced. And yet within a very few years her popularity had utterly vanished. The worst stories were freely circulated about her. She was alleged to spend vast sums in enriching her favorites; she was charged with furthering the interests of Austria at the expense of France; her private life was reported to be scandalous. After the affair of the Diamond Necklace, she became odious in France. Though nothing at that trial was proved to implicate her in the matter, the popular belief undoubtedly was that she was really compromised by the disclosures made in the course of the proceedings. When the Revolution broke out, there were no limits to the hatred which she encountered. By some it was believed that she was the chief obstacle to the efforts of the revolutionary party, and that her force of character and her influence over her feeble husband rendered her dan-

* *La vraie Marie-Antoinette, Etude Historique, Politique, et Morale.* Par M. de Lescure. Librairie Parisienne. Paris: 1863.

gerous to them. Others maintained that she was forever intriguing with the Court of Vienna and conspiring against France. It was also said—and the charge has been repeated by M. Louis Blanc and Sismondi—that her faults of temperament and judgment were fatal to Louis XVI. and were among the causes of the final crisis of the revolution. Yet this was the princess who a few years before had been welcomed with enthusiastic affection, but at length became the object of such bitter hostility with the people of Paris—an implacable hatred that was scarcely satiated with her blood.

At first sight it seems difficult to account for such a change of feeling, unless we ascribe it to the fact that the French people were, in those memorable years, in that state of unreasoning frenzy, that they could accept the vaguest rumors as proofs of criminality, and that the popular leaders lost no opportunity of trying to counteract at any price an influence which they felt and feared. It is simply idle to dwell upon the charges of personal misconduct. There is no proof that they had any foundation except in the malignant slanders of a corrupt court, which have been preserved in the memoirs of Besenval, and Tilly, and Lauzun. But the unpopularity which finally matured into such deadly hatred no doubt began in the court itself. Marie Antoinette did not possess the tact to conciliate those by whom she was surrounded, and—what in French eyes was worse than a crime—she was wanting in the knowledge and practice of etiquette. She was impulsive enough have favorites like the Countess de Polignac, and to make any one a favorite was to expose herself to the certain enmity of those who were not equally distinguished. She had been brought up an Austrian Archduchess in the easy and homely fashion of the German courts, and she could not endure the stately ceremonial of Versailles. Gay and good-humored, she sought to please more than to command and she liked to be on terms of greater intimacy with her chosen friends than was then customary among royal personages. It was well observed by the Prince of Ligne, who had, from his long residence at the French court, frequent opportunities of observing the character and manners of the queen:—

"Sa prétendue galanterie ne fut jamais qu'un sentiment profond d'amitié, et peut-être distingué pour une ou deux personnes, et une coquetterie générale de femme et de reine pour plaire à tout le monde. Dans le temps même où la jeunesse et le défaut d'expérience pouvaient engager à se mettre trop à son aise vis-à-vis d'elle, il n'y eut jamais aucun de nous qui avions le bonheur de la voir tous les jours qui osât en abuser par la plus petite inconvenance. Elle faisait la reine sans s'en douter. On l'ado rait sans songer à l'aimer."

This is certainly not the portait of a queen who, by some writers, has been classed with Mary Stuart and Henriette of Orleans; and, in all probability, no efforts would have been made to tarnish her memory but for the animosity felt by the Revolutionary party towards her. Perhaps she did not come up to the French ideal of a Queen of France; but even if she had been as wise as she was courageous, she could hardly have guided the king through the perils of the Revolution. The day for timely concessions and judicious compromises had long gone by. In the state in which the country then was, no Government could have effected without violence the changes that were needed. The Church and the nobles, either by open opposition or covert intrigues, rendered any compromise between the crown and the people impossible. It is too much to expect that the influence of one woman, however wise and bold could have saved the monarchy from the consequences of centuries of oppression and injustice. Nor, in justice, could much have been expected from a half-educated princess, who had spent her youth in the court of Vienna, and the rest of her life in the fêtes and frivolities of Versailles.

As for the king his character was so weak that it is doubtful whether he could ever have been induced to act under the pressure of a nature more energetic than his own. Marie Antoinette was full of courage, but had not more than average capacity for the conduct of public affairs. In September, 1791, Count de la Marck, in writing to Count Marcy-Argenteau, says:—

"Il faut trancher le mot, le roi, est incapable de régner, et la reine bien secondée peut seule suppléer à cette incapacité. Cela même ne suffirait pas; il faudrait encore que la reine reconnût la nécessité de s'occuper des affairs avec méthode et suite; il faudrait qu'elle se fît la loi de ne plus accorder une demi-confiance à beaucoup de gens, et qu'elle

donnât en revanche sa confiance entière à celui qu'elle aurait choisi pour la seconder."

But if she proved unfit to govern, she at least was able to set an example of courage and dignity to all around her. Though exposed to every insult and menace, her heroic spirit never failed her. She endured to the end, with true nobleness of spirit, the brutalities of her accusers, and the last letters which she wrote from her prison are full of tenderness and affection. When her nature was tested by misfortune and suffering, it proved to be true metal. The last years of her life are sufficient to atone for far more than can be with truth laid to her charge, and ought to silence the voice of calumny. The aim of M. Lescure is to show that Marie Antoinette deserves not only our compassion but our adoration. He declares that all the evidence that has been brought to light in modern times tends to show the absolute blamelessness of the queen's life—a more favorable view than that entertained by M. Sainte-Beuve, who seems to us to insinuate more than he is in a position to sustain. Perhaps the most interesting portion of M. Lescure's volume is the collection of Marie Antoinette's letters. They are forty-four in number. Among them are letters to the Emperor Leopold, Madame Elisabeth, the Princesse de Lamballe, and Madame de Tourzel, the dauphin's governess. The last in the series is one addressed to Elisabeth, on the morning of the 16th of October, the day of the queen's execution. The original of this letter is in the archives of the empire; it breaks off suddenly with an unfinished sentence, and bears no signature. It is believed that its conclusion was prevented by the arrival of the executioner. It is extremely touching in its allusions to her children and her friends. We believe that a great many more of her letters, especially those to her brother, the emperor, are in existence in the archives of Vienna; they probably would throw some additional light on the views of that court at the time of the flight of the king to Varennes. But we must admit that the mass of literature referring to Marie Antoinette has already reached most preposterous dimensions. M. Lescure gives us a list of some two hundred works, without including the countless piles of scurrilous pamphlets which are to be found in the collections of the curious.

Mr. Buckle as a Talker.—In a book just published, under the title of "Arabian Days and Nights," Miss Marguerite A. Power gives an interesting sketch of her meeting in Egypt with Mr. Buckle but a few weeks before his death.

"At Cairo we had the good fortune to fall in with one whose premature death a few weeks later now makes the souvenir of the encounter doubly interesting. This was Buckle, who, in his researches for fresh materials for his 'History of Civilization,' was now on his way back from a journey up the Nile. He had, on his arrival in Egypt, brought letters of introduction to the R.'s, so that, as they were already acquainted, he came almost immediately to call, and was asked to dinner on an early day. I have known most of the celebrated talkers of—I will not say how many years back—of the time, in a word, when Sydney Smith rejoiced in his green, bright old age, and Luttrell and Rogers and Tommy Moore were still capable of giving forth an occasional flash, and when the venerable Lord Brougham, and yet more venerable Lord Lyndhurst, delighted in friendly and brilliant sparring at dinner-tables, whose hosts are now in their half-forgotten graves. I have known some brilliant talkers in Paris—Lamartine and Dumas and Cabarrus, and brightest, or at least most constantly bright of all, the late Madame Emile de Girardin. I knew Douglas Jerrold; and I am still happy enough to claim acquaintance with certain men and women whose names, though well known, it were perhaps invidious now to mention. But, for inexhaustibility, versatility, memory, and self-confidence, I never met any to compete with Buckle. Talking was meat and drink and sleep to him: he lived upon talk. He could keep pace with any given number of interlocutors on any given number of subjects, from the abstrusest science to the lightest *jeu d'esprit*, and talk them all down, and be quite ready to start fresh. Among the hundred and one anecdotes with which he entertained us I may be permitted to give, say the hundred and first. 'Wordsworth,' said Charles Lamb, 'one day told me that he considered Shakspeare greatly overrated. There is an immensity of trick in all Shakspeare wrote,' he said, 'and people are taken in by it. Now if *I* had a mind I could write exactly like Shakspeare.' 'So you see,' proceeded Charles Lamb, quietly, 'it was *only the mind* that was wanting!' We met Buckle on several subsequent occasions, and his talk and his spirits never flagged; the same untiring energy marked all he said, and did, and thought, and fatigue and depression appeared to be things unknown to him."

From The Spectator, 20 June.

THE CONFEDERATE EVANGEL.

THE Confederates are at least admirable for the frankness and enthusiasm of their faith. While their unfortunate English advocates try with painful industry and contortions of intellect to believe and prove that the triumph of the Confederacy will be the surest death-blow to slavery, the great representatives of their thought, and even the spokesmen of their Government, are daily witnessing, and ostentatiously calling heaven and earth to witness, to their reverence for it. They triumph in being a "peculiar people," set apart by the King of kings to proclaim a new gospel to the world; they glory with passionate fervor in what all Europe regards as their shame and humiliation; they thank God that they are accounted worthy to suffer like the early Christians in this equally divine cause; they speak of themselves in language far stronger than that of St. Peter, as much more than "a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, which in time past were not a people, but are now the people of God"—nay, we scarcely like to write down words which may sound like blasphemy, but which we profoundly believe to have been written in the highest mood of exalted faith, —but they adopt in moments of enthusiasm much higher language than this: they speak not only of having sanctified their cause by their baptism of sacrificial blood, but expressly of their claim "by their agony and bloody sweat," to plead before the mountains the Lord's controversy, to establish on the strong foundations of the earth in place of the infidel principle of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," the good tidings of great joy which are comprised in the formula, "Slavery, Subordination, Government." We are not exaggerating. We are quoting from an article in the *Richmond Examiner* of May 28, a paper which is held as the foremost in the South for ability and influence. No one can read that article without a certain shudder of conviction that here is the spokesman of a people profoundly in earnest in what they are doing—that here is a fanatic who really thinks, and has a large following in thinking, that the South is set apart by God as a sort of political Saviour for the rest of the world, and feels warranted in adopting the same language of triumph in the contumely now attached to slavery which Christians only apply to the "despised and rejected" Son of Man. The article to which we allude is written throughout in the exalted strain of fanatical belief and propagandism. It is not for the sake of the South only, not for America only, that this divine experiment is being tried. "*The establishment of the Confederacy*," says the writer, "*is verily a distinct reaction against the whole course of the mistaken civilization of the age.* And this is the true reason why we have been left without the sympathy of the nations, till we conquered that sympathy with the sharp edge of the sword. For Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, we have deliberately substituted Slavery, Subordination, and Government. Those social and political problems which rack and torture modern society we have undertaken to solve for ourselves in our own way and on our own principles." It is a great human experiment, a new missionary power on the earth. "Reverently we feel," continues the Evangelist, "that our Confederacy is a God-sent missionary to the nations with great truths to preach. We must speak them boldly, and whoso hath ears to hear let him hear;"—and then, after this emphatic use of our Lord's words, comes the sentence, to us so blasphemous, in which the South clothes itself, in "the agony and bloody sweat," which is to sanctify its cause, and claims to be pouring out that blood of martyrdom which is to be the seed, in this case, of the oligarch's monopoly and the slave-driver's whip.

It may be said of course with some show of reason, that this sort of fanaticism does not fairly represent the South; that you must no more judge the Southerners by the violent and blasphemous fanaticism of the *Richmond Examiner* than you would the North by the enthusiasm of W. Lloyd Garrison or Frederick Douglas. It is curious, indeed, that the very same language is used on both sides;—the earnest abolitionists, like Mr. Conway, frequently applying to the despised negro that very language which the Prophets applied in the first instance to the Jewish people, and then to their Divine Head. For our own part, we see a great significance in this strange grasping at the language of Christian faith among the extreme partizans on both sides, and, without affecting to think there are more Southerners to endorse the one than Northerners to endorse the other, we are profoundly convinced that here you see the ulti-

mate tendencies of both sections of the Union, if each should be allowed to develop fully and freely the "idea" which is in them. In the one, you would get a structure rigidly based on slavery from the lowest caste of society, and carrying up the claim of strength to deal with the weak as it thinks fit into the strata above, by the aid of the *Richmond Examiner's* second great apophthegm that "among equals equality is right; among those who are naturally unequal, equality is chaos; that there are slave races born to serve, master races borne to govern;"—and, he ought to add, the lees and dregs of master races born to be their tools in carrying out their will on the race of slaves. In the other, we shall have a structure of society more and more deeply penetrated by the Abolitionist idea of the divine rights of the weak and the oppressed to a protected freedom, leavening, we trust, the prejudiced and narrow, though not radically ungenerous ideas, which always pervade large masses of imperfectly cultivated men, till the spirit of freedom and reverence at length subdues even the bigotry of headless majorities, that have to grope their own blind way to statesmanship. We have always maintained that the missionary principles and leaders on both sides are destined to prevail over the lukewarm; and the process is going on rapidly before our eyes.

If any one, like our amiable and sedate contemporary, the *Globe*, for instance,—which invariably endeavors, in its own cultivated but rather helpless way, to mediate between European political convictions, and the Southern slavery,—doubts this inevitable gravitation of the South towards the extreme development of the extreme propagandist idea it has so rashly hugged to its bosom, let him note how steadily even the anxious temporizers pass under its influence. There is an address to which four hundred Christian ministers of all denominations in the Southern States have lately given in their signatures at Richmond, and addressed to "Christians throughout the world." Now, when ministers of the Gospel try to put the best face on the Southern case to "Christians throughout the world," we may be sure they will be as moderate in crossing the convictions of Christians throughout the world as they can be consistently with their own position. From them, at least, we need not fear that the most sacred words and ideas will be applied to the sufferings and the agony of slavery. Indeed, the tone of this address was, on the whole, so mild and didactic, that it received an early and almost emphatic welcome from our sedate contemporary. Now, what do these four hundred gentlemen say about the corner-stone of their system? Do they encourage, as the *Times* correspondent in the South would have us believe, the notion of an early emancipation movement so soon as the South has established its independence? Do they tell us, as the inventive mind of English sympathy repeats—only the more eagerly the more utterly groundless the dream appears,—that the true way to secure freedom for the slaves is to say at once to the South, without conditions, "Go in peace?" On the contrary, they give thanks for slavery,—much on behalf of the whites, more on behalf of the slave himself. Let them speak for themselves: "With all the facts of the system of slavery in its practical operations before us, 'as eye-witnesses and ministers of the Word, having had perfect understanding of all things' on this subject of which we speak, we may surely claim respect for our opinions and statements. Most of us have grown up from childhood among the slaves; all of us have preached to and taught them the word of life; have administered to them the ordinances of the Christian Church; sincerely love them as souls for whom Christ died; we go among them freely, and know them in health and sickness, in labor and rest, from infancy to old age. We are familiar with their physical and moral condition, and alive to all their interest; and we testify, in the sight of God, that the relation of master and slave among us, however we may deplore abuses in this, as in other relations of mankind, is not incompatible with our holy Christianity, and that the presence of the Africans in our land is an occasion of gratitude on their behalf, before God: seeing that thereby Divine Providence has brought them where missionaries of the Cross may freely proclaim to them the word of salvation, and the work is not interrupted by agitating fanaticism. The South has done more than any people on earth for the Christianization of the African race." They go on to say that the slaves who have escaped since the war *are* gone, "and, we aver, *can go to no state of society that offers them any better things than they have at home, either in respect to their temporal*

or eternal welfare." It would, of course, be much worse, both for the "temporal and eternal welfare" of the slave, if the system which legalizes, and sometimes almost insists on, brutality, adultery, and the disruption of family life, were entirely done away with. Clearly the four hundred ministers of Christ's Gospel have only diluted the more earnest language of the *Richmond Examiner*, for foreign consumption.

But, finally, what do the Southern *statesmen* say to the assertion of their English friends that their first wish is to get rid of slavery as soon as they have got rid of the Northern aggression? We have a curious glimpse of this aspect of the subject in the correspondence just published between Mr. Mason, the Confederate diplomatist here, and Mr. Conway, the representative of the Abolitionist party. Mr. Conway, by birth a Virginian, and a true Southerner by political instinct, though his faith in freedom has induced him to sacrifice even patriotic feeling for his duty to the slaves, has just written to Mr. Mason to make him an offer on the part of the American Abolitionist party. *They* support the war, he says, on anti-slavery principles alone; if the Confederates would emancipate honestly, or promise an emancipation guaranteed by European powers within the limits of any reasonable time, the Northern Abolition party would no longer care to conduct a war which would then, indeed, be a mere war "for empire." They are fighting for something much better than empire—freedom. That once secured, they would not care to rule the continent of America, but be quite ready to part in peace. Unfortunately, however, that once secured, the Confederates would not care to keep their separate nationality, which is based not on the love for self-government, but on the love for the arbitrary government of others. It was for this purpose, and this only, that they seceded, and Mr. Mason has evidently a very distinct impression that his superiors are by no means prepared to abandon the despotic privilege for the sake of which they have run all this risk. He replied to Mr. Conway's first letter by a diplomatic feint, which shows that he is a very sly man indeed, and might have succeeded in inculpating more than one Abolitionist with the Federal Government. He wanted Mr. Conway to produce the names of his Abolitionist principals. Mr. Conway did not choose to do so without more distinct authority, and said he would write for credentials, when Mr. Mason rejoined by a letter of indignation evidently written for publication, and intended to demolish Mr. Conway, in which he exposes to the United States the dealings of the Abolitionist party. We shall be surprised, however, if the effect, on the whole, —perhaps the carefully calculated effect—of Mr. Conway's measure be not to convince Englishmen of the utter futility of their hopes for a Confederate emancipation. Mr. Mason concludes with saying, "As some reward, however, for your interesting disclosure, your inquiry whether the Confederate States will consent to emancipation shall not go wholly unanswered. You may be assured, then, and perhaps it may be of value to your constituents to assure them, that the Northern States will never be in relations to put this question to the South, nor will the Southern States ever be in a position requiring them to give an answer," — a somewhat enigmatic piece of braggadocio, but conveying, we take it in connection with the whole tone of the letter, Mr. Mason's conviction that, however agreeable to the Confederates the prospect of peace and independence *with* slavery may be, war, or even subjugation, would be preferable to casting away this corner-stone of their great edifice.

And, no doubt, this is the truth. The Confederacy has but one political idea which dominates the imaginations of men. That idea is the new gospel of "Slavery, Subordination, Government,"—the good tidings of great joy that every African is born to be scourged on earth, and subjected to the vile passions of his white masters, before he can earn his salvation. Mr. Mason would probably not have scrupled for a moment to negotiate an alliance with the Northern Democrats; but with the Abolitionists! why, it would have been better a thousand times to propose a surrender without terms to the mercy of the Northern armies. The Confederates are making war for something more than an idea. They have a fanatic faith in their own horrid institution; and if asked to choose between that and independence, they would probably prefer political servitude for themselves, with the sacred right of tyranny over others, to an independence which, in sacrificing the right to keep others under the yoke, would have lost all its sweetness and flavor.

From The Saturday Review, 13 June.

THE RESULTS OF THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

There is much in the general result of the elections in France which might be supposed to harmonize very well with what Imperialism is theoretically. For it would be unjust to deny that, in the mind of the emperor, and of those who are capable of seeing Imperialism through the halo with which his fancy surrounded it, the Government which the Second Napoleon was destined to establish was something more than a mere stupid, grinding despotism. It was to be a strong Government, with a strong mind at the head of it, but at the same time it must realize the hopes and satisfy the wishes of every section and class. And, among other persons, those who think for their neighbors, and reflect upon public life, and have a sense of civic patriotism, ought to be able to contribute all they can to the public service. It is at once a discredit and a danger to a great country that a heavy shroud of deadly ignorance and apathy should completely envelope it. There ought to be some stir, some life, some vent for the ardor, or the doubts, or the discontents of the educated classes. The press, indeed, is full of dangers, and an Imperial Government that could bear to have the truth told of it every morning would cease to be itself. Nor is Parliamentary government, after the English pattern, to be tolerated, for it is absurd that the Government should be committed to the hands of one man, and yet that he should be made to do what he perhaps entirely disapproves of because a certain machinery of votes and speechifying has been brought to play against him. But the empire might obtain a safe advantage if the sense and intellect of the nation could but be brought to light, and made to show themselves, and to work in an appointed path, while yet their activity was kept within a recognized limit. And it might be said that this is very much what is promised by the recent elections. The large towns have, it is true, shown a new disposition to think and act for themselves. A thrill of political life has passed through the population. In many important constituencies deputies have been returned to oppose the ministry, and in many others the success of the ministerial candidate has been seriously imperilled. Men who can teach the Government something have been sent to the Chamber, and the hopes and fears of a new political era have been awakened in a dim and shadowy way. But all this is on a scale that makes it very safe. Nine-tenths of the Chamber will still be composed of deputies who would vote black was white if they were bidden, and, therefore, the practical course of Government cannot be changed. Nor are the large towns at all less securely in the grasp of their master than they were. Paris may return an Opposition deputy in every district, but Paris is at the mercy of a ruler who has barracks full of soldiers within the city, and who has cleared in every direction these open paths for cannon-balls the spectacle of which, because they are lined with big white houses and rows of trees, is supposed by M. Persigny to awaken so much gratitude and pleasure in the Parisians. Lyons, and Marseilles are as liable as they were ten years ago to those fatal raids which swept off so many innocent and unknown men to the horrors of a penal settlement, and hushed the discontented into the silence of a gloomy fear. Therefore the reality of power is the same, and the deep foundations of the Imperial Government remain unshaken. But the empire has a new spirit and energy thrown into it by the presence of capable and eminent men in its councils, and the intellect of its great cities is saved from stagnation and despair, while yet the invisible chains it never ceases to wear are sufficient to prevent it from doing any harm.

A sanguine and enlightened Imperialist might easily carve out some comfort for himself of this sort; and it appears to us to be substantially true that a certain degree of political life is quite consistent with at least the temporary strength of the empire. There is no reason why the emperor should not do what the country wishes him, and be only the better established for complying; and he may learn what he is to do by having the index of an effective Opposition to guide him. He is, indeed, saved by his position from having to make those sudden promises of a change of policy which are forced on the rulers of constitutional countries by the shifting tides of parliamentary majorities. Nor need he give up any object on which he has set his fancy, or abandon any enterprise with which he has connected his name. He is not likely to depart from that system of large expenditure on public works which has, indeed, been a severe drain on France in the last ten

years, but which has certainly gained him much popularity, and has directed the hoards of his subjects into many profitable investments. He will scarcely abandon the Mexican expedition, and the Mexicans will probably have to suffer severely for their courageous and resolute defence of Puebla. But it was unmistakable at the elections that all those in France who are capable of reflecting on political subjects are bent on a diminution of the public expenditure, and on avoiding for the future the squandering of French life and money in distant purposeless expeditions. It was not only the success of the Opposition candidates that showed this, or the confidence with which they appealed on these two points to the convictions of their countrymen. In many places the ministerial candidate had to take exactly the same line, and denounced extravagant expenditure and useless enterprises in a way which nothing but the approval of the préfet could have made to appear becoming in a friend of the Government. The emperor may, therefore, feel sure that France at this moment would like him to be a little more economical, and a little less venturous, and, if he takes the hint, France will be pleased. The Opposition will, of course, decline to be satisfied, and will suggest that his economy is not sufficiently economical, and that his caution as to engaging in foreign entanglements is not sufficiently cautious. But if, on the whole, he is plainly going in the direction in which the country desires he should go, mere criticism of details will be powerless to diminish the favorable impression which this will produce. And if this is the result of the elections, it is by no means clear that France, feeling the great fact that power lies in the hands of the chief of the army, and that there is no chance of any great and sudden access of liberty, will not be very tolerably content.

And it must be remembered that if, in one direction, the Government has suffered a defeat, and has discovered more of political thought and political courage than it expected, in another direction it has achieved a great triumph. The recent elections have done much to rid it of its fear of the clergy. The priests have carried their candidates in very few places. One or two of the Ultramontane opponents of the Government have been returned, but that is all. And in no place have the clerical party or their friends ventured on any strong appeal to the masses on the points most dear to the chief champions of the Papacy. There has been scarcely an allusion to the temporal power of the pope or to the Christian duty of supporting it. It is evident that Frenchmen of the present day do not care about keeping the pope up and aggrandizing or protecting the Church, in the sense in which they care about having fewer taxes to pay or having their relations saved from being sent to die of yellow fever in the tropics. A year ago, when the emperor was supposed to be hesitating whether he should let the Italians have Rome or not, it was generally thought that the great influence which the priests could bring to bear against him if he ceased to occupy Rome went far to determine his resolution. But the elections have shown that the priests could do little to hurt him, and that he may be guided by considerations of pure secular expediency. Nor is this all. The priests have been shown to be capable of being something worse than defeated. They have been shown, in at least one remarkable instance, to be willing to be bought over. M. de Montalembert, the first of Catholic orators, the champion of Rome, the philosophic friend of the Papacy, the literary hero of Ultramontanism, was rejected, and he was rejected because the bishop of the diocese worked openly and hard against him. The bishop, when appointed, undertook to be a friend of the Government, and he has amply redeemed his promise. It is impossible to overrate the importance of the fact. The Government was very anxious to keep M. de Montalembert out, and the chief reason for this anxiety was the apprehension lest the eloquence and the fame of the great orator might cause embarrassment whenever the Government was supposed to be endangering the interests of Catholicism. And yet such a man has been condemned to silence, and the Papacy has lost its champion in the Chamber, through the agency of a bishop. Nothing could provoke a more bitter contempt in the minds of Frenchmen for the clerical party, or more amply justify the indifference with which the cause of the priests appears to be regarded.

This makes the path of the emperor much clearer. It is not difficult for a man with his ability to fall in with the general line in which the political thought of the coun-

try is running, and to spend less and be more careful of his soldiers. But if the clergy were strong, and honest, and determined—if they appealed to feelings largely and deeply entertained—and if the jobbing of political bishops was a thing not to be purchased—the emperor would have to deal with a power independent of his own, and which he might have to obey very much against his wishes. As it is, the emperor has, for the present, gained rather than lost by the elections; and he may perhaps be inclined to press his advantage, and, by making some further approach to the appearance of liberty, give a fuller vent to the desire for political action which he hopes always to be able to restrain within very moderate limits. But the elections have also revealed, among other things, the weak point of Imperialism. The difficulty of all despotisms is to get servants that are to be trusted, and this difficulty is immensely increased by the character which French Imperialism claims for itself. It requires the nicest tact, and the largest patience, and the readiest adaptation of means to ends, in order to work so delicate and complicated a system as that of an expansion of intellectual and political activity under the check of an overwhelming physical force. But the emperor, even if capable of understanding vaguely how this system is to be worked, is far too undetermined, and too fond of abstracting himself from daily cares, to direct every process himself; and when he tries to work through others, he finds no one to his hand except such blundering, short-sighted, hot-headed partisans as M. de Persigny. This is where the empire threatens to break down. The time may come when there will be no Louis Napoleon behind the M. de Persigny of the day; and then either the Opposition will be much more formidable than it is now, or else Imperialism will depart altogether from its theoretical character, and will be nothing more than a despotism of the most stupid and barbarous sort.

From The Saturday Review, 13 June.

POLAND.

The conversation in the House of Lords on Monday last strongly illustrated the complications of the Polish question. Lord Ellenborough, while he avowed a desire to maintain the influence of Russia in Europe recommended that Poland should be made an independent kingdom under some prince of the Imperial family. As the Emperor Alexander, however, will assuredly not adopt the suggestion it is useless to discuss a compromise which might probably be advantageous if it were not altogether imaginary. It is with Russian claims to sovereignty, and with Polish efforts for independence, that the Governments of England, France, and Austria have practically to deal. The difficulty of even devising a feasible proposal seems almost insuperable. Lord Ellenborough proved that an armistice was impossible; and Lord Russell, not less conclusively, answered that it was nevertheless indispensable. A cessation of arms implies a demarcation of limits between regular belligerents, occupying respectively certain districts, with temporary exemption from hostile interference. In Poland, the enemies are intermingled with one another in every part of the country; and the Russian officers, with the aid of the peasants whom they can cajole or bribe, exercise military tyranny over all unarmed opponents. The bands of insurgents only meet together for the purpose of active operations, and during an intermission of hostilities they must either cease to exist, or violate the conventions which might have been executed on their behalf. On the other hand Lord Russell was justified in arguing that it would be idle to negotiate between the combatants while an internecine war was carried on with every circumstance of violence and cruelty; and it may, perhaps, in a conflict of impossibilities, be allowable to select the course which is nominally the more humane. When the Three Powers have agreed to propose an armistice, they will be met by the further question whether they are prepared to enforce the acceptance of their recommendations. Lord Russell expresses the deliberate opinion of his countrymen when he protests against war on behalf of Poland, although Lord Ellenborough states, with approximate truth, that the motive power of diplomacy consists exclusively in the force which may lie behind it. Yet it is almost impossible to be silent in view of a contest which deeply interests every intelligent portion of the European community. By discussing the Polish question in the House of Lords, Lord Ellenborough himself makes one of those appeals to justice and to public opinion which he

deprecates or slights as useless when they are formally addressed to a foreign Government. Perhaps he underrates the force of national protests, which, notwithstanding pacific professions, necessarily involve a certain amount of menace, although the threatened danger may be contingent or remote.

The reticence of diplomatic language is more significant than the conventional phraseology which accompanies and conceals it. The notes which will probably be addressed by England, France, and Austria to their representatives at St. Petersburg, suggest a solution of the Polish problem which is impracticable because it is incomplete. When the three Governments propose the establishment of a representative system in the kingdom of Poland, they ask an ostensible concession which neither expresses their own opinion nor realizes the objects of the insurrection. Lord Russell may be supposed to cherish a pervading faith in Parliamentary institutions; but M. Drouyn de Lhuys is the colleague of M. de Persigny, who denounces a constitutional Opposition as an organized conspiracy, and Count Rechberg speaks in the name of a court which has but recently abandoned on compulsion the rudest and most undisguised form of administrative despotism. The Emperor Alexander will not be deeply impressed by the desire to propagate liberal doctrines which animates his advisers in Paris or Vienna, and Prince Gortschakoff has already informed Lord Russell that English institutions are inapplicable to the state of society which prevails in Russia and in Poland. It is still more material to remember that the heroic struggle of the Poles themselves is directed to the attainment of wider and higher objects. Parliaments will probably follow the victory which almost begins to seem possible; but the gallant scythemen and their leaders are fighting, not for representation, but for independence. When the revolt began, they broke with the Russian dynasty as the American Confederates finally repudiated the Government of Washington. They well know that imperial promises, even if they were as liberal as their own former demands, want the guarantee which would be necessary to secure their observance. No outrage could be more inconsistent with the existing law than the conscription which provoked the rebellion. A Parliament may be a sovereign Assembly, in England, or a Prussian butt for ministerial insolence. It is idle to ask a Constitution from a Government which would unhesitatingly despatch any formidable opponent to the depths of Siberia.

The chief objection to the diplomatic remonstrances of foreign powers is founded on the difference between the area of the insurrection and the Poland of diplomacy. If similar negotiations were pending between the European Governments and the United States, it would be absurd to stipulate for the separate rights of Virginia and North Carolina, while Georgia and Alabama were equally in arms. The Poles have risen against their oppressors almost from the Black Sea to the Baltic, and yet Lord Russell can only recognize the petty kingdom which was created at Vienna from the former Duchy of Warsaw. Volhynia and Podolia are in revolt, though they were seized by Russia in 1793. The provinces to the east of the Dwina and the Dnieper still resent the spoliation of 1772; and even the earlier annexations of Russia are now seriously menaced. The Poles who happen to belong to the Congress kingdom are not at liberty to separate their fortunes from the cause of their countrymen within the Russian frontier. In this respect, if in no other, their interest enforces the dictates of honor and duty, for their hope of persisting in the struggle until they can receive assistance from abroad mainly depends on the wide area which the insurrection covers. The Russians could almost certainly collect a force sufficient to crush the Poles of the kingdom; but at present they are compelled to scatter their troops over several degrees of latitude and longitude. In some of the widely separated districts which take part in the war, the peasants, for various reasons, are disposed to aid the national cause, which is elsewhere supported only by the upper and middle classes. It is not even certain that the contagion of resistance may not extend to some purely Russian provinces. On the whole, religion and language form a surer bond of union than the provisions of the Treaty of Vienna. It is intelligible that Austria should be unwilling to recur to the original partition, but the reasons which confine the attention of England to the rights of the kingdom are little more than technical scruples, and France professes a sympathy with the Polish nation wherever it is struggling for its independence. The diplomatic communications which have

been addressed to Russia are chiefly important as indicating the possible policy of the Western Powers if they at any future time proceed from words to acts. No party in England proposes immediate interference, and the blunder of the Mexican expedition renders it difficult for France to engage in any European war. It may be true, as Lord Stratford de Redclyffe declared, that the world is at present in a confused and disjointed state, but every Government is pressed by the strongest motives to avoid or postpone any actual collision.

There is something to be said in favor of Lord Ellenborough's opinion that the greatness of Russia is essential to the balance of power, or, in other words, to the object of checking the aggrandizement of France. In the last days of Napoleon, Russia, for the first and last time, rendered valuable services to Europe. On all earlier and later occasions, the aggressive propensities of the great Northern Monarchy have been dangerous to civilization and to national independence. Russia was allied with Austria and France against Prussia and England in the Seven Years' War; and when England was engaged in war with the revolted American Colonies, with France, with Spain, and with Holland, Catharine II. took the opportunity of aiming a blow at English maratime greatness by forming, with the other Baltic States, the armed neutrality of the north. The Emperor Paul joined the French Republic against England, and some years afterwards his son agreed with Napoleon at Tilsit on a partition of Europe. When the elder branch of the Bourbons was on the eve of its fall, Charles X. was engaged in negotiation with Nicholas for an alliance directed to the overthrow of the Turkish empire. Ever since the Crimean war, the courts of France and Russia have more than once affected the ostentatious display of a menacing friendship. Two great military empires, separated by wide distances, may easily select separate objects for their cupidity and ambition, and experience shows that an arrangement between France and Russia may at any time endanger the general peace. It is not the business of English statesmen to plot against the greatness of any existing power, but if the Polish insurrection should unexpectedly cripple the strength of Russia, some consolation might be found for the inevitable misfortune. There is, at least, no sufficient reason for checking the natural sympathy which attends the gallant struggle of an oppressed community. A peculiar moral interest attaches to a resistance organized and conducted by the national leaders and representatives of the nation, in defiance of the apathy or treason of a degraded population. The appeals of Russian officials to the avarice or jealousy of the peasantry remove any doubt which might have been entertained as to the justice of the Polish cause; and when the agents of a despotic monarchy practise the doctrines of revolutionary Jacobins, the lovers of law and order ought to unite with the friends of liberty in denouncing their crime. The satisfaction of being certainly on the right side is unfortunately somewhat alloyed by the impossibility of giving practical effect to benevolent sympathies.

THE GREAT STONE BOOK OF NATURE.—By D. T. Ansted, M.A., F.R.S., etc. (Macmillan and Co.) Under this somewhat fanciful title, Mr. Ansted has given us an excellent elementary introduction to the results of geological research. The "Stone Book" is, of course, the crust of the earth, the agencies by which it has been formed constitute the language in which it is written, and the fossils which it contains are the pictures by which it is illustrated. All these and other incidental branches of the subject are treated by Mr. Ansted in a manner which renders them at once interesting and intelligible to the most ordinary capacity, and it would not be easy to find a more suitable medium for the introduction of the young idea to the leading facts of geology.—*Spectator.*

A NOVEL mode of lighting has been introduced at a Baptist church, just built at Philadelphia. There is not a gas-burner in the audience room. In the panels of the ceiling are circles of ground glass, two feet in diameter. Above each of these, in the loft, is an argand burner, and a powerful reflector. The effect is just about the same as if thirty full moons shone on the ceiling. The light is not sharp and intense, but abundant and mellow, and not painful to the eyes.

ARCHERY AT SYDENHAM.

Now hurrah for Lincoln green, when the summer its pavilions,
Full of leafage, flush with blossom, spreads afar from sea to sea,
When the blue bell and the lily bell and asphodel by millions
Flood the riverside and woodland, fill the forest-paths with glee.

Now hurrah for Lincoln green! 'tis the pleasantest apparel
Ever worn by English maidens in the merry days of spring;
When the lark and merle and mavis fill the atmosphere with carol,
When the hawthorn's full of odor—when the arrow's on the wing.

Cricket does not do for ladies—they could hardly play it gracefully:
Chess is better—but a little too perplexing to the brain:
But in open-air amusement if they wish to go the pace fully,
There is nothing like the pastime of the joyous Archer train.

And whoe'er of the Crystal Palace the management possesses,
When the feathered shaft flies swiftly in the dewy morns of Spring,
Instead of taking money from the pretty Archeresses,
Should reward them for the grace and the beauty which they bring.

Not a windy breath to ripple summer leagues of heavy greenery,
Which the Angel of the sunlight in a golden ocean bathes—
Not a sailing cloud to shadow any inch of all the scenery:
Hot though dark the coppice-cloisters; hotter still the meadow-swathes.

Is it cooler where Diana at her toilet-table lingers
'Mid the perfumes, soaps, and essences which only Bond street knows—
Dons her tunic, braids her tresses, gloves her delicate white fingers,
Then descends, a perfect Huntress, with the daintiest of bows?

O Catullus! Chiabrera! Matthew Arnold! Alfred Tennyson!
Bards of Italy and England, it would task you to portray
Each sweet perilous pearl of girlhood—each delicious garden-denizen—
Who is panting for a portion of the honor of the day.

Be thou steadfast, fickle June! Be thy aisles of woodland mellow,
And thy lawns as Turkey carpet dry and downy underfoot!
Who can hit the gold at 60 in the shade of an umbrella?
Who can tread on meadow-moisture in a delicate kid boot?

The Cabinet—unluckily a holiday's forbidden 'em,
Though it really would appear that they haven't much to do—
Should have gone to join the joyous toxophilites at Sydenham:
'Twould have kept them out of mischief, which were something rather new.

Earl Russell, whose despatches have so pleasant an aroma,
Would strive to hit the centre—how exquisite a sight!
While there'd be a day's escape from the veteran diploma-
Tist, whose letters to his equals aren't in English or polite.

And while this bowman valorous compelled to pen and ink shun
For a single day at least, would be shooting in the sun,
Mild Gladstone, who is famous for drawing a distinction,*
Would be aiming at three targets all at once, and hitting none.

As to Palmerston the jovial, he would miss the target merrily,
And make pleasant jokes thereon, with his old accustomed nous:
For the various minor ministers, 'twere vain to name them, verily—
What should they do at the Palace, who do nought in either House? C.

—*Press.*

* It is sometimes said I am too apt to draw distinctions.—MR. GLADSTONE, on Tuesday.

THE STAGNANT POOL.

BEHOLD yon stagnant pool, from whence
But fetid odors rise;
Whose waters, choked with slimy weeds,
The wholesome draught denies.

Loathsome as is the hateful spot,
Yet, 'neath the sun-god's power,
The vapors which to heaven arise,
Will yield the grateful shower,

From whence the grass and fragrant flowers
Begem the neighboring plain,
Where Flora decks her children gay,
And Nature smiles again.

Such often is the heart of man,
A worthless, watery waste,
Whose waves, pestiferous with sin,
Have poison in their taste.

Yet, on this base, corrupted mass,
That man as hopeless deems,
God from above in mercy sheds
His purifying beams;

Till, from the heart once steeped in crime,
Pure, holy thoughts ascend,
Wafting the contrite soul to God,
His Father and his Friend!

—*Chambers's Journal.*

CRINOLINIANA.

You ask me, gentle cousin mine,
  To praise the beauty of your eyes;
And, trust me, they are fair and fine
  As are the stars of Paradise:
Bright scintillations of the soul
  That stirs my inmost being, sweet.
Fain would I lay, without control,
  My heart and homage at thy feet.
One thing alone retards the sign—
Forgive me,—'tis thy Crinoline!

No devotee of art am I;
  Nor would I wish my love to wear
That scantiest of all drapery,
  That Venus rising, fresh and fair,
From out the warm Ægean wave,
  Cast loosely round her rosy limbs,
When all the Graces welcome gave,
  And Nereids sang their sportive hymns.
But there's some difference, I opine,
'Twixt diaphane and Crinoline.

Another Venus once I saw,
  A young Caffrarian from the Cape;
And Bond Street swells surveyed with awe
  The vast proportions of her shape.
Jet-black and woolly was her hair,
  And damson-hued her bounteous lips;
But more admired, beyond compare,
  Were two enormous—pillow-slips.
Yet slenderer was her girth than thine,
If measured round that Crinoline!

Ere yet from Leyden's schools I came,
  At Cupid's shrine I breathed my vow;
Vanbruggen's daughter was my flame,
  A tender, plump, and fondling frow.
Her solid beauties to enhance,
  Twelve petticoats above she drew;
Yet sylph-like moved she in the dance,
  Compared, my full-blown coz, with you!
There flaunts not, on the Nether Rhine,
So strange a hunch as Crinoline.

I know that thou art fair and sweet,
  I do believe thee shapely too;
For, gazing on those fairy feet,
  I think of Cinderella's shoe.
Yet learn we from those ancient tales
  That art may cover nature's flaws,
For Melusina's serpent-scales
  Were hid beneath a bower of gauze.
There's no depending on the spine
So thickly swathed in Crinoline!

Ah, cousin! I have seen thee gaze—
  And half-adored thee for thy look—
On pictured glories, where the blaze
  Of angel-pinions, as they took
Their upward flight, was deftly drawn
  By Raphael's or Coreggio's hand;
Soft as the mists that rise at dawn
  The robes of that celestial band.
But would an angel seem divine,
If bolstered out with Crinoline?

How can I stoop? How can I kneel?
  How can I worship at thy feet?
When thou art fenced about with steel,
  An Amazon in mail complete!
I fear not Cupid's fiercest dart—
  Am willing for thy sake to die;
But if a splinter chanced to start,
  Why, dearest, I might lose an eye!
Ah, cruel! wherefore bear that mine
Of danger in thy Crinoline?

To whisper to thee were a joy
  More coveted than wealth of kings;
But ah! what means can I employ
  To baffle those confounded springs?
I long to clasp thee to my heart,
  But all my longings are in vain;
I sit and sigh two yards apart,
  And curse the barriers of thy train.
My fondest hopes I must resign,
I can't get past that Crinoline!

DUNSHUNNER.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

SPRING.

SPRING, who laves her feet in showers,
Ere she forms her couch of flowers,
So gently comes, that her light tread
Is as the down from thistles shed,
For she by love is nourishèd.

Spring, whose form so far surpasses,
Clad in youthful leaves and grasses,
The beauties of the full-grown year,
To every sense is kind and dear,
So sweetly she makes love appear.

Spring, who fills the warm air with wings,
And pleasure's joyous mutterings,
Many pure thoughts and fancies brings,
For with the birds the heart then sings,
Love playing on its sweetest strings.

Spring, who into blossoms breathes
Her scented breath, and fondly leaves
The perfume to delight our sense,
Yields them her blush in hast'ning thence,
To give their love dear recompense.

Spring, whose glad welcome Nature says
In her ten thousand charming ways,
Has over winter's darkness spread
A bridal dress, for she is led
By love, and kindly nourishèd.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

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EVENING HEXAMETERS.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

Darkly the minster towers, against the glow of the sunset,
Rise from the purple band of mist that beleaguers the city:
Golden the sky behind, into purest silver melting,
Then dissolved into azure, and arching over the zenith;
Azure, but flushed with rose, in token that day yet lingers.
Porcelain-blue in their haze, the hills watch over our dwellings;
O'er them the evening-star its pale, clear beacon hath kindled.
All is calmness and silence,—a scene from the happier country.
Oh, blest shades of eve! Oh, gentle parting of daylight!
Masses of color divine, all human skill surpassing!
Earthly pleasures may flit, and leave but a pang behind them:
Friends that we love may die, and their faces be past recalling;
Only an hour like this fades never away from remembrance,
Only thoughts like these track all our life with blessing.
If the sun setteth no more in the golden country of promise,
Then must all be changed,—or else were this earth more lovely!
Sunset, beautiful sunset—summer and winter and autumn,
Ay, and the budding springtide—what were they all without thee?
Lulling the day to sleep with all its busy distractions,
Calming the soul from toil to share the blessing of converse,
Tinting the skies with a thousand hues unknown to the daylight,
Touching the temples of earth with a coal from the fire of the altar,
Fading away into calmness, and bringing the mood of devotion:—
Hail, thou time of prayer and praise and holy remindings!
Never does God come down on the soul, as at fall of evening:
Fair is the rise of the sun, and glorious the east in its kindling,
But then comes the day, and the surface of thought is ruffled;
Day, with the world and with care, and with men's importunate faces.
Far more blessed is eve; when all her colors are brightest,
One by one they have time to grow slowly fainter and fainter,
Fade and fade and fade, like music that dies in the distance:
Then still night draws on, and drops her veil over all things,
Sealing the memory up, a possession of beauty for ever.

Surely the western glow lay warm on the vaults of the temple,
When the parents came in, with the doves, the poor man's offering,
Bringing the holy Child to do as the law commanded.
Fell not the roseate light on the snow-white hair of the ancient,
Lit it not up in his arms the soft fair flesh of the Infant,
Sparkled it not on the tear in the eye of the maiden mother,
While like incense there rose from the depths of the satisfied spirit
"Let me depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy promise!"
Therefore the Church doth sing her *Nunc dimittis* at evening,
Evening, when all is peace, and the land of peace looks closest,
When life seems at an end, and all its troubles behind us,
And the salvation so near, that the soul yearns forth to grasp it.

Burned not the domes of the city with day's last beam in the distance,
When those two turned in, arrived at their door in the village,
When they besought Him, saying, "Abide with us, for it is evening?"
Fell not the purpling shadows o'er rock and crumbling ruin,
As they sped joyful back to tell their tale to the mourners?

Thus doth the spirit, in singing of earth, pause ever and listen,
Seeking an echo from Him, her centre of life and blessing:
Thus flows forth all beauty from Him, who is best and brightest.
All fair things are of Thee, thou dear Desire of the nations,
Thou art the Sun of Life, and day is alone where Thou art:
Thine the effulgence there, and Thou the orb of its glory.
Set Thou never on me, best light of my soul! Be near me
In the meridian hours, the toil and heat of the noonday:
Nor do Thou fail, when the night falls round, and the shadows enwrap me.

But by this, from the western heaven hath faded the daylight,
Vesper hath trimmed his lamp, and the keen stars twinkle around him;
Still loom forth from the bank of mist that hath buried the city
Darkly the minster-towers; but gone is the glow of the sunset.

Scotland Hills, Canterbury,
Feb. 1863.

—*Good Words.*

From The Athenæum.

Despatches from Commodore Wilmot respecting his Visit to the King of Dahomey, in December, 1862, *and January*, 1863. (Presented to the House of Commons.)

THESE despatches throw some new light on that strange region well known as the Garden of Africa, and give a graphic account of its extraordinary sovereign. The King of Dahomey has recently obtained the reputation of being one of the chief promoters of slave traffic; hence English cruisers and English missionaries have been hovering about his territories. Towards the end of last year, Commodore Wilmot, of the *Rattlesnake*, was informed by the Rev. P. W. Bernasko, Wesleyan Missionary in the English fort, that the King of Dahomey was most anxious to see somebody of consideration from England —"a real Englishman"—with whom he might converse on the affairs of his country. Having mentioned this to the Yavogah of Whydah, the latter said, "If you will come back again in seven days, I will send to the king, and let you know if he will see you." He accordingly sent to the king, saying that Mr. Wilmot was a "good and proper person, come out as a messenger from the Queen of England." Before making up his mind to accept the king's invitation, there were many points, Mr. Wilmot tells us, to be considered. It had been said that our late attack on Porto Novo had enraged the king's mind to such an extent that he had expressed a strong desire to lay hands upon an English officer in order to avenge the destruction of that place. Porto Novo belongs to his brother; and the European residents at Whydah had spread the most alarming reports of the disposition of the king towards Englishmen, and his hatred of them. But after mature consideration he resolved to go, and place implicit trust in the king's good faith.

Having made preparations for an absence of fourteen days, he landed on the 22d of December, in company with Capt. Luce and Dr. Haran, of the *Brisk*, who had volunteered to accompany him. The *Rattlesnake* and the *Brisk* were sent to cruise, and both vessels were ordered to return on the 14th of the next month. The three Englishmen were conveyed in hammocks across the lagoon and through the wet and marshy ground, almost impassable in the rainy months, to a large tree at the entrance of Whydah, where certain ceremonies were gone through as a welcome. They were received most cordially by the yavogah and other officials, with drums beating, colors flying, muskets firing, cabooceers as well as soldiers dancing, and the latter singing warlike songs. "We were also treated," remarks the commodore, with the simplicity of a man accustomed to strange sights, "to the manœuvres of a slave hunt." The yavogah and chiefs accompanied them to the English fort, where the king's stick was presented, and the healths of the Queen of England and the King of Dahomey were drunk. Having secured hammock-men, carriers for luggage, and guides, and being furnished with a bodyguard of soldiers, they started the following afternoon, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Bernasko and his servants. They arrived at Cannah, eight miles from Abomey, in the evening, when the king was holding his court. At all places on the road the head men turned out with their soldiers, and received the strangers with firing, dancing and the usual presents of water, fowls, and goats. Speeches were made expressive of their desire to go to war and cut off heads for their master. The war-dance was performed by women and children, and motions made with swords as if in the act of decapitating their enemies. This show of war did not interefere with hospitality, for at the villages where they slept, comfortable quarters had been provided, and water furnished. The latter is, however, denounced by the commodore as very bad, scarce, and unwholesome. The king had sent three of his sticks by special messengers to meet them on their way, with inquiries about their health; and at ten o'clock on the morning of the 10th he summoned them to his reception. They went in full dress, and remained under some large trees, in an open space. After a short time, the chiefs arrived in succession with their followers, according to their rank, and were duly introduced, the same drumming, firing, dancing, and singing being carried on as at Whydah. When this, which occupied a considerable time, was over, the commodore and his companions got into the hammocks and went to the palace, outside of which, in a large square, were assembled all the chiefs with their people, as well as large bodies of the king's soldiers. The gaudy colors of the large umbrellas, the dresses of the head men, the firing of the muskets, the songs of the

people, the beating of the war-drums, the savage gestures of the soldiers, and their ferocious appearance, made the travellers at first a little uncomfortable. All, however, treated them with marked respect, while, according to custom, they were carried three times round the square. After the third time, they got down and entered the palace-gates, passing through a row of chiefs on each side. They found the courtyard of the palace presenting a spectacle not easily forgotten. At the further end was a large building, of some pretensions to beauty in that country, being made of thatch, and supported by columns of wood, roughly cut. In front of this, and close to it, leaving an open space for admission to the king, was placed a large array of variegated umbrellas, to be used only by the sovereign. Near these were congregated his principal chiefs. On either side of him, under the building, were his wives, to the number of about one hundred, gayly dressed, most of them young and exceedingly pretty.

The king was reclining on a raised dais about three feet high, covered with crimson cloth, smoking his pipe, whilst one of his wives held a glass sugar-basin as a royal spittoon. He was dressed very plainly, the upper part of his body being bare, with only a silver chain holding some fetich charm round his neck, and an unpretending cloth around his waist. The left side of the courtyard was filled with Amazons, from the walls up to the king's presence, all armed with various weapons, such as muskets, swords, gigantic razors for cutting off heads, bows and arrows, and blunderbusses. Their large war-drum was conspicuous, being surrounded with human skulls. The visitors advanced with due form and ceremony to where the king was sitting; and, when close to him, all the respect due to royalty was paid by bowing, which he gracefully acknowledged by bowing himself, and waving his hand. Having sat down close to him, in chairs that had been brought from Whydah, the conversation commenced with the usual compliments. He asked about their health, and how they got on during the journey. He then inquired about the queen and all her family, asking many questions about the form of government in England. Mr. Wilmot said the queen sent her compliments to him, and hoped he was quite well, at which he seemed much pleased; but this being only a visit of introduction, nothing political was entered into. The king then gave orders for his Amazons to perform a variety of movements, which they did most creditably. They loaded and fired quickly, singing songs all the time. In Mr. Wilmot's opinion they are a very fine body of women, and are very active in their movements, being remarkably well limbed and strong. No one is allowed to approach them except the king, who lives amongst them. They are first in honor and importance. All messages are carried by them to and from the king and his chiefs. Every one kneels down while delivering a message, and the men touch the ground with their heads and lips before the king. The women do not kiss the ground nor sprinkle themselves with dust as the men do. When a man appears before the king he is obliged to perform the ceremony of covering his head and upper part of his body with dust before he rises, as much as to say, "I am nothing but dirt before thee!" Though the commodore admits that this is rather a degrading spectacle, he says, "but, after all, it is only the custom of the country." After the Amazons had finished the manœuvres, they came to the strangers and gave them their compliments, singing songs in praise of their master, and saying they were ready for war, suiting the action to the word by going through the motions of cutting off heads. The king then introduced all his princes, chiefs, and warriors, in succession, according to rank; then the chiefs and captains of the Amazons; then the princesses, daughters of the late king: in fact, he brought up and named one by one everybody of importance in his kingdom, including the mother of the king and the mothers of his principal chiefs. After each group was introduced, a bottle of rum was given, the usual present after such a ceremony, and a signal that they had permission to retire. To the head chiefs a glassful each was presented, which was drunk by themselves, or given to one of their followers. When once in the king's presence, or in his capital, no one, European or native, can leave without this customary present. After all the presentations, the king called the Amazons again to salute the strangers, and then offered them water and spirits, which he drank with them; and thus terminated the first visit. No one is permitted to see the king drink: all turn their faces away, and a large cloth is held up

by his wives while the royal mouth takes in the liquid.

When the visitors were going away the king got up, it being almost dark, and walked beside them across the courtyard, through the gates, and nearly half a mile on the road towards their house, which was considered a great compliment. The whole court followed, with the exception of the Amazons and the wives, who never join in such processions. The soldiers shouted and sang their war songs, while certain chiefs went in front of the king to clear the road and point out any dirt or inequalities of ground before the feet royal. The sight was imposing, and impressed Mr. Wilmot with the power of the king amongst his people. He seemed much feared as well as much beloved. Indeed, he appears to have produced no small effect on the commodore himself, who describes him as a very fine-looking man, upwards of six feet high, broad-shouldered, and with a pleasant countenance when he likes. His eyes are bloodshot. He is a great smoker, but does not indulge much in the bottle. His skin is much lighter than that of most of his people, resembling the copper color of the American Indians. He is very active, and fond of dancing and singing, which he practises in public during the "customs." He is an admirer of the fair sex, of whom he possesses as many as he likes. He is about forty-three years old. Before leaving the palace, the king saluted the queen with twenty-one guns, from pieces of all sizes, the largest being a three-pounder. These guns are, usually, carried on men's heads, and occasionally placed on the ground and fired off. The king also saluted his visitors with nine guns. The number of guns fired was shown by a corresponding number of musket-balls produced in an iron pot.

On arriving at their quarters after this day's ceremony, the prince, who had accompanied them from Whydah, asked for a present for the soldiers and Amazons. He said he hoped they would not make him ashamed before his people, as he had brought the party up, and was ordered to attend upon them. Mr. Wilmot immediately acquiesced, and made them a handsome present, which was thankfully acknowledged. Whenever strangers meet, they either drink with each other on their first arrival, or when they are about to depart. Of course, our countrymen had always to submit to this, which caused a great drain upon their resources. Next day the king's jesters danced before them. One of the Amazons, in firing, had injured her hand very much by the bursting of the musket, and a messenger arrived from the king with a request that the doctor might be allowed to attend her. This was granted, and Dr. Haran saw her twice a day until the wound was healed and a perfect cure made. The wound was a very severe one, and Mr. Wilmot thinks it was fortunate for the Amazon that the skill of Dr. Haran was called in.

The commodore has no small opinion of his own tact. He says: "I have reason to believe that my line of conduct was rewarded by the whole country being laid open before us, and the whole people, king, chiefs, and all, being our friends. The greater part of what we saw I firmly believe was entirely got up for my sake, and certainly no white men ever saw what we did, or were treated with such marked consideration."

While at Cannah the king invited them on the afternoon of two days to witness the firing of his Amazons and soldiers with ball at a mark. They found him about two miles outside the town in a very large open space which had been cleared away, surrounded by his chiefs and people, to the number of several thousand, preparing to practise at a number of goats, which were tied to stakes driven in the ground at intervals of about fifteen yards, under a mud wall of considerable length, and about ten feet high. The king received them very cordially, and told the prince to place them under his own umbrellas in a convenient place for seeing everything. The firing commenced, and the king's bodyguard of Amazons distinguished themselves as good shots. The king fired several times himself. The soldiers fired also exceedingly well, and taking into consideration the quality of the flint musket and the iron ball, which is jagged and fits loosely in the barrel, the display they made astonished the strangers. Several goats were killed, and on the second day four of those despatched were sent to Mr. Wilmot as a present. These had been selected by the Amazons as a particular present to the visitors, and until they were killed no other goat was fired at. The firing was very rapid, and the ladies' weapons were well handled. Some heads were cut off during the night, and this appears to be the

practice whenever the king returns to his capital. Eight heads were in the doorway of the palace on the following morning, and more of these trophies were inside. Mr. Wilmot and his companions remained in Abomey five weeks, and daily witnessed scenes of a very extraordinary character, such as the dancing of the Amazons, their warlike songs, the dancing and songs of the soldiers, the distribution of presents to the princes, chiefs, captains, and head men of the troops, the "passing" of the king's drummers, of the captains of the Amazons, of the king's jesters, and a variety of other people which appear before the king during the "customs."

Upon the last day but one of the "customs," late in the afternoon, a large body of soldiers, with their attendants carrying their camp equipage, made their appearance from a place about three days' journey in the interior, belonging to the king. These men had been sent to the assistance of a small town belonging to a chief on friendly terms with the king, who had been threatened by the Abbeokutans, and who had applied to Abomey for assistance. The king had granted the assistance required, and despatched two of his head warriors with about six hundred men for this purpose. When these men arrived at the town, they found that the Abbeokutans, hearing of their approach, had run away, and hence their return to Abomey. As usual, on their return the king made them a long speech, and gave them presents.

On the Saturday, six days after the English party's arrival at Abomey, the king saw them privately in his own palace, and they gave him the presents brought up for the occasion. He was attended by six of his Privy Council, his most trusted friends; also by five of his principal wives. He would only receive the presents from Mr. Wilmot's hands. He gave him first the picture of the queen, saying that her majesty had sent this out as a mark of her friendship, and her wish to be on good terms with him. He took it in his hands and admired it very much. In this picture the queen is represented in her coronation robes, with crown on her head and sceptre in her hand. The frame is very handsome, and the picture is a large one. After looking at it attentively, he asked many questions concerning the dress, and then said, "From henceforth the Queen of England and the King of Dahomey are one. The queen is the greatest sovereign in Europe and I am king of the blacks. I will hold the head of the kingdom of Dahomey, and you shall hold the tail." Mr. Wilmot then gave him a few small presents from himself, with which he was very much delighted and grasped him warmly by the hand. His council participated in these feelings, and said, "At last good friends have met." Then commenced the delivery of the message which the commodore thought it his duty to lay before the king. The first subject was the slave trade, on which he argued apparently at great length. He then gave the king an admonition about human sacrifices, and the threatened occupation of Abbeokuta, winding up with the suggestion of an embassy, an extension of trade and missionary schools. The king listened attentively to the message, and made several remarks during its delivery. The usual ceremony of drinking was not forgotten, and he accompanied Mr. Wilmot through the gates of the palace far on the road to his quarters, amidst the cheers of the soldiers and people. They remained a month in Abomey after the delivery of this message, in consequence of the "customs" going on. Nothing could persuade the king to let them go until this was over, as he was most anxious that they should see everything and report it.

They saw the royal treasures pass round in the interior of the palace, preceded by all the principal ministers, princes, and chiefs, in their court costume. The captains of the Amazons passed round in the same way. The costume worn, the different colors displayed according to etiquette, the ornaments of silver round the necks, with an occasional skull at the waist-belt of the Amazons, and the half-savage appearance of all, notwithstanding their good manners and modest behavior, were peculiarly interesting. It was during the procession of the king's treasures, that the "human sacrifices" came round, after the cowries, cloths, tobacco, and rum had passed, which were to be thrown to the people. A long string of live fowls on poles appeared, followed by goats in baskets, then by a bull, and lastly half a dozen men with hands and feet tied, and a cloth fastened in a peculiar way round the head.

A day or two after these processions, the king appeared on the first platform: there were four of these platform, two large and

two small. His father never had more than two, but he endeavors to excel him in everything, and to do as much again as he did. If his father gave one sheep as a present, he gives two. The sides of all these platforms were covered with crimson and other colored cloths, with curious devices, and figures of alligators, elephants, and snakes; the large ones are in the form of a square, with a neat building of considerable size, also covered over, running along the whole extent of one side. The ascent was by a rough ladder covered over, and the platform itself was neatly floored with dried grass, and perfectly level. Dispersed all over this were chiefs under the king's umbrellas, sitting down, and at the further end from the entrance the king stood surrounded by a chosen few of his Amazons. In the centre of this side of the platform was a round tower, about thirty feet high, covered with cloths, bearing similar devices as the other parts. This is a new idea of the king's, and from the top of this tower the victims are thrown to the people below. When the king is ready, he commences by throwing cowries to the people in bundles, as well as separately. The scramble begins, and the noise occasioned by the men fighting to catch these is very great. Thousands are assembled with nothing on but a waist-clout, and a small bag for the cowries. Sometimes they fight by companies, one company against the other, according to the king's fancy; and the leaders are mounted on the shoulders of their people. After the cowries, cloths are thrown, occasioning the greatest excitement. While this lasts, the king gives them to understand that if any man is killed, nothing will be done to the man who is the cause of it, as all is supposed to be fair fighting with hands, no weapons being allowed. Then the chiefs are called, and cowries and cloths are given to them. The king begins by throwing away everything himself; then his Amazons take it up for a short time, when the king renews the game, and finishes the sport, changing his position from one place to another along the front part of the platform. When all that the king intends throwing away for the day is expended, a short pause ensues, and, by and by, are seen inside the platform the poles with live fowls (all cocks) at the end of them, in procession towards the round tower. Three men mount to the top, and receive, one by one, all these poles, which are precipitated on the people beneath. A large hole has been prepared, and a rough block of wood ready, upon which the necks of the victims are laid, and their heads chopped off, the blood from the body being allowed to fall into the hole. After the fowls came the goats, then the bull, and, lastly, the men, who are tumbled down in the same way. All the blood is mixed together in the hole, and remains exposed with the block till night. The bodies of the men are dragged along by the feet, and maltreated on the way, by being beaten with sticks, hands in some cases cut off, and large pieces cut out of their bodies, which are held up. They are then taken to a deep pit and thrown in. The heads alone are preserved by being boiled, so that the skull may be seen in a state of great perfection. The heads of the human victims killed are first placed in baskets and exposed for a short time. This was carried on for two days. Mr. Wilmot would not witness the slaying of these men on the first day, as he was very close to them, and did not think it right to sanction by his presence such sacrifices. He therefore got up and went into a tent, and when all was over returned to his seat. One of the victims was saved:—

"While sitting in the tent a messenger arrived, saying, 'The king calls you.' I went and stood under the platform where he was. Tens of thousands of people were assembled; not a word not a whisper was heard. I saw one of the victims ready for slaughter on the platform held by a narrow strip of white cloth under his arms. His face was expressive of the deepest alarm, and much of its blackness had disappeared; there was a whiteness about it most extraordinary. The king said, 'You have come here as my friend, have witnessed all my customs, and shared good-naturedly in the distribution of my cowries and cloths; I love you as my friend, and you have shown that an Englishman, like you, can bear patience, and have sympathy with the black man. I now give you your share of the victims, and present you with this man, who from henceforth belongs to you, to do as you like with him, to educate him, take him to England, or anything else you choose." The poor fellow was then lowered down, and the white band placed in my hands. The expression of joy in his countenance cannot be described: it said, 'The bitterness of death and such a death, is passed, and I cannot comprehend my position.' Not a sound escaped his lips, but the eye told what the heart felt, and even the king himself participated

in his joy. The chiefs and people cheered me as I passed through them with the late intended victim behind me."

The "customs" were concluded by a day of firing, when all the soldiers, under their different leaders, marched past the king in review order. The king danced with his Amazons, and invited the visitors to join. While the "customs" last the king does not transact any public business.

On the afternoon of Friday, the 16th of January, the king asked the commodore to review his Life Guardsmen and women, and he then made him colonel over the whole of them, about one thousand strong each—an honor for which the new colonel had to pay dearly, according to the custom of the country. Speeches were made by the captains, who were introduced separately, the whole tenor of which was what they would do at Abbeokuta, and the number of heads that would fall to Mr. Wilmot's share. The following day, Saturday the 17th, the king saw them in private, as before, and gave his answer to the message. He commenced by saying how glad he was that a messenger had been sent who by his patience and forbearance had shown himself a friend to the black man. He then entered into a long history of his country in the time of his ancestors, and stated how anxious his father was to be friends with the English. He said that for many years past (he did not know why) the English seemed to be hostile to him, and endeavored to make all nations in Africa fight against him. He said that the slave trade had been carried on in his country for centuries, and that it was his great means of living and paying his people. He did not send slaves away in his own ships, but "white men" came to him for them, and was there any harm in his selling? We ought to prevent the "white men" from coming to him; if they did not come he would not sell. We had seen what a great deal he had to give away every year to his people who were dependent on him; and that this could not be done by selling palm oil alone. If people came for palm oil he would sell it to them; but he could not carry on his government upon trade alone. If he gave up the slave trade, where was he to get money from? It was not his fault that he sold slaves, but those who made his fathers do it, and hence it became an institution of his country. He said, "I cannot stop it all at once; what will my people do? And besides this, I should be in danger of losing my life." Being asked how much money he would take to give it up, he replied, "No money will induce me to do so; I am not like the Kings of Lagos, Porto Novo, and Benin. There are only two kings in Africa, Ashantee and Dahomey; I am the king of all the blacks. Nothing will recompense me for the slave trade." He said there were plenty of blacks to sell, and plenty to remain; and that the price of a slave was eighty dollars, with four dollars custom on each. On most occasions he is paid before the slaves are taken away, but sometimes he risks the payment, and then he suffers by the capture of the slave-ship. He said "I must go to Abbeokuta: we are enemies; they insulted my brother, and I must punish them. Let us alone; Why interfere in black man's wars? We do not want 'white men' to fight against us; let every one go out of Abbeokuta, and see who will win. Let the 'white man' stand by and see which are the brave men!" He spoke strongly of Porto Novo and said, "If my friends the English had sent to me, I would have broke Porto Novo for them." He promised faithfully to spare all the Christians and send them to Whydah, and that his generals should have strict orders to that effect. When asked about the Christians at Ishagga, he said, "Who knew they were Christians? The black man says he is a white man, calls himself a Christian, and dresses himself in clothes: it is an insult to the white man. I respect the white man, but these people are impostors, and no better than my own people. Why do they remain in a place when they know that I am coming? If they do so, I suppose they are taking up arms against me, and I am bound to treat them as enemies. If a musket-ball touches the white man at Abbeokuta, am I to blame if they will not go away when they know I am coming?" Mr Wilmot reasoned with him no longer on this subject, because he thought "his observations so thoroughly just and honest." The next subject was the "human sacrifices." He said, "You have seen that only a few are sacrificed, and not the thousands that wicked men have told the world. If I were to give up this custom at once, my head would be taken off to-morrow. These institutions cannot be stopped in the way you propose. By and by, little by little, much may be done; softly, softly, not by

threats. You see how I am placed, and the difficulties in the way: by and by, by and by." As to the embassy, he said he would send a prince to England, if Mr. Wilmot came again and gave him the queen's answer to what he had stated. With regard to the schools at Whydah, the king said, "Any of the mulattoes may send their children."

After the interview, which lasted some time, the king made several presents: namely, for the queen a large umbrella, made of different colored velvets, with the devices emblematic of their customs; a large carved stool, which no one but kings are allowed to possess; a pipestick and bag; a bag made from the leather of the country, with a lion worked upon it; a very handsome country cloth, and a long stick ornamented with silver, which can only be carried by the king; also two girls, one about twelve, the other sixteen, very pretty and intelligent. These last were left by the commodore at Whydah, in charge of the colored missionary's wife there, until the wishes of her majesty on the subject can be ascertained. The girls were taken at Ishagga, and seemed to be very interesting.

They found the population very scanty. After they had left Whydah, every soldier in the place went on to Abomey to swell the numbers there. There was not a man to be seen on their return, none but women and children. On the whole, there are far more women than men, probably three to one, which may be the reason why the Kings of Dahomey, who are always at war, are obliged to raise and keep up the Amazons, or "women soldiers," to the extent that they do.

The Amazons are everything in this country. The king lives with them and amongst them; they are only to be found in the royal palaces. When they go out to fetch water, which is every day and nearly all day, the one in the front (for all follow in single line) has a bell round her neck much like a sheep-bell in England, which she strikes whenever any person is seen approaching. Immediately the men run away in all directions, and clear the road by which the Amazons are coming. They then wait till all have passed. The reason for this is, that if an accident were to happen to any one of these women, either by her falling down and breaking the water-jar on her head, or if the water-jar fell off her head, the unfortunate man who happened to be near at the time would be immediately seized, and either imprisoned for life or have his head taken off, as it would be supposed that he was the cause of the accident. No wonder, then, that they get out of the way as quickly as possible. The commodore and his friends were always obliged to follow this custom, but women are not expected to avoid them in this manner. All day long the sound of this bell is heard, and people are seen flying away. The Amazons seemed to enjoy it, and laughed heartily when the men stepped aside to avoid them.

Whatever may be the object in thus keeping up such a large body of "women soldiers," there is no doubt that they are the main stay of the kingdom. Mr. Wilmot put down the number at 5,000; and besides these there are numerous women to attend upon them as servants. He saw 4,000 under arms at Abomey, and there are more in other parts of the kingdom residing in the royal palaces. He thinks they are far superior to the men in everything—in appearance, in dress, in figure, in activity in their performances as soldiers, and in bravery. Their numbers are kept up by young girls of thirteen or fourteen years of age being attached to each company, who learn their duties from them; they dance with them, sing with them, and live with them, but do not go to war with them until they have arrived at a certain age, and can handle a musket. These women seem to be fully aware of the authority they possess, which is seen in their bold and free manner, as well as by a certain swagger in their walk. Most of them are young, well-looking, and have not that ferocity in their expression of countenance which might be expected from their peculiar vocation.

This report on Dahomey is one of the most curious bits of reading produced during the London season.

From The Saturday Review.

PRECURSORS.

There is a class of writers who are distinguished by the special gift of being able to understand, before other people, the signs of the times. To use an unsatisfactory phrase, they are in advance of their age, and show in all their works a sense of the fact that the course of events is bringing up for solution a set of questions the character of which they apprehend, very often indistinctly enough, but still long before their neighbors. One of the first features of the literature of the last century which strike a reader of the present day is the general air of satisfaction which pervades a great part of it. Innumerable writers, especially in our own country, seem to have felt and written as if the course of affairs had produced a state of stable equilibrium both in politics and society. It was so in poetry, it was so in art, it was so preeminently in history. Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, and the other great men of that age, wrote history with a serene, untroubled, and unsympathetic air, which looks as if they had never seen great events, and did not know how to understand descriptions of them. It is only in a few detached instances that the coming events cast their shadow over the minds of the great writers of that day, and that they show a dim forecast of the convulsion in which the century was to end. Here and there, however, such feelings may be traced — more frequently in France than in England, for obvious reasons. The deep-seated abuses, and the enormous masses of lying and corruption in high places, which made French society a whited sepulchre, did act upon the imagination of some of those who lived amongst them, and did lead them to foresee some great change in the state of the society in which they lived. The reader of the most characteristic works both of Rousseau and Voltaire, to say nothing of less illustrious names, finds himself at once in a modern world. The questions considered, and the spirit in which they are dealt with, are to a great extent those of our own time and country; and the books in which they are contained constitute, though with remarkable exceptions, a series of protests against the order of things in the midst of which the writers lived. The French Revolution gave an extraordinary impulse to what may be called sympathetic literature. Ever since it fairly took hold, not merely of the understanding, but of the imagination of the world at large, a wonderful power of comprehending the questions which interested past times, and a strong propensity to pry into those which will interest our descendants, have been observable. One marked illustration—though not, perhaps, a very important one—is to be found in the growth of historical novels. Such a book as *Ivanhoe* could not have been written before the French Revolution. This power of sympathizing with the past involved the power of looking beyond the present, and to specify the remarkable writers in whom it has shown itself would be to criticise all the most remarkable works of the last sixty years. A few names may be mentioned as examples. One of the earliest and most striking instances of the peculiar temperament which belongs to precursors was afforded by Joseph De Maistre. It is difficult to believe, in reading the *Soirées de St. Petersbourg*, that it was written half a century ago. The tone, the temper, the arguments are all those of a later period. Large parts of the book read as if they had been written expressly to anticipate Dr. Newman, whilst others sound like a refutation of Comte. Indeed, this eminent person observed, with some truth, that if Aristotle and St. Paul had done something in the way of heralds to Auguste Comte, his immediate precursor was De Maistre. Lamennais was a man not, indeed, of the same order, but with the same prospective turn of mind; and the history of French Socialism on the one hand, and of one component element of Italian Liberalism on the other, testifies to the influence which he exerted over his generation.

Of precursors in the modern history of our own country, none was more conspicuous, or on the whole less understood, than Dr. Newman. Whenever the history of the movement in which he was by far the most remarkable agent comes to be written by a person capable of understanding it, the facts that he influenced deeply many of the most powerful minds of his generation in their most vital part, and that he foresaw the great religious controversy now beginning a quarter of a century earlier than the rest of the world, will be invested with the prominence which they deserve. The famous sermon which declared that in science the earth might move round the sun, but that in theology the

sun moved round the earth, contains not so much the germ of almost all our subsequent controversies as one possible result of them, which some minds have already reached, while others are on the high road to it. Dr. Newman was a marvellously persuasive and sympathetic precursor. To a smaller audience, and perhaps in a narrower way, Dr. Arnold was even more persuasive; but these names, and those of all other English precursors, grow pale before the two great names which stand, as it were, on opposite sides of the passage from the eighteenth to the nineteenth century—Coleridge and Bentham. Mr. Mill has well said that the whole history of the present generation has flowed from the ideas of which they were the representatives, and that any one who could rise to the point from which their respective creeds would appear as opposite sides of one larger faith would have practically solved some of the greatest problems of the age.

It should be observed that the qualities which make a man a precursor are by no means the most admirable in the world, nor are they the most highly paid. They consist, apparently, in great sympathy, great force of imagination, and that power in judging of the general course of events which, if displayed in small private affairs, would be tact. The possession of all these gifts is perfectly consistent with a total absence of those powers which, if we could choose, most men would wish to possess. For instance, that calm, large, masculine understanding which can grasp a great subject, seize upon its material points, mould it into shape, and draw the inferences which the necessity of the case requires—the royal gift which, in the transaction of all the affairs of life, is beyond all price—is by no means essential to the character of a precursor, and is not found more often in connection with that than with other characters. Of the eminent men mentioned above, Bentham was the only one who can be said to have possessed it; and the most remarkable feature in Bentham's mind was the union of the two powers—the minute, lawyer-like sagacity which can clear up confusion, and the grasp which can not only see, but influence, the tendencies of a generation. As a general rule, it would seem that, in order to be a true precursor, a man must have some of the feminine elements of character in excess. He must be excitable. He must really care about, and feel his comfort affected by, matters which lie far off from him, and may never happen at all. He is none the less effective for a tendency to exaggeration; and, above all, he must have strong, and may have utterly unreasonable, likes and dislikes. Rousseau was far more of a precursor than Voltaire, and he derived his powers from sources which it is easier to understand than to respect. The stern, manly habit of mind which leads a man to make the best of what cannot be helped, to dream few dreams, and to reckon on nothing unusual—the temper which deliberately says, with Dr. Johnson, "Sir, this is a world in which there is much to be done and little to be known"—is very unfit for a precursor. Yet this is the temper which enables a man to govern the world when it is well governed. It is one of the most striking of the many difficulties and contradictions presented by human life, that the best and wisest men often appear to know less than fools. It is out of the mouth of babes and sucklings that the approach of great changes is most frequently announced. It is by the assistance of weak and credulous people that they are effected.

It does not follow that a man approves of the changes of which he is the herald. On the contrary, as often as not, he views them with dread, and, if he saw them actually accomplished, would feel the most eager indignation against them. It was his keen perception of the tendencies of the age, and his bitter hatred of them, that drove Dr. Newman to Rome. It is curious to speculate on the feelings with which Voltaire would have regarded the Revolution which he did so much to bring about. He was, for all practical purposes, a Tory of the Tories. Nothing would have pleased him better than an absolute king surrounded by institutions full of historical curiosities, and prompted by philosophers to perform judicious experiments on a grateful people. It is difficult to realize the disgust with which he would have regarded the history of a great part of the last seventy years.

The most interesting question which these considerations suggest is, whether there are at present any precursors, and what it is that they forebode? What are the subjects which in the next generation will come up for discussion? The question is at present very harmless, if it is not very interesting. Our pres-

ent state of mind was well expressed the other day by one of those admirable weekly cartoons with which we are supplied by *Punch*. Most of our readers know, better than we can tell them, how the International Derby was won by the good horse British Constitution, ridden by that rather heavy weight National Debt, and how France, Austria, Prussia, Rome, and the United and Confederate States were so completely beaten as not to be worth placing. Universal congratulation and a general chuckle and hand-shaking are very pleasant, and, if they could last indefinitely, would leave little or nothing to be desired. That they should so last is not to be expected, unless, indeed, the world has not only changed its mind, but got a new constitution to live under—a theory which does not seem very probable. It is, however, a singular question where we shall next break out—whence will come the storm which is at present hushed in a repose which, according to all rules, ought to be described as grim. From the nature of the English people, it may be inferred with confidence that it will be either religious or political, or both. Some persons may suppose—and there are many symptoms which at first sight might favor the suggestion—that we are on the brink of a great religious controversy. It may be true—it probably is true—that such a controversy will occur, and that it has already begun; but there is every reason to believe that, whatever may be the importance of the results ultimately produced, the controversy itself will be quiet to the last degree. If the liberal party in the Church of England carried their point to the very utmost, they would produce nothing but general liberty of speculation. They would convert the Church of England into an endowed profession, with formularies, but without a creed, and they would secure the right of the clergy to controvert on the Monday doctrines implied by the prayers which, in the discharge of their official duty, they read in church on the Sunday. If, on the other hand, they are utterly defeated or driven out of the Church, the only result will be the restriction of the liberty which at present exists. That neither party will get the extreme result at which they aim, may be predicted with great confidence; but it is also clear that their controversy, end how it will—especially if it ends in the modified victory of the party of movement, as such controversies usually do—can hardly excite any great popular feeling. It must go off into a question of criticism, verbal, historical, and scientific, which cannot be condensed into any such short popular issue as is required in order to make a considerable stir in the world. The nation at large will never interest itself passionately in an inquiry whether the fact that the last chapter of Deuteronomy was not written by Moses proves or not that Moses was not the author of the bulk of the Pentateuch.

In the event of the coming struggle, whenever it comes, being a political one, there are not wanting some signs of the direction which it is likely to take. There are indications that the old Socialist doctrines which have played so vigorous a part in France, and which were supposed to have been very effectually laid in what can scarcely be called a metaphorical Red Sea, have changed their skin, and are making considerable progress in certain classes of the population, and under more reasonable forms than they have hitherto worn. Take a mixture of physical science and philanthropic sentiment instead of a religion—associate people in Trades' Unions and Co-operative Stores—adopt Comte's moral and social doctrines, purified from the grotesque absurdities which he chose to affix to them in his later years—and you may make up as respectable an image to bow down to as is usually worshipped by a popular party. Signs that such a process is going on are not wanting. They may come to anything or nothing. At present, they are certainly sufficiently well marked to justify a transient curiosity; but, should they ultimately prove large enough to shelter all the fowls of heaven, they would not make so much difference in the end as one would at first be inclined to suppose. In the meantime, let us cultivate our cabbages.

From The Athenæum.

History of England during the Reign of George the Third. By John George Phillimore. Vol. I. (Virtue Brothers & Co).

The first of the British-born Georges is likely to have justice rendered him at last. If he have not, it will not be for want of inquiry or for lack of sifting evidence. The testimony is conflicting enough, because of its abundance and because the witnesses are many, and a little more like advocates than witnesses. Nevertheless, we shall be able to pronounce a true verdict at last, the bearing of which undoubtedly will be that George the Third was neither so peerless as "the king's friends" would have him to be, nor quite such an ogre as he was painted by his adversaries.

It is strange that we should be so ignorant of late events, and of the actors in them. The fact is, that our sires and grandsires knew nothing of contemporary history except its gossip, and we ourselves, perhaps, think chiefly of George the Third as the good old man with a sempiternal smile and a large cockade, a dozen and more children, and a wife whose sole personal beauty was in her arms. Under our new lights, this homely George begins to come before us in heroic dimensions, for good or for evil, as interesting as the conqueror himself.

That we require such revelations of the recent past should be a profitable lesson to us in the actual present. Young people should learn the contemporary history in which they live and of which they are a part. Vicksburg is as important as Saguntum; to follow Forey from the coast to Puebla (and learn why he went) is as exciting as accompanying Cortez; and to know something of the history and the sayings and the doings of those who govern and of those who would like to govern us, is, at least, as important for our youth of either sex as to learn the constitution of the Roman legislature.

We have heard objections made to this on the ground that such instruction would lead to partisanship. Why, so it ought, if by partisanship be meant that a young fellow should be able to entertain an opinion of his own, and have spirit to support it. It would breed dissensions among boys, we hear some one say. We hope it would, if by that we are to understand discussions and an obstinate sticking to an opinion till it can be logically reversed. Partisanship! Dissensions! Do they not exist among the young students of ancient history? We can say, for our own parts, that we have seen furious fights between the respective supporters of Hector and Achilles, and have ourselves bled for the beautiful Helen, of whose cause we have since become ashamed.

We rejoice, therefore, at the development which is being given to modern, that is, to recent history, with the details of which our ancestors of two removes little troubled themselves, or learnt it so blunderingly as to rob it of all charm. The truth is, that the History of England during the reign of George the Third looks, in the books and papers of that period, as heavy as the portrait of that monarch himself, dull as his smile and pert as his cockade. Yet what a reign it was for the rise and the ruin of empires, for bloody battles, for marvellous duellos on the sea, for dazzling oratory, for sweeping changes over the face of the world, for glory, corruption and calamity, in all of which our country had a part, and sometimes a suffering and humiliating part! We all know this much. What we want further to know is,—*why* there came this much; *how* the results were obtained; and *what* were the hidden springs by which these great effects were arrived at. Mr. Phillimore is the new witness who comes to dispel obscurity on many of these points, and who modestly says that he will be content if he be found like the torch-bearer who does not so much enlighten himself as the path of those who follow him.

Mr. Phillimore, it must be understood, does not write his history with rose-water. To stern views he gives strong language. He is a Royalist, and he abhors a king who is not, in his turn, a Royalist too, and a loyalist to boot. He would be ashamed to paint George the Third in any other colors than those which represent him as coarse, illiberal, and—the word must be said, though Mr. Phillimore employs many dainty phrases to express the same terrible thing—a liar! We shall have to look upon George the Third's children as a rude, graceless, ill-nurtured set of boys and girls; and on George the Third's mother as something which cannot be expressed in plain phrase, but which Mr. Phillimore expresses by asking, "Would any court-chaplain venture to say that his mother was spotless?" After this query, it is need-

less to say that the Princess-Dowager of Wales and Lord Bute are constantly together in unseemly propinquity, and that, indeed, the whole Georgian family is seen under very unpleasant aspects.

Mr. Phillimore has not undertaken a disagreeable task without very excellent reasons, and for this smashing of the old idols at St. James's, Carlton House, Buckingham Palace, Windsor, and Kew, he pleads his justification in these words:—"Yielding to no one in loyal and dutiful attachment to her majesty, —an attachment founded, not upon the servile notions which her family was placed upon the throne of England expressly to destroy, but on the solid ground of gratitude for the happiness which my country has enjoyed under her mild and constitutional rule, —*I have not hesitated to point out the crimes and errors of her kindred.*"

We confess that it seems at first sight strange that because a lady is supposed to have secured to you a certain amount of happiness, you are therefore to expose her wicked old grandfather, and assure all the world of the worthlessness of her whole kith and kin. Would Mr. Phillimore have refrained from pillorying this family, unclean in his eyes, if their successor had inherited only their vices? Mr. Phillimore, despite some exaggerated and some unquestionably mistaken views, has rendered excellent service to history; but we think he should have left her majesty's name out of the matter altogether. He had better grounds to go upon than those he assigns. It is not because he sits comfortably under the olive-tree with the lady, that he can find just reasons for abusing her kinsman who cut down the oak. Even in the French proverb we are told that if you dine with a man whose father was hanged, you will do well not to make so much as an allusion to a rope.

But, to come more immediately to the volume before us, let us state that all the preliminary pages tend to show that if George the Third was but an indifferent king, he succeeded to a worse than indifferent system, with which he did his best, according to his nature and his training. The preliminary chapters, and those devoted to the history of Ireland and of India, although they travel a little beyond the limits in which an historian might keep himself who professes to write an account of the reign of George the Third, are admirable for the lucidity in which they place a vast amount of facts, all of which they preserved by rare skill in condensation.

This skill, indeed, is manifest in all parts of the book, and as one sample of it, we give Mr. Phillimore's character-portrait of George the Third himself; if "the wen and the wrinkles" be there, the good points are put "i' the sun" also:

"The object of George the Third was to make his will as absolute in England as that of any German prince was over the boors and servile nobles in his dominions. Everything was to be drawn to his personal favor and inclination: ministers were not to look to the House of Commons, nor the House of Commons to the people—every tie of social affection and public trust was to be dissolved —parties were to be broken up—the great families were to be stripped, not only of the influence derived from the abilities and virtues of their representatives, but of that which property must always command in a free country. Nothing was to stand between the crown and the populace. The Rockinghams, Grenvilles, Bedfords, Saviles, were to be reduced, so far as political authority was concerned, to the condition to which the nobles of Castile had been brought by Ximenes, and the French aristocracy by the third monarch of the house of Bourbon. The smile and favor of the sovereign were in the eighteenth century to be the sole object to which an English gentleman, however ancient his lineage, however great his possessions, however splendid his abilities, however numerous his titles to the love and veneration of his countrymen, should aspire. They were to stand in lieu of all other qualifications: with them Bute, or Sandwich, or Barrington —a minion, a knave, a parasite—were to be omnipotent; without them Pitt, Grenville, Rockingham, Savile—probity, knowledge, station, genius—were to be ciphers. The king was to interfere directly and personally in all the affairs of government, from the highest to the lowest and most minute detail of office—from the choice of a prime minister to the appointment of an architect. Even Louis the Fourteenth, in the height of his power, had been kept somewhat in check by the dread of public opinion, and of the sneers of a keen-eyed and sarcastic race; but in England, where duller men, rolling without respite in the mire of practical life, were hardened against wit and opinion, and looked only to what they could see, and touch, and count,—to the letter of the law, and the distribution of wealth and power,—the sovereign, if he could once emancipate

himself from the control of the aristocracy —I use the word in its widest sense—if he could succeed in reconciliating the ends of arbitrary power to the forms of a free constitution, had no such restraint to apprehend. He would have no more to fear from gibes and epigrams than Amurath or Aurungzebe. But let me not be unjust. If George the Third had quite succeeded in this object, England would have had no reason to dread a repetition of the injuries she bore under the Tudors, and did not bear under the Stuarts: men's lives and properties, the honor of their wives and daughters, so far as the monarch was concerned, would have been safe. He would have been able at the end of his reign, like the Jewish prophet, to have called on those whom he had ruled to witness whose ox or whose ass he had taken, or whom he had defrauded—and he would have obeyed the law. He would neither have exacted a hundred pullets from a great lady, as the price of an interview with her husband, like King John; nor have flung members of Parliament into prison for their votes and speeches, like Charles the First; nor have murdered them by bills of attainder, like Henry the Eighth. George the Third would not have imitated the debauchery of Augustus of Saxony, nor have allowed a courtezan to choose his ministers and generals, like Louis the Fifteenth; nor would he have run about the streets of his capital beating respectable women with his cane, like the father of Frederick the Great. The earnings of the laborer and the tradesman would not have been squandered on harlots and men as infamous as harlots, but (and in no very lavish measure) on parasites, hypocrites, and dunces. He would have contented himself with exacting strict and absolute submission to his wishes in Church and State. He would have been satisfied if he could have excluded every glimmering of light from the moral horizon of England; if he could have guarded himself against the danger of admitting to his councils any man of greater abilities than his own; if he could have disposed of every place of importance in the kingdom to a series of beings like Lord Bute and Lord Sidmouth, and have brought this island to be the Goshen of lords of the bed-chamber and maids of honor —a flat, monotonous level of Germam servitude and repose. If he suffocated all political speculation, he would have promoted agriculture. If to inquire into the nature and destiny of the soul would have been perilous, investigations into irrational matter, into acids and alkilis, and the habits of molluscæ, topics in no way likely to cherish any love of independence, would have been secure, and perhaps encouraged. The example he gave of temperance was to the last hour of his rational life a public blessing. Though, treading in the steps of his race, he was an unkind father, he was a faithful husband. The English pardoned much when they saw the virtues they most appreciate on the throne."

In the portrait of George the Third's mother, on the contrary, there is little of pleasant light at all; the whole figure is in sombre shade. She is described as "a corrupted and dissembling woman, bent on power and greedy of money," and a mother who combined with her son's tutors to exasperate the defects in that son's character:—

"It is evident that George the Third had been early and carefully taught the lesson which had proved fatal to the house of Stuart, and which at one time was on the point of being destructive to himself. Lord Harcourt, his governor, a courtier, but not without a sense of honor, resigned rather than witness what 'he found himself unable to prevent.' When Lord Harcourt was asked by the minister to assign the cause of his resignation, he replied that the reason was 'too delicate to mention to any but the king himself,' clearly pointing out the mother as the cause of the evil that he complained of. That mother, the princess dowager, was, in the opinion of all, high and low, of the best informed contemporary writers, as well as of the populace, before and after her husband's death, the mistress of Lord Bute. To him she sacrificed, if some writers are to be believed, at least one rival. To him she certainly sacrificed her reputation, and, what she valued more, her wealth. In order to strengthen her ascendency over her eldest son, whom she despised, she excluded him as much as possible from all society, while she carefully instilled into his mind the arbitrary notions which were exemplified in the petty courts of Germany, and which were in speculation the cherished maxims of her paramour. These were the seeds sown, which fell on a most congenial soil, and soon sprang up into a bitter harvest."

Darker still is a family group, with a whole House of Lords in the gloomy background:—

"George the Second, from wise and benevolent motives, had been anxious to see his heir married before his death, and with that view had proposed the hand of a Princess of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel, a beautiful and highly-accomplished lady, to his grandson. The princess dowager, however, true to her system, and determined that her son should

have no wife but of her choosing, interfered successfully to thwart this project. Lord Waldegrave's remark on this transaction deserves to be quoted, as well from its intrinsic value, and as it shows the notoriety of the relation in which Lord Bute stood to the princess (the cause of so many calamities to this country), as because it has carefully been kept back by the optimists who have undertaken to write the history of this humiliating epoch of English story: for these reasons, notwithstanding the familiar tone in which it is written, it ought to find a place in the text of the narrative. 'Here,' that is, in sending for the Prince of Wales on occasion of the proposed marriage, 'his majesty was guilty of a very capital mistake; instead of sending for the prince he should have spoken firmly to the mother,—told her that as she governed her son she should be answerable for his conduct; that he would overlook what had past and treat her like a friend, if she behaved in a proper manner; but, on the other hand, if either herself, her son, or any person connected with them, should give any future disturbance, she should expect no quarter. He might then have ended his admonition by whispering a word in her ear that would have made her tremble.' Before the ashes of George the Second were cold, two circumstances disclosed the spirit and policy of his successor: one, the favor shown to Lord George Sackville, a strict friend of Lord Bute's, who had dishonored the English name at Minden, and was, at the close of the last reign, in a state of just and complete disgrace; the other, the terms of the speech, and the minister by whom it was prepared. The first act of the king had been to put Lord Bute in the cabinet. The speech was drawn by him without any assistance from the other advisers of the crown, and spoke with a purpose not to be mistaken of a bloody and expensive war, and of obtaining a just and honorable peace. In this state it was delivered to his colleagues, and it was not till after an argument of three hours with Lord Bute that Mr. Pitt succeeded in changing the words so far as not to cast a direct censure on his policy. Mr. Pitt must have been destitute of all penetration if he had not discovered the spirit and complexion of the new reign. He went to Newcastle, and urged him to make common cause against the favorite. Newcastle impatient to shake off the yoke of Pitt's imposing genius, with his usual baseness and pusillanimous cunning, refused to take this course; and thus George the Third was almost enabled to establish royal power at once on the ruins of English honor and prosperity. Newcastle, indeed, affected a wish to retire from public life; but a few words, of course, from George the Third, whose schemes—though Newcastle's ultimate removal from office was essential to them—were not yet mature, induced him to remain and to drag his unrespected age through courts and antechambers, till he was finally pushed off the stage by his insolent and successful rival. Much has been said of the expression inserted in the speech, and alluding to the fact that, unlike his father and grandfather, George the Third was born within the precincts of this island. But no notice that I recollect has been taken of the scandalously servile reply—the result, no doubt, of Lord Bute's dictation—made to the speech by the House of Lords. 'What a lustre does it cast upon the name of Briton when you, sir, are pleased to esteem it among your glories.' Strange language for a powerful aristocracy in a free country, still reckoning Howard, Berkeley, Somerset, Neville, Seymour, Cavendish, Stanley among its technically noble; Bagot, Harcourt, Wrottesley, Dering, Shirley, Courtenay among its unennobled members! Stranger still, for the countrymen of Shakspeare and Hampden, of Raleigh, Blake, and Marlborough, of Edward the Third, Elizabeth and Cromwell, to use to an ignorant, dishonest, obstinate, narrow-minded boy, at that very moment the tool of an adulteress and her paramour!"

Mr. Phillimore supports much of what he says against Lord Bute by references to Bubb Doddington's Diary. These references have given us some trouble; and they are certainly, we will not say disingenuously made, but not correctly made. The first one, quoted at page 289, in one paragraph of nine lines, with a single break, thus, . . . forms detached portions of six paragraphs in our edition of the Diary, occupying two pages and a half. There is not much harm done by this proceeding; but we do not know how the case may be with quotations which we are unable to verify at all.

We will add here, that there is too much of a sneering tone throughout the volume, and an epigrammatic smartness without the epigrammatic point, which may be said to mar many a fair precedent. Speaking of the last century, the author says,—"In those days it was usual for a clergyman of the English Church, even if he were a dean or a canon, to believe in the inspiration of the Old and New Testaments." The inference is, that deans and canons entertain no such belief now; and as future deans and canons are among the teachers of our youth, Mr.

Phillimore does not look for better things, we fear, from their hands.

"Great improvements in machinery, enormous shops, and the most intense study of entomology, are quite consistent with the decay of all public spirit, and entire apathy to the motives that animated the men who gave England her rank among the nations; nor will incessant and boisterous panegyrics on ourselves, and on the worst and coarsest parts of the national character, which are as disgusting to men of refinement as they are captivating to the herd of readers, avert any one calamity we have to apprehend, or remedy one single evil under which we suffer. We may do well to recollect the passage in which Plutarch describes the Athenian pilots—'They gave great names to their ships—they called them Minerva, Neptune, Apollo—but they were cast away like other men.' Nor, if those entrusted with the education of youth among us (I am making, I know, an extravagant supposition) were more ignorant of the art of writing than they are, and have been, with few exceptions indeed, for the last forty years, would that, in my opinion, at all justify such a tone of exultation, or in any way improve the future prospects of the country. 'I have lost all the blood in my body,' says Dr. Sangrado's dying patient, 'and yet do not feel the better for it.' If, instead of giving up their time to read, and servilely to repeat, what the Germans have written about the classics, they studied the classics themselves—if they read Livy instead of Niebuhr, and Demosthenes instead of Boeckh, if instead of cramming their pupils for examinations, bringing every mind to the same dead, tutor's level, and so in nine cases out of ten stunting the intellectual growth of the unhappy boys forever, they taught them to read Homer and Virgil and Cicero and Euripides as they were read by Milton and Dryden, by Addison and Barrow, and Atterbury and Fox—England might hope to shake off the sleepy drench which, where gain or physical exertion are not concerned, has so long benumbed her faculties. Then, instead of the authors of Tract Ninety, and the History of the British Beetle, and Biographies of Fox-hunters and Railway Contractors, men might arise in England who would recall the days when the Tale of a Tub, and the Vision of Mirza, and the Idea of a Patriot King, delighted the readers of Milton and Dryden and Shakspeare, and added splendor to a literature already glorious."

When treating of a bygone literature, and comparing it with the present, Mr. Phillimore advances some singular ideas, not unmixed with much truth. He traces much of the excellence of the old authors to the fact that their writings were not based on a mere mercantile speculation!—as if "The Vicar of Wakefield" were not written with a view to the money it was to produce and the rent it was to pay. "Our greatest writers," he says, "were beyond the mob"; as if Milton were not more the possession of the middle classes, in all times, than of any other. We do not know why he says, "Cicero, in our days, would have been a baron (not of the exchequer) and Tacitus a baronet;" for it is one of the commonest remarks that to literary men are awarded the smallest measure of honors. One merit the older writers certainly had—sincerity; they affected neither religion, nor modesty, nor decency, if they had it not: but even an affectation of it, in a book which is to go among readers who know nothing of the author, is better than a violation—if we only have the old wit with it. All modern novelists are leather and prunella to Mr. Phillimore, in which he is a little wrong; but Fielding he accounts as "the Rubens of novelists," and in that he is abundantly right—a Rubens without a school.

But when Mr. Phillimore contrasts the Georgian dramatists with the older brethren of the craft, we find him, in one sense, sadly astray. He finds "overflowing wit and command of language" in Etherege, the dullest of commonplace talkers of any of the fraternity. Of Wycherley he makes too little, of Congreve far too much; and he sees in Sheridan an imitator of the latter, where we see a close imitator even of the incidents in Wycherley's comedies, though Sheridan was incessantly praising the wit of Congreve, and even his indecency, protesting that he would rather go without both than have them separated. But Sheridan who studied Wycherley so closely, had very good reasons for drawing popular attention to Congreve. As to "Congreve's wit," it is a cant term in the mouths of many who never read a line of him, and who are none the worse for it. When Congreve was received for a wit, he was not censured for his indecency; but opinions have changed as to what is witty and decent. The preface to one of the wittiest of his comedies, "The Double Dealer," emphatically asserts its cleanliness, but you may read it through without being dazzled by more than a few sparkles, and you cannot read half a page without falling upon allusions that are disgusting.

We do not think so ill of modern English

literature as Mr. Phillimore does; even the men who search after the "British Beetle" and write about it are witnesses to a healthy state of society, agents in promoting useful knowledge, and practical missionaries in developing the glory that resides in the meanest of the works of God.

Nevertheless, we do not mean to say that Queen Charlotte was justified in preferring "Polly Honeycombe" to "The Double Dealer," for the reading of her daughters; though Miss Burney, who read the former aloud to them, was probably charmed with the mission assigned to her by a mistress, who is thus delineated by the unsparing pencil of Mr. Phillimore. The time referred to is before the royal marriage, when

"The king gave a proof of his blind deference to his mother's wishes, which took all men by surprise. While every thought was occupied by the negotiation, the Privy Council was suddenly summoned to hear the king announce his intended marriage with the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, which soon afterwards took place. Colonel Græme, a notorious Jacobite agent, had been sent to different states in Germany, to discover among the little states of that enslaved country some princess whose appearance, disposition, and understanding would be to the mother of her future husband a complete guarantee against any dread of the loss of her ascendency. For this purpose a better choice could hardly have been made. The new queen was chaste; but if to watch over the education of her children and to promote their happiness be any part of a woman's duty, she has little claims to the praises that have been so lavishly bestowed upon her as the model of domestic virtue. Her religion was displayed in the scrupulous observance of the external forms. Repulsive in her aspect, grovelling in her instincts, sordid in her habits; steeped from the cradle in the stupid pride which was the atmosphere of her stolid and most insignificant race; inexorably severe to those who yielded to temptations from which she was protected, not more by her situation and the vigilance of those around her, than by the extreme homeliness of her person; bigoted, avaricious, unamiable to brutality, she added dulness and gloom even to the English court. The marriage was precipitated to prevent George the Third from again soliciting the hand of a lady of a sweet and generous temper, one of the noblest and most beautiful of his subjects, who, by a lot the reverse of that which attended the royal bride, became the mother of a distinguished, high-minded, and intellectual race—especially illustrious for two highly gifted men, in whose destiny it was, both by the pen and the sword, by the qualities which fit men to lead in war and to rule in peace, by heroic courage and commanding genius, to exalt the fame and extend the dominion of their proud but not very grateful country."

Grateful! What *is* gratitude? Mr. Phillimore presents the public with this portrait of Queen Charlotte, because of his comfort under the mild constitutional sway of Queen Victoria. It would have been but justice if he had added whatever little there may have been of bright and good in the older queen's character. In a dissolute age, she set a virtuous example, and a similar course reflects the greatest lustre on the crown of her granddaughter, one of a race of whom Mr. Phillimore is pleased to say, that it is the reverse of that of which Lady Sarah Lennox was the mother,—the "reverse of distinguished, high-minded, and intellectual."

Notwithstanding the drawbacks which we have indicated, this volume gives promise of a work which will deserve to be read. If there be a little too much of assertion, there is no want of argument; and if there be exaggeration of expression and sentiment, in an exactly opposite direction to that taken by Mr. Massey—another historian of whom we had occasion to speak recently—there is no suspicion aroused that the censurer is exercising his right in any but an honest spirit. In intention, the book is good; in execution, *very* good; unpleasant, perhaps, to the bigots of all parties, but acceptable to every man who may be glad to know what an honest thinker and a rough but able writer has to say about the times of George the Third.

From The Reader.

THE BIBLE AND AMERICAN SLAVERY.

Does the Bible Sanction American Slavery? By Goldwin Smith. (Oxford and London: John Henry and James Parker.)

THIS noble essay is expanded from a lecture which was delivered at the Manchester Athenæum. There is no place in which one would more desire that sound principles respecting American slavery should be unfolded than in Manchester. There is no person whom one should more wish to expound them than an Oxford Professor. But might not the combination have been reasonably dreaded? Would not some recent experience have warranted the apprehension that scholastical sophistries might be used to strengthen and deepen mercantile sophistries: that the selfishness of trade might have been supplied with plausible apologies from the seat of learning and religion? Thank God! such fears have been altogether confuted in this instance. Mr. Goldwin Smith has put forth no scholastical sophistries; he has turned a manly, graceful, unpedantical scholarship to its true service — that of exposing delusions, of vindicating freedom and truth. That his essay is written in pure masterly English need not be said. That it shows tenfold more acquaintance with Scripture in its letter and its spirit, a far more reverent appreciation of the Old as well as the New Testament, than the writings of professed divines, learned and popular—that it exhibits a political wisdom very rare in the speeches of distinguished statesmen—ought to be said. Into the space of a few pages, which may be easily read through in half an hour, the reader will find thoughts and information compressed which may confirm the convictions and scatter the fallacies that have been growing in him for years. He may have to part with some favorite notions, which are current in South Carolina, and which the *Times* and the *Saturday Review* have adapted to the English market. It may a little compensate this loss that he will receive fresh light on the history of nations, a defence of the Bible from the heaviest charge that has ever been brought against it, fresh proofs that good has triumphed over evil, fresh encouragements to believe that it will.

The opening of the essay is a specimen of the style in which it is written:—

"When a New World was peopled, strange things were sure to be seen. And strange things are seen in America. By the side of the Great Salt Lake is a community basing itself upon polygamy. In the Southern States is a community basing itself upon slavery. Each of these communities confidently appeals to the Bible as its sanction; and each of them, in virtue of that warrant, declares its peculiar institution to be universal and divine. The plea of the slave-owner is accepted. Perhaps, if the Mormonite were equally an object of political interest to a large party, his plea might be accepted also.

"It is important in more ways than one to determine whether the slave-owner's plea is true. The character of the Bible is threatened; and so is the character of the English law and nation. The *Times* says that slavery is only wrong as luxury is wrong, and that the Bible enjoins the slave at the present day to return to his master. If so, the law of England, which takes away the slave from his master directly his feet touch English soil, is a robber's law. If so, the great Act of Emancipation, of which we speak so proudly, was a robber's act; for, though a partial compensation for their loss was granted to the West Indian slave-owners, they were forced to give up their slaves notoriously against their will."

The *argumentum ad hominem*, "You defend slavery as a divine institution; are you ready to defend polygamy?" might be used by many writers to throw discredit upon the Hebrew institutions generally. Mr. Goldwin Smith appeals to it for a directly opposite purpose. He recognizes in the tolerance of slavery, of polygamy, and of many other institutions, the sign of a Divine Teacher who was educating his creatures to a knowledge of what was good for them, not "putting human society at once in a state of perfection without further effort, political, social, or intellectual, on the part of man." The Mosaic "code of laws takes the rude institutions of a primitive nation, including slavery, as they stand, not changing society by miracle, which, as has been said before, seems to have been no part of the purposes of God. But, while it takes these institutions as they stand, it does not perpetuate them, but reforms them, mitigates them, and lays on them restrictions tending to their gradual abolition. Much less does it introduce any barbarous institution or custom for the first time" (pp. 5 and 6).

The author illustrates this doctrine by the cases of the Avenger of Blood, the Cities of

Refuge, the authority of the Parents in putting their Children to death, of Polygamy, of Wars, of the Power of the Monarch, of the Order of Priests, before he comes to the case of slavery. In every one of these instances he compares the provisions of the Hebrew code with those of other ancient nations in a far more advanced stage of civilization, and shows how consistently it accepted contemporaneous forms of society, how consistently it provided remedies against their abuses and abominations, how it prepared the way for a nobler and freer life.

After this careful and vigorous induction the author advances with cruel deliberation and calmness to a comparison of the maxims of Moses, the lawgiver of the Jews some fifteen centuries before the Christian era, with those of Judge Ruffin of North Carolina in the nineteenth century after it. He does not enter upon this contrast till he has spoken of the patriarchal times, noticing, by the way, that famous piece of religious ethnology, the argument from the Curse on Canaan. Condescension is a great quality, and no fallacies are too old for refutation: but we should scarcely have forgiven Mr. Smith for wasting precious time on this one if these golden sentences had not convinced us that he was right. They kill many foes at once.

"To all arguments of this kind there is, in the first place, a very simple answer, which has already been given, in effect, to those who thought it their duty as Christians to fulfil inspired prophecy by denying civil rights to the Jews. Man is not charged with the fulfilment of inspired prophecy, which, whatever he may do, will certainly fulfil itself; but he is charged with the performance of his duty to his neighbor. It is not incumbent upon him to preserve Divine Foreknowledge from disappointment; but it is incumbent upon him to preserve his own soul from injustice, cruelty, and lust. If the prophecy had meant that the negroes should always be slaves, it would have been defeated already; for a great part of the negroes in Africa have never become slaves, and those in the English and French colonies, besides a good many in America itself, have ceased to be so."

We wish our space allowed us to quote an exquisitely beautiful passage on the relations of Abraham with his servant. We must give the conclusion of the argument from the early history:—

"So much respecting the nature of bondage in the patriarchal state. It seems to bear little resemblance to the condition of the gangs of negro chattels who are driven out under the lash of an overseer to plant cotton in America, and who are slaves to the tyrannical cruelty and lust of the white members of their owner's family, as well as to the avarice of their owner. When we find a negro standing in the same relation to his master, and to his master's son, in which Eliezer stood to Abraham and Isaac, and when we find in negro slavery the other characteristics of bondage as it existed in the tents of Abraham and his descendants, we may begin to think that the term 'Patriarchal' is true as applied to the slavery of Virginia and Carolina."

We can indulge ourselves only in one extract from the Third Section, the most elaborate and complete part of the essay:—

"In one thing, however, the American slave-owner and the Hebrew lawgiver are agreed. Both think, and with good reason, that slavery and free labor cannot well exist together. The Hebrew lawgiver therefore takes measures to diminish slavery in his country. The American slave-owner proposes to put an end to the freedom of labor all over the world.

"There is one thing more to be mentioned. Decisive experience has shown that slavery cannot hold its ground without a Fugitive Slave Law. Now the law of Moses says, 'Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee: He shall dwell with thee, even among you, in that place which he shall choose in one of thy gates, where it liketh him best: thou shalt not oppress him.' Southern theologians try to get rid of the apparent immorality of this passage by maintaining that it relates only to slaves who have fled from a foreign country. It is difficult to see any ground for this gloss, more especially as even in heathen Greece the right of asylum in certain temples was allowed, alone of religious privileges, to the slave. But suppose it were so, the law would in effect enjoin the Hebrews to risk a quarrel, and perhaps a war, with a foreign country rather than give up fugitive slaves—a singular mode of impressing the sanctity and beneficence of slavery on their minds."

The Fourth Section, on the New Testament, though very admirable, is not quite so satisfactory to us as those which have preceded it. Mr. Goldwin Smith has understated his case in respect to St. Paul. But the argument from the Epistle to Philemon is beautifully put.

This article is a long one for so short a book. It is far too short to convey our impression of the value of the book. A *concio ad populum* by an accomplished scholar free from the slightest exaggeration, the slightest appeal to vulgar feelings, deserves all the honor that can be given it. Those of us who have sometimes spoken harshly of the writer for what have seemed his harsh judgments of other men, must be eager to make him amends by confessing what this essay has taught them, what impulses to good they have received from it. Those of us who have longed for some clear statement of their own profoundest and most earnest convictions respecting slavery, unmixed with any Northern partialities, and for a vindication of the Bible, such as no mere controversialist has made, or is ever likely to make, will thank the Professor of Modern History of Oxford for giving us both at once. F. D. M.

THE PRINCE OF WALES having expressed a wish to be present at the Eton Speeches, and the 4th of June having fallen this year on the Ascot Cup day, the delivery of the speeches was postponed to the next day. Accordingly, yesterday week was held as the gala day of Henry the Sixth's College. The Prince and Princess of Wales reached the Quadrangle at 12 o'clock, which, long before that hour, was completely filled with distinguished visitors, just as the dense, heavy rain was pouring down in torrents. Again and again the old walls rang with the cheers of the young Etonians—some of them, perhaps, the prince's future ministers, statesmen, and warriors. The opening speech, a poetical address in the heroic couplet, composed by Lord Francis Hervey, son of the Marquis of Bristol, in honor of the visit of their royal highnesses, was delivered in admirable style by the young author. Other recitations followed, according to custom; and, at the close of the programme, the prince and princess visited the College Chapel; after which they and the other guests were entertained by the provost, Dr. Goodford, at his residence. We observe, by the by, that Lord Francis Hervey's address, from which the newspapers gave extracts, has been published entire in the first number of a new Eton-School Magazine just published under the name of *Etonensia*. The number contains, besides, a few short prize essays and poetical pieces by the young hopes of Eton—the most interesting article, perhaps, being a brief essay on Arthur Hallam, dear to Eton as an old Etonian, and as a contributor, in his Eton days, to a former school magazine called *The Eton Miscellany*. Most of the pieces show at least a very nice feeling; but we should not have expected from a young Etonian, even in fun, such a cockney rhyme as the following, which appears in one of the poetical pieces:—

"Oh, aid us, kind muse, to a *stanza*,
Since without thee 'tis vain to aspire;
To the public we'll state what our *plans are*,
And request them to buy and admire."

We hope Dr. Goodford will ruthlessly root out, in Eton, that style of pronouncing English which could tolerate, even in comic license, a rhyme like *stanza* and *plans are*. In Eton, if anywhere in England, the sacredness of the sound *R* should be respected.

THE *Paper Trade Review*, speaking of Egyptian papyrus, suggests that the method of preparing the paper was by separating the succulent stem of the plant into its concentric layers, as many as twenty being got from a single stem. When separated, these were probably spread out flat, and subjected to some pressure, then exposed to the action of the sun's rays, and, last of all, brought to a hard and even surface, by rubbing with a smooth shell, or piece of ivory. The single sheets, so to speak, of paper obtained in this way, were sure to be limited in size. On an average they might be eighteen inches long, and six inches in breadth; but they could be gummed together piece by piece when required, until large sheets were formed, on which important and voluminous records could be engrossed. The largest sheet of this kind in this country is in the British Museum, measuring some eight or nine feet long, and one foot wide. The quantity of these sheets produced must have been very considerable. The trade became a lucrative one; and at Rome the consumption of papyrus was very great, with a supply seldom equal to the demand.

POSTAGE-STAMPS were, according to the *Moniteur*, in use as early as two hundred years ago. This paper quotes a postal regulation of 1653, according to which letters bearing the inscription *Post paye* shall be carried free of expense from one end of the town to the other, and announcing that franking stamps are to be had at certain places, at a sou a piece, etc.

THE death of Edward Vogel, the African traveller, has been, we hear, confirmed by evidence which places it beyond a doubt.

From The Spectator.

THE GERMAN PRESS IN AMERICA.

The German element has of late played a rather conspicuous part in North American politics, and its influence greatly contributed to the success of the Republican party in the election which raised Lincoln to the Presidency. The Germans themselves reckon their number in the United States at five millions at least, whilst native Americans want to reduce it to two or three millions. The difference might be easily accounted for, since the former claim as their own all children born of Teutonic parents, whilst the latter regard only those as true "Dutchmen" who were actually born in Germany, and have immigrated at a later period in life. However that may be, it cannot be denied that their weight in the political scale begins to be duly felt, and they hardily fight for the Union both in public meetings and on the field of battle, both with the pen and the sword. It is asserted that over one hundred thousand men of that nationality have enlisted in the Republican armies, and if just now the reported flight of the corps of Schurz and Steinwehr at Chancellorsville has brought them into unreasonable disrepute, it ought not to be forgotten that on several occasions they have borne the brunt of the day under their favorite leader, General Sigel, who, unhappily for himself and his countrymen, was induced to resign his command several weeks ago. We are, in consequence, entitled to expect that the Germans, who are generally endowed with many military qualities, as is sufficiently testified by the eagerness of potentates to enlist them in their service, will soon redeem their character. At all events, it appears preposterous and cruel to treat as mercenary hirelings thousands of men who zealously rushed to arms in the defence of their adopted country and the loftiest principles of freedom.

In former times, the German settlers in America, chiefly drawn from the sober, industrious peasantry which dwell on the slopes of the Black Forest, and on the pleasant borders of the Rhine and the Maine, had no other anxiety but to pursue their tillage in peace, free from the Government shackles which weighed so heavily on their shoulders in their native land. Ease, and even affluence, were the price of untiring labor and strict economy, and they often became rich, either as saving tradesmen in the large cities on the Eastern shores, or as hardy pioneers in the primeval forests of the far West. The unlucky insurrections of the year 1848 brought men of higher aspirations and of a more intellectual stamp among them; and these radicals proved a powerful leaven in the hitherto sluggard population. They started newspapers containing matters somewhat more momentous than idle local gossip, and continued on the other side of the Atlantic the great discussions of philosophical and economical principles which had brought them to grief under the petty despotisms of the Old World. They wanted, above all, to form a German party, which, by throwing its numbers and influence either on the right or the left, might turn the scales in the political strife for supremacy. They did not succeed at first, the German colonists remaining callous to their passionate appeals, and preferring to walk in the wake of some recognized American faction. But the blind and vehement opposition of the Know-nothings, their violent vindication of the exalted and exclusive rights of nativism, estranged the Germans from the Democrats, and threw them, often against their will, into the arms of the Republican party. It may now be safely asserted that these three millions of immigrants are all Unionists, however fairly their sympathies may still be divided among the old Democrats and their successful antagonists.

The German press in America has espoused the cause of the Union and of freedom with an ardor and a vehemence to which even natural-born Americans are strangers. Bred in a far-off country, which was never convulsed by the bloody strife between slaveholders and abolitionists, and in which the fancied necessities of forced labor have forever been unknown, free editors, crammed with the logical principles of Kant and Hegel, devoted to the faith of "Humanism," feel no difficulty in declaring war to the knife against the Southern "institution." Their influence is not to be despised, for if daily, weekly, and periodical publications are all taken into account, the number of German newspapers reaches close to two hundred. Every party, every shade, every school is represented here, from the Roman Catholic lucubrations of Father Oertel to the materialist declamations of Carl Heinzen.

The most wide-spread, and, therefore, most influential journal is the *Staats Zeitung* of New York, the property of the "widow"

Uhle. This "old Democratic gossip," as numerous adversaries condescend to call it, has often changed editors, and, as usual in successful papers, follows rather than directs public opinion. Still, it has strongly declared in favor of the Union, and as it has found great favor with thriving shopkeepers and sturdy farmers, we may take it as a symptom that the large middle class among the German settlers are unfavorable to the dissevering pretensions of the South. Two other daily periodicals published in the Empire City deserve to be mentioned—the *Abend Zeitung* and the *Criminal Zeitung*. The former hoists the Republican flag and pronounces in favor of speedy abolition; the second had for many years a communistic tint, and, though socialist to an extreme, never discovered in slavery anything higher than an "economical" question. It may be startling, but it is by no means strange, to discover that the men who, in Europe, affected to give to the right to labor the precedence over political liberty, concerned themselves in the American negroes only so far as their presence might influence the position of free workmen.

The West of the United States possessed, until very lately, an influential and well written paper, the *Anzieger des Westens*, published by M. (now Colonel) Börnstein, a political refugee, and M. Charles Bernays, once American Consul in Switzerland. This journal was so successful, and had enlisted among its staff so many correspondents of the highest standing (among others, Dr. Ruge, from Brighton), that the editors once offered a high price for the best German novel written in America. The competition was exciting and lively, and the prize was awarded by competent judges to M. Douai, the former editor of the *San-Antonia Zeitung*, whom the slaveholders had driven from Texas, and who is at present a contributor to one of the New York papers. The Americans were secretly somewhat startled to hear that the *Anzeiger* had ceased to appear, in spite of its financial prosperity; having formerly been a Democrat, and converted by the war to the Republican creed, it seems that M. Börnstein found insuperable difficulties in maintaining his moral ground, and preferred to interrupt his journalistic labor. Another paper, the *Westliche Post*, started at St. Louis several years ago, as an opposition publication, has now entirely replaced its antagonist; it is of the true abolition hue, and carries the numerous Germans who inhabit the State of Missouri into the ultra Republican camp.

Among the widely-circulated papers, we have to notice the *Chicago Staats Zeitung*, a Unionist journal, founded by Brentano, the former dictator of Baden. Most of the other periodicals owe their influence merely to the private character and talent of the chief editor, and are altogether to be looked upon as private enterprises. Every political scheme, every philosophical opinion, be it the wildest fancy or the most absurd day-dream, finds its enthusiastic exponents in that numerous class; but the great, unfailing characteristic is the combativeness of the writers. True to their European habit, the Germans in America prefer making war against one another to a combined assault against the common enemy, and in this ungrateful struggle they evince a bitterness and a power of coarse invective worthy of a better or a worse cause. Foremost, and almost alone on his unenviable pinnacle, stands M. Heinzein, of the Boston *Pioneer*, the most radical, unsparing, indiscreet, and violent, but also the most deeply convinced of all German editors. He is wanting neither in cleverness nor conceitedness, and has, indeed, often brought his unwilling countrymen over to his ideas. In one of its recent issues, an English paper, the *Missouri Republican*, thus speaks of him:—

"When, a year or more ago, we took occasion to point out to the leaders of the radical German press that their course inevitably led to lashing them to the chariot wheel of the great Bugaboo, Carl Heinzen, at Boston, the self-proclaimed Danton of the prospected revolution *in spe*, there was quite an effort made to make us appear ridiculous. Carl Heinzen did us the justice to copy our article *verbatim* in his *Pioneer*, and broadly hinted that we were about right in our estimate of the modern *lansquenets* of revolutionary young Germany; for, by some such name, he chose to stigmatize his compatriots, not deeming them worthy of a better title, though of some infinitely more degrading.

"And what do we behold? Day after day, step by step, ever uncompromisingly and relentlessly did Heinzen proceed; now fulminating, then hectoring the world generally, and his countrymen in America in particular, but never failing to treat with unspeakable contempt his fellow-countrymen of the young German press for their servility, their want of candor, of logic, tact, and foresight. He was treated as a madman at times; again he was drawn into ridicule and contempt. Sometimes even a green specimen of late importation entered the lists with him in the field of "inexorable logic," to be crushed; but all in vain."

In fact, there has been erected in America a new stage for German literature but we feel bound to confess that the products are neither of the highest nor the purest kind, and that the performers are in nowise remarkable for the Atticism of their wit or the amiability of their temper.

From The Saturday Review.

STAHR'S LIFE OF LESSING.*

German authors seem gradually awakening to the fact of the brevity of life, and to the corresponding necessity of brevity in their monographs. They begin to perceive that, in order to find readers, a writer must be tolerably short and moderately readable; and that the public is more frequently propitious to the successful digester than to the patient accumulator of materials. There is scarcely a fact in Mr. Lewes' *Life of Goethe* which had not been previously mentioned in Viehoff's laborous work on the same subject; but even to German readers Mr. Lewes has made himself Goethe's biographer *par excellence*. A similar fate might have befallen the Life of Lessing, had a foreign author of reputation, till very recently, chosen to avail himself of the copious materials extant in the learned work of Guhrauer; but M. Adolf Stahr determined that a popular life of a writer who was the very incarnation of the German mind should at all events be attempted by one of his grateful compatriots.

M. Stahr is one of the most prolific, and also one of the most entertaining, of living German writers. He is deeply enough read to satisfy the claims of his own nationality, but he has at the same time the vivacity of a Frenchman and the independent feelings of an Englishman. He appears to be one of those happily-constituted mortals who are at home everywhere. He has worshipped in the museums of Rome and Florence, and conversed at his ease in Paris salons; he has Aristotle under his pillow and Longinus at his fingers' ends; he is *au fait* with the secret springs of Goethe's amours and the secret meaning of the Music of the Future; he commands the political situation in Germany and in the rest of Europe, and has encompassed and traversed the entire field of ethics, ancient and modern. He is a greater polyhistor than was Lessing himself; and his criticisms attempt as free and bold a range as those of the subject of this biography. That such a writer should but rarely be dull, is no matter for wonder; and it is perhaps equally natural that we should often miss in him the sobriety and moderation which becomes, a critic of the arch-critic. Constant allusions to the present are as wearisome to the reader as the author appears to think them incumbent upon himself. The reader should be now and then permitted to draw his own lessons, without having it flung in his teeth that he is a child of the degraded and materialistic nineteenth century. Moreover, a subject like the life of Lessing claims an almost historic dignity of treatment, and that "pitch of style" which the late Dr. Arnold judged requisite in the composition of history. Not that M. Stahr was without the best of intentions to impart such a dignity to his book. The second edition is ushered in by a most sonorous blast of trumpets, consisting in the eulogies of certain critics, quoted with modest pride by the not unconscious author. The book is described as "a lamp to lighten the darkness around;" as "the free confession of a free man amongst hindering and even threatening circumstances; a breath of air and a ray of light amidst the smoke of a gloomy mysticism, a Byzantine hierarchy, a *blasé* romanticism, which had intruded themselves into the ancient home of the healthiest, clearest, and manliest of German minds;" and a prophecy is added that "it will last, this book, it will work, and in numberless unseen pipes pour forth its pure contents through the world." Being translated, these very brave words signify that, in praising Lessing, M. Stahr meant to tread on the corns of those who yet survive as the relics of the systems which Lessing overthrew.

If, however, the reader will consent to overlook, or to estimate at its proper value, the occasionally almost oppressive grandeur of M. Stahr's commentative oratory, he will find in this biography a very faithful picture, drawn by a most skilful hand, of an intellectual life matchless for its vigor and truthfulness. Lessing was restless, in the sense in which the pilgrim, ever pressing onward to a goal it will never be given him to attain, is restless. Those who complain of a want of unity in his manifold expeditions on various fields but ill understand the unity of the true critic's life. Lessing was anything but a mere negative and destructive critic. Every literary advance which he made formed a link in that *synthesis* which, in a short life, he was able with unusual completeness to establish. In judging of works in the field of any art, it was his constant aim to establish the rules and the limits of that art. From a purification of the literary stables of Germany, he

* *G. E. Lessing. Sein Leben und seine Werke.* Von Adolf Stahr. 2 Bande. 2te Ausgabe. Berlin: 1862.

rose to distinct theories by which to determine the adherence to, or aberration from, fixed rules in the case of the French and English schools. In his *Litteraturbriefe*, he showed how Shakspeare and the English dramatists differ from the Greeks as species differ from species, but how the French are as far from them as the perversion is from the original, and the false from the true. To the English poets of Pope's time, and their host of imitators in the German didactic poets, he had already assigned their true limits, excluding them from the Poetic Art. In his *Hamburger Dramaturgie*, he more fully and specially exposed the radical vices of the French tragedians, and defeated Voltaire, and his gods and worshippers, with their own weapon —the appliance of the rule of Aristotle. Yet he was not slow to perceive the likelihood of an aberration in a contrary direction, and to warn young Germany against that defiance of all rules and laws which became the motto of their *Sturm* and *Drang* period, and of a more recent French school. But to the Poetic Art itself, in contradiction to the Plastic, he fixed limits, in his *Laocoon*, which Winckelmann himself, the greatest of German archæologists, had failed or refused to recognize. From Æsthetics his genius took a loftier flight to Ethics, and after a long series of polemical encounters (some negative in their origin, but all constructive in their aim), arrived at its consummation in those speculations on the development of mankind, and the place belonging in it to revealed religion, which opened to him, in his own words, "an infinite view into a distance neither wholly hidden from his eyes nor wholly discovered to them by the soft gleam of sunset." His various polemical encounters were conducted, if not always with moderation (as in the case of Klotz), yet with a steady view to the goal which would be approached by the removal of the obstructions against which he revolted. Thus Lessing well deserves the name of a second Luther, not only for his fearlessness in overthrowing abuses, but because he did it for the sake of the truth whose countenance they hid from the sight of man. In either case, the vehemence of such struggles is to us rather melancholy than delightful, when we reflect on the hard fate of those who fight, not for fighting's sake, but to be enabled to pursue the path for whose end they are yearning.

A peculiar bitterness characterizes Lessing's unceasing attacks on Voltaire. It must be admitted that Voltaire suffered but little from them during his lifetime, and that his reputation as an originator bids fair to last as long in France as his fame as a destroyer; for in that country, even more than elsewhere, success and vanity form almost impregnable entrenchments. To this, probably, much of the bitterness of Lessing's animosity may be ascribed; but M. Stahr supplies another key, which may be taken for what it is worth. Lessing, it appears, had a personal opportunity of becoming acquainted with the meanness and injustice of "Voltaire, Chambellan du Roi," through certain more than questionable money transactions of the latter, which involved him in a disgraceful lawsuit, out of which he only escaped by an equally disgraceful compromise. His royal patron and disciple founded on these transactions a comedy, entitled *Tantale en Procès*, and mercilessly satirizing the avaricious philosopher. Moreover, Lessing indiscreetly procured the MS. of Voltaire's *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, before publication, from the author's secretary, and by accident took it away with him from Berlin. The wrath of the philosopher, who declared himself robbed, was tremendous. The secretary was dismissed, and an interchange of disagreeable letters in French and Latin passed between Voltaire and Lessing. Lessing's letter has been lost, but he said "it was not one Voltaire was likely to stick in his window. The Frenchman's letter certainly repeats the accusation of theft against the secretary, but is otherwise flattering to Lessing. M. Stahr seems to us to attach too much importance to the affair, which only proves what every one knew before—that the temper of Voltaire was vinegar itself.

The biographer—who, on a previous occasion, has started the theory that Goethe was a democrat at heart, and saw through the hollowness of courts and princes—is very anxious to prove Lessing a member, by anticipation, of the democratic party in Germany. He is candid enough to admit that his hero, except by occasional remarks, never mixed in the politics of the day, but consoles himself by observing that the reason of this was certainly not "that he lacked inclination or capacity for a literary activity of the sort." The capacity all will admit, but of the in-

clination there is an utter want of evidence. Of the occasional remarks in question M. Stahr is not slow to make the most. Even a very common-place poetical panegyric on Frederic II., contributed by Lessing in his youth as a feuilletonist to a Berlin paper, is forced into the argument. The poet says that "it would be a happiness to the king, were his people already worthy of him," which is interpreted to mean, "in other words, if it could do without even so intelligent (*erleuchtet*) a despotism." M. Stahr has also discovered a passage in which Lessing advocates the unity of Germany, though merely for the object of free trade between the States. It would have been well to omit all fruitless speculation as to what Lessing "would have done" had he lived in the times of "the great struggle against absolutism," and to confess at once, as the author afterwards does, that Lessing's radicalism was only "theoretic." The biographer perceives Schiller's motto, *In tyrannos*, visible, though unwritten, on the brow of *Minna Von Barnhelm;* and quotes more direct evidence from the fragmentary dramas, *Spartacus* and *Henzi*, the hero of the latter of which is said to be none other than Lessing himself. Had Lessing felt it to be part of his mission to be a political reformer, he was not the man to give any but a full and complete expression to the passionate longings within him. But he had to fight other battles, and with other foes. The work of his life was to conquer liberty of thought—"the one true lesson," in the words of a modern historian, "worth learning from the Reformation," and the one lesson Lessing had learnt from the history of his country.

We had intended to make a few observations on Lessing's plays, whose poetical merits M. Stahr appears to us much to overrate. It is known that he himself wished them excluded from representation on the national stage he was working for; and it is evident that he wrote them, so to speak, more from a sense of duty, as practical examples, than from the instincts of creative genius. It has been remarked that his own inclinations lay rather towards the epos than to the drama—a tendency (barren except of one small but perfect fruit), which, it may be remembered, for a long time hampered Goethe's productive power.

The private life of Lessing, like that of Spinoza (to whom M. Stahr compares him on more than one occasion), was one of singular and unblemished purity, and furnishes another proof of the certain, but not very profound truth, that freedom of speculation is not, as some have ever been found to hold, the beginning of immorality. His biographer observes (we hope we are not uncharitable in suspecting that we detect in the observation the faintest possible tinge of regret) that—

"Lessing is the only one among the heroes of our classical literature, in whose heart, love, full and great, found no entrance till the maturity of manhood. He was forty years old when he met, in Eva König, the wife of his heart, and the story of his life up to that time knows of no passion in any way proved by evidence."

M. Stahr, however, insists on the truth of the rumor that Lessing, as early as his nineteenth year, entertained a passing passion for the actress Lorenz, and proceeds to make the most of it. He has also discovered, even against his own judgment, possible evidence, in a poem of eight lines, that his hero was guilty of a "transitory error." His marriage, long delayed by money difficulties, took place in October, 1776, and ere sixteen months had passed, he was a broken-hearted widower, his beloved Eva having followed their first infant to the grave. "My wife is dead," he wrote, "and this experience, too, I have made. I am glad that there cannot be many such experiences remaining for me to make." His studies were now to him, to use his own expression, "laudanum;" and with a weary heart he bore the burden of the remaining three years of his existence. Yet to those three years we owe *Nathan* and his *Education of the Human Race*. Such was the domestic life of this great man—one year of happiness, and all the other years full of hope deferred, and of other trials for his own family was a source of anything but comfort to him. His public life may be simply described as a struggle for bare existence. He began it as little better than a literary hack; and ended it as the underpaid librarian of Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick. The Elector Palatine generously promised him an annual pension for which he received devoted thanks, but of which his memory was never retentive enough to cause the payment of a single louis d'or. Such was the situation of the "theoretic re-

publicans," the great German men of letters of Lessing's time. Klopstock lived on the pension of a foreign sovereign. Wieland was a ducal tutor, "probably more to the prince's advantage than his own," as Lessing wrote to him; and the latter was starved by the bounty of two other native Mæcenases. He died so poor that Duke Ferdinand was obliged to have him buried at the public expense; but his munificence did not extend to the raising of a tombstone.

The late Mr. De Quincey has compared the influence of Lessing on his contemporaries in Germany to that of Dr. Johnson on English literature. The comparison has very little point in it; but it would have been well for Lessing if, in a material sense, literature had been honored in him as it was in the person of the doctor. Posterity, with the exception of the German princes (against whom M. Stahr has a parting fling for their refusal to contribute to Lessing's monument) has been more grateful, and, whether it hails him as the genius of Revolution, with Gervinus, or of Evolution, with M. Stahr willingly subscribes to the eloquent summing-up by the latter of his efforts in the search of truth:—

"The reformer of our national poetry and literature, the creator of our prose, the founder of our stage, the legislator of our critical and æsthetical systems, superior in all their fields to all his contemporaries becomes the reformer of German philosophy and theology, the continuer of the great work begun by Luther, the founder of the historic view of religion, the great apostle of all true progress towards light in his century."

In Mr. Bentley's edition of "The Life and Letters of Washington Irving," edited by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving, there are some very important and interesting additions to the American text, one a thoroughly Washington-Irving-ish description of his "cottage and his neices" on the banks of the Hudson, and its "roses and ivy from Melrose Abbey." It was written in February, 1846, during a short visit to Harley street—a welcome holiday snatched from his duties as American minister at Madrid, after he had tendered his resignation—to Mrs. Dawson, who was the Flora Foster of Flitwick, and whose sister, Emily Foster, now Mrs. Fuller, for whom he entertained at one time a warm attachment, furnishes to this volume seventy-nine pages of letters to herself, a diary, and recollections of friendly intercourse with Washington Irving.

Messrs. Bosworth and Harrison have just issued "The Book of Common Prayer," etc., newly arranged in the order in which it is appointed to be used, printed by the queen's printer, in 32mo., containing all the services, with the Rubrics, without omission or addition. In this edition the several parts of each service are printed in the order in which they are appointed to be used, by means of which a child or any person unfamiliar with the Prayer Book may readily find the places throughout the services.

Messrs. Longman & Co. announce an English dictionary, founded on Dr. Johnson's. The edition of 1773, the last edited by the author, is to form the substratum; Todd's additions are to be used; and all words of recent introduction, whether once obsolete or newly formed, are to find a place. It is to be published in quarto, in parts, the first to appear in the autumn.

Messrs. Williams and Norgate have in the press Mr. R. C. Carrington's "Observations of the Solar Spots," made at Redhill Observatory from 1853 to 1861; also, Dr. Cureton's "Ancient Syriac Documents relative to the Earliest Establishment of Christianity at Edessa," from the year after the Ascension to the fourth century.

A map of Africa, to illustrate the discovery of the sources of the Nile by Captains Speke and Grant, and showing the route of these explorers, as well as the routes of other recent African travellers, has just been published by Mr. Wyld, of Charing Cross, Geographer to the Queen.

Dr. August Knobel, well-known for his many and zealous labors in the field of biblical literature, more especially his commentaries and historical investigations on the Old Testament, died a few days ago, at the age of fifty-seven, at Giessen.

Encores.—The New York Philharmonic Society prints upon its programmes the following judicious rule upon this subject—"Encores cannot be permitted, as the programmes of the concerts are made out with reference to the time occupied by the various pieces, beyond which it does not seem desirable to extend the duration of the performance."—*Reader.*

From The Reader.

DR. CONOLLY ON HAMLET.

A Study of Hamlet. By John Conolly, M. D., D.C.L., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians. (Moxon).

A STUDY of Shakspeare's "Hamlet" by so great a medical authority in lunacy as Dr. Conolly is a literary curiosity, sure to attract attention. And this little volume deserves the attention which it is sure to attract. It is extremely well-written—better, even as a piece of literary criticism and exposition, than many of the commentaries on Shakspeare that have come from the pens of professedly literary men. A vein of gentleness, of tenderness, of sweet and sympathetic interest in all the human affections, pervades it, which may be unexpected in such a veteran of peculiar experience as Dr. Conolly, but which cannot fail to cause a real liking and respect for him, and an increased sense also of the patient kindliness, as well as of the wisdom, into which such arduous medical experience as his may have educated many of his profession. No youth, no lady, could have written with more of gentle feeling, of soothing and benevolent manner in contemplating any ideal instance of bruised humanity, than is shown by this veteran writer, much of whose life has been passed amid spectacles of bruised humanity so various and so terrible that one might think, judging hastily and wrongly, that the edge of his natural tenderness must have been blunted long ago. The amount and the quality of literary culture shown in the book are also more than common; the style is clear, sweet, and flowing; and the taste in matters of poetry true and good. Passages might be quoted of shrewd exposition, and of really useful remark on the present state of dramatic criticism, and of our theatrical representations of Shakspeare's plays.

Dr. Conolly's main purpose, however, is to combat the idea that Hamlet's madness was —as many of the commentators have argued, and as most actors who have hitherto performed the part have assumed in their representations of it—only a feigned madness, and to show that Shakspeare's real notion was to represent in Hamlet a peculiar and medically-known kind of actual insanity, and that, in carrying out this notion, he has succeeded wonderfully. This theory he endeavors to make out by a detailed examination of the play, act by act. In the greater part of this examination he proceeds as any careful non-medical critic might have done—showing that, though there are various passages in the drama which seem to assert distinctly that Hamlet is only feigning madness, and though in the course of his conduct he must be supposed as now and then putting on a form of madness not his own, yet, on all principles of human nature and dramatic consistency, the theory of feigned madness throughout becomes untenable and repulsive, and must give way to a theory of a real madness, or unhinging of the mind, partly constitutional and partly brought about by sudden circumstance, and one of the characteristic peculiarities of which is that it plays with the very idea of madness. Throughout the greater part of this exposition, we say, Dr. Conolly reasons very much as any merely literary critic might have done; and one is rather disappointed at not having more exact reminiscences of asylums and of actual cases of insanity of alleged Hamlet type adduced in corroboration. One can see, however, that, underneath the text, is a fund of such recollections, of actual cases of insanity, and that these recollections, even when not adduced, may have helped Dr. Conolly to his conclusions. Here and there, also—indeed, at every very important point of the story where Hamlet's conduct takes a new turn—references of a general kind are made to phenomena of actual insanity observed and registered by Dr. Conolly in the course of his experience among the insane. These references are rather more general than we should have liked to have from such an authority as Dr. Conolly when he was writing on such a subject; but they are interesting so far as they go, and a few of them may be quoted and supplied with titles:—

One characteristic of a healthy brain:—He [Hamlet] is constitutionally deficient in that quality of a healthy brain or mind which may be termed its elasticity, in virtue of which the changes and chances of the mutable world should be sustained without damage, and in various trials steadfastness and trust still preserved.

A psychological characteristic of very sensitive minds:—Any sudden and sharp mortification, or any novelty effecting character or position, or involving some exposure of the secrets of the heart, creates a hasty resolve, generally soon forgotten, to set aside all the

past, to re-model all the manner of life, to alter every habit, to sacrifice every customary pleasure and solace, and henceforth to live secluded in gloom and reserve.

Hamlet's secretiveness and consciousness of his insanity:—The very exhortation to secresy, shown to be so important in Hamlet's imagination, are but illustrations, of one part of his character, and must be recognizable as such by all physicians intimately acquainted with the beginnings of insanity. It is by no means unfrequent that, when the disease is only incipient, and especially in men of exercised minds, the patient has an uneasy consciousness of his own departure from a perfectly sound understanding. He becomes aware that, however he may refuse to acknowledge it, his command over his thoughts or his words is not steadily maintained, whilst at the same time he has not wholly lost his control over either. He suspects that he is suspected; and anxiously and ingeniously accounts for his oddities. Sometimes he challenges inquiry, and courts various tests of his sanity, and sometimes he declares that, in doing extravagant things, he has only been pretending to be eccentric, in order to astonish the fools about him, and who, he knew, were watching him.

The morning hours of the melancholy mad:—Those whose duties make them conversant with cases of disordered mind, and especially those who have had the unhappiness of seeing it in the form of melancholia of recent invasion, will recognize in the state and actions of Hamlet at this time (*i.e.*, at the time of his wild interview with Ophelia, Act ii., Scene 1) a reflection of what they can scarcely fail to have observed. It is after such watchings, and after unrefreshing sleep succeeding, that the awakening comes not only without relief, but with sharper returns of sorrow, and the troubled ideas of yesterday recur with hideous strength. Sometimes the advancing hours of the day, and their various occurrences, restore the patient to calmness, or, for a time, to reason; but still the morning hours are full of peril, and the truce is treacherous: to the first fury an ominous silence succeeds, and a fixed resolution remains to effect some utterly insane purpose, to sacrifice some victim whose fate is linked with some delusion, or to rush on some frightful mode of self-destruction.

Letters written by insane persons:—He (Polonius) then reads to the king and queen the following strange letter from Hamlet to Ophelia, and by her dutifully given up to him:—

"To the celestial, and my soul's idol the most beautified Ophelia."

"These. In her excellent white bosom, these."

"Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt, that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt, I love,

"O dear Ophelia, I am ill at ease at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, oh, most best, believe it. Adieu.

"Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him,

"HAMLET."

This letter seems usually regarded as a mere extravagance; but it deserves rather graver consideration. It was probably written before Hamlet's abrupt visit to Ophelia in her chamber, and might have been the last she had received from him written after his dreadful scene with the ghost, and wrung from him as a kind of remonstrance, consequent on the doubt of his truth and honor implied by the repulsion of his letters following immediately after that shock. But whenever written, his mind was already overshadowed with malady. There is nothing of mocking or jesting in it, but evident and painful proof of shattered power and failing trust. The writer begins extravagantly, then essays verse, and attempts a kind of assertion of his own fidelity; appears unable to go on, under a load of misery; passionately and tenderly, but still sorrowfully, he repeats his profession of love, and in the closing words we perceive only figures of despondency and death. Such a composition cannot be deemed a part of a plan of deception, or a mockery of a tender woman, whose love he had gained, and whom he himself loved. Except as the production of a disordered mind, there is no meaning in it; but it is perfectly consistent with what is observed in letters written every day by persons partially insane, both in and out of asylums, who labor under impulses to express in writing the sentiments occupying their imagination, but find the effort too much for them, and become bewildered, and unable to command words sufficiently emphatic to represent them. In Hamlet's distraction, his thoughts have almost quitted the night scene on the platform; and in his complicated distress they have turned chiefly towards Ophelia. There is considerable risk of error in commenting on the precise application of many words used two centuries before our time; but even the accidental substitution of the word beautified, which Polonius condemns as a vile phrase, for the word beautiful is not at all unlike the literal errors occurring often in madmen's letters: the writers aim at force, and are not satisfied with ordinary words. Altogether, the style of the letter has so singular a resemblance to that of insane persons of an intel-

lectual character, but disturbed by insanity, as almost to justify the supposition that Shakspeare had met with some such letter in the curious case-books of his son-in-law, Dr. Hall, of Stratford-upon-Avon.

Absence of tenderness a mark of insanity:—The diffusion of the element of tenderness over the whole of Hamlet's character, however skilfully effected on the stage, is an unauthorized departure from the delineation of his character by Shakspeare. The disappearance of tenderness from a sensitive and irresolute mind, after the shocks of violent surprise, and in the confusion of half-formed and murderous designs, is but one among the indications of the morbid change that has been wrought in the prince's character.

Ferocity of insanity:—Well has Dr. Johnson said—"This speech," [when Hamlet, seeing the king at prayer, will not kill him, lest his soul should then go to Heaven] "in which Hamlet, represented as a virtuous character, is not content with taking blood for blood, but contrives damnation for the man that he would punish, is too horrible to be read or to be uttered." But it is the speech of a man uttering maniacal exaggerations of feeling. Such exaggerations of anger or ferocity are occasionally recognized in the ravings of the mad, but of no other persons, however enraged or depraved. The speech, it is also to be observed, has no listeners; there is nobody by to feign to. The terrible words are the dictation of a mind so metamorphosed by disorder, that all healthy and natural feelings, all goodness and mercy, have been forcibly driven out of it.

Anxiety of madmen to prove their sanity:—It is curious to observe that the arguments he adduces to disprove his mother's supposition [that he is mad] are precisely such as certain ingenious madmen delight to employ,—

HAM. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: It is not madness
That I have uttered: bring me to the test
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from.

This distinction of Hamlet has been too confidently quoted as affording an unerring test of sanity or insanity; but in truth it is only in the acute stage of mania, or, according to the old expression, the stage of ecstacy, that the madman is unable to re-word any matter spoken by him, and gambols from it. In many chronic forms of mania, and in almost every form of melancholia, the patient is not only able to re-word what he has uttered, but is found to repeat it every day, for weeks, or months, or years. Such patients will even re-write words or letters, copying them precisely for presentation every morning. Many of them who are even generally violent, and sometimes dangerous, are yet shrewd enough to challenge those who address them to prove their madness, asking them to propose questions or calculations to them, or to examine them as to circumstances and times and dates.

Infectiousness of insanity:—This accumulation of madness in one play might seem to afford matter for criticism; but it is not at variance with what, in scenes of complicated trouble and trial, physicians see now and and then examples of—husbands becoming insane in the course of the long and hopeless insanity of wives; sensitive women's hearts failing and reason undermined when a husband's madness has broken up their home and ruined every comfortable hope; grieving mothers falling into profound melancholy for sons or daughters stricken with mental malady; and lovers becoming insane when the fond object of love has been unexpectedly deprived of reason. And of all these things Shakspeare had observed something, as of all things else.

Madness vanishing in extreme activity, or near death:—The final scene of the play, although the deaths of four of the personages are included in it, is rendered pathetic, and even dignified, by the demeanor of Hamlet himself, by the dying tokens of his mother's love for him, and by Horatio's faithful attachment and profound and affectionate grief for his loss. The better part of Hamlet has survived all his mental discomposures. Before the fencing begins, he takes the hand of Laertes, at the king's request, although treacherously given to him both by Laertes and the king, and even asks pardon of him for the wrong he did; disclaiming any purposed evil, and ascribing what he did to his madness. . . . In the shock of all these incidents, Hamlet evinces no mental unsoundness. Death is approaching, stronger than madness. His faculties are forcibly aroused to serious action: and fanciful meditations have no more dominion over him. At length, he feels that death is in his veins, and approaching his heart. He thinks he could tell the pale bystanders something: but it cannot be. He has but energy left to prevent Horatio from drinking the remaining poison, as one resolved to die with him after the old Roman fashion.

On the whole, Dr. Conolly's theory of the character of Hamlet is well worth considering. Our wretched popular criticism is in the habit of discrediting all such attempts to

find consistent meanings and intentions in Shakspeare's plays, and of laughing at laborious German critics, such as Ulrici, who make it their business to discover and expound "the central idea" of this play or of that. Shakspeare, say the popular critics—thinking themselves clever fellows and men of the world for saying so—did not bother himself with "central ideas," but wrote on and on without any such deep and fine meanings as his ingenious commentators find in him! And so, whether Hamlet was sane or insane, or only pretendedly insane, seems a question of moonshine to these critics—undeterminable or not worth determining. They can enjoy the play, in their own way, without settling the question, or even asking it! Now, all this is mighty bluff-looking and manly looking; but, rightly considered, it is sheer exultation in stupidity. Shakspeare, probably, always knew what he was about; he probably never did a thing without knowing that he was doing it, and perceiving all its speculative bearings. That he had a definite notion of what he meant Hamlet to be—that he had in view, in the character of Hamlet, the representation of a certain type or state of mind—is undeniable by any person not absolutely "beef-witted," as Thersites said Ajax was, and as some English critics are apt to be. Dr. Conolly's theory, that Shakspeare meant to represent in Hamlet a peculiar state of highly intellectual insanity, is, therefore, we repeat, worthy of respectful consideration. For ourselves, we cannot say that we are quite satisfied with it. We miss in Dr. Conolly's investigation, fine as it is, that deep philosophy which we find in Goethe's criticism of "Hamlet"—to which, strangely enough, Dr. Conolly makes no allusion; and, having read the play of "Hamlet" nearly through again since reading Dr. Conolly's essay, we find two queries still recurring to us which might mar or greatly modify Dr. Conolly's conclusion. In the first place, we find ourselves inquiring whether Dr. Conolly takes sufficient account of Hamlet as we are taught to fancy him before the play opens—the Wittenberg student, the over-speculative intellect, the mind morbidly metaphysical, all whose operations are "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and each of whose movements is attended, not with a practical result, but with a precipitate of profound reflections respecting whatever is on hand. We ask whether that view of the play of Hamlet is not sufficient which supposes that Shakspeare meant to represent the breakdown of such an over-speculative, over-metaphysical intellect in circumstances requiring consummate action (if, indeed, any conceivable kind of action would have been consummate enough to suit), without supposing also that he meant to portray an access in this mind of any additional insanity. And we ask, in the second place, whether such a state of mind—all its strangeness, all its secretiveness, all its ferocity in speech, all its listlessness in action, and all its unkindness even to Ophelia included—ought to be called insanity. All Denmark voted Hamlet insane; and Dr. Conolly votes him insane. But a very popular definition of insanity regards as insanity all very conspicuous difference from the mood of the majority; and we have read enough of medical dissertations on insanity to see that, according to the definitions of some physicians, every splendid or unusual man that walks among us has burst the bounds of reason, has incipient brain-disease, and is on his way to an asylum. We inquire, therefore, whether Shakspeare, in Hamlet, may not have meant merely to represent some splendid and unusual state of mind with which he was personally very familiar—abnormal, perhaps, as being over-speculative and over-metaphysical; but not necessarily insane, save in a sense in which the world might well tolerate more specimens of such insanity than it is ever likely to have. We are not sure but he may have meant to describe to the world, in the Hamlet-mind, a constitution of mind which he thought not insane, but only grand and rare. But, though Dr. Conolly's theory in its totality, does not convince us on its first presentation, it may gain strength, or at least exert an influence, as it is further thought over.

From The Athenæum.

The Phantom Bouquet: a Popular Treatise on the Art of Skeletonizing Leaves and Seed Vessels, and adapting them to Embellish the Home of Taste. By Edward Parrish. (Philadelphia, Lippincott & Co.; London Bennett.)

Mr. Edward Parrish is an eminent drug cook. His writings on drug cookery, or pharmaceutical chemistry, have gained him the esteem of the brethren of his craft in Europe as well as in America. When they learn, therefore, that he has been recreating himself from the fatigues of graver labors, if not more useful pursuits, by writing in a high-flown style a *brochure* on a "Phantom Bouquet," they will receive the information with some amusement. They will smile all the more when they learn that the book is obviously misnamed. Opticians can make phantom bouquets; and now that scientific spectres are doing the business of poetical and dramatic ghosts upon the stage, spectral flowers may soon be seen adorning theatres and drawing-rooms with their ethereal and startling beauty. It is the optician, and not the botanist, who can make phantom bouquets. But leaves and not flowers, fibres and not phantoms, are the themes of this publication of Mr. Parrish, of Philadelphia. He is nearer the mark when he compares the art of preparing leaves to something like what Sydney Smith fancied he would like doing to himself, when he wished to lay aside his too cumbrous flesh during the intense heat of the dog-days, and sit in his bones. By phantom bouquets are meant "skeleton leaves,"—long and familiarly known in Europe, as exhibited at horticultural shows in shop-windows, and used as drawing-room ornaments and educational appliances. Mr. Parrish is as unfortunate in his second name for the art in question, calling it "skeletonizing"—a term which includes not merely the gratification of the whim of Sydney Smith, but the pursuit in which the most memorable feat was performed by the ants in the Hartz Forest: they prepared the skeleton of the deer which enabled Oken to perceive that the skull is only a developed vertebra. After calling its subject by such over-fine and over-dismal names—skeletonizing and phantom-making—Mr. Parrish affectionately inscribes his book to his wife, as "a pioneer and proficient in the art herein portrayed;" and the inscription is a compliment, however oddly worded.

The art of what we may call Leaf-bleaching has been traditionally known in Europe and Asia for many centuries, but seems to have reached Philadelphia, in America, only just before the civil war. This American druggist writes about it in the enthusiastic strain of the Scottish editor whose descriptions of the British metropolis provoked his readers to say "he seemed to have discovered London." To this circumstance we owe this little book—the first, as far as we know, ever devoted to an art producing very pretty and instructive results, and well worthy the attention of ladies. Skeleton leaves have, for the first time, a little book all about themselves.

Some years ago, Mr. Parrish was attracted by a beautiful vase of prepared leaves and seed-vessels, displaying the delicate veinings of these plant structures, and of such brilliant whiteness as to suggest the idea of perfectly bleached artificial lace-work or exquisite carvings in ivory. Mr. Parrish is so little of a physiological botanist, that he calls the cellular tissue, the seat of the marvels of cell life, the parenchyma, which becomes the germ and the pollen, "the grosser particles":—

"This elegant parlor ornament was brought by returning travellers as a novel and choice trophy of their Transatlantic wandering; none could be procured in America, and no one to whom the perplexed admirer could appeal was able to give a clue to the process by which such surprising beauty and perfection of details could be evolved from structures which generally rank among the least admired expansions of the tissue of the plant. That the novelty of this spectacle then constituted one of its chief attractions need not be denied. Yet the phantom case, now that hundreds of pier-tables and *étagères* in city and country are garnished with its airy forms, and its photographic miniature, under the well-chosen motto of 'Beautiful in Death,' is displayed in almost every stereoscope, still delights with a perennial charm, creating a desire among all amateurs in matters of taste, to add an ornament so chaste to their household treasures."

Leaf-bleaching has been known traditionally from time immemorial in Europe and Asia by the families in which botanical tastes have been hereditary. It is not, as Mr. Parrish calls it a lost art revived; and it has nei-

ther been forgotten nor restored. In Great Britain and on the continent of Europe, as well as in the United or Disunited States, among the quaint old curiosities to be found in the houses of retired sea captains and East India traders, Chinese pictures are often to be found, sometimes of considerable beauty and ingenuity, exhibiting flowers, fruit, shells, birds or insects painted in bright colors on veritable skeleton leaves. The process is to be found described in old books published in London in the seventeenth century. It appears to have been introduced into England from Italy, probably in the Elizabethan age, when the Italian mind had so much influence upon the English mind. In 1645, at the time of the civil war, Marcus Aurelius Severinus, Professor of Anatomy and Surgery at Naples, published a figure of a skeleton leaf. Frederick Ruysch, naturalist, published an account of the process of fermentation, by which heat and moisture could be employed to loosen the pulpy from the fibrous parts of the leaf. This fact, so long known in Europe, was circulated as a secret in Philadelphia in 1860! Secrets do not fly so very fast after all.

"The leaf is the plant," say the disciples of Goethe; and there is as much truth in the proposition as can be compressed into a saying. There are air and water, stem and flower, leaves. Botanists divide the tissues of plants into vascular and cellular; and in skeleton leaves the cellular tissue is removed and the vascular retained. The vascular tissue branches through the cellular by what used to be called nerves, and are now called veins. Mr. Parrish, after certain European theorists, calls the leaf the type of the tree, in the sense that the leaf-veins correspond exactly to the branches of the trunks in their angles and curves. The skeleton leaf is its tree, leafless, in miniature. Prior to comparing the leafless tree with the skeleton leaf, the tree ought to be seen in the "gloaming;" just as Sir Walter Scott said that, to be seen to advantage, Melrose Abbey must be seen by moonlight. No doubt it is well to compare the leaf-pattern with the tree-pattern; and there is some ground in reality for these fanciful correspondences. The length of the stalk and of the trunk are relative to each other—shooting up or sitting low; as, for example, in the poplar and chestnut, beech and oak. Leaf-bleaching, however fanciful these resemblances may be deemed, must promote habits of observation in young people, and cause them to notice the differences of leaves, serrated or entire, ovate, accuminate, cordate, or irregular. Observers of leaves, we may add, will see greater marvels than this book promises them. They may witness the metamorphoses of the leaves, which are quite as wonderful and beautiful as the metamorphoses of the insects, and much less known. The egg, grub, and fly in the circle of insect life are not more interesting to watch, as forms passing into each other, than are the seed, leaf, petal, sepal, stamen or pistil, cell, and pollen, watched as changes of form in the phases of plant life. Prof. Schleiden and other botanists who have never mastered Goethe's theory and Geoffroy St. Hilaire's explanation of monstrosities, have sneered at the discovery of the poet-botanist; but any observer of the leaves of the wild strawberry may easily convince himself that scientific accuracy is not on the side, on this occasion, of certain mere botanists.

Not merely in summer, but nearly all the year round, may leaves be gathered for bleaching. Leaves already prepared are sometimes found in winter and early spring, Leaves macerate best when gathered or picked mature, perfect, unblemished, and fresh. The leaves of suckers are large, but not strong. A list of forty plants whose leaves, and twenty more whose seed-vessels, reward bleaching, is appended to this essay. Among the hardy deciduous plants and shrubs are maples, poplars, lindens, magnolias, tulip poplars, willows, beech, ash, hickory, chestnut, horse chestnut, elm, Kentucky coffee-tree, pear, quince, apricot, andromeda, deutzia, spiræa, sassafras, althæa, pomegranate, rose-acacia, rose, medlar, wild cherry, sugar-berry, witch hazel, Fraxinella dictamnus, Gardenia florida, Laurestina franciscea, Erythrina cristigalla, Virgilia lutea, white fringe-tree. Among the evergreens are holly, mahonea, barberry, mountain laurel, box, butcher's broom, Olea fragrans, Camellia japonica, caoutchouc; and among the vines and creepers are ivy, begonia, witsaria, Dutchman's pipe, greenbriars, and wild yam. The seed-vessels, modified leaves, and calyxes, successfully macerated or found naturally prepared, are thorn-apple, poppy, mallows, nicandra, physalis, henbane, monkshood, wild sage, safflower, canterbury bells, toad flax, skull-cap, figwort, French tomato, wild hydrangea,

hydrangea, bladder senna, bladder nut, ptelia, false pennyroyal.

Leaf-macerating is very simple. Mr. Parrish cannot, however, be recommended as a safe guide in the process, for his advice is too vague and his methods are too rough. Nothing can be more misleading than to say a single vessel will suffice for many similar leaves of different kinds; for the leaf-bleachers who succeed best in this country say a separate vessel is necessary for every separate leaf. A few leaves of the same plant are all which ought to be in a single vessel. The leaf-bleacher, in fact, who feels all the difficulties of his art will not, whilst he is but a beginner, simultaneously attempt to macerate and bleach a great variety of different kinds of leaves, but will make the leaves of each species his separate care and study. Each species requires special treatment, either as regards maceration, bleaching, manipulation or time. Beautiful skeleton leaves of the Camellia japonica, for instance, are obtained by boiling them with soap.

The tannin in oak-leaves enables them to resist the ordinary process of maceration in a vessel of water in which evaporation is promoted by solar or artificial heat. Oak-leaves are prepared in England by a process repudiated in Philadelphia, by mixing dilute muriatic acid with the macerating water. Beautiful and ready prepared oak-leaves are found in the fresh water streams of America. And they are prepared by very singular artists! But we shall allow Mr. Parrish to describe this curious observation in his own way and words:—

"It yet remains to notice in connection with oak-leaves, what cannot fail to excite the liveliest pleasure in every naturalist who delights to seek the woods and streams on chill autumn days, though all the fragrant epigeas, the delicate bloodroots, the pale spring beauties, the modest 'quaker ladies,' and all their lovely spring companions have so long departed as to diffuse almost a feeling of sadness in visiting the now desolate slopes they rendered so inviting. Let our amateur note what becomes of the leaves that, having performed their alotted part in the growth of the forest and ceased to be fermented by the life-sustaining sap, have yielded to the blast and now thickly strew the ground, awakening, as stirred by the wind or the foot of the pedestrian, the familiar rustle of the autumnal woods. These are all destined to pass into the earth from which they sprang by a slow but sure decay. The oak-leaves, as would be supposed, longest resist this destiny. Even those that have fallen into yonder stream have not matted themselves into the slimy mass, except by mixing with other and less hardy leaves; and here if the explorer will search closely, he may occasionally find almost perfectly skeletonized oak-leaves. How came they so? Look, provident Nature has found a way to make them, intractable as they are, to subserve a purpose in her wise economy. Thousands of curious little animals called caddice bugs [*sic*] who envelop themselves in a tubular little cocoon [*sic*] of pebbles and sand, are daintily masticating the soft parts of these, leaving all the veinings as perfect as the most captious skeletonizer could desire. It is true that after the rough usage of the running stream upon its pebbled bottom and the thick matrix of twigs, chestnut-burs, acorns, and the like, very few perfect specimens remain, but then, my friend, here is a hint for us. Change these adverse conditions; colonize, by the aid of an exploring kettle, a few hundred caddices with their moveable tents [*sic*] to your own sheltered veranda; give them a shallow dish with a bed of sand in the bottom and a constant trickle of fresh water to resemble their native stream; then supply them with their favorite leaf, and they will clean it for you to perfection. This has been done successfully, and it can be done again."

The insect in question is, no doubt, the larva of a species of Phryganea, or caddis-fly, called by anglers cad-bait and water-moth. They may be seen flying over the surface of the water about sundown. The species serviceable in Philadelphia in preparing oak-leaves may not be identical with the species found abundantly in water-cress beds in French and English streams. But no one desirous of repeating and testing the experiment can fail of being rewarded for his pains. The English type of the species (*Phrygenea Grandis*), if it does not feed upon the parenchyma of oak-leaves, certainly feeds upon cresses. And no more curious animal can be watched in a tank! His pharmaceutical repute considered, it is astonishing that Mr. Parrish should have called this insect a bug, and its tubular abdominial case, or sheath, a cocoon or tent. Entomology, we fear, is not much cultivated in Philadelphia. The species common in Europe may be seen taking the fine white threadlike spongioles of the floating water-cress, and twining them in rings around its body and then glueing the shells of plan-

orbes and other young or tiny mollusks to the tube of rings!

Mr. Parish mentions some electrical observations made upon skeleton leaves and flowers in glass cases which deserve quotation, although mistakenly stated :—

"In a model phantom-case, arranged by a medical friend, himself a model naturalist, 'humble that he knows no more,' a delicate fern rising to the summit trembles with electric vibrations on every touch of a silk handkerchief to the glass, while a little tuft of hydrangea flowers, loosed from its moorings, rises to the top like a balloon whenever the unseen electric flash is wakened even by dusting the surface of the shade."

Saying nothing about a flash which is not seen, we suspect that the volatile flowers mount by specific gravity, because cold air is admitted at the bottom of the shade by the shaking which follows the dusting. But the statement respecting the handkerchief and the fern-leaves is worth testing.

For bleaching the leaves, solutions of chloride of soda and chloride of lime are used, and some succeed best in the one and some in the other solution. Mr. Parish gives up flowers and the leaves of herbs as hopeless, but many of them may be dried and preserved in very fine and very dry sand.

What did James Watt know of Photography? — There have recently come to light some pictures executed by James Watt which were undoubtedly produced by the agency of light, and probably at a date long before the commencement of the present century. Yet some of these are so exquisite in color and sharpness, that persons who have made photography their especial study found it difficult to decide, on mere examination of individual specimens, that they had not been produced by the brush. The marvel becomes still greater when it is considered that modern photographs on paper, especially on coarse and common paper like these newly-discovered pictures, turn yellow and fade in a few years. There has not yet been found any explanation of the process by which the pictures were produced, but there is intrinsic evidence that the material employed differed altogether from any now ordinarily used. The detailed description and the history of the discovery will not be made public until the investigations now being industriously pursued have been completed. The specimens already found comprise some pictures on metal resembling the early daguerreotypes and a number of large prints on paper. The date of the metal pictures can be approximately fixed, since one of them represents Watt's house at Soho as it appeared prior to certain alterations made about 1791. The paper pictures are mostly copies of figure-compositions by Angelina Kauffman; differing, however, from the originals in having the figures reversed. One of these pictures, printed on a sheet of water-lined foolscap paper of very coarse texture, was exhibited at the last meeting of the London Photographic Society, in order that the experts present might decide whether it had been produced by the agency of light. The general conclusion arrived at was that it was undoubtedly an untouched photograph. Whatever the material employed, it had evidently been laid on the surface of the paper like a sensitive varnish. On the back of one of the prints was found an inscription in the handwriting of James Watt, identifying it as his production. From the great scientific interest attached to this discovery, and the care and skill with which it is being investigated, there can be little doubt that all the particulars will eventually be found out. There will then be need for our neighbors to produce very convincing proofs of the independent re-discovery of the art by Daguerre, as there is a great mystery about his early experiments, and evidence has already been obtained that these newly-found photographs were originally exported to France, whence they have now, by a strange chance, come back to the Patent Museum at South Kensington.—*Lancet.*

Messrs. Jennings of Cheapside have now on view Mr. Barker's picture, "The Secret of England's Greatness," founded on the alleged reply of her majesty to the envoy of the African prince, who presented her some costly presents, and in return desired to know the secret of England's greatness. Handing the envoy a copy of the Bible, her majesty said: "Tell the prince, your master, that *this* is the secret of England's greatness." In the painting, the Ethopian envoy characteristically and richly clad, is kneeling before the queen, by whom the prince consort is standing. On the right hand are Lord Palmerston and Earl Russell, the latter then John Russell; and behind the queen is the Duchess of Wellington. The grouping is artistically arranged, and the costumes are most elaborately finished.

In the course of the current year 1863, one bookselling-house in Germany, it is said, attains the two hundredth year of its existence, and four others may celebrate their hundredth anniversary.

From The Reader.

A NATION OF PIGMIES.

Adventures and Researches among the Andaman Islanders. By Frederic J. Mouat, M.D. (Hurst and Blackett.)

In the Bay of Bengal, on the very high-road of commerce, is a group of islands thickly covered with impenetrable jungle, and swarming with leeches in the rainy, and ticks in the dry season. Except a species of pig, until recently unknown to science, there are no wild animals that offer any molestation to man; but to make up for this deficiency, the human inhabitants are amongst the most savage and hostile that voyagers have ever encountered. They may truly be termed a nation of pigmies, being on an average only four feet five inches high, and weighing from seventy to seventy-five pounds; but they are well proportioned, and display an agility and nimbleness truly wonderful. Their skin is dark, though not black as that of the negro, and their faces decidedly ugly. They go entirely naked, shave off the hair of their head with pieces of bamboo or broken bottle, and further increase their unsightly appearance by daubing themselves all over with a mixture of red ochre and oil, or covering their persons towards nightfall with a thick coating of soft mud, to serve as a protection against the mosquitoes, with which, in addition to the leeches and ticks, they seem to be tormented the whole year round. They are excellent swimmers, taking to the water almost before they can walk; and they rely upon the sea for the principal supply of their food—turtles, oysters, and fish. They do not cultivate anything, and avail themselves merely of such herbs, roots, and fruit as are growing wild in their islands. Their houses are of the most primitive description, consisting of a few sticks put in the ground and covered with the gigantic leaves of fan-palms—their migratory habits not being favorable to the formation of good houses or decent-sized villages. But they devote much patience and time to the building of canoes. As they have not iron tools, the felling of a large forest tree with stone implements, scooping out the trunk and attaching to it an outrigger to prevent the canoe from capsizing when at sea, is an extremely slow and tedious process. Their bows and arrows, in the handling of which they are very expert, have to be manufactured by the same rude implements. They do not manufacture any ropes or cloth as do most barbarous tribes living among fibre-yielding plants, their bow-strings, the Rev. Mr. Parish informs us, being the aërial roots of epiphytical orchids.

The Andaman Islands have been known for more than one thousand years; but so hostile are their diminutive inhabitants that it is not safe to land on their inhospitable shores, except with a well-armed escort. The sight of strangers puts them into a perfect fury, and they generally receive visitors with gestures of unmistakable dislike, and copious showers of well-aimed and barbed arrows. Towards the end of last century the Indian government established a convict settlement in this group; but the mortality amongst the prisoners and their keepers and the hostility of the natives were so great that the settlement had to be given up. During the late Indian mutiny, Lord Canning thought it desirable to revive the scheme, and despatched an expedition, under Dr. Mouat, to explore the islands once more, and endeavor to discover, if possible, the cause of the alarming mortality that had led to the abandonment of the first convict colony. This task was ably accomplished, and Old Harbor recommended as the most suitable place for a settlement—the laying-dry of extensive swamps, by shutting out the tide, being recommended as the best remedy for the unhealthiness of the climate.

From the natives Dr. Mouat's party met with the usual reception, and in several instances it became necessary to return their shower of spears and arrows by a discharge of fire-arms. Attempts to reconcile them by such trinkets and presents as are generally acceptable to savages proved ineffectual. Even when the presents had been deposited on the beach, and every white man returned to the boats, the Andaman islanders could scarcely muster sufficient confidence to pick them up. It was most ludicrous to see some bold native advance with cautious step, and, like a fowl, first picking up one thing, then giving furtive glances all round, and hastily picking up another, until the whole had been gathered up, and the courageous man was able to take to his heels. It has been supposed that these islanders have occasionally been kidnapped; and that may partly account for their extreme hostility and timidity; but they could have been captured only

by stratagem, as no European nor Asiatic could compete with them in swiftness of foot. Their running over the entangled roots of mangrove swamps, with which their coasts abound, is described as an extraordinary feat.

The popular belief is that they are cannibals; but Dr. Mouat did not succeed in collecting any evidence in confirmation. Nor, indeed, did he and his party add much positive knowledge to the few data we possess for establishing their relationship and position in the great human family. We know, as yet, nothing definite of their inner life, and it is absolutely premature to speculate on the slender materials at hand. The few ascertained facts about their customs and manners, their hostility to strangers, their absolute state of nudity, their fondness of covering their bodies with mud and a mixture of red earth and oil, their canoes and peculiarly constructed outrigger, their teetotalism, their eagerness to possess themselves of the skull and bones of deceased friends, their disuse of idols—all these agree better with what is known of some of the Papuan races than with what we know of any other people. Dr. Mouat evidently knew but little of the dark-skinned races we have compared the Andaman Islanders with, and does not dwell sufficiently on the striking coincidences, not to call them more, we have pointed out. Not all Papuans are men of large proportions; in some of the smaller islands they are quite below the middle stature. Nor have all of them frizzled hair. Indeed, it is now well known that many tribes give their hair a frizzled appearance by the application of lime.

After Dr. Mouat had completed his survey he at once returned to Calcutta, much to the annoyance of his companions, who were most anxious to collect further information about the singular islanders they found themselves amongst. This was the only time, Dr. Mouat says, that the good understanding between him and his companions was momentarily disturbed. Just sufficient had been collected to excite an interest in the subject—no more; and an additional couple of months would have materially enhanced the value of previous and hasty observations. Fortunately, the expedition captured a native boy, who was taken to Calcutta, and supplied many links in the scanty ethnological information collected. The boy, to whom the sailors gave the generic name of Jack, became the lion of the Calcutta season, and brought great crowds around Dr. Mouat's house, eager to have a look at the monster—for such the popular belief pictured him. To have some peace it was found expedient to dress up a lay figure, somewhat coming up to the popular conception of an Andaman Islander, and place it at another house from that the young pigmy inhabited. Civilization, however, did not agree with poor Jack. He was taken seriously ill, and, though his life was saved, it was considered necessary to send him back to his native isles. To guard against his being mistaken for a foreigner and shot by his own countrymen, he resumed his Adamite costume, tied his clothes in a bundle, and, as long as the ship that took him home was in sight, it was observed that none of his countrymen ventured near him; he was silently standing on the beach, watching with evident emotion the departure of those, who, after capturing him, had showered upon him nothing but kindness.

Dr. Mouat's book will probably induce others to take up the interesting subject where he has left it. The chief merit of the volume is that it has drawn general attention to one of the most remarkable races on earth; and it is written with such ease and in such a pleasing style that it will doubtless secure for itself a wide circulation.

ANDREW HALL FOOTE.

WHAT time our armies fought at Donelson,
And round Fort Henry wound in snake-like coils,
We owed to one man's never-ceasing toils
Much of the victories which there were won.
Long and with honor had he served the land,
At home, and more abroad—on sea and shore;
And when fierce war stretched out its bloody hand
He stood alert—eager to do yet more;
And none of all who've nobly fought and bled,
Have fairer, brighter record kept than he.
To-day that hero-gentleman lies dead—
A Christian soldier lost to liberty!
'Mid solemn bells and reverent guns, well may the nation weep
Above the honored dust of him who calmly lies asleep.

J. H. E.

New York, June 27, 1863.

—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

From The Reader.

POMPEII.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Times*, writing from Pompeii, gives the following graphic picture of the horrors of that fearful 24th of August, seventeen hundred and forty-four years ago, when a fearful eruption swallowed up Herculaneum and Pompeii, the latter within sixteen years of its rebuilding: "There are now boulevards around Pompeii, and a road is being made for the carts which convey the rubbish in the direction of the amphitheatre. From the top of those boulevards the visitor has a view of the whole city, and can form a tolerably correct idea of the interior of the houses uncovered. Excavations are now going on on two eminences near the Temple of Isis, and the house called Abondonza. Our inspection was chiefly confined to the former site, where, in a house situated in a narrow street recently opened, we saw several bodies, or rather forms of bodies, which now attract universal attention. The unfortunate inhabitants of this house fell, not on the bare ground, but on heaps of pumice stones, and were covered to a great depth by torrents of ashes and scoria, under which they have lain for nearly two thousand years. One day, inside a house, amid fallen roofs and ashes, the outline of a human body was perceived, and M. Fiorelli, the chief of the works for excavation, soon ascertained that there was a hollow under the surface. He accordingly made a small hole through its covering, and filled it up with liquid plaster of Paris, as if it were a mould. The result was that he obtained a complete plaster statue of a Roman lady of the first century of the Christian era. Close by were found the remains of a man, another woman, and a girl, with ninety-one pieces of silver money; four ear-rings and a finger-ring, all gold; two iron keys, and evident remains of a linen bag or purse. The whole of those bodies have been carefully moulded in plaster. The first body discovered was a woman lying on her right side, with her limbs contracted, as if she had died in convulsions. The form of the head-dress and the hair are quite distinct. On the bone of the little finger were two silver rings; and with this body were the remains of the purse above mentioned with the money and keys. The girl was found in an adjoining room, and the plaster mould taken of the cavity clearly shows the tissue of her dress. By her side lay an elderly woman, who had an iron ring on her little finger. The last personage I shall describe was a tall, well-made man, lying full length. The plaster distinctly shows his form, the folds of his garment, his torn sandals, his beard and hair. I contemplated these human forms with an interest which defies expression. It is evident that all these unfortunates had made great efforts to escape destruction. The man appears to have perished in a vain attempt to rescue the terrified women, who thought they could be nowhere so safe as in their own home, and hoped that the fiery tempest would soon cease. From the money and keys found with the body of the first woman, she was probably the mistress of the house and the mother of the girl. The slender bones of her arms and legs and the richness of her head-dress seem to indicate a woman of noble race. From the manner in which her hands were clenched she evidently died in great pain. The girl does not appear to have suffered much. From the appearance of the plaster mould it would seem that she fell from terror as she was running with her skirts pulled over head. The other woman, from the largeness of her ear, which is well shown by the plaster, and the iron ring on her finger, evidently belonged to a lower class, and was probably a servant of the family. The man appears to have been struck by lightning, for his straitened limbs show no signs of a death-struggle. It is impossible to imagine a more affecting scene than the one suggested by these silent figures; nor have I ever heard of a drama so heart-rending as the story of this family of the last days of Pompeii."

From The Spectator, 27 June.

RECOGNITION AND MEDIATION AGAIN.

The friends of the South, as we fear we must call them, rather than the friends of peace, Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Lindsay, have prudently provided themselves with two strings to their bow. Mr. Roebuck's motion for a recognition of the South is to be discussed in the House of Commons on Tuesday next, and lest that should fail, as it will do, they have sagaciously endeavored to win over to their view that shrewd imperial politician on the other side of the Channel, with whom, as Lord Palmerston tells us, his Government is in such profound accord on all weighty and difficult political questions, "whether in the far East or the far West," and who has already shown so much political magnanimity in forgiving Mr. Roebuck an invective as foolish, as violent, and more personal against himself than that which he is now launching at the heads of the North American Administration. The first of these steps, which contemplates simple recognition, is, we need scarcely say, quite inconsistent with the second, which offers mediation. We do not give any power a violent blow in the face as a preliminary to offering our services. Lord Palmerston would have been thought insane to recognize the independence of Poland first, and present his diplomatic suggestions to Russia afterwards. This, no doubt, the Emperor of the French sees clearly enough, though the self-elected English advocates of the Southern cause, who have been taking sweet counsel with him, appear to forget it. Of Mr. Roebuck's two irons in the political fire he can only use one; and we suspect that his motion for recognition is no more than a feint to elicit a parliamentary discussion which may encourage the ministers to follow their great ally in the political use of the other. Mediation might deserve at least the name of an expedient to smooth away the troubles of America. Recognition is only a singularly well-contrived expedient to aggravate them.

This is so certain that we need scarcely recall to our readers the well-worn reasons which substantiate this view of the case. We have recognized revolted States in two distinct classes of cases,—first, and in accordance with international principles, when the effort to subdue them was no more than nominal,—when no armies threatened, and no practical menace endangered the assertion of their practical independence. Till Gaeta fell we did not recognize the Neapolitan revolution; till many years after Spain had ceased to invade Buenos Ayres we did not recognize that or the other Spanish republics. Peaceful recognition of revolted States, as has been fifty times proved, implies practical independence, the practical cessation of all serious effort on the part of the Government against which they revolted to subdue them. Now, of course, to talk of recognition in this sense is simply absurd. No one doubts that the armies of the North are at present both relatively more important and more painfully effective on Southern soil than they have ever yet been. The South is more exhausted, the North is less unsuccessful, and much more progressive than at any previous period of the war. It would be about as foolish to recognize the South now, on the plea that effectual Northern invasion has ceased, as it would be to recognize Poland's independence on the plea that effectual Russian invasion has ceased. No one would probably advocate such a step as that. The second use of recognition has been the use of it as a weapon for political purposes, practically equivalent to an adoption of the side of the weaker party for reasons so important as to justify subsequent intervention, should it be needed,—as in the case of the recognition of Greece. This is we suppose, if he is politically sane, the ground on which Mr. Roebuck will press recognition. He will speak of the outpouring of blood, of the disturbance of commerce, of the ruin of a manufacture, and argue that something must be done to aid the weaker party in order to arrest a war of extermination. But all that he can urge on this head is so far more pertinent to the French plan of mediation, that we do not see what he can say in favor of the abrupter, the more discourteous, and therefore, necessarily the more desperate course. If he *prefers* war to a mediation for peace, of course he would launch his bolt at the North, as the more likely to cause it. How would Russia reply to a recognition of the independence of Poland? Surely, with a declaration of war, unless she saw reason to despise the futility of the measure, and apprehended no attempt at forcible intervention. Mr. Roebuck must advocate recognition in preference to mediation, if he does advocate it, expressly as a war measure, and as no one will go with him in that wise

course, we may pass at once to the consideration of the wiser French policy of pressing on the North to accept their mediation with the South,—a step which, as it is based on no pre-judgment of the rights of the question, is not, at least, like the other, self-condemned.

And now, as to the policy of mediation. It is not only not necessarily mischievous, but at certain conjunctures, and if really offered in a manner courteous and friendly to the North, might possibly be beneficial. We do not think the time is yet arrived when it could be so. But in the event of the North recovering completely the line of the Mississippi, and *not* gaining any fresh advantage in Virginia, we do conceive it possible that a friendly offer from France and England to mediate on a basis that would give hopes of peace without any hope of unlimited extension to the slave power, might possibly be acceptable, and could not in any case prove injurious. But this is assuredly not the spirit or the wish of friends of mediation in this country. The *Times* does not hesitate to quote the case of Poland as one exactly parallel to the case of the Southern States, and to argue that the treaty intervention of the Three Powers to demand the fulfilment by Russia of a violated diplomatic engagement, on behalf of men struggling for their freedom, is a precedent for intervening to enforce the right to break a solemn obligation on behalf of men struggling for a wider area of slavery. A more unfortunate precedent for mediation than the mediation in Poland—itself unwise enough, unless the powers have made up their mind to declare war in case of refusal—could scarcely be imagined. The technical ground of that intervention is a European treaty conferring on Russian Sovereigns the crown of Poland. Have we any such technical ground for intervention in America? The moral ground for *some* intervention—we will not say for Lord Palmerston's—in Poland is, that a great nation far more fit for freedom than the power which governs it is manacled together in cruel servitude with another people in a much lower stage of political development, and has been deprived of all the rights of free speech, honest tribunals, and native administration, as well as oppressed with a conscription law which English statesmen have called a proscription law. To test this great discovery of the *Times*, that the Polish intervention is a precedent for the American, let us just remember what would be the laughter of Europe if we seriously demanded of the North to proclaim to the South, on condition of submission (1), an Amnesty; (2), Representative Institutions; (3), the employment of none but Southerners in the government of the South; (4), Liberty of Conscience; (5), the enactment of a legal recruiting law. Would not the South reply that not only this, but far more than this, they had always possessed; and that what they revolted to obtain was not privileges of this kind, but the five points of unlimited right to oppress their own slaves, and of propogating that system of oppression to all the four points of the compass? A more unfortunate notion than to quote the precedent of intervention in Poland as warranting an intervention in America probably never yet occurred to a literary advocate writing at high pressure.

In truth, the only conceivable ground for mediation is to arrest the prosecution of a contest, in the abstract perfectly justifiable on the part of the North, but almost hopeless, and if hopeless, then and therefore only, practically unjustifiable. But no mediation of this kind either can answer or ought to answer unless based on this ground, and this alone, and unless contemplating the great State policy which renders it not only necessary for the North, but expedient for the whole world to arrest with a strong hand the development of the new slave power for the foundation of which the South is fighting. If we could go to the North and express our strong sense that the war was in its purpose and commencement absolutely just, that it contemplates an end not only politically defensible on the part of the Federal Government, but morally identified with the interests of the whole earth, but nevertheless pointed out that, looking to the actual power and insane ambition of the South, and to the passions which had been roused by the conflict, their actual subjugation seems at once hopeless and scarcely consistent, even if accomplished, with any restoration to them of their civil liberties for a generation to come, —further, that a great part of the aim of the war might be effectually gained by a peace which should narrowly limit the area of the slave power,—then we do think it possible that mediation might prove beneficial. But to mediate in Mr. Roebuck's or Mr. Lind-

say's sense, in order to obtain a virtual triumph for the South, to encourage France to threaten forcible aid to the South if the Federal Government should not accede to her proposals, and to involve ourselves in a certain, though it might be, reluctant war with the Federal Government, which would have the same effect,—this would be a proceeding to which we might, perhaps, find a very inadequate precedent in the intervention of Russia in Hungary, in 1849, but to the spirit of which our present interference with the affairs of Poland, unwise though it may be, is diametrically antagonistic.

From The Spectator, 27 June.

NAPOLEON'S LAST COUP D'ETAT.

France is one step nearer to constitutional government. The doctrine of ministerial responsibility is not admitted by the empire, but a defeat on the hustings has sufficed to drive a ministry from their seats. Of the many acts by which Louis Napoleon has established his claim to a place in the front rank of statesmen, few have been wiser or better timed than the decree issued 24th June. That decree is not one of the sensation kind, has not effected *rentes*, or disturbed Europe, or given any party or nation cause for immediate hope or alarm, but the circumstances under which it was issued make it still a *coup d'état*. The elections were but just over, and the cities of France, without an exception, had pronounced against the existing *régime*. Paris especially, which claims to be France, and which is really its brain, had emphatically declared her weariness alike of M. de Persigny and of a system which offered her order instead of excitement, high rents instead of great thoughts, new streets and squares and fountains instead of vivid intellectual life. The *entourage* of the Tuileries was wild with chagrin and disappointment. The minister of the interior—a man who for twenty years had been the emperor's trusted friend—was said to have recommended that the elections should be annulled, and certainly did attack Paris in language her citizens will not forget. The swarm of little men who cling to the imperial throne like barnacles to a keel, and by whom the emperor usually chooses to seem to be swayed, were all clamoring for further repression,—for a new *coup d'état*, a new oath of allegiance, a new war, a new prohibition of debate, a new device of some kind which would make them realize once more that they were sheltered by a strong hand. Just as their counsels were sternest came the news of the fall of Peubla, news which assured them that, repress as they would, the danger of discontent in the army was for the present over. The power for a heavy blow came sharply after the provocation to strike, and half the born kings of Europe would have yielded to the temptation. The Orleanists expected with annoyance that all their sacrifices in taking the oath might have been made in vain; the Republicans anticipated with amazed hope some blunder which should wound the *amour propre* of France. Fortunately for Louis Napoleon he has lived many lives, and in the midst of the riot the emperor, whom any man seems to rule while he is silent, and no man can change when he has spoken, suddenly opened his mind. The reproof of Paris was to be met by concession, and not by new *coups d'état;* the ministry must resign, and the Government must be defended in the Legislature by cabinet ministers instead of ministers' clerks. In other words, the ministry, in whom France has lost confidence, was dismissed; the Legislature which she had strengthened received a new mark of respect; and the despotism against which she had protested was modified by a new constitutional right.

The protest of Paris is met upon every point by concession, and though in each case the emperor yields as little as possible, still it is much that he yields at all. If a minority of thirty-five suffices to change the *personnel* of a ministry, may not a majority one day change the party from which it is selected? If the rebuke of Paris has abolished the ministers without portfolio, may not the rebuke of France abolish ministers without responsibility? If a small opposition is entitled to explanations from ministers instead of clerks, may not a large one be held worthy to control those ministers' action? The concession, however small, looks like obedience to the popular vote, and if a vote is to be obeyed, instead of being met with grapeshot, the destiny of France has once more passed from the hands of the emperor into her own. That is the main significance of the change, though in itself it is not so contemptible as French Liberals may believe. The importance of the

Corps Legislatif, which without ministers was, like the American Congress, only a great debating club, is very decidedly increased. The emperor has re-connected the Legislature and the Cabinet, removing those buffers between them—the ministers without portfolio. Two Cabinet ministers, whose offices correspond nearly to those of our own president of the council and premier, are to speak on behalf of Government of plans and acts in which they have had their share. The "ministers with a voice" had none, could only speak as they were bid, only promise after a consultation with the real administrators behind. It is the difference between talking to a partner and to a clerk, and will tend directly to increase the influence and the dignity of the legislative branch. Then, though ministers are not responsible, they can, as we see, be dismissed, and Cabinet ministers whose bills are rejected, or who are directly censured by a majority, are very likely to find themselves out of office. Even in England it is only the practice and not the theory of the Constitution which makes a hostile vote fatal to the continuance in office of men who theoretically are only her majesty's servants. The tendency, too, of every man is to respect the body to which he belongs, and which he finds he can influence, and ministers sitting in Parliament usually regard the debates with a very different feeling from that displayed by ministers who observe them only from the outside. The American secretaries would not be so regardless of the opinion of Congress if they mingled in its debates, nor would they be quite so willing to accept their president's decision as final. The tendency of the change, however feeble, is still to increase the influence of the representative body over the executive, and thus to open to France the means of executing her will without descending into the streets.

These, however, are results which will only be felt in the future; the fact more immediately interesting is the change of advisers upon which the emperor has resolved. M. Fould remains, it is true, as guarantee for economy, and M. Drouyn de Lhuys, as proof that foreign policy is unchanged; but the bulk of the ministry is made up of new men. M. Boudet, who, though a Councillor of State, and a "most respectable person," is outside his own country a man whose name suggests no ideas, obtains the Ministry of the Interior, by far the most important in France. M. Behic may possibly be known to those who hold shares in the Messageries Imperiales, but he has not hitherto been one of the political circle. M. Billault, Minister of State, who, with M. Rouher, Minister President, will represent the Cabinet, was last session only the tunnel through which the Foreign Office filtered its ideas to the Chamber. And M. Baroche, now Minister of Justice and Religion, was at the same period only *umbra* to M. de Persigny. The *personnel* is changed, and changed, there seems little reason to doubt, in a comparatively Liberal sense. M. de Morny, who, like his master, understands his epoch, and thinks the safety-valve of the steamer an inexpedient seat, would hardly have consented to remain in the Government without some guarantee for the press. Then it is improbable that any minister would compress the journals quite so fiercely as M. de Persigny, impossible that any minister should compress them in quite so hateful a way. His dismissal is by itself a warning which no statesman is likely to disregard, and M. Boudet has not the personal hold which M. de Persigny possessed. Above all, the visible determination of the emperor to accept the will of France as the guide, if not of his acts at least of the direction of those acts, will give every publicist courage, and make every minister dread lest the time should yet arrive when a free press should denounce himself before a Legislature summoned by the authority of a Bonaparte, but still irresistibly powerful. All must depend as yet on the emperor's personal intentions, and we have not forgotten that M. de Persigny began his career with a profusion of liberal words, but the tendency of the decree is to show once more that the emperor does not forget he holds power by the tenure of expounding the popular will.

There is much speculation abroad as to the effect of the ministerial changes on the emperor's foreign policy, and the removal of Count Walewski is held unfavorable to intervention in Poland. Upon questions like this, however, the emperor rules alone, and the change can scarcely affect his course upon foreign affairs. The Minister of War and the Minister of Marine, the Minister for Foreign Affairs and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, all the officers whose departments would be

greatly affected by war, remain unchanged. M. Boudet cannot prevent Poland from being heard, or M. Behic cool down all France from a fever of eager sympathy. The motives which might impel, and the motives which might restrain the emperor in beginning another war of European dimensions, are wholly unaffected by anything that has occurred. He will not play for so vast a stake until his mind is made up, or the pressure from without is not to be resisted, and when it is made up, ministers and councillors, public and secret, will be changed, or used as if they were pawns in chess. In the Italian War he hesitated up to the last hour, and, had Austria been less impatient, would have called on Congress instead of his army. It may be very unpleasant for Europe to know that peace or war hang upon one man's will, but that has been the case any time these twelve years, and that is the penalty Europe must always pay when in its timid fear of freedom, it rejoices that "order reigns in France."

From The Spectator, 27 June.

AN IRISH PREMIER ON IRELAND.

Lord Palmerston's speech on Tuesday on the condition of Ireland was a good example of the best and worst peculiarities of his mind. Mr. Maguire, in a speech temperate as if he had been born in England, as full of facts as if an Irishman could by possibility respect statistics, moved for a royal commission to "inquire into the state of the agricultural classes of Ireland," because the measures of 1860 in the direction of tenant-right had proved inoperative. Speaker after speaker rose to repeat some one of Mr. Maguire's propositions in italics; Mr. Roebuck made a clever but unpractical suggestion; Sir Robert Peel poured out a strange "discoorse," which reads like a lecture to a Young Man's Society, on the tenures prevalent among mankind; and then the premier stood up to order the division. His usual weapon, tact, was for the evening laid aside; the rapier was exchanged for the club, and he struck out hard. He did not attempt to deny the distress—"we all admit and deplore it"—but he attributed it to the seasons, over which no Government has any control. He did not question the proportions which the new exodus has assumed, but openly doubted whether Ireland was not over-populated, and the departure of her people not in itself a blessing. He did not shirk the question of tenure, but asserted point blank that any arrangement which left the landlord less than absolute was "confiscation," and "a subversion of all the fundamental principles of social order." He denied the possibility of remedy save from the seasons, and called on the House to refuse the motion, which the House did by a majority of one hundred and twenty-eight to forty-nine.

It is impossible not to admire the political courage which tells the inhabitants of a kingdom that there is no hope for them save banishment; impossible not to distrust the sciolism which pronounces so boldly that the consequences of an unnatural social condition are in reality its causes. If Lord Palmerston's theories are true, nothing can be more beneficial to Ireland than the way in which he states them. If it be the fact that Ireland to be prosperous must be a desert, if her fate is "prairie" instead of "clearings," if her people are a nuisance, and their hopes chimæras, the more thoroughly the country understands those hard truths the better for its population. Political reticence is never worth much, and the suave etiquette which lets a people perish rather than cease to prophesy smooth things is the worst, because the most injurious, of the hundred forms of lying. But then it ought, at least, to be clearly proved that the curses *are* truths, that our blunt friend is telling us things visibly for our good, and not assuming frankness in order to feed fat a secret grudge. The premier spoke with earnestness, and being an Irishman can hardly be suspected of anti-national prejudice, but his reasonings seem as feeble as his convictions are strong. Mr. Maguire, in common with most contemporary thinkers, and notably Mr. J. Stuart Mill, ascribes the evils of Ireland to what he terms the land tenure. He means, we believe, though he did not bring out the point, not the tenure itself, which is simply the absolute right of the owner, and which works well enough in England and Scotland, but the incessant conflict between the tenure sanctioned by law and the tenure sanctioned by opinion. The law makes the landlord absolute, enables him to turn cornfields into pasture or pasture into cornfields at discretion, to split his land among pauper cottiers, or to remove the population *en masse* that sheep may have space to

feed. There is no limit to his right except the one which is the safety-valve of our society, and which binds him, if he allows the population to stay, to see that in the hour of extremity, while *he* has anything, *they* shall not die of hunger. Absolutism corrected by a poor-law is the English landlord theory and the lawyers' theory in Ireland, and, once admitted by all classes, is, we honestly believe, upon the whole the best. Only, the Irish don't admit it. Their theory, strengthened by a custom of three hundred years, is that the landlord has absolute right of property, but the tenant an equal right of occupancy, so long as he pays the acknowledgment fixed by the lord, and of course, law and opinion are at incessant war. The tenant, justified, perhaps, by precedents stretching through centuries, improves, or sells his improvements, or transfers his right of occupancy for a consideration. The landlord, justified by the law, takes the improvements, annuls their sale, or claims to transfer the occupancy under no restraint save his own will and pleasure. Of course, there is a struggle, and unhappily for Ireland the contempt for life which is at the very root of the Celtic nature, which is the spring of the French passion for glory as well as of Irish murders, of the Parisian readiness for barricades as well as the Irish sympathy for assassins, makes that struggle a bloody and therefore a criminal one. Englishmen long ere this would have met a system which they hated as the Irish hate this by a passive resistance, before which the landlords would be as powerless as the Legislature. Suppose a county threw up its holdings, accepting poor relief till its leases were signed! Irishmen meet it,—we are pleading their cause, but shall blink no truth—like assassins, by cowardly shots from behind hedges, and still more cowardly menaces of future vengeance in writing. Of course, atrocities of that kind rouse the manliness of the landlords, as well as their instinctive hate of restraints on property, and so the conflict grows daily worse, the gulf between class and class deepens and widens, the peasant betakes himself more readily to his weapon, the landlord is almost ready—as Sir E. Grogan showed in his speech—to call for despotic measures of public safety. It is into the possibility of remedying this state of affairs that Mr. Maguire asks Parliament to inquire, and it is an inquiry into this condition of affairs that the Premier, backed, we allow, by the Liberal party, speaking, we admit, the sentiments of five-sixths of England, blankly declines to grant.

He says, and those who vote with him say, this is not the true disease, but the diseases they quote may be proved to be only symptoms. It is over-population, says Lord Palmerston, but population is only an effect. Why should Ireland be over-populated any more than Great Britain? The theory of marriage is the same, the age of marriage among the agricultural classes the same; the women are not more prolific, the people singularly and enigmatically free from all forms of sexual vice. They were but a million once, and the problem is to discover why they should have increased on the land like rabbits, while Englishmen bred like human beings. Are not the true causes the poverty and the recklessness which spring of the social disorganization, which is produced by the class hostility which, in its turn, has its root in the tenure? It is the cottier system? The French, who do not multiply, are cottiers too. It is the national character? In what respect does that character differ from that of the Poles, who, so far from multiplying, have in all probability decreased? It is the national creed? Bah! Look at Lombardy, where a Catholic population turn a drought-stricken plain into the richest of gardens, without eating one another up by their numbers. Then, suggests Lord Palmerston, if it be not over-population, it is the rainfall. Ireland is a wet country. Well, Lombardy is a dry one; or take Bengal, which is wetter yet, and which is over thousands of square miles cultivated like a garden. The use of scientific cultivation, as we understand it, is to meet local difficulties of soil and climate and season, and the reason scientific cultivation does not exist in Ireland is simply the absence of capital, produced by the class-war which has its root in tenure. To say the island *cannot* under any conditions feed its people is simply to accuse Providence of being rather more stupid than Scotch landlords, who contrive to make a poorer soil keep their people fat.

"But," argues Sir E. Grogan, "it is not over-population or the tenure, but disorder and idleness." Crush down disorder by force, and make the people work hard. Yet for three hundred years we have tried this

crushing system under the most favorable circumstances, and with the effect we see. A government supported by a race who at almost any time in their history could, had they chosen, have exterminated the Irish, was for three hundred years released from scruples by a difference of creed, and applied its pitiless strength without a shudder or a remorse to this one end, and failed. It has not even secured the one poor result, which in vast and swarming countries like India it has secured, viz., the personal safety of the rich—the end which a government like that of Naples, abandoned of God and detested of man, did still contrive to obtain. Are we to re-commence that system, and live over again three centuries of cruelty, to find ourselves at the end either with a desert to re-people, or a new effort to begin the career of justice upon which we are at last fairly embarked? Statesmen, we submit, will for once agree with philanthropists that if all efforts are to fail, and Ireland still to be a wound rather than a limb in the body politic, they may at least accept that fate more easily by retaining the consciousness that, as at present, Ireland suffers under no intentional injustice. As to industry and energy, the very ground of inquiry is that the Irish who abroad succeed, at home despair, the very object to be sought is the cause which produces the admitted difference. The shiftless, improvident, lying heap of rags and geniality who in Ireland potters over a half-drowned potato patch, crouches to the priest and shoots at the landlord, is in Ohio a hard-working farmer, believing in broadcloth, and spiteful only to the priest who objects to a Protestant school. The wretched squireen, who is in Ireland the worst specimen extant of civilized man, is in India a successful administrator, or in Austria founds a family honored for generations. The rebel, who in Ireland writes mad verses in the *Nation*, or talks lying trash about the "Saxon," or rushes with a mob of half-armed wretches on the same wretches civilized by English discipline, is in Australia a working and very successful Minister of State, in Canada a large proprietor—a man whose opinion carries English votes, whose letters of warning sound to Englishmen masterpieces of eloquent sense. The cause of the difference is social disorganization; the root of disorganization is the tenure; and into the possibility of amending that tenure Parliament refuses to inquire.

From The Spectator, 27 June.

THE BRITISH DEMANDS ON RUSSIA.

The six points of Earl Russell's proposal by no means reconcile Liberals to the Polish policy he is pursuing. They seem to us just wide enough to render concession exceedingly difficult, and just narrow enough to make it of no conceivable use. If rejected, they leave us no honorable alternative except to insist on acceptance—which is war; and if accepted, they provide no guarantee against further oppression of Poland—which is not peace. Let us make the three wide assumptions—that Russia accepts them *en bloc*, that the national Government of Poland, which lately declared that its single object was "independence," consents to recall its own words, and that recalling them it retains its influence with the insurgents; and, even in that excessively improbable case, what will Poland have gained? The Czar will have pledged himself to create a representative government, to select only Poles for office, to establish a fair conscription, to employ the Polish language, to grant a general amnesty, and to protect religious freedom. Considering that Prussia at this moment possesses every one of these advantages, they are not necessarily of much value, even when considered apart from existing facts. But, considered with them, they amount, with the exception of the amnesty already refused, absolutely to nothing. Poland has had all these things once before already, granted in honest faith, secured by treaty, guaranteed by all Europe in arms, and they have all been taken away. No constitution could be more liberal than the one of 1815, the Polish language has never been abolished, and as for the employment of Poles, it was a Pole who devised the act of tyranny which has made even Conservatives speak as if ready for war. Poles are not pleased when their first-born are kidnapped by a Pole any more than when they are abducted by a Russian. There is no new guarantee that the Alexander of to-day will be more honest than the Alexander of 1815, that Constantine Nicolaivitch will be less of a tyrant than Constantine Paulovitch proved to be. All the

Poles in the ancient kingdom are given up to the mercy of the czar, to the ruffian who is deporting the nobles of Lithuania, or the incendiaries who are calling up peasants to massacre landlords in Volhynia. Congress-Poland will still remain united to Russia, and the czar will still retain his indefinite powers as king. Not one guarantee for personal freedom is so much as suggested. Poland will still be occupied by Russian troops, whose excesses are protected by the law which exempts soldiers from courts of justice, while the children of Poland are still condemned to serve at the furthest extremities of the empire. That the Russians will employ every power reserved as an instrument of terror is certain, and there is nothing in the six points to prevent their sending all Polish regiments to do duty on the Amoor. The only guarantee worth a straw, the cantonment of the national army within the national boundary, is carefully omitted, and Poland is left dependent on a power which to her has always been treacherous, and which will feel that its promises have this time been extorted by the menace of force. No free press is demanded; it is as easy to punish complaint as crime; and the instant the paper is signed the government may commence with impunity to violate its provisions. What is to prevent it, except just such an insurrection as these proposals are intended to pacify, or just such an intervention of the West as Earl Russell hopes to avert? The treaty proposed is, in fact, a mere repetition of that which was signed at Vienna, and the breach of which has for thirty-three years kept Europe on the verge of a general war.

Take, on the other hand, the far more probable supposition that the czar rejects or evades the principal propositions. It will be exceedingly difficult, if he means to retain his autocratic power, to accept them even in seeming. The ruling classes of Russia, which include, be it remembered, the officers of the army, have reached that political stage at which the spectacle of a free Government in one-third of the empire—constructed by the sovereign who refuses free Government in the other two-thirds—would stimulate them to frenzy. The existing order of society could not endure a twelvemonth under such a pressure, and the dynasty would lose as much from its diplomatic defeat as it could fear to lose from war. Why, then should it accept a position which, disguise it as we may, has something of humiliation for a Government whose pride is at least equal to that of any Government in the world? By all reports, it is arming to meet any possible eventuality, repairing Cronstadt, replenishing arsenals, ordering masses of troops into the provinces most exposed to attack by sea. Strengthened by the adhesion of the people, who, however discontented, are not unpatriotic, it may refuse point blank, and how will the Foreign Office stand then? If it has decided on war, it may, indeed, escape ridicule, for it can plead the otherwise blameable moderation of its own proposals, and the contrast between its gentle speech and its tremendous action will certainly not diminish the dignity of its attitude. But if, as Earl Russell affirms, it has determined under all circumstances to avoid war, it will stand convicted of having attempted interference without the power of securing respect, and must either proceed to the extremities which it has repudiated in advance, or submit to leave the affair, and with it Europe, to the will of its great ally. For, it must be remembered, the ministry is not alone in this matter. If England, having joined France in a specific demand, retreats from enforcing that demand, Napoleon may well refuse to be dragged back by Earl Russell, or to encounter the ridicule which is so fatal in France. *He* is not bound to acknowledge that his despatches were only words, or to assume that when England demanded fulfilment of a treaty, she meant it should not be fulfilled. Is the Government prepared either to sacrifice the alliance which, while it lasts, keeps the ocean clear and limits the area of almost any disturbance, or to allow Napoleon to do the whole work and to fix on his own reward? To go forward with France was wise, if we were going forward to the end; but to go forward, and then desert her at a point where no critic among us can blame the emperor for advancing, and so sacrifice our own honor, the future of Poland, and the French alliance in one triumphant blunder;—this certainly is no evidence of high diplomatic skill.

We confess to a growing conviction that this question is leading to war, and that England, with all her efforts, may be unable to keep out of the fray. Napoleon has other interests than ours, and is liable to a pressure no government in England can feel. It is

easy for us to recede, for at the worst, there is nothing at stake but a ministry; but it is not so easy for him, who, if once he incurs contempt, loses the hope of maintaining his dynasty. France has been highly excited by the continuance of the struggle, and will not hear without anger that diplomacy has only succeeded in displaying its own impotence to assist the one friend for whom France cares. Napoleon is not the kind of despot who can despise a national emotion, and his only door of escape is to throw the responsibility wholly on his "selfish" ally. There is not a doubt that he will, if he decides on inaction, take this course, indeed, he takes it now, and the result of three months diplomacy will then be the irritation of Russia, the discredit of the Whig ministry, the execution of Poland, the alienation of Napoleon, and the mingled contempt and distrust of the liberal classes of France. Those are not results which Governments are usually prepared to accept, and for us as for Napoleon the alternative of compelling respect by force seems most unpleasantly near. There may be ways of escape, but the preparation of armies in Russia and batteries of artillery in Paris, the hush which prevails on the continent, and the silence enforced on the House of Commons, the frightfully vague and wide projects which the Austrian press is discussing, and the strained expectation which is beginning to manifest itself among the best informed politicians of Europe, are all symptoms which of late years have only preceded storms. We have no dread of a war to realize such an object, but we protest against a diplomacy which, if it succeeds, is only to secure to a fraction of Poland a trumpery shred of freedom, and which, if it fails, will re-open all those vast sources of disturbance which the peace of Paris was said to have closed.

THE second session of the International Association for the Promotion of Social Science is to be held at Ghent, in the third week in September, between Monday, 14th, and Saturday, 19th, inclusive. Ghent is already preparing a series of *fêtes*, "which promise to surpass in historical exhibitions anything hitherto attempted of the sort." Among the questions to be discussed by the members of the International Association there are many on which the comparison of the continental with the English view will be peculiarly interesting, as, for example, "How can imprisonment pending trial be best preserved from abuse?" "Ought the State to preserve to itself certain monopolies, like the telegraph, railways, etc., and work them as a source of revenue?" "Within what limits should the rights of visit, capture, and blockade in time of war be restricted, in order to reconcile the interests of belligerents with those of neutrals?" On such questions as these,—and there are many such,—foreigners may be of far more use to Englishmen than Englishmen to each other. And the discussion, therefore, in Ghent in September will, it may be hoped, greatly widen the field and deepen the interest of the English Social Science Association's discussions to be held in Edinburgh between the 7th and 14th of the following month, October.—*Spectator.*

THE Eton boys have re-established a magazine, called *Etonensia*, and their first number is a very creditable performance. There is an essay on Arthur Hallam, very nicely written, and one on words set to music, which shows humor and literary skill. The grandeur of the youthful editors is rather amusing. Of one essay which they decline, they say, "of this effusion they will say no more than that its want of the poetic element disqualified it at once from appearance in our pages." The editors are classical, but, as Mr. Pecksniff puts it, "pagan, we regret to say." They announce for July the appearance of certain papers, not "*D. V.*," nor even "*Deo volente*," but "*Diis volentibus.*" We trust the divinities invoked may prove propitious, as the lads really show a good share of literary capacity.—*Spectator.*

AMONG the answers to correspondents in the *Journal of Horticulture* of last week is the following, under the heading "Cochin-China Cocks Paralyzed;" from which it would appear that poultry-medicine is not yet quite in a state of certainty. "The usual cause of these birds losing the use of their legs is the rupture of a small blood-vessel on the brain. This generally is occasioned by the birds being too fat. A tablespoonful of castor oil, and a diet of soft food, chiefly boiled potatoes, abundance of lettuce leaves, and freedom from excitement, whether from fright or other cause, is the best treatment; but it requires perseverance, and there is no certainty of success." This is a rather hopeless look-out for the paralyzed Cochin-Chinas.—*Reader.*

HYMN FOR THE EIGHTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

LORD, the people of the land
In thy presence humbly stand;
On this day, when thou didst free
Men of old from tyranny,
We, their children, bow to thee.
Help us, Lord our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!

All our homes are red with blood;
Long our grief we have withstood;
Every lintel, each door-post,
Drips, at tidings from the host,
With the blood of some one lost.
Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!

Comfort, Lord, the grieving one
Who bewails a stricken son!
Comfort, Lord, the weeping wife,
In her long, long widowed life,
Brooding o'er the fatal strife!
Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!

On our Nation's day of birth,
Bless Thy own long-favored earth!
Urge the soldier with Thy will!
Aid their leaders with Thy skill!
Let them hear Thy trumpet thrill!
Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!

Lord, we only fight for peace,
Fight that freedom may increase.
Give us back the peace of old,
When the land with plenty rolled,
And our banner awed the bold!
Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!

Lest we pray in thoughtless guilt,
Shape the future as Thou wilt!
Purge our realm from hoary crime
With Thy battles, dread, sublime,
In Thy well-appointed time!
Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!

With one heart the nation's cries,
From our choral lips arise:
Thou didst point a noble way
For our fathers through the fray;
Lead their children thus to-day!
Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!

In His name, who bravely bore
Cross and crown, begemmed with gore;
By His last immortal groan,
Ere He mounted to His throne,
Make our sacred cause Thy own!
Help us, Lord, our only trust!
We are helpless, we are dust!

GEO. H. BOKER.

A DIAL'S MOTTO.

A LESSON in itself sublime,
A lesson worth enshrining,
Is this: "I take no note of time
Save when the sun is shining."
These motto words a dial bore,
And wisdom never preaches
To human hearts a better lore
Than this short sentence teaches:
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely;
Let us forget its toil and care,
And note its bright hours only.

There is no grove on earth's broad chart
But has some bird to cheer it:
So hope sings on in every heart,
Although we may not hear it.
And if to-day the heavy wind
Of sorrow is oppressing,
Perchance to-morrow's sun will bring
The weary heart a blessing;
For life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely;
Then let's forget its toil and care,
And note its bright hours only.

We bid the joyous moments haste,
And then forget their glitter;
We take the cup of life and taste
No portion but the bitter.
But we should teach our hearts to deem
Its sweetest drops the strongest;
And pleasant hours should ever seem
To linger round us longest.
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely;
Let us forget its toil and care,
And note its bright hours only.

The darkest shadows of the night
Are just before the morning;
Then let us wait the coming light,
All bodyless phantoms scorning;
And while we're passing on the tide
Of time's fast ebbing river,
Let's pluck the blossoms by its side,
And bless the gracious Giver.
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely;
We should forget its pain and care,
And note its bright hours only.

THE LIVING AGE.

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FESTAL BELLS.

BY SARAH WARNER BROOKS.

RING blithely, festal bells! ring in the day
That weary ages—toiling through the past—
Wrought out, when the slow shadows crept away,
And Liberty's young morning broke at last!

Ring sadly, sadly, festal bells! and low—
For, out on yonder arid field of strife,
Morn, weeping, marks with mournful flow
The heart-tide well from many a costly life!

And slowly, slowly filming with a dreamless rest,
Eyes dark with tenderness and hope and trust,
Dear locks, that dainty-fingered love caressed,
Matted and torn, and trampled in the crimsoned dust!

And many a blood-red blade shall smite to-day,
Brave tender hearts of mother, maid, and wife
With the slow, inward wounds that bleed alway—
Staunched but with green leaves from the "Tree of Life."

Ring grandly! since the stars together sang
Glad matins on Creation's natal day,
Never, such broad eternal issues hung
For God's fair earth, upon the doubtful fray!

To lose, is to go back with brazen shame
To old-time twilight, drear and dim—
To forge anew, in Liberty's sweet name,
Letters for white-robed Freedom's every limb!

To win, is to wipe out a loathful stain
From the fair garments of a peerless land,
And speed her, purged and cleansed and "born again,"
Adown the gazing ages, free and grand!

Ring festal bells—in *sooth*, ring in the day—
The day a groaning nation waits to see;
When right and justice all our land shall sway;
Ring in the tardy "year of jubilee!"

—*Providence Journal.*

IN RESURRECTIONE DOMINI.

(*From the Latin of Peter the Venerable.*)

HUSH, Magdalena, hush thy wailing,
And bid those streaming eyes be clear,
At Simon's feast thy tears prevailing,
Left thee no cause for weeping here:
A thousand notes of love are blending,
A thousand heavenly joys descending—
Let glad hosannas ring!

Here, Magdalena, smiles become thee,
Unveil the light of that pure brow,
The threatening anguish is passed from thee,
A glorious dawn is flashing now:
Christ hath the captive world set free,
And over death won victory—
Let glad hosannas ring!

Join, Magdalena, join our choirs,
Christ cometh from his gloomy cave,
The appointed day of grief expires,
He comes, the conqueror of the grave.
Whom dying thy hot tears bedewed,
Him rising hail with rapturous mood—
Let glad hosannas ring!

Lift, Magdalena, lift thy face,
All speechless, to thy new-born Lord,
Adore that brow's benignant grace,
And be the fivefold wounds adored;
On him like glistening pearls they shine,
The jewels of the life divine—
Let glad hosannas ring!

Live Magdalena, life is well,
Thy sun again mounts high in heaven;
Let all thy veins with rapture swell,
That He the might of death hath riven;
Past are thy pains and sorrows stern,
Now let thy joyous love return,
And glad hosannas ring!

—*Spectator.*

"MIDNIGHT IS PAST—THE CROSS BEGINS TO BEND.

"Midnight is past—the Cross begins to bend!"
So sings the sailor on the Southern sea,
Longing for darkness and the night to end,
And letting such old signs his Fancy please!

The night-watch, that began in storm and gloom,
Wearied his soul—its dull hours dragging by—
He smiles in seeing black clouds lift—make room,
For this sweet writing of the stars, on high!

And so I think, through all our ranks to-day,
Look, answers look, and friend speaks quick to friend,
Soldier to soldier, brother to brother, say,
"Midnight is past—the Cross begins to bend!"

Ay, ringing bells, throughout this summer air,
With all their happy tide of music, blend,
The voice and blessing—of *our dead*, who share
With us this joy—"*The Cross begins to bend*!"

Roxbury, July, 1863.

UNUSUAL DAYS. (29 FEB.)

THERE come unusual days, which, on life's plain,
Stand out for memory's gaze; days of rare joy,
Or startling incident, or unhoped gain,
Alas! too oft of more than wonted pain,
Or woe that breaks the heart; such days destroy
The sameness of life's course; and add one more
To the year's units, heaping thence our store
Of good or evil: ne'er can we maintain
The calendar unbroken, but must meet
The change that is corrective: Lord, when thou
Putt's in my time a day, as thou dost now,
Unknow in other years, grant, I entreat,
Such grace illume it, that, whate'er its phase,
It add to holiness, and lengthen praise.

—*Time's Treasure.*

From St. James's Magazine.

HOME LIFE IN ALGIERS.

We confess that it was with some feeling of apprehension that we cut the leaves of a new French work, which bore on its cover the notorious name of the author of "Fanny" and "Daniel." Nor did his selection of a subject decrease that apprehension; for a gentleman of M. Feydeau's peculiar turn of mind would find ample scope in describing the penetralia of home life in Algiers. Greatly daring, then, we proceeded to read, and soon found ourselves agreeably disappointed. On this occasion * M. Feydeau has discarded all his psychological ideas about women, and produced a modest, well-written volume about the unquhile capital of the Dey, which adds much to our store of knowledge about a city which will ever prove attractive to visitors from all parts of Europe.

Public life in Algiers bears to a great extent the character of a carnival. In the hilly, shadowy streets running between the white houses, on the squares surrounded by arcades, and in the neighborhood of the plashing fountains, a strange crowd collects from early dawn, composed of the most varied types, and dressed in the most attractive costumes. Let us pay a visit to the grand square at 6 A.M. The Moors flock down from the upper town, and mingle with the Jews standing near the bazaar; the Mahon fishermen who come up from the quays carrying large hampers full of fresh fish; Biskris, driving before them long files of donkeys loaded with gravel; and Maltese gardeners, dragging small trucks full of oranges and pomegranates. All along the white walls on either side of the street, crouching negresses, wrapped from head to foot in a piece of cotton cloth, are selling their pink loaves, while laughing together with that childish laugh which it is a pleasure to hear. Sherbet sellers tinkle their bells, and beggars artistically draped in their ragged burnous, and lying in the shade on the bazaar steps, are voluptuously driving away the flies with their fans of rice straw. Daily there are types enough assembled here to occupy an artist for life; bare-legged riders thrusting their stallions among the muttering footmen; any quantity of soldiers in fantastic uniforms, showing off before the women with the air of a conqueror; grisettes, who seemed to have just arrived from the Quartier Latin; Jew women, wrapped in those long cloaks of brown silk, which give to their indolent gait something of the stiffness of Egyptian statues; and, lastly, Moorish women, tripping through the groups, like white phantoms, with laughing eyes.

At night the Government Square offers us another Algiers, quite new, and not the less strange. This square is the forum of the Europeans. It is a vast space contained between houses, with arcades, planted with trees on three sides, and facing the sea. So soon as the sun has sunk below the horizon, a military orchestra plays here waltzes and quadrilles, and an indolent crowd comes to listen to the band, while seeking the absent breeze. Here you meet, in turn, the military colonist, an old officer who gained all his steps on African soil, and now cultivates a little farm in the plain of the Mitidja; the colonist who landed immediately after the conquest, who has exchanged many a shot with the Arabs, and seen whole villages depopulated by fever; the restless and crafty tradesman, ever busy with loans, lawsuits, buying, credits, and usury; the merchant of Marseilles, a gay, plump, and good fellow, recognizable by that accent which makes him laugh at himself; magistrates, sailors, young officers, and travellers who have returned from a lengthened trip, say, to M'zab, Tripoli, or Tunis. The latter are bronzed by the sun; the desert belongs to them, and Lord help you if you allude to it in their presence! Add to this crowd, dressed in convenient garments, the wives of tradespeople and clerks, and a few laughing lorettes, who display the amplitudes of their crinoline on the asphalt. Remember that all these people are walking about, and talking in the light of thegas and the stars, and you will have a faithful idea of the spectacle offered each evening by the Government Square of Algiers.

In the upper town night is thoroughly Oriental. The Moorish and Jewish women sit outside their houses, with their naked feet stretched out before them; the whitewashed wall against which they lean forming a relief to their gay costume. There is a good deal of talking going on, and the few promenaders pick up interesting scraps of conversation. At times it is an Arab, wrapped in his burnous, who asks hospitality through the massive gate of a discreet-looking house; some-

* Alger. Etude par Ernest Feydeau. Paris: Michel Levy.

times it is a Frenchman, who from the streets tries to strike up a friendship with a native woman, seated at her small window; and there are also men singing, in the hope of touching the heart of their beloved, and the beloved often replies from the other side of the wall, without showing herself. The effect of these duets is rather graceful; here is one which our author overheard sung by two lovers who could not see each other:—

"'Deprived of my reason,' the Arab said in the street, 'despised in the towns where I wander, tortured by the pains of love.'

"'I live in despair,' the Moorish girl took up the strain inside her house—'I live in despair at not having two hearts; one would serve for my private existence, the other would be surrendered to the torments of love.'

"The Arab continued immediately,—

"'But, alas! I have only one, which love has seized on, so that I can neither hope for a peaceful existence nor a speedy death.'

"'And I am,' the girl replied, 'like the bird which a boy holds in his hands and which he causes to feel the agonies of death while playing with it.'"

Let us enter one of these native houses. In the first place, the reader must not expect to find here—or, indeed, anywhere in Algiers—sumptuous and noble furniture. That of the principal room, in which strangers are received, consists of three mattresses, spread on the ground, and forming three sides of a rectangle. Very common carpets are laid on the mattresses; and in the centre of the rectangle, a large pewter salver supports a cupful of pomegranate seeds, or a large nosegay. There is only one very small window, and the little light in the room reaches it through the open door. This room, however, like the whole house indeed, is exquisitely clean, being carefully whitewashed, and the floor composed of colored tiles. At one of the ends of the room, a white muslin curtain with a fringe of gold, half raised, enables you to catch a glimpse of an iron bedstead, such as are usual in colleges and hospitals. At the other end is a clumsy chest of drawers, by the side of a gaily painted Turkish trunk. The rest of the furniture hangs rather haphazard along the walls, and consists of a set of painted shelves, on which amber necklaces, and handkerchiefs, are hung, a mirror with a carved frame, a big-bellied guitar, and straw fly-disturbers, in the shape of small flags. There is also here and there on shelves a pile of vials, and nameless articles employed in ladies' toilet, but they are not worth talking about. But now to introduce you to the mistress of the house.

M. Feydeau confesses, with a sigh of regret, that though he can remember an infinitude of Moorish women, very few of them were pretty, say two or three in fifty. The one he selects for a type, however, is young, and may pass for agreeable. Seated, in her gala costume, with legs crossed like a fakir, her naked foot resting on her knee, and holding the guitar under her arm, she torments the cords of the instrument with a reed. It is almost needless to tell you that her arms are the color of oranges, that her toe-nails are blackened with henna, and that her white satin gold-flowered trousers spread out on the divan around her, and, fastened at the knee, fall back to the middle of the leg. Her transparent chemisette covers her bust without concealing it, and falls below her hips, with two long bands of crimson silk. A yellow ribbon is fastened around her neck, with a necklace of eight rows of fine pearls; a blue, gold-striped handkerchief is fastened across her forehead, its long fringe hanging down to the middle of her back. The delicate skin of her face, which has never been assailed by the sunbeams, is pink on her cheek-bones, and derives a marvellous lustre from a patch on the temple or chin. Lastly, she has red lips, very white teeth, black eyes overshadowed by heavy lashes, and painted eyebrows; and there is something timid and resigned about her whole face, which resembles the expression of a wild beast caught in a trap. We must not omit one charming detail of her costume. A garland of jessamine flowers, threaded like the beads of a rosary, describes an elegant spiral round her head, half concealing a diadem of diamonds, and falling on either side down her cheek. She also wears a broad, loose girdle of silk, embroidered with gold thread, round her waist. Moorish women adore the marriage of fine clothes, flowers, and jewelry. They never wear mosaic, and from their leg-rings up to their ear-rings, everything that glistens about them is made of good, fine gold.

The native races of Algiers are divided into two classes,—the *hadars*, or citizens, constituting the fixed population; and the *berranis*, or foreigners, composed of artisans and traders, temporarily dwelling in the city. At

the time of the conquest the berranis formed a certain number of corporations, managed by the amins, or syndics. The French, however, speedily altered all this, and every berrani coming to Algiers to carry on his calling is obliged to go before the representative of the administration. He receives a ticket, bearing the name of his corporation, and a book, in which his name, origin, and description are entered. The different masters who employ him record their remarks in this book, and when he wishes to leave the town, he must change his book for a permit to depart. Any disputes that arise between them are settled by the assembled council of the amins, and M. Feydeau took a delight in paying visits to the court, which was held in a garden. The charges were very amusing. At one moment it was a Biskri, who came to complain of a Moorish woman, whose furniture he had moved; and the woman, thrusting her hand, red with henna, from under her haik, explained to the court, with a multitude of gestures, that the Biskri had injured her furniture, and it was only fair that she should stop the cost of repairing it out of the price agreed on. Another time it was a negress accusing a Laghouati of spilling a jar of oil over her *melaïa*. The Laghouati claimed the value of his oil; the negress that of her garment. Again, it was a negro whom a Kabyle had beaten, or a Kabyle whom a negro had smashed, and both demanded money as a consolation for the blows they had received. Or, again, it was a Jewish woman accusing a M'zabite of stealing her rings, which she had forgotten at the bath; and the M'zabite, to prove that he had not stolen, displayed to the court his ten fingers bare of rings, with an ingenuous air.

Puerile enough the cases were, but they enabled M. Feydeau to form a good notion of the home-life of Algiers, by which he has profited. He has arrived at the conclusion that the Moors, formerly so powerful, are at the present day a very little people of artisans, scribes, and merchants. The younger become barbers, embroiderers, coffee-shop keepers, flower-sellers, servants, farriers, cobblers, and fanmakers; the elder become tobacco-sellers, bakers, buttonmakers, musicians, or grocers. There is nothing manly about these turban-bearers; by the side of Arabs they appear bastardized, and are so, indeed, as they no longer have in their blood the necessary element for renovation. At the time of the French conquest, the Moors formed the largest part of the Algerian population, but at the present day they are not more numerous than the Jews. They have disappeared; some have gone away to seek a government less offensive than the French for their habits and religion, while others have died of privation and misery. Those who remain, after pledging their most valuable articles, at times select a trade the easiest possible. On the other hand, they have their good qualities; respect for the aged, absolute submission to paternal authority, and resignation, are the virtues which they transmit from generation to generation. They have lost their sobriety, it is true, but they have retained a host of traditions; and this is something, at a period when traditions are dying out to make way for hypocritical mercantilism. Lastly, they are most religious in the highest sense of the term; never trying to make proselytes, and contenting themselves with personal humiliation before the Deity, who has rudely chastised them during the last three centuries. Among them expiation entirely absolves the crime. When a robber leaves the galleys, his whole family go to meet him; they lead him home, and his friends assemble to greet him with songs and dances. They say of him, He has expiated; he is, therefore, absolved from his crime, and no one thinks of alluding to it. Suicide does not exist among the Moors after our fashion; that is to say, when a man is crushed by misfortune, he does not seek relief from a pistol. He flies to haschisch, and hence happy people never smoke it. Here is an affecting story as told by our author:—

"I wished to see one of these self-condemned men, and that was not difficult in a town where there is no lack of unfortunates. Mohammed was a clever barber, but for his sins he married a woman who ran off with a colonist, and died of fever at Aumale. He did not even attempt to discover where his wife had gone; he loved her, she had left his house with another, and that was enough for him. For some days he was seen wandering about the upper town like a ghost; he neglected his customers, and his shop remained closed. At length, one morning he took his seat in a Moorish café close to the Cathedral Square, and was seen to produce a small pipe of red clay. Everybody in the café knew the meaning of this pipe, and even the cahvedji addressed a few friendly remonstrances to Mohammed;

but he did not listen to him. He filled his pipe calmly with a greyish substance, which was powdered hemp leaf, and then began smoking. This took place two years ago. Now he passes every day in the same café, and seated at the same spot. Each customer that enters offers him a cup of coffee; he takes it in his hand without saying a word, and drinks it slowly. At night he goes up the Marabout of Si-Mohammed-el-Cherif, and lies down, still dressed, across the threshold; but he does not sleep—he has not done so for two years. He lives on alms. Once a week he holds out his hand in the street to the first Arab who passes; the Arab gives him two sous, with which Mohammed buys a loaf, and eats. For his dress he is satisfied with the old clothes the Moors offer him without his asking for them. He does not perform his ablutions, nor go to the mosque; he has forgotten everything. Thin, sunburnt, with an ecstatic glance, trembling hands, and uplifted head, he really sees the world which men do not know. He has the look of a blessed man, and Paradise is resplendent on his face. His countrymen regard him with curiosity, with compassion, and some with envy. They treat him gently, as a lunatic, for they know that his mind is no longer his own, that he is not conscious of his actions, and that he is condemned to death. One day, a French dealer, exasperated by his serenity of face, suddenly cried to him 'Mohammed, thy wife is dead!' Mohammed looked down at the cruel man, and then began smiling again with delight, as if no earthly thing could now affect him. The Frenchman did not understand the feeling, and left the café, saying, 'Such a brute ought to be smothered.'"

From M. Feydeau's description, we should judge that the fêtes given by the Moors are rather slow, as the only amusement consists of dancing girls. They perform the whole night through, restoring their energies with glasses of rum and absinthe, until they fall into corners, to sleep off their intoxication. Public fêtes of this description used formerly to be given at Algiers, but the authorities have now prohibited them, for the following valid reason: it was the fashion to stick small gold coins on the forehead of the dancing girls, while they pranced about, and those who were well trained could contrive to go on dancing with twenty or thirty coins between the hair and the eyebrows. The Arabs who attended the public fêtes began by producing five-franc, then ten-franc, and lastly twenty-franc pieces, and if the dancer were pretty, and several chiefs fell in love with her bright eyes simultaneously, they would throw handfuls of gold on her naked feet. Caids and Aghas thus ruined themselves at Algiers in one night, for women whom their grooms would not have looked at. At length, a dance girl returning home one night was followed by two Arabs, who quarrelled about her. Knives were drawn, and the next day one of the gallants was found ripped up in the street. This put an end to public festivals. Another amusement greatly appreciated at native parties is ventriloquism. Formerly, the most indecent and disgusting spectacle of the Kara-gouz formed the delight of the Moors, but it was suppressed by the French, —not for its indecency, be assured, but because it was found a convenient medium for saying biting things against the invaders.

Another peculiar custom, which we should not regret personally to see introduced in this country, is the "Derdebah." It happens, at times, that a respected native is short of cash, and this is how he procures it. He sends round to all his friends to tell them he will have the honor of receiving them at such a spot on such a day. He then hires a large house, has it illuminated, and installs the nearest cahvedji in the kitchen. This is the way in which the Chaoush of the M'zabites obtained the sum he needed at a derdebah to which the author was invited. A Turko stepped into the centre of the ring, and imitated all the contortions of a dance girl, after tying two handkerchiefs over his uniform. The audience rose in turn, and stuck five-franc pieces on his forehead, one of the Caids going so far as to throw a handful of gold over his feet. All this money was intended to help the Chaoush out of his difficulties, and we can only say that we would give our numerous friends a ball on the same conditions.

The Jews constitute an important factor in the aboriginal population of Algiers. As a rule, they are well to do, and have profited greatly by the French conquest. They are the same as they are everywhere, and are equally willing to sell you an orange, or lend you any sum you want, on good security. By this prudent course they have managed to get into their hands all the best houses in the city, and nearly the whole of the Rue Napoléon belongs to them. Their wives heartily help them in making money, and many of them lend out their diamonds by the night to Moorish ladies who wish to make a display. Since the conquest, the Jews have given up

their traditional costume, and now dress like Europeans,—not because they have a liking for the tight garments, but they secure them respect. The Moors detest them as much as ever; and an Agha, indignant at seeing our author shake a Jew's hand, said to him, "And yet it was this people that killed thy God!" Such a remark was certainly unanswerable. The Jews, however, have learned to resist, and at the slightest insult offered them appeal to the authorities. As, too, they are considerably petted by the French officials (perhaps for valid reasons), there is every reason to believe that they will flourish in Algiers like the green bay tree. One extract is sufficient to characterize them:—

"I was walking down the Rue Staoueli with a friend, a good-looking young staff officer, when a sound of native music afflicted our ears, and we saw a crowd assembled before an open door. After inquiring the reason, we asked leave to enter, which was granted most politely, and we were invited to ascend to the first-floor gallery. Here were a dozen Jews walking about and smoking cigars, and children gorging themselves with bonbons. But the real sight was not here, and we leant over the balcony to see it; it consisted of a large body of women assembled round the courtyard. They were in full dress, drawn up in three lines, and their gowns of satin, velvet, and taffetas, embroidered with gold, displayed the strangest and most violent colors. Nearly all wore pearl necklaces, and diamonds on their forehead. But, alas! they also displayed big feet, thrust into kid boots, and their hands were covered with cabbage-green gloves. Opposite the door two Moorish singers were strumming their instruments, and near them the young and pretty bride was sitting motionless in an arm-chair, like a painted wooden statue. I never saw a woman more covered with jewelry, and I believe she had borrowed for the day all belonging to the members of her family. Her head disappeared under diadems of diamonds; she had a sort of tall cravat of fine pearls, triple drops in her ears, and enormous bracelets covered her arms up to the elbow. . . . In the centre of the yard was two parallel tables, one covered with pastry, preserves, bonbons, bottles of liqueurs, and large bouquets of roses; the other with the articles composing the bride's trousseau. A Jew raised each article in turn from the table, held it in the air above his head, so that all might see it, and then carefully deposited it in a basket. And thus the most diverse objects defiled in succession past us; rich fabrics of Morocco and Tunis, silver-framed mirrors, large plated salvers, lace and jewelry, sheets bordered with embroidery, and then, as if to form a sad contrast with these fine things, very common carpets, shawls, Balmoral boots, gloves, and even a parasol? The latter article made me turn away in horror, but my companion did not share my anger. He was very busy twisting his moustache, and smiling agreeably at the little bride. And truth compels me to allow that she blushed a little while taking a side glance at his handsome face. I know very well what she was thinking of, and what comparison she must be making in her little head. Her stumpy, vulgar husband, occupied in counting all the articles of the trousseau on his fingers, paid no attention to her."

The remaining population of Algiers is made up of Arabs, negroes, and foreigners who have come to make a fortune. Thus nearly all the fishermen are Neapolitans or Maltese: the dealers in earthenware and fruit are also Maltese, and most of the gardeners are Mahon Spaniards. The latter, through a spirit of national rancor, detest the Moors, and the Moors are not at all fond of them. They generally live in the narrow lanes of the lower town, near the port, and you may frequently see their daughters and wives combing their long auburn hair in the doorways. These people are fond of an open air life, and maintain the customs of their country in Africa. M. Feydeau at nights heard the young men serenading their belles, but prudently kept away, for he had heard that they had sharp knives at the service of eavesdroppers. Of course, like all seaports in the Mediterranean, Algiers has its own Ratcliff Highway; but we need not visit it, for it is the same all over the world.

And here we will stop for the present, while awaiting another volume connected with the colony, which M. Feydeau promises us. The subject is an interesting one, for it has often been said that the French have no talent for colonizing, and the case of Algeria has been appealed to in confirmation. This, however, is scarcely fair. During the two-and-thirty years the French have held the colony, they have been fighting almost constantly, and it must not be forgotten that they have no race, like the Irish, to act as the pioneers of civilization. It is with great difficulty that the Frenchman can be induced to expatriate himself, and the reluctance is increased when he knows that he will have to fight without a chance of acquiring glory. And yet the French, in spite of all these obstacles, have effected great things in Algeria; and now that the cotton question demands a final settlement, it is very probable that the Emperor Napoleon will concentrate his energies on the colony, and render it the cotton emporium at least for France.

From All The Year Round.

UNDEVELOPED IMPRESSIONS.

Beyond the region of positive ideas and emotions, there lies, in the minds of all persons who have any sensitiveness of perception, a strange ghostly tract of unexplored country, full of shadowy suggestions of thoughts and feelings, and lit by the faint spectral light of what may perchance be the Aurora of some higher knowledge now on its way to us. Debased by charlatanism and absurdity as the so-called "spiritualism" of the present day undoubtedly is, some service may be done by hinting to the thoughtless that there may be possible associations which give an apparently supernatural color to the ordinary transactions of life.

Has the reader never experienced the strange tricks which memory occasionally plays with him? He is engaged on something which utterly engrosses his mental powers. Perhaps it is a very serious subject such as necessarily precludes any levity of ideas; perhaps he is working, and thinking of nothing but his work; perhaps he is writing, with a concentration of intellect. Suddenly there bursts into the middle of his thoughts some recollection of an incident that happened five-and-twenty or thirty years ago; a reminiscence of his childhood; a trivial circumstance, which was forgotten the day after it happened, and which has never once crossed his mind since. It may be said that a connecting link exists between the subject occupying the mind at the time, and the recollection which suddenly arises out of the long sealed-up vaults and catacombs of the past. But, if so, the link is of such exquisite fineness as to defy detection. No analogy of the most distant or fantastic kind can be traced between the two sets of ideas. The unbidden recollection starts up with a sort of goblin wilfulness and inappropriateness. It is wonderful that you should think of the circumstance at all; still more wonderful that you should think of it at that particular moment. Yet there it is; unaccountably obtruding itself into the midst of thoughts to which it bears no relationship, or none which can be traced by mortal wit.

Analogous to this is that freak of the brain which probably all of us have experienced, when, after vainly endeavoring for a long while to recollect some tune, we wake in the middle of the night with the whole of it, from the first note to the last, "running in our heads." Persons have been known to remember facts in their sleep which they had tried hard to recover when awake, but had never succeeded in doing. Coleridge composed a poem in his sleep, and Tartani a piece of music, which he conceived was far superior to anything he had written or heard at other times; so that it would appear that the state of somnolency has sometimes a stimulating, as well as a sedative, effect on the mental powers. But this is not so astonishing and beyond explanation as the sudden and gratuitous recollection of events which have long passed out of view, and which are in themselves too unimportant to have made any deep impression at the time of their occurrence. Is it that every experience in life, even the most frivolous, leaves an indelible print on the mental organism, and that, although this print may seemingly fade out, it is still there, like writing in invisible ink, and only awaits some exciting cause to bring it out clearly and legibly? But, if so, what *is* the exciting cause, none being cognizable? What mysterious hand touches the spring that opens those forgotten doors?

That every impression remains, seems certain, if we can depend on what is recorded of the experiences of persons on the threshold of death. Those who have been recovered from drowning or hanging say that, previous to the advent of unconsciousness, they have seen a species of panorama of their whole previous existence, of which not the smallest incident, thought, or feeling has been lost; and it is thence inferred that all human beings at the moment of dissolution experience this awful resurrection of the dead past. Yet that the phenomenon does not invariably attend the act of drowning, is manifest from the very interesting and detailed account left us by Dr. Adam Clarke, in his Autobiography, of his narrow escape from death in the river Ban, when a boy. He states that his feeling was simply one of intense happiness and placidity, combined with "a general impression of a green color, such as of fields or gardens," and that his first and only pain was when he was taken out of the water, and his lungs were once more inflated with atmospheric air. But he may not have reached the point at which the memory is preternaturally excited. It is not difficult

to believe that the last action of the brain may be a supreme resumption of its own impressions. The concentration of a whole life in a single moment or two is indeed marvellous; but the *sense* of time seems to have very little to do with the actual *duration* of time. The idea of eternity, or of the lapse of infinite ages is often experienced in the course of a dream which can only have lasted a very short period. This is especially the case with opium-eaters; but it will occur even to those who never indulge in that perilous narcotic. Moslem writers affirm that the miraculous journey of Mahomet from Mecca to Jerusalem, and thence through the whole of the seven heavens, was performed in so infinitesimal a fraction of time that the prophet, on awaking from his trance, was able to arrest the fall of a water-jar which the angel Gabriel had knocked over with his wing in the act of their departure. Another Oriental legend tells of an infidel caliph, who, doubting the truth of this relation, was directed by a certain conjurer to plunge his head in a bucket of water, and withdraw it with the greatest speed possible. He did so, and in that momentary interval had a dream or vision of a long life abounding in vicissitudes and extraordinary incidents. These, of course, are fables; but they are based upon psychological mysteries such as are known to exist.

Hardly less wonderful is the connection between particular odors and specific recollections or trains of ideas. Thousands have felt this, and it is one of the most beautiful instances of what may be called the magic of memory. Hazlitt used to refer to a remark made by Mr. Fearn, a metaphysical writer of his time, to the effect that certain associations of ideas always brought back to him, with the vividness of an actual impression on the sensorium, the smell of a baker's shop in Bassora. This is just the reverse of the ordinary experience; but we can readily understand it. The late Mr. P. G. Patmore, who records this circumstance in his work entitled "My Friends and Acquaintance," avers that, in his own case, tastes were even more powerful than smells in producing similar effects. "I could never taste green mustard and cress," he writes, "without its calling up to my mind, as if by magic, the whole scene of my first school-days, when I used to grow it in my little bit of garden in the inner playground; that every individual object there present used to start up before me with all the distinctness of actual vision, and to an extent of detail which no effort of memory could accomplish without this assistance; and that nothing but the visible objects of the scene presented themselves on these occasions." As the flavor died away, the vision would fade from the mental sight, but would be instantly renewed by tasting the herb once more. It is easy to refer the explanation of such facts to mere association of ideas.

An unhealthy or depressed bodily condition has doubtless much to do with mystical impressions. To the man who goes to bed early and rises early, the time of sunrise is invigorating and inspiriting; but to him who has been up all night, especially when pursuing intellectual work, the return of light is often peculiarly mournful, oppressive, and spectral. It is the true ghost season — far more than midnight; and especially so in the hushed and empty thoroughfares of a great city, with its vast circles of suspended life. The empty street, stretching before you in dim perspective, is a phantom land at such moments; the familiar holds strange intercourse with the unfamiliar, and is weirdly suggestive. We have known an instance of a man who, returning home early one summer morning from a night of mental labor, was oppressed by an intense and preternatural sense of a hundred years in advance; that is to say, by some singular, unbidden trick of the mind, he seemed to contemplate the existing time—himself and all—as something that had passed for a century. Fatigue was the cause of this; but the fancy opens a strange glimpse into the vague and shadowy regions of morbid experience.

The most astounding and solemn feeling of this nature is the impression, amounting at the moment to conviction, that we have lived before in some remote age, and that all the circumstances and accessories now surrounding us, even to the most minute and insignificant, surrounded us at that former period. Lord Lindsay, in his Letters from the East, describes this feeling with a literal exactness which will be at once recognized by all who have ever undergone it. He says: "We saw the river Kadisha, like a silver thread, descending from Lebanon. The whole scene bore that strange and shadowy resemblance to the wondrous landscape delineated

in Kubla Khan that one so often feels in actual life, when the whole scene around you appears to be reacting after a long interval; your friend seated in the same juxtaposition, the subjects of conversation the same, and shifting with the same 'dream-like ease' that you remember at some remote and indefinite period of pre-existence. You always know what will come next, and sit spell-bound, as it were, in a sort of calm expectancy." It would have been more correct to say that we *seem* to know what will come next, for it is certainly doubtful whether we *really* know it. But the effect on the mind is that of an absolute foreknowledge, so that when anything is said, it appears to be precisely what was anticipated. The feeling is, in truth, as Lord Lindsay admirably expresses it, one of "calm expectancy," and, apart from the sense of strangeness, is rather soothing and agreeable than unpleasant. This, however, is supposing that it be not prolonged. When it continues to haunt the mind, it becomes horribly oppressive, and is a clear sign that cerebral disorder has set in. Sir Walter Scott was thus troubled towards the latter end of his life, when he was overworked and harassed by difficulties. He states in his diary for February, 1828, that he was afflicted one day at dinner-time by a sense of pre-existence so strong as to resemble a mirage or a calenture; and he adds: "There was a vile sense of want of reality in all I did and said." The mind was evidently overtasked, and, had it been less strong, might have broken down altogether.

Tennyson, in one of his earlier volumes, has a sonnet, in which he describes this singular mental condition with the finely organized apprehension of a poet:—

"As when with downcast eyes we muse and brood,
And ebb into a former life, or seem
To lapse far back in a confused dream
To states of mystical similitude;
If one but speaks, or hems, or stirs his chair,
Ever the wonder waxeth more and more,
So that we say, 'All this hath been before,
All this *hath* been, I know not when or where:"
So, friend, when first I looked upon your face,
Our thought gave answer, each to each, so true,
Opposed mirrors, each reflecting each,—
Although I knew not in what time or place,
Methought that I had often met with you,
And each had lived in the other's mind and speech."

Wordsworth refers to the belief in pre-existence in his magnificent "Ode on Immortality;" and the opinion is one which runs through the whole philosophy and religion of the world, especially of the Eastern races. The Brahmins and Buddhists teach that the soul has already passed through many previous conditions, and will pass through many more ere it attains the blissful state of absolute repose and personal non-existence resulting from its re-absorption into the Deity, from whom it emanated. The more philosophical among the ancient Greeks held the same view. Pythagoras professed to have a distinct recollection of his former lives; and Plato said that the knowledge which we seem to acquire for the first time is only the recollection of what the soul knew before its submersion in matter, and its assumption of the human form. Some of the Hellenic philosophers contended that the endless repetition of the same mode of existence, though at vast intervals of time, is an absolute necessity, because, there being only a certain number of things in the universe, there can only be a certain number of combinations, and, when those are exhausted, the same course must begin over again. After this theory, the apparent recollection of what is passing around us may be no delusion, but a genuine, though abnormal, exercise of the memory.

A wonderful instance of apparent recollection of a previous life is related of himself by William Hone, the author of the Everyday Book. He says that one day he had to make a call in a part of London which was quite unknown to him. He was shown into a room to wait, and, on looking round, remarked, to his astonishment, that every object appeared familiar. It then occurred to him that there was a very peculiar knot in the shutter; and he determined to test the reality of the impression by examining into the fact. He therefore turned back the shutter, and found the knot. Previously to this, he had been a materialist; but the incident impressed him with the belief that there must be something beyond matter, and he finally became a member of a religious sect.

The reduplication of this world is another strange speculation that has from time to time appeared on the intellectual horizon. Pythagoras and various ancient writers affirmed that there was a globe resembling our earth, and called Antichthon, which was constantly moving round the sun, though always invisible to us, because invariably on the op-

posite side of the solar orb to ourselves. A few years ago, we came across a singular book professing to give an account of the Neo-Christian religion, which is shortly to supplant the older form; and we there discovered this old tradition of Antichthon reproduced on a larger and still more amazing scale. The anonymous writer says that the whole solar system is repeated at a distance from us in space so enormous that, "to express it with ordinary arithmetical figures, the writing would occupy a line twenty miles long." He goes on to say, that "the earth of that distant system has a surface divided, as ours is, into five parts, called Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Oceania. There is also a Rome, a London, a Paris, a New York, a Pekin; all the cities, towns, and villages, inhabited by us here below. The very houses are made after the same architectural pattern, and of the same size as ours: so are the animals, the trees, the stones. In that remote world there is a man of my name, of my age, with my moral and intellectual character, with my own physical features. The other men there resemble also on all points my fellow-men here below. There is, indeed, some exceedingly small difference between them and us, which the All-seeing Deity can perceive; but they resemble us more perfectly than the reflected image in the looking-glass resembles our face. And, although our reflected image is a vain appearance, they are a living reality. At the very moment that thou art reading this volume, thy namesake too is reading these very words in the same book, published there by another mysterious Man like me, even by my very Self, existing there under the same form. Thy living portrait there is now thinking of thee with the same stupid levity, or with the same awful impression — in the same manner, whatever it is — as thou art thinking of him." The writer gives us no reason for believing this wild and spectral dream: we are simply to take it on faith. It is certainly a bewildering idea.

The same author adopts the old opinion that the soul of man is embodied several times in different individualities. Thus, Napoleon the Third has been Lycurgus, Aristotle, St. Paul, Odin, Haroun-al-Raschid, Roger Bacon, Mahomet (the Turkish Sultan who took Constantinople), Descartes, William the Third of England, Robespierre, etc. — altogether a very illustrious line. Our own queen was formerly Andromache, Hector's wife. And the conductor of this journal has already appeared on the stage of the world as Nahum, Seleucus Nicator, Catullus, Theodorus Duca, Boleslaus, Edward the Third of England, and Rembrandt. These, however, are the fancies of a single mind, and cannot claim the serious investigation due to impressions, however vague, which are common to a considerable proportion of the human race.

The Life of William Chillingworth, Author of "The Religion of Protestants," etc. By P. Des Maizeaux. Edited, with Notes and Illustrations, by the late James Nichols, Editor of "Fuller's Church History," etc. (Tegg. Pp. 364.) —This is a republication of the "Life of Chillingworth" originally published by Des Maizeaux in 1725, but with additional notes. The Life is by no means such a Life of Chillingworth as there might be—giving very little of the external facts and circumstances of Chillingworth's life, but very large accounts of his opinions, etc., with extracts from his writings, and from the writings of other controversialists. Still, in its kind, it is full and painstaking, and may be useful. Neither Des Maizeaux nor his editor seems to have been aware of certain rather ugly anecdotes respecting Chillingworth at that time of his life when he was living at Oxford, after his return from his abberration into the Roman Catholic Church — anecdotes which, if true, would make out that this "great reasoner in religion," and founder, along with others, of the Latitudinarian School in the English Church, used to act as a kind of informer to his godfather Laud, telling him what went on in the University, and getting his fellow-collegians into scrapes. It is the part of real biography to investigate such stories and such seeming inconsistencies and wrinkles of character; but in Des Maizeaux there is nothing of this—nothing but introductory eulogy of Chillingworth's strong intellect and noble character; and then a skeleton of his life, with masses of appended extracts about him and from him, jumbled in such a way as to make rather confused reading to those who are not already Chillingworth-bitten. Yet Chillingworth was a truly remarkable man, a clear account of whom might be most readable and valuable in the present state of English theological and ecclesiastical opinion. The early history of "Toleration" in this country—nay, the very exposition of Toleration—might be associated with his biography.—*Reader.*

From The Spectator.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH ON JEWISH SLAVERY.*

THIS volume asks one of the most pertinent questions which has been put to the British public in these last few years. We are hearing strange things about the great volume, which has been the strong meat of this British nation for these last three hundred years, in the strength of which our fathers, generation after generation of them, with much faithful and honest toil laboring to this end, have achieved for us the place we hold in the world. A time has come when the attention of learned and serious men is—as we hold, by the direct leading of the Spirit of Truth—irresistibly drawn to the question of inspiration, and to the critical consideration of the component parts of the sacred volume. Who that really loves his Bible, and knows what is in it (a curiously rare accomplishment, by the way, this latter) will not heartily rejoice that it should be so? But behind these serious inquirers come a motley crowd of all kinds, some of them professing (like the Bishop of Manchester) the deepest reverence for the letter, others professing reverence for neither letter nor spirit, for no person or thing in this or any other world, but all alike, whether as champions or enemies, doing what in them lies to discredit the Bible, and to make it say what it does not say, and responsible for that which it repudiates. From such as these we do hear, as above stated, from time to time, strange things, but surely never stranger than from the writer in the *Times*, who, while advocating the cause of the Southern States, boldly claimed St. Paul as a supporter of the Fugitive Slave Law, and maintained that the Bible enjoins the slave at the present day to return to his master, and that slavery is only wrong as luxury is wrong.

Now the *Times* is wise in its generation. True, it is the great representative journal of the money-power, and, therefore, so far as it has any calculable bias on any subject, has one against the laboring class all over the world. But, for all that, the conductors of the *Times* would never have come out in this decided and somewhat startling line, if they had not thought that they perceived in this country a change of feeling upon the slavery question, of which they were only too glad to become the spokesmen. And we fear it is impossible to deny that they were in the main right in their view. The country *has* changed, or rather, we should say, the upper and middle classes have changed their faith as to slavery; and Mr. Carlyle's doctrines "on the nigger question" are at once those of such dissimilar journals as the *Times*, the *Saturday Review*, and the *Daily Telegraph*.

It was high time that every man who held the old English faith strongly, and could get a fair chance of a hearing, should speak out. Many have done so; none, we must say, more ably or more righteously than Mr. Goldwin Smith in the little book now before us. He meets the question fairly in the face at the outset. If it be so, he says, if slavery is only wrong as luxury is wrong, if the Bible is on all fours with the Fugitive Slave Law, then "the law of England which takes away the slave from his master directly his feet touch English soil is a robber's law. The great Act of Emancipation, of which we speak so proudly, was a robber's act." But is it so? This is the question to which Mr. Goldwin Smith addresses himself. His argument, shortly stated, is, that the true spiritual life of the world commenced in the Hebrew race, "under an earthly mould of national life similar, in all respects, political, social and literary, to those of other nations. The Jewish nation, in short, was a nation, not a miracle." God's method of education is gradual. The code of laws provided by him for the Jews "takes the rude institutions of a primitive people including slavery, as they stand, not changing society by a miracle. But while it takes these institutions as they stand, it does not perpetuate, but reforms them, and lays on them restrictions tending to their gradual abolition—much less does it introduce any barbarous institution or custom for the first time." This position Mr. Smith proceeds to illustrate by other instances leaving slavery on one side for the present. He shows that amongst all primitive nations we find such customs as the avenger of blood, the right of asylum, polygamy, the exercise of a power of life and death by parents over children; and in each of these, and other instances, he points out how the Mosaic code softens and raises the customs, in use amongst the group of Oriental nations to which the Jews belonged. Even in the short space which he is able to

* *Does the Bible Sanction American Slavery?* By Goldwin Smith. Oxford and London: J. H. and Jas. Parker. 1863.

devote to this part of his argument, he makes good his point as to the method of the divine education, and establishes incidentally, not only that the Mosaic code was beneficent when compared with any code not produced under the influence of Christianity, but that "the religious system of the Jews was spiritual compared with that of the most refined and cultivated heathen nations." Having thus shown that he is not inventing a principle for his particular case, he then, in sections II. and III., turns to Hebrew slavery, which he treats of in detail, showing what it was in patriarchal times, in the tents of Abraham and Isaac, and what in later times, when the family had developed into a nation, and contrasting it step by step with Greek, Roman, Anglo-Saxon slavery, and lastly, with the "peculiar institution" as it exists in the United States. We were quite prepared for most of the conclusions at which Mr. Smith arrives. We knew that nowhere in the Old Testament is there a hint of any warranty for treating men as things and not as persons, but we confess that we did not know that the case was so strong as it stands on the Old Testament books. We have never met elsewhere with the ultimate test put as Mr. Smith has put it, and which, the moment it is put, we recognize as the true one. "What was the practical effect of the Mosaic legislation in the matter of slavery? Was the nation of Moses a slave power?" Let those who claim the Bible as the sanction of the slave-owner point to one single mark of a Slave State, social, economical, or political, which they can detect in the Hebrew commonwealth—let them put their finger in the Hebrew annals on one slave insurrection, one servile war, let them show us signs amongst the chosen people of a slave-market, of a Fugitive Slave Law, of a contempt for labor as degrading to free men. If they cannot do this, let them, at least, point to one other nation which has held slaves in large numbers, and in which any one of these signs has been wanting. If they can do neither of these things we have a right to conclude, with Mr. Smith, that the Mosaic code, so far from fostering slavery, actually educated the most stiff-necked and hard-hearted people of the Old World so as to deliver them, even before the Christian era, almost wholly from the curse of slave-owning.

In his fourth section Mr. Smith comes to the New Testament. And here, while quite admitting that our Lord and his apostles did not directly assail the institution of slavery by preaching revolt against it, he yet shows that they instilled principles which must infallibly work its destruction, and set up a society which has been its untiring enemy from that day to this. His answer to the stock case of Philemon and Onesimus is simply to transcribe the passage from St. Paul's Epistle—and we know of no answer that can be more perfect. The argument of this section is not so carefully elaborated as that which relates to the Old Testament, as why should it be? We think Mr. Goldwin Smith right again here in his method. We should not be careful to argue with men who dare to cite Him who taught that all men were brethren, who came amongst men as a carpenter's son who washed His disciples' feet, who said, in the most solemn hour of His life, "Whosoever will be chief among you let him be your servant," as a witness for a system which denies a whole race of men every right of manhood, and deliberately proclaims and uses them as personal chattels. No! argument is thrown away here. It is better to put the case and so leave it, as Mr. Smith has done. "Let the masters and slaves in America become really fellow-Christians, let them become in a true sense one Church, let them share the same Christian education, let them read the same Bible, let them partake of the communion together, and it will then be seen whether the relation between fellow-Christians is really compatible with the relation between master and slave."

Mr. Smith's position gives this essay a special value. He is a well-known Oxford professor, and has a right to speak with authority; he is a layman, and therefore will not be thought to be justifying the Bible from professional motives. But the worth of the work itself, calm, brave, and able as it is, and coming out at so critical a moment in the history of the English controversy as to the Bible, must have made a way for it had the author's name never been heard before. For ourselves, we cannot help hoping that this essay will do more than any previous publication to restore the tone of English society on the slavery question. We are sure that it must in many cases (as the author hopes) "help to relieve the distress caused by doubts as to the morality of the Old Testament on other points as well as on the question of slavery." It is refreshing every now and then to be able heartily and unreservedly to praise a book, especially if we have been often at issue with the author in times past, as has been our own case with respect to Mr. Goldwin Smith. That pleasure we can enjoy to-day We have only one single fault to find with that book, and that is, that it is too dear. To have done its work thoroughly, it should have been published for 1s. instead of 2s. 6d.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

PAINT, POWDER, PATCHES.

When Lord Foppington "entered into human nature," which is his grand euphuism for being born, his first object seems to have been to change his person as speedily as possible. The Foppington race, male and female, have followed the fashion with alacrity; but my lord was not the first of his race. In all times, and in as many climes, there has been a certain disinclination to leave matters as Nature gave them; and probably nothing has more extensively suffered, in this way, than the head.

If to the head nature gave one shape, to the face one complexion, to the hair one color, to the ears one form, fashion forthwith held it as her privilege to give another. It was so of old, and it is so now.

The ladies and gentlemen of Pontus, for example, and of other Eastern cities were proud of such children as had sugar-loaf heads. It was a sign they were of the right *tap;* and when a child was born, it was the first duty of all concerned to mould its head into the figure of the conical cap once worn by Oriental potentates. In old days, in Belgium and Portugal, newly made mothers looked on with delight at the efforts made to shape the infant's head according to the prevailing fashion—the long, and not the high head being then deemed the most aristocratical. To help to the attainment of this effect, little babies were always put to sleep resting on their sides and temples. Ancient Germany had also an especial regard for her damsels, among whom short heads were the distinctions of beauty. If Pericles was satirized by the comedians of his time, it was because the old dame who assisted at his birth had left his head as she found it, and had not shaped it into the very round form which alone obtained favor in the eyes of the Athenian ladies, marriageable or not. It would take a volume to show merely the various fashions among heads, and I am induced to believe, that not only the dog-headed but the *headless* people, of whom we read in ancient authors, were so called from certain modes, according to which the former won their designation, and the latter so stooped, in order to look dignified, that their heads seemed, as old writers described them, not growing *on* their shoulders, but *out of* their breasts.

Then, what vexation must it have been to lovers who were poets, in those old benighted places, where to be bald was to be lovely! In those places, mostly in Asia, where relics of the fashion may still be met with, a nymph with flowing locks would have been a monster to be shunned by her disgusted swain. But a fine smooth, hairless pate, if you please, that was a matter to take a man's heart away. A young girl's head, which she had rendered as bald and as ruddy as the sunny side of an apple, that was the magic by which disturbance was carried into the bosoms of adorers! Only to be permitted to touch this highly polished surface of all that was dear to him, was felicity to a wooer! but permission to touch with his lips the sinciput of the bald beloved—oh, the ecstasy is not to be told!

Montaigne, I think, was never so angry as when he referred to the old fashion of the Gauls who wore their hair long before and shaved it close behind. The philosophical essayist was not angry with his ancestors, but with his contemporaries. He lays it lustily on these wanton youths and effeminate gallants who had renewed the old barbarous fashion, or who at least had so far renewed it as to wear long dangling locks before, with a close crop behind; but fashion has gone even beyond this. In South Africa it was formerly the custom to shave one side of the head and to wear curling locks over the other, precisely as the lay figure does in hairdressers' shops, whereby is represented the condition of an individual's head before and after using the fructifying pomade sold on the premises. In Gallia-Comata must have arisen the once famous race of French *friseurs.* Fashion gave a name to a country, and made glorious the calling of *artistes en cheveux.*

The European fashion of powdering the hair white was long an astonishment and a stumbling-block to other nations. To simulate an effect of old age seemed to them an absurdity worthy only of savages. When the ambassador of young George the Third exhibited his royal master's portrait to a mandarin, the latter only remarked, "This cannot be he, for you told me your king was young, whereas here is a gray-headed man." Eastern nations, indeed, wore powder also; but with them it was only for the purpose of turning the hair black, for which purpose we "savages" have, and always have had, certain devices. At the end of the last cen-

tury there was a particular tinge of red hair (and very beautiful, but very rare, it is; you may see it in the pictures of old masters) which came into fashion. And to give this tinge to hair which did not possess it, a powder was invented by a French artist, and much patronized by Marie Antoinette. This was the *poudre-maréchale*. It was of a sparkling reddish brown, and had such an effect in heightening the complexion that actresses took to it kindly, and abused it outrageously.

Now this *poudre-maréchale* was only a return to that old mode whereby reddish hair was esteemed the only killing color for a lady. But I think the old modish red (of the Saxon, for instance) was only red in the sense that gold is said to be so by the poets. Certainly golden hair was a snare to Saxon hearts, and the girls whose heads lacked that enchantment used to try to acquire it by sitting in the sun; and when that process failed they were wont to sprinkle their locks with powder of saffron, and in cases where this failed, with powder of sulphur. The old fathers vehemently censured this custom, and declared that hell-fire would come of it; but the female part of Tertullian's congregation *Gallicized* themselves with saffron or sulphur powder only the more vehemently. We laugh at this vanity, but "jessamine butter," it is not to be forgotten, was largely used in King Charles's time, with a similar end in view. In the same king's reign first arose the fashion of using hot irons to frizzle the hair. After all, this was but a plagiarism from the Romans. The hair, which in Charles's time was brought down over the forehead, in both men and women, and almost down to the eyebrows, went up again under the Roundheads, who brought furrowed foreheads into fashion, as denoting righteousness.

Now, it was the delight of a Scythian, also, that the forehead should appear wrinkled. Aristophanes said of the Samians that they were the best-lettered nation he knew. The fact was, men and women, as if inaugurating patches, wore the impress of letters on their foreheads and cheeks. The eyebrows, too, have suffered as much abuse of nature as the forehead in which they are set. Some people reduced them to a line, others cultivated them into a ridge; Peruvian women cut them off and offered them to the sun, and in Purchas's *Pilgrims*, mention is made of some Eastern women who ran their eyebrows into triangles. But the prettiest story I know of eyebrows is of those which shaded the lovely eyes of the most lovely young Lady Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond. Her sire bade her look with favor on a suitor unknown to her; but Lady Georgiana cared only to look with favor on Henry Fox (afterwards Lord Holland). When the duke first informed his daughter that the suitor of whom he approved would appear that day at dinner, and expressed a hope that, all wayward as she was, she would make herself agreeable to him, the young lady was resolved to do the very reverse. She went to her dressing-room, cut off her eyebrows, frightened her would-be lover by her strange appearance, and then ran away with the old lover, who was not in the least alarmed by it. The sacrifice of Peruvian eyebrows to the sun was a poor conceit, compared with this of Lady Georgiana Lennox to love; and it is pleasant to record that, in the latter case, they not only grew again, but with them abounding joy and ever increasing happiness—till her ladyship fell into the habit of taking six hundred drops of laudanum daily!

Then, what tricks used to be played with the eyelids—and, indeed, very pretty consequences are obtained by the discreet playing of them even now. It was far different of old, when Hottentot damsels contrived to turn them back over the brow, the under portion being laid back on to the cheek. *That* must have been a sight to move a lover! Painted eyelids, again, may have been perilous to look at; but I do not understand the idiosyncrasy of those Transatlantic Indians who loved their charmers best when their eyelids had no lashes to them. Such a fashion would have robbed of her charms that lady richly endowed in beauty of the eyes, who is mentioned by the Prince de Ligne, and who was so proud of her dowry, that if you asked how her ladyship did, she would answer, "I suffer a little in my superb eyes." The hussy! Thereby suffered myriads of men.

I do not know why the nose and ears have been especially chosen for adornment by honest folk of old, and of small cultivation. Gold and silver and precious stones have been especially their portions. Nevertheless, if a Mogul lady had a nose from which a ring could hang, she would certainly cut it off. A couple of nostrils and no nose used to form the most perfect idea of beauty in the mind of a Tar-

tar lady of good principles and unimpeachable taste. And I am inclined to think that I would rather make love to *her* than to those Eastern ladies mentioned by pagan, and those Western ladies noticed by early Christian and equally veracious, writers, whose ears, by artificial fashionable training, reached down to their feet, and were so broad that the fair one could wrap herself round with them, and hide a couple of friends beneath them, into the bargain!

Into what monstrosities the prettiest lips in the world may be turned we all know who have seen portraits of the Batuecas. Pretty cheeks, too, have suffered in this respect, and some have thought that patches were but the descendants of those cheek-scars which the primitive wives of primitive and *balafré'd* warriors used to inflict on themselves, in order to look like their much battered lords. This may have been so, but another origin, and indeed more than one, may be assigned to the fashion of wearing patches.

Nothing, I believe, is more certain than that the patches or scars, and the tattooing of savage tribes, were originally used by them to celebrate some particular event, to honor some great warrior, or to perpetuate the memory of some vast calamity. There is, however, another theory touching this question which I will briefly narrate.

Once upon a time—the chronology is fixed after some such fashion by Clearchus—a number of Thracian women fell captives into the hands of certain Scythian ladies. The prisoners were better favored than their mistresses, and as this pleasant fact did not escape the admiring eyes of their masters, the Scythian ladies were sorely troubled thereat; and there was dissension in many a household.

The Scythian husbands, however, let their hard-featured wives rail on, but they made Hebes of their captive handmaidens, and as these lifted the cup to the brawny hands of their lords, the latter, with their habitual indifference to propriety, would pat the cheek of the bearers, look on their wives, and laugh "consumedly."

And the cheeks of these maidens, glowing as the rose in the diffusive rays of the sun, became hateful in the eyes of the much vexed matrons. How they might mar the beauty that was there enthroned became with the community of angry wives the most serious social question of the period. Jealousy sharpened their ingenuity; and the motion of a ruffled consort of one of the most faithless of the husbands, to cover the pretty cheeks of the captives with hideous spots, was unanimously adopted.

But what spots? The blooming Thracian girls would not drink strong drinks, like their thirsty and bloated owners, and thereby redden their noses or fix fever-patches on their cheeks. As for beating them, the eyes of the weepers seemed all the brighter for the tears which fringed their lids—nay one Scythian Lothario had been seen absolutely kissing them off. There was not much of the Samaritan spirit in him, but in this work of humanity the labor took the guise of a labor of love. The ladies were driven to their wit's ends?

At this juncture, one of the more angry fair, playing with the point of the dagger which she had drawn from her zone, remarked that she could cheerfully run an inch of it into the impertinent cheeks of these foreign hussies. This hint led to the suggestion of slashing their faces. The men were just then all absent, occupied in matters of hunting or of battle; what was easier than to seize the fair captives and make them ugly forever.

Fear of their terrible consorts, however, restrained them for awhile; restrained them, indeed, until they resolved so to shape their act of vengeance that it should take the form of a compliment to their husbands. Thereupon, they seized the reluctant prisoners, bound them, and, with needles, pricked the right cheek of each into little patterns of sun, moon, and stars, which they filled up with dye; and, when the Scythian squires returned, after long absence from home, the ladies presented the Hebes, as new editions corrected and improved.

The accomplished fact was not accepted with alacrity by the gentlemen, and yet it led to a permanent fashion. The scattered figures were united by waving lines, symmetry was given to the pattern, which was extended to both cheeks, and the Scythian dames adopted it, by especial command of their tyrants. Thus was made the first attempt to introduce patches, not placed upon, but cut into, the flesh. It only partially succeeded; but it led to tattooing.

From Scythia to Ely, and from the "once

upon a time" of Clearchus to the seventh century of the Christian era, is a wide step to make over time and space; but the step brings us to that queen and saint, Ethelreda, whose familiar Saxon name, St. Audry, and her own habits, as well as those bought and sold at the fair held on her festival day in June, have added to our vocabulary that very significant epithet *tawdry*. Ethelreda had been a lively young lady, and had worn the only brilliant necklaces to be seen in the East Anglian court of her sire in Suffolk. But much dissipation and two husbands had made her look upon all worldly enjoyments as so much vanity, and the queen withdrawing from "society"—for that terrible institution was in force, even in those early days—shut herself up in a monastery, took to rigorous ways, renounced the use of water, except as a beverage, and became covered with spots about the neck and face, to her infinite peace of mind and general satisfaction.

St. Audry had no idea that these unsightly patches were the results of severity of life. She laid them to the account rather of luxury and vanity. "I was once too proud," she would say, "of those splendid carbuncles which my mother, Hereswylda, gave me when I married poor Toubercht; and now I have an assortment of them which I think more beautiful still." Her nuns, for she was lady-abbess of her damp convent, thought, as they looked at her, that she would be none the less seemly to the eyes of beholders if she would but cover what she called her carbuncles, with patches. The royal lady-abbess would not hear of it, but thereby the wearing of patches became a symbol, if not of religion, at least of a desire to be considered religious. Lacking the carbuncles, people who admired Ethelreda wore the patches as if the wearers possessed those precious signs of a rigid rule of life which they pretended to cover. Common-sense folk, with reasonable ways of looking at a matter, pronounced this fashion as being a thoroughly *tawdry* affair.

There were others who ventured to suggest that there was greater beauty in cleanliness than in carbuncles or spots born of low diet and much dirt. These persons, with much freedom, spoke of the superiority of actual to metaphorical ablution; but thereat was St. Thomas of Ely sorely irritated. The dirt patches of Queen Ethelreda were to him as bright stars in a firmament of spiritual beauty. "Wash!" he would exclaim; "fie upon your washing! Besides, Ethelreda washed every hour, though ye know it not?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the captious folk, "then it certainly was not her face!"

"Face here, face there!" said St. Thomas; "the good queen and saintly lady washed her heart hourly; what profit would there have been to her in washing the body, after that? None! and water never touched it, except it fell upon her in the form of rain."

Accordingly, the personal cleanliness of the queen was accounted as unnecessary, seeing the amount of spiritual bathing to which she subjected her heart. How long Ethelreda's fashion prevailed it would be difficult to determine; perhaps the fact that her "spots" were lauded by Thomas of Ely led to the wearing of patches, not by ladies, but by men.

In Webster's time men wore patches for rheums; and Angelina, in the *Elder Brother*, alludes to patches being worn by men, in her speech to Eustace:—

"'Tis not a face I only am in love with;
Nor will I say your face is excellent,
A reasonable hunting-face to court the wind with!
No, nor your visits each day in new suits,
Nor your black patches you wear variously,
Some cut like stars, some in half-moons, some lozenges,
All which but show you still a younger brother."

The allusions to patches in Butler denote that the wearing of them by men had passed away, but that the fashion was, as in Beaumont and Fletcher's time, whose description refers to their own period, the same as to form and variety with that noticed in the above quotation. I think the fashion died out under the Commonwealth, but that it revived with the Restoration.

Quiet men and honest women, however, were not always in a hurry to accept the fashion stamped by the approval of such a court as that of Charles the Second. Patches, nevertheless, had a fascinating effect on some of the most honest but, in this respect, most yielding of women. Do you not remember that August morning of 1660, when Mrs. Pepys came down-stairs to breakfast, and very much astonished the good, yet too gallant, little man, her husband? They had been five years married, and few had been the

unloving words that had passed between them, though there had been a few small provocations on either side. In silent wonder Mr. Pepys looked at his lady. He makes no record of having uttered a word, but he registered his surprise in his diary. "This is the first day," he writes, on the 30th of August, "that ever I saw my wife wear black patches, since we were married!"

He manifestly did not approve of the new mode, and he marked its spread with something like wonder. In October, he visits his friend and patron Lord Sandwich, who *does* admire patches. My lord is establishing himself as a fine gentleman; he is looking out for a French cook, is about to engage a master of the horse, and Pepys heard him "talk very high, how he would have," not only the above appendages to a family of quality, but have also "his lady and child to wear black patches; which methought was strange; but," adds Pepys, discerning the reason, "he has become a perfect courtier."

As with the patron, so with the client; and in this matter of patches, Pepys gradually became a perfect courtier too. Not all at once, however. It took him another month before he could well bring his mind to it; not that the strong-minded Mrs. Pepys had ceased to wear patches, but she had worn them without marital sanction, and she was a trifle unlovely in the eyes of her husband accordingly. That husband, however, was a philosopher, and magnanimously resolved to permit what he dared not positively forbid. In November he issued license to his wife to do that which she had been doing and would have continued to do without it. But she gained something by accepting the permission without affecting to despise it, for Pepys remarks, with a pretty and unconscious simplicity, in November, "My wife seemed very pretty to-day, it being the first time I had ever given her leave to wear a black patch."

Of course, he now admired most what he had once despised. How could he ever have thought that the patches marred the sunny Somersetshire beauty of his Elizabeth? They positively heightened it, and set her above princesses. When he saw the handsome Henrietta Duchess of Orleans, who had come on a visit to her brother, Charles the Second, and his own wife standing not far from her, at court, the power and excellent effect of the patch was established forever in his mind. "The Princess Henrietta is very pretty," he says, ". . . but my wife standing near her, with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she!" Well said, Mr. Pepys! The Elizabeth St. Michel of his courting days queened it over Henrietta of England!

But what he had once disliked, and now admired in princesses, ladies generally, and his wife in particular, became intolerable in his eyes when it was assumed by women of less degree. In two years the patches had got among the milliners. One day in October, 1662, Mr. Pepys strolled about the Exchange, with this resulting profit to his lounge: "Among other things observing one very pretty Exchange lass, with her face full of black patches, which was a strange sight."

The sight was no longer strange in Queen Anne's time. The ladies then had re-adopted patches. The *Spectator*, speaking as one of the four "Indian kings," or American chiefs, who were then being lionized about town, says: "As for the women of the country, they look like angels; and they would be more beautiful than the sun, were it not for the little black spots that break out in their faces, and sometimes rise in very odd figures. I have observed that those little blemishes wear off very soon; but when they disappear in one part of the face they are very apt to break out in another. Insomuch that I have seen a spot in the forehead in the afternoon which was upon the chin in the morning!"

Patches have gone so slowly out that they have not yet altogether expired. The "beauty spot," still used by humble belles, in out-of-the-way districts, is the last relic of the old, often dying, but never entirely dead fashion.

In Congreve's *Way of the World* a lady asks if all the powder is out of her hair, and gentlemen are introduced who, previous to being admitted to the ladies, comb their powdered periwigs as they ascend the staircase. The use of powder was known in the army as early as 1655, and Southey's question, whether men or women first wore it, is therein solved. Powder was considered a great dignifier of the human head; but that depends on circumstances. A bald-headed monk is picturesque; powder him, and he becomes a caricature. The fact is, that powder cannot beautify without paint. A woman delicately powdered, artistically rouged, and

her eyebrows left as nature colored them, was a seductive picture in the Georgian era.

Of the early part of George the Third's reign there were not two beauties who painted, patched, and powdered more, or who needed it less than Mrs. Hobart and Lady Coventry; the former, all in gauze and spangles, "like a spangled pudding," as a fine gentleman remarked; the latter, in a light blue dress, covered with round spots of silver, which made her look, according to George Selwyn, like "change for a guinea." Poor Lady Coventry! As long as paint could deceive her, she was slow to believe in consumption; but when the terrible truth forced itself upon her, she lay, all unpainted and unpowdered, gazing into a pocket-glass till she could bear no longer to contemplate the breaking up of the wreck of herself. Nor would she offer that melancholy spectacle to the sympathy or indifference of others. She passed from couch and pocket-mirror to bed and closed curtains; and with no other light than that of a spirit-lamp beneath a kettle in her room, she received visitors and the ministration of her servants, never doing more than passing her small hand between the curtains which hid forever the living pale face of the once supreme beauty.

But this painting and powdering had its comic as well as its solemn side. There was no such a highly colored family in all Europe as that of the Duke of Modena. When young, he wore a lump of vermilion on one temple, that less notice might be taken of the wen on the other. When old, he married a more highly painted woman than he had ever been a duke; and wits said, if they dared put their faces together, the colors would run together, like those on a couple of palettes in contact. The duke's sister, Benedetta, indulged in this fashion, the more extravagantly as she grew older; and Walpole describes her as painted and peeled like an old summer-house, with the bristles on her chin sprouting through the plaster. Travellers wended miles out of their way to see this gorgeously got-up family; but indeed there were similar exhibitions at home. When it took many hours to suit a lady's head and complexion to the humor in which she chose to be for the day, or to go with to court, the lady herself would sit up in state for an hour or two—an exhibition for her friends and her friends' servants. A lady's maid excused herself for arriving late at a steward's-room party at Richmond, on the ground of her having gone to see the Duchess of Montrose, who was "only showed from two to four.

This duchess's contemporary, the old Duchess of Bedford, was a quicker or more careless dowager. We have an instance of this in her hurry at King George's coronation, when she got an idle lord to color her wrinkled cheeks as she was passing through that appropriate locality, the Painted Chamber. "How do you look?" said her Grace of Queensberry. "Why, like an orange-peach, all red and yellow!" But this last peeress affected an extreme plainness. She went to church, like Madame Du Barry at Versailles, without rouge, or powder, or patches; and she went to court quite as meanly dressed as ever the famous Countess of Pembroke, of the previous century, was at home, namely, in a gown and petticoat of red flannel! And that, too, at a time when not only was luxury in dress at its highest, but kissing on the forehead was introduced for the reason mentioned by Lady Emily Gayville, in Burgoyne's comedy, *The Heiress:* "I perfectly acknowledge the propriety of the custom. It is almost the only spot on the face where the touch would not risk a confusion of complexions?"

It was an age, in short, when not only was there an abuse of paint, but an abuse of powder. Garrick dressed Hamlet absurdly enough; but in France, in Ducis' adaptation, Hamlet appeared on the stage in a powdered wig; but *so did Orestes;* O ye gods! Ay, as powdered as any French lacquey, who put on his powdering gown and mask as soon as he rose, dressed his head at daybreak as if he were going to carry it to court, went to his dirty work, and then waited at dinner, "frisé comme un bichon," with a three-days'-old pocket-handkerchief doing duty as a cravat!

Davenant, in a passage too long to quote, asserts that the practice of painting came to us from France. This is a bold assertion, considering that the first illustrious stranger who landed here from that country found our ancestors painted from head to foot, and, if not patched, very prettily tattooed. It is not clear to me that the British chiefs may not have been powdered also — after a manner; after that, for instance, of those Gaulish and some Germanic chiefs who powdered their

hair with something resembling gold dust. Be this as it may, painting the face certainly received its hardest blow in France. Tertullian never said anything smarter to the ladies of his congregation against wearing wigs — which might be made, he remarked, of the hair of dead people who were damned —than the Bishop of Amiens a hundred years since said to a lady whose conscience was at issue with her desires touching the wearing of *rouge*. "Ah, ah!" exclaimed the good prelate, "one casuist affirms in one sense, a second casuist in another. I choose, my dear madam, a happy medium; I sanction *rouging*. Paint, dear daughter, paint since you so wish; but only on one cheek, dear lady!" and the *chère dame* thereat laughed till she became as rosy as nature or modesty ever painted withal.

Perhaps, the witty and pleasantly cruel bishop was thinking of the passage in the prophet Jeremiah, — "Though thou rentest thy face with painting, in vain shalt thou make thyself fair. Thy lovers will despise thee." And this recollection of Jeremiah reminds me of another passage in Isaiah, which I may quote after all this gossiping, and so end seriously with the ladies, to whom at this moment I more especially address myself. The crown of the head of the daughters of Zion was threatened by the prophet, because of their vanity, their pride of dress and their haughty or affected carriage. They were menaced with the loss of all that is dear to merely vain women,—the long list has, doubtless, often been conned by my fair perusers. Did it ever strike them that one of the penalties for vanity to which the daughters of Zion were to be condemned has really, and for the same especial reason, fallen upon the daughters of the Gentiles? With some of them, at least, excess in style of dress, and heedlessness of peril where they wore it, have realized that part of the solemn prediction which says: "And it shall come to pass that there shall be *burning instead of beauty!*"

Rayons et Reflets. Par le Chevalier de Chatelain. (Rolandi. Pp. 438.)—M. de Chatelain, who began his career as a French author in 1822, and among whose numerous works are many translations from English into French—including Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" and his "Flower and the Leaf," Shakspeare's "Macbeth," and two volumes of Miscellanies called "Beautés de la Poesie Anglaise"—has here published, in a handsome octavo volume, metrical French versions of selected pieces from nearly two hundred English poets living or dead. The pieces from living poets are most numerous; and scarcely any living English versifier is unrepresented. M. de Chatelain has already acquired celebrity as a translator into French: of the merits of the present volume an extract or two will give an idea. Here is the first stanza of Campbell's "Hohenlinden:"—

"Au coucher du soliel la neige était encore
Vierge du sang humain qui souvent la colore,
Hohenlinden du fleuve était l'écho sonore,
L'Iser coulait avec rapidité."

The first stanza of Burns's "What can a Young Lassie" is rendered as follows:—

"Dites, que voulez-vous que jeune ménagère
Puisse faire d'un vieux dans le nœud conjugal?
Maudit soit donc l'argent qui te poussa ma mère
A vendre ta Jenny . . . pour du métal!"

And the first stanza of Kingsley's "Three Fishers," thus:—

"Vers l'occident s'en allaient trois pêcheurs,
Vers l'occident quand le soleil s'incline,
Tous trois pensaient aux amours de leurs cœurs,
Et les enfants de loin leur faisaient mine;
A l'homme le travail, a la femme les pleurs,
Car le gain n'est pas gros, nombreux sont les mangeurs,
Quoique du port la barre et frémisse et gémisse."

M. de Chatelain, we observe, announces, at the end of the volume, several other works as nearly ready for publication, and among them a French translation of "Hamlet."—*Reader.*

The *Korrespondent von und fur Deutschland* contains the following interesting notice from Turin: "The excavations at Pompeii are carried on most actively. A few days ago a cradle was found, constructed exactly after the same swinging-system in use now throughout Europe. Besides this, there were brought to light gladiators' fights, popular games, battles, etc., carved in wood, and movable through an ingenious but simple mechanism. These exemplify better than any drawing the details of the motions, the tactics, and the mode of warfare, and also the extraordinary dexterity of the gladiators. This find has created a very great sensation."

From The Reader.

MR. HERSCHEL ON LUMINOUS METEORS.

So much attention has lately been paid to the branch of physical inquiry which deals with the different cosmical phenomena coming under the head of "luminous meteors," that we doubt not the following abstract of Mr. Herschel's admirable lecture, which entirely delighted those assembled at the Royal Institution to hear it, will be read with interest. It must not be forgotten that much of the work recently accomplished has been done by Mr. Herschel himself. Nor has he omitted to wield the pen in order to induce others to come to the aid of the British Association Committee; witness a charming article on the Observation of Bolides, in the *Intellectual Observer* for last month. It may also be remarked here that, although a little time ago the British Museum contrasted unfavorably with that of Vienna in its collection of meteorites, the recent progress—thanks to the untiring care of Mr. Nevil Maskelyne—has been such, that ere long, it will be beyond the reach of rivalry.

Mr. Herschel commenced his discourse by referring to the ignis fatuus, halos, parhelias, and auroræ, and stated that the term "luminous meteors" also includes shooting-stars, fireballs, and Aërolites or Aërosiderites—masses of stone and iron precipitated from the air. The electrical nature of lightning was proved by the experiments of Franklin in America and Dalibard in France as early as 1752, and all its effects can be illustrated experimentally upon a small scale; but globe-lightning has hitherto received no explanation. Its occurrence rests upon more slender evidence than the frequent appearances of meteors and shooting-stars; and the great height and brilliancy of fireballs makes their analogy with such electrical discharges beneath the clouds more than doubtful or imperfect. From numerous reports of eleven large meteors which passed over England in the two years 1861–63, collected for the British Association, the heights of appearance were found to vary from thirty to one hundred and ninety-six miles above the earth, and of disappearance from fifteen to sixty-five miles above the earth. Their velocities were from twenty-three to sixty miles in a second. Meteors are occasionally dazzling by day and brighter than the full moon at night. A globe of ordinary gas-flame, a yard in diameter, at the distance of one mile, may be taken to represent the light of full-moon; but from these reports, globes of fourteen to fifty feet in diameter of similar flame are required to represent correctly the light of the meteors at their known distances from the observers. Electrical discharges, on the contrary, diminish in the intensity of their light, as the air in which they take place is more and more exhausted. The powerful light of fireballs must, therefore, be explained in other ways. In large fireballs a bright ball or cap of bluish light is followed by a train of ruddy sparks drawing to a tail behind the meteor, or left by tongues of flame which flicker from the cap. These give to the fireball a pear-shaped or kite-shaped appearance, and follow sluggishly in the rear of the headlike smoke behind a flame. Frequently they last for some minutes, or even an hour after the disappearance of the meteor, in clouds and patches, or in a long streak of phosphorescent light, both of which appearances vary continually in form and brightness till they disappear. It has been put forth by Mr. Brayley, and again by Dr. Haidinger of Vienna, that the light of a fireball is caused by a small parcel of solid matter entering the atmosphere with immense velocity, and compressing the air before it in its path. The flash which is seen in a fire-syringe made of glass, when punk and amadou are lighted by suddenly compressed air, is an experiment in point. By the intense heat a flame like that of the oxyhydrogen lime-light is produced, which Mr. Brayley considers to vary in brilliancy and color according to the materials of the meteoric mass. Referring to some recent experiments by M. Sainte Claire Deville at Paris, and Dr. Plücker at Bonn, in which, by great heat, oxygen had been dissociated from hydrogen in steam, and carbonic acid and other chemical compounds had been decomposed. Mr. Herschel conjectured that the violent heat of a fireball is sufficient to destroy the chemical affinities in the meteoric surface, and to cause the glowing sparks and phosphorescent streaks, which follow the flame, by the gradual recombustion in the rear of the reduced metals and elements in the track of the meteor's flight. Four observations of a shooting-star, from two different places, determine the real path of the meteor. These have been found to be quite similar to fireballs in height and velocity, and, like those, always descend

obliquely towards the earth. The storm of stars, occasionally seen on the mornings of November 13th, was first shown to be periodical by Professor Denison Olmsted in America in 1836; but the shower of August 10th was shown to recur every year by Mr. T. M. Forster in England, in 1827; and again by M. Quetelet at Brussels, and Professor Herrick at Newhaven (U.S.) in 1836–37, independently of one another. They are supposed to form a belt of small planets or asteroids about the sun.

The most marvellous meteors are those which precipitate stones upon the earth. A fireball always precedes these occurrences; and a report or detonation is heard some minutes before the stones precipitate themselves with rattling and thundering noise upon the earth. Specimens of one hundred and eleven of these "falls" are exhibited at the British Museum, and seventy-nine specimens of iron masses of similar origin. The stones are small, claylike, or tuffaceous blocks, enclosing crystals and grains of volcanic minerals, and scales of metallic and pyritic iron alloyed with nickel, and are glazed completely over with a thin, enamel-like crust of their molten substance, giving evidence of their momentary exposure to flame of very intense heat since the time when they were broken from their native rocks and before striking the earth. They are picked up too hot to be handled. They have an exceedingly uniform specific gravity, and agree in the presence of phosphorus, iron, and nickel in their composition. Von Schreibers ascribed to these stones a three-sided or four-sided pyramidal figure; but this has not in general been substantiated by more recent falls. On etching with acids the polished surfaces of iron-masses precipitated under perfectly similar surfaces, Widmanstätten discovered figures of crystalline structure in the masses, known to the present day after his name. In illustration of the history of these stones, Professor Tyndall exhibited on the screen, by means of the electric lamp, numerous thin sections of their substance, prepared by Professor Maskelyne of the British Museum for the microscope; when their complicated structure was clearly seen. From their high velocity a planetary or asteroidial motion round the sun is considered by Mr. Herschel to be the true native path in which they are intercepted by the earth—the Lunar-Volcanic theory proposed for their origin not satisfying the effects observed.

Among the brilliant experiments which Mr. Herschel introduced was the illustration of auroral phenomena by means of the passage of the induced current through exhausted tubes and cells—the transporting power of the magnets upon the currents being evidenced by their curvature and rotation about the magnetic poles. The lecturer concluded with the statement of his conviction that observations freely communicated to scientific men would enable them to succeed before long in determining the orbits of the most vivid fireballs about the sun, and deciding the laws of their return.

Natural Phenomena, the Genetic Record, and the Sciences, harmonically arranged and compared. By Alexander McDonald. (Longman & Co. Pp. 197.)—Mr. McDonald tells us in his preface that we are to "treat the Bible as of Divine origin, but to look at the details in the light of knowledge." "Besides proving the correctness of the Genetic narration, the work includes descriptions of Atomic weights, volumes, and outlines, so as to bring them within the range of practical utility. It likewise endeavors to assign the reason of astronomical, geological vegetative, and animal appearances." By way of farther sample of the book, we will extract a few of our author's definitions. "Magnetism," he says, "is horizontal, inclined and perpendicular. Electricity is indistinct, distinct, and preponderating. Light is subfocal, focal, and superfocal. Heat is long, moderate, and short. Sound is large, equal, and small. Color is narrow, medial, and broad. Odor is lax, neutral, and dense. Music is centrifugal, globular, and centripital. Take the head of a man, the brain is as light, the eye as color, the nose as heat, the mouth as odor, the chin as sound, and the ear as music." The reader will guess the nature of the book from this specimen.—*Reader.*

LALLA-ROOKH
Is a naughty book,
By Tommy Moore,
Who has written four;
Each warmer
Than the former,
So the most recent
Is the least decent.

PART II.—CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Wentworth's sermon on Easter Sunday was one which he himself long remembered, though it is doubtful whether any of his congregation had memories as faithful. To tell the truth, the young man put a black cross upon it with his blackest ink, a memorial of meaning unknown to anybody but himself. It was a curious little sermon, such as may still be heard in some Anglican pulpits. Though he had heart and mind enough to conceive something of those natural depths of divine significance and human interest, which are the very essence of the Easter festival, it was not into these that Mr. Wentworth entered in his sermon. He spoke, in very choice little sentences, of the beneficence of the Church in appointing such a feast, and of all the beautiful arrangements she had made for the keeping of it. But even in the speaking, in the excited state of mind he was in, it occurred to the young man to see, by a sudden flash of illumination, how much higher, how much more catholic, after all his teaching would have been, could he but have once ignored the Church, and gone direct, as nature bade, to that empty grave in which all the hopes of humanity had been entombed. He saw it by gleams of that perverse light which seemed more satanic than heavenly in the moments it chose for shining, while he was preaching his little sermon about the Church and her beautiful institution of Easter, just as he had seen the non-importance of his lilly-wreath and surplices as he was about to suffer martyrdon for them. All these circumstances were hard upon the young man. Looking down straight into the severe iron-grey eyes of his Aunt Leonora, he could not of course so much as modify a single sentence of the discourse he was uttering, no more than he could permit himself to slur over a single monotone of the service; but that sudden bewildering perception that he could have done so much better—that the loftiest High-Churchism of all might have been consistent enough with Skelmersdale, had he but gone into the heart of the matter—gave a bitterness to the deeper, unseen current of the curate's thoughts.

Besides, it was terrible to feel that he could not abstract himself from personal concerns even in the most sacred duties. He was conscious that the two elder sisters went away, and that only poor Aunt Dora, her weak-minded ringlets limp with tears, came tremulous to the altar-rails. When the service was over, and the young priest was disrobing himself, she came to him and gave a spasmodic, sympathetic, half-reproachful, pressure to his hand. "O Frank, my dear, I did it for the best," said Miss Dora, with a doleful countenance; and the Perpetual Curate knew that his doom was sealed. He put the best face he could upon the matter, having sufficient doubts of his own wisdom to subdue the high temper of the Wentworths for that moment at least.

"What was it you did for the best?" said the Curate of St. Roque's. "I suppose, after all, it was no such great matter *hearing* me as you thought; but I told you I was not an ambitious preacher. This is a day for worship, not for talk."

"Ah! yes," said Miss Dora, "but O Frank, my dear, it is hard upon me after all my expectations. It would have been so nice to have had you at Skelmersdale. I hoped you would marry Julia Trench, and we should all have been so happy; and perhaps if I had not begged Leonora to come just now, thinking it would be so nice to take you just in your usual way—but she must have known sooner or later," said poor Aunt Dora, looking wistfully into his face. "O Frank I hope you don't think I'm to blame."

"I never should have married Julia Trench," said the curate gloomily. He did not enter into the question of Miss Dora's guilt or innocence—he gave a glance at the lilies on the altar, and a sigh. The chances were he would never marry anybody, but loyalty to Lucy demanded instant repudiation of any other possible bride. "Where are you going Aunt Dora; back to the Blue Boar? or will you come with me?" he said as they stood together at the door of St. Roque's. Mr. Wentworth felt as if he had caught the beginning threads of a good many different lines of thought, which he would be glad to be alone to work out.

"You'll come back with me to the inn to lunch?" said Miss Dora. "O Frank, my dear remember your Christian feelings, and don't make a breach in the family. It will be bad enough to face your poor dear father, after he knows what Leonora means to do; and I do so want to talk to you," said the poor woman, eagerly clinging to his arm. "You always were fond of your poor Aunt

Dora, Frank; when you were quite a little trot you used always to like me best; and in the holiday times, when you came down from Harrow, I used always to hear all your troubles. If you would only have confidence in me now."

"But what if I have no troubles to confide?" said Mr. Wentworth; "a man and a boy are very different things. Come, Aunt Dora, I'll see you safe to your inn. What should I have to grumble about? I have plenty to do, and it is Easter; and few men can have everything their own way."

"You wont acknowledge that you're vexed," said Aunt Dora, almost crying under her veil, "but I can see it all the same. You always were such a true Wentworth; but if you only would give in, and say that you are disappointed and angry with us all, I could bear it better, Frank. I would not feel then that you thought it my fault! And O Frank, dear, you don't consider how disappointed your poor dear Aunt Leanora was! It's just as hard upon us," she continued pressing his arm in her eagerness, "as it is upon you. We had all so set our hearts on having you at Skelmersdale. Don't you think, if you were giving your mind to it, you might see things in a different light?" with another pressure of his arm. "O Frank, what does it matter, after all, if the heart is right, whether you read the service in your natural voice, or give that little quaver at the end? I am sure for my part——"

"My dear aunt," said Mr. Wentworth, naturally incensed by this manner of description, "I must be allowed to say that my convictions are fixed, and not likely to be altered. I am a priest and you are—a woman." He stopped short, with perhaps a little bitterness. It was very true she was a woman, unqualified to teach, but yet she and her sisters were absolute in Skelmersdale. He made a little gulp of his momentary irritation, and walked on in silence, with Miss Dora's kind wistful hand clinging to his arm.

"But, dear Frank, among us Protestants, you know, there is no sacerdotal caste," said Miss Dora, opportunely recollecting some scrap of an Exeter Hall speech. We are all kings and priests to God. O Frank it is Gerald's example that has led you away. I am sure, before you went to Oxford you were never at all a ritualist—even Leonora thought you such a pious boy; and I am sure your good sense must teach you——" faltered Aunt Dora, trying her sister's grand tone.

"Hush, hush; I can't have you begin to argue with me; you are not my Aunt Leonora," said the curate, half amused in spite of himself. This encouraged the anxious woman, and, clasping his arm closer than ever she poured out all her heart.

"O Frank, if you could only modify your views a little! It is not that there is any difference between your views and ours, except just in words, my dear. Flowers are very pretty decorations, and I know you look very nice in your surplice; and I am sure, for my part, I should not mind—but then that is not carrying the Word of God to the people, as Leonora says. If the heart is right, what does it matter about the altar?" said Aunt Dora, unconsciously falling upon the very argument that had occurred to her nephew's perplexed mind in the pulpit. "Even though I was in such trouble, I can't tell you what a happiness it was to take the sacrament from your hands, my dear, dear boy; and but for these flowers and things that could do nobody any good, poor dear Leonora, who is very fond of you, though perhaps you don't think it, could have had that happiness too. O Frank, don't you think you could give up these things that don't matter? If you were just to tell Leonora that you have been thinking it over, and that you see you've made a mistake, and that in future——"

"You don't mean to insult me?" said the young man. "Hush—hush; you don't know what you are saying. Not to be made Archbishop of Canterbury, instead of Vicar of Skelmersdale. I don't understand how you could suggest such a thing to me."

Miss Dora's veil, which she had partly lifted, here fell over her face, as it had kept doing all the time she was speaking—but this time she did not put it back. She was no longer able to contain herself, but wept hot tears of distress and vexation, under the flimsy covering of lace. "No, of course, you will not do it—you will far rather be haughty, and say it is my fault," said poor Miss Dora. "We have all so much pride, we Wentworths—and you never think of our disappointment, and how we all calculated upon

having you at Skelmersdale, and how happy we were to be, and that you were to marry Julia Trench——"

It was just at this moment that the two reached the corner of Prickett's Lane. Lucy Wodehouse had been down there seeing the sick woman. She had, indeed, been carrying her dinner to that poor creature, and was just turning into Grange Lane, with her blue ribbons hidden under the gray cloak, and a little basket in her hand. They met full in the face at this corner, and Miss Dora's words reached Lucy's ears, and went through and through her with a little nervous thrill. She had not time to think whether it was pain or only surprise that moved her, and was not even self-possessed enough to observe the tremulous pressure of the curate's hand, as he shook hands with her, and introduced his aunt. "I have just been to see the poor woman at No. 10," said Lucy. "She is very ill to-day. If you had time, it would be kind of you to see her. I think she has something on her mind."

"I will go there before I go to Wharfside," said Mr. Wentworth. "Are you coming down to the service this afternoon? I am afraid it will be a long service, for there are all these little Burrowses, you know——"

"Yes, I am godmother," said Lucy, and smiled and gave him her hand again as she passed him, while Aunt Dora looked on with curious eyes. The poor curate heaved a mighty sigh as he looked after the gray cloak. Not his the privilege now, to walk with her to the green door, to take her basket from the soft hand of the merciful sister. On the contrary, he had to turn his back upon Lucy, and walk on with Aunt Dora to the inn—at this moment a symbolical action which seemed to embody his fate.

"Where is Wharfside? and who are the little Burrowses? and what does the young lady mean by being godmother?" said Aunt Dora. "She looks very sweet and nice; but what is the meaning of that gray cloak? O Frank, I hope you don't approve of nunneries, and that sort of thing. It is such foolishness. My dear, the Christian life is very hard, as your Aunt Leonora always says. She says she can't bear to see people playing at Christianity——"

"People should not speak of things they don't understand," said the Perpetual Curate. "Your Exeter Hall men, Aunt Dora, are like the old ascetics—they try to make a merit of Christianity by calling it hard and terrible; but there are some sweet souls in the world, to whom it comes natural as sunshine in May." And the young Anglican, with a glance behind him from the corner of his eye, followed the fair figure, which he believed he was never, with a clear conscience, to accompany any more. "Now, here is your inn," he said, after a little pause. "Wharfside is a district, where I am going presently to conduct service, and the little Burrowses are a set of little heathens, to whom I am to administer holy baptism this Easter Sunday. Good-bye just now."

"O Frank, my dear, just come in for a moment and tell Leonora—it will show her how wrong she is," said poor Aunt Dora, clinging to his arm.

"Right or wrong, I am not going into any controversy. My Aunt Leonora knows perfectly well what she is doing," said the curate, with the best smile he could muster; and so shook hands with her resolutely, and walked back again all the way down Grange Lane, past the green door to his own house. Nobody was about the green door at that particular moment to ask him in to luncheon, as sometimes happened. He walked down all the way to Mrs. Hadwin's with something of the sensations of a man who has just gone through a dreadful operation, and feels with a kind of dull surprise after, that everything around him is just the same as before. He had come through a fiery trial, though nobody knew of it; and, just at this moment, when he wanted all his strength, how strange to feel that haunting sense of an unnecessary sacrifice—that troubled new vein of thought which would be worked out, and which concerned matters more important than Skelmersdale, weighty as that was. He took his sermon out of his pocket when he got home, and marked a cross upon it, as we have already said; but, being still a young man, he was thankful to snatch a morsel of lunch, and hasten out again to his duty, instead of staying to argue the question with himself. He went to No. 10 Prickett's Lane, and was a long time with the sick woman, listening to all the woeful tale of a troubled life, which the poor sick creature had been contemplating for days and days, in her solitude, through those strange exaggerated death-gleams which Miss Leonora Wentworth would have called

"the light of eternity." She remembered all sorts of sins, great and small, which filled her with nervous terror; and it was not till close upon the hour for the Wharfside service, that the curate could leave his tremulous penitent. The schoolroom was particularly full that day. Easter, perhaps, had touched the hearts—it certainly had refreshed the toilettes of the bargemen's wives and daughters. Some of them felt an inward conviction that their new ribbons were undoubtedly owing to the clergyman's influence, and that Tom and Jim would have bestowed the money otherwise before the Church planted her pickets in this corner of the enemy's camp; and the conviction, though not of an elevated description, was a great deal better than no conviction at all. Mr. Wentworth's little sermon to them was a great improvement upon his sermon at St. Roque's. He told them about the empty grave of Christ, and how he called the weeping woman by her name, and showed her the earnest of the end of all sorrows. There were some people who cried, thinking of the dead who were still waiting for Easter, which was more than anybody did when Mr. Wentworth discoursed upon the beautiful institutions of the Church's year; and a great many of the congregation stayed to see Tom Burrows's six children come up for baptism, preceded by the new baby, whose infant claims to Christianity the curate had so strongly insisted upon, to the awakening of a fatherly conscience in the honest bargemen. Lucy Wodehouse, without her gray cloak, stood at the font, holding that last tiny applicant for saving grace, while all the other little heathens were signed with the sacred cross. And, strangely enough, when the young priest and the young woman stood so near each other, solemnly pledging, one after another, each little sunbrowned, round-eyed pagan to be Christ's faithful servant and soldier, the cloud passed away from the firmament of both. Neither of them, perhaps, was of a very enlightened character of soul. They believed they were doing a great work for Tom Burrows's six children, calling God to his promise on their behalf, and setting the little feet straight for the gates of the eternal city; and in their young love and faith their hearts rose. Perhaps it was foolish of Mr. Wentworth to suffer himself to walk home again thereafter, as of old, with the Miss Wodehouses—but it was so usual; and, after all, they were going the same way. But it was a very silent walk, to the wonder of the elder sister, who could not understand what it meant. "The Wharfside service always does me good," said Mr. Wentworth, with a sigh. "And me, too," said Lucy; and then they talked a little about the poor woman in No. 10. But that Easter Sunday was not like other Sundays, though Miss Wodehouse could not tell why.

CHAPTER V.

Next day the Miss Wentworths made a solemn call at the Rectory, having known an aunt of Mrs. Morgan at some period of their history, and being much disposed, besides, with natural curiosity, to ascertain all about their nephew's circumstances. Their entrance interrupted a consultation between the rector and his wife. Mr. Morgan was slightly heated, and had evidently been talking about something that excited him; while she, poor lady looked just sufficiently sympathetic and indignant to withdraw her mind from that first idea which usually suggested itself on the entrance of visitors—which was, what could they possibly think of her if they supposed the carpet, etc., to be her own choice? Mrs. Morgan cast her eyes with a troubled look upon the big card which had been brought to her—Miss Wentworth, Miss Leonora Wentworth, Miss Dora Wentworth. "Sisters of his, I suppose, William," she said in an undertone; "now *do* be civil, dear." There was no time for anything more before the three ladies sailed in. Miss Leonora took the initiative, as was natural.

"You don't remember us, I dare say," she said, taking Mrs. Morgan's hands; we used to know your Aunt Sidney when she lived at the Hermitage. Don't you recollect the Miss Wentworths of Skelmersdale? Charlie Sidney spent part of his furlough with us last summer, and Ada writes about you often. We could not be in Carlingford without coming to see the relation of such a dear friend."

"I am so glad to see anybody who knows my Aunt Sidney," said Mrs. Morgan, with modified enthusiasm. "Mr. Morgan, Miss Wentworth. It was such a dear little house that Hermitage. I spent some very happy days there. Oh, yes, I recollect Skelmersdale perfectly; but to tell the truth, there is one of the clergy in Carlingford called Went-

worth, and I thought it might be some relations of his coming to call."

"Just so," said Miss Wentworth, settling herself in the nearest easy-chair. "And so it is," cried Miss Dora; "we are his aunts, dear boy—we are very fond of him. We came on purpose to see him. We are so glad to hear that he is liked in Carlingford."

"Oh—yes," said the rector's wife, and nobody else took any notice of Miss Dora's little outburst. As for Mr. Morgan, he addressed Miss Leonora, as if she had done something particularly naughty, and he had a great mind to give her an imposition. "You have not been very long in Carlingford, I suppose," said the rector, as if that were a sin.

"Only since Saturday," said Miss Leonora. "We came to see Mr. Frank Wentworth, who is at St. Roque's. I don't know what your bishop is about, to permit all those flowers and candlesticks. For my part I never disguise my sentiments. I mean to tell my nephew plainly that his way of conducting the service is far from being to my mind."

"Leonora, dear, perhaps Mr. Morgan would speak to Frank about it," interposed Miss Dora, anxiously; "he was always a dear boy, and advice was never lost upon him. From one that he respected so much as he must respect the rector——"

"I beg your pardon. I quite decline interfering with Mr. Wentworth; he is not at all under my jurisdiction. Indeed," said the rector, with a smile of anger, "I might be more truly said to be under his, for he is good enough to help in my parish without consulting me; but that is not to the purpose. I would not for the world attempt to interfere with St. Roque's."

"Dear, I am sure Mr. Wentworth is very nice, and everything we have seen of him in private we have liked very much," said Mrs. Morgan, with an anxious look at her husband. She was a good-natured woman, and the handsome curate had impressed her favorably, notwithstanding his misdoings. "As for a little too much of the rubric, I think that is not a bad fault in a young man. It gets softened down with a little experience; and I do like proper solemnity in the services of the Church."

"I don't call intoning proper solemnity," said Miss Leonora. "The Church is a missionary institution, that is my idea. Unless you are really bringing in the perishing and saving souls, what is the good? and souls will never be saved by Easter decorations. I don't know what my nephew may have done to offend you, Mr. Morgan; but it is very sad to us who have very strong convictions on the subject, to see him wasting his time so. I dare say there is plenty of heathenism in Carlingford which might be attacked in the first place."

"I prefer not to discuss the subject," said the rector. "So long as Mr. Wentworth, or any other clergyman, keeps to his own sphere of duty, I should be the last in the world to interfere with him,"

"You are offended with Frank," said Miss Leonora, fixing her iron-gray eyes upon Mr. Morgan. "So am I; but I should be glad if you would tell me all about it. I have particular reasons for wishing to know. After all, he is only a young man," she continued with that instinct of kindred which dislikes to hear censure from any lips but its own. "I don't think there can be anything more than inadvertence in it. I should be glad if you would tell me what you object to in him. I think it is probable that he may remain a long time in Carlingford," said Miss Leonora, with charming candor, "and it would be pleasant if we could help to set him right. Your advice and experience might be of so much use to him." She was not aware of the covert sarcasm of her speech. She did not know that the rector's actual experience, though he was half as old again as her nephew, bore no comparison to that of the Perpetual Curate. She spoke in good faith and good nature, not moved in her own convictions of what must be done in respect to Skelmersdale, but very willing, if that were possible, to do a good turn to Frank.

"I am sure, dear, what we have seen of Mr. Wentworth in private, we have liked very much," said the rector's sensible wife, with a deprecating glance towards her husband. The rector took no notice of the glance; he grew slightly red in his serious middle-aged face, and cleared his throat several times before he began to speak.

"The fact is, I have reason to be dissatisfied with Mr. Wentworth, as regards my own parish," said Mr. Morgan: "personally I have nothing to say against him — quite the

reverse; probably, as you say, it arises from inadvertence, as he is still a very young man; but——"

"What has he done?" said Miss Leonora, pricking up her ears.

Once more Mr. Morgan cleared his throat, but this time it was to keep down the rising anger of which he was unpleasantly sensible. "I don't generally enter into such matters with people whom they don't concern," he said, with a touch of his natural asperity; "but as you are Mr. Wentworth's relation——. He has taken a step perfectly unjustifiable in every respect; he has at the present moment a mission going on in my parish, in entire independence, I will not say defiance, of me. My dear, it is unnecessary to look at me so deprecatingly: I am indignant at having such a liberty taken with me. I don't pretend not to be indignant. Mr. Wentworth is a very young man, and may not know any better; but it is the most unwarrantable intrusion upon a clergyman's rights. I beg your pardon, Miss Wentworth: you have nothing to do with my grievances; but the fact is, my wife and I were discussing this very unpleasant matter when you came in."

"A mission in your parish?" said Miss Leonora, her iron-gray eyes lighting up with a sparkle which did not look like indignation; at this point it was necessary that Miss Dora should throw herself into the breach.

"O Mr. Morgan, I am sure my dear Frank does not mean it!" cried the unlucky peacemaker; "he would not for the world do anything to wound anybody's feelings—it must be a mistake."

"Mr. Morgan would not have mentioned it if we had not just been talking as you came in," said the rector's wife, by way of smoothing down his ruffled temper, and giving him time to recover. "I feel *sure* it is a mistake, and that everything will come right as soon as they can talk it over by themselves. The last rector was not at all a working clergyman—and perhaps Mr. Wentworth felt it was his duty—and now I dare say he forgets that it is not his own parish. It will all come right after a time."

"But the mission is effective, I suppose, or you would not object to it?" said Miss Leonora, who, though a very religious woman, was not a peacemaker; and the rector, whose temper was hasty, swallowed the bait. He entered into his grievances more fully than his wife thought consistent with his dignity. She sat with her eyes fixed upon the floor, tracing the objectionable pattern of the carpet with her foot, but too much vexed for the moment to think of those bouquets which were so severe a cross to her on ordinary occasions. Perhaps she was thinking secretly to herself how much better one knows a man after being married to him three months than after being engaged to him ten years; but the discovery that he was merely a man after all, with very ordinary defects in his character, did not lessen her loyalty. She sat with her eyes bent upon the carpet, feeling a little hot and uncomfortable as her husband disclosed his weakness, and watching her opportunities to rush in and say a softening word now and then. The chances were, perhaps, on the whole, that the wife grew *more* loyal, if that were possible, as she perceived the necessity of standing by him, and backing him out. The rector went very fully into the subject, being drawn out by Miss Leonora's questions, and betrayed an extent of information strangely opposed to the utter ignorance which he had displayed at Mr. Wodehouse's party. He knew the hours of Mr. Wentworth's services, and the number of people who attended, and even about Tom Burrows's six children who had been baptized the day before. Somehow Mr. Morgan took this last particular as a special offence; it was this which roused him beyond his usual self-control. Six little heathens brought into the Christian fold in his own parish without permission of the rector! It was indeed enough to try any clergyman's temper. Through the entire narrative Miss Dora broke in now and then with a little wail expressive of her general dismay and grief, and certainty that her dear Frank did not mean it. Mrs. Morgan repeated apart to Miss Wentworth with a troubled brow the fact that all they had seen of Mr. Wentworth in private they had liked very much; to which Aunt Cecilia answered, "Quite so," with her beautiful smile; while Miss Leonora sat and listened, putting artful questions, and fixing the heated rector with that iron-gray eye, out of which the sparkle of incipient light had not faded. Mr. Morgan naturally said a great deal more than he meant to say, and after it was said he was sorry; but he

did not show the latter sentiment except by silence and an uneasy rustling about the room just before the Miss Wentworths rose to go —a sign apparent to his wife, though to nobody else. He gave Miss Wentworth his arm to the door with an embarrassed courtesy. "If you are going to stay any time at Carlingford, I trust we shall see more of you," said Mr. Morgan: "I ought to beg your pardon for taking up so much time with my affairs;" and the rector was much taken aback when Miss Wentworth answered, "Thank you, that is just what I was thinking." He went back to his troubled wife in great perplexity. What was it that was just what she was thinking? — that he would see more of them, or that he had spoken too much of his own affairs?

"You think I have been angry and made an idiot of myself," said Mr. Morgan to his wife, who was standing looking from a safe distance through the curtains at the three ladies, who were holding a consultation with their servant out of the window of the solemn chariot provided by the Blue Boar, as to where they were to go next.

"Nonsense, dear; but I wish you had not said quite so much about Mr. Wentworth," said the rector's wife, seizing, with female art, on a cause for her annoyance which would not wound her Welshman's *amour propre*, "for I rather think he is dependent on his aunts. They have the living of Skelmersdale, I know; and I remember now that their nephew was to have had it. I hope this wont turn them against him, dear," said Mrs. Morgan, who did not care the least in the world about Skelmersdale, looking anxiously in her husband's face.

This was the climax of the rector's trouble. "Why did not you tell me that before?" he said, with conjugal injustice, and went off to his study with a disturbed mind, thinking that perhaps he had injured his own chances of getting rid of the Perpetual Curate. If Mrs. Morgan had permitted herself to soliloquize after he was gone, the matter of her thoughts might have been interesting; but as neither ladies nor gentlemen in the nineteenth century are given to that useful medium of disclosing their sentiments, the veil of privacy must remain over the mind of the rector's wife. She got her gardening gloves and scissors, and went out immediately after, and had an animated discussion with the gardener about the best means of clothing that bit of wall, over which every railway train was visible which left or entered Carlingford. That functionary was of opinion that when the lime-trees "growed a bit" all would be right; but Mrs. Morgan was reluctant to await the slow processes of nature. She forgot her vexations about Mr. Wentworth in consideration of the still more palpable inconvenience of the passing train.

CHAPTER VI.

Miss Dora Wentworth relapsed into suppressed sobbing when the three ladies were once more on their way. Between each little access a few broken words fell from the poor lady's lips. "I am sure dear Frank did not mean it," she said; it was all the plea his champion could find for him.

"He did not mean what? to do his duty and save souls?" said Miss Leonora—"is that what he didn't mean? It looks very much as if he did, though—as well as he knew how."

"Quite so, Leonora," said Miss Wentworth.

"But he could not mean to vex the rector," said Miss Dora—"my poor dear Frank: of course he meant it for the very best. I wonder you don't think so, Leonora—you who are so fond of missions. I told you what I heard him saying to the young lady—all about the sick people he was going to visit, and the children. He is a faithful shepherd, though you wont think so; and I am sure he means nothing but——"

"His duty, I think," said the iron-gray sister, resolutely indifferent to Miss Dora's little sniffs, and turning her gaze out of the window, unluckily just at the moment when the carriage was passing Masters's shop, where some engravings were hanging of a suspiciously devotional character. The name over the door, and the aspect of the shop-window, were terribly suggestive, and the fine profile of the Perpetual Curate was just visible within to the keen eyes of his aunt. Miss Dora, for her part, dried hers, and, beginning to see some daylight, addressed herself anxiously to the task of obscuring it, and damaging once more her favorite's chance.

"Ah, Leonora, if he had but a sphere of his own," cried Miss Dora, "where he would have other things to think of than the rubric, and decorations, and sisterhoods. I don't

wish any harm to poor dear old Mr. Shirley, I am sure; but when Frank is in the rectory——"

"I thought you understood that Frank would not do for the rectory," said Miss Leonora. "Sisterhoods!—look here, there's a young lady in a gray cloak, and I think she's going into *that* shop: if Frank carries on that sort of thing, I shall think him a greater fool than ever. Who is that girl?"

"I am sure I don't know, dear," said Miss Dora, with unexampled wisdom. And she comforted her conscience that she did not know, for she had forgotten Lucy's name. So there was no tangible evidence to confirm Miss Leonora's doubts, and the carriage from the Blue Boar rattled down Prickett's Lane to the much amusement of that locality. When they got to the grimy canal-banks, Miss Leonora stopped the vehicle and got out. She declined the attendance of her trembling sister, and marched along the black pavement dispersing with the great waves of her drapery the wondering children about, who swarmed as children will swarm in such localities. Arrived at the schoolroom, Miss Leonora found sundry written notices hung up in a little wooden frame inside the open door. All sorts of charitable businesses were carried on about the basement of the house; and a curt little notice about the Provident Society diversified the list of services which was hung up for the advantage of the ignorant. Clearly the Curate of St. Roque's meant it. "As well as he knows how," his aunt allowed to herself, with a softening sentiment: but, pushing her inquiries further, was shown up to the schoolroom, and stood pondering by the side of the reading-desk looking at the table, which was contrived to be so like an altar. The curate, who could not have dreamed of such a visit, and whose mind had been much occupied and indifferent to externals on the day before, had left various things lying about, which were carefully collected for him upon a bench. Among them was a little pocket copy of Thomas à Kempis, from which, when the jealous aunt opened it, certain little German prints, such as were to be had by the score at Masters's, dropped out, some of them unobjectionable enough. But if the Good Shepherd could not be found fault with, the feelings of Miss Leonora may be imagined when the meek face of a monkish saint, inscribed with some villanous Latin inscription, a legend which began with the terrible words *Ora pro nobis*, became suddenly visible to her troubled eyes. She put away the book as if it had stung her, and made a precipitate retreat. She shook her head as she descended the stair—she reentered the carriage in gloomy silence. When it returned up Prickett's Lane, the three ladies again saw their nephew, this time entering at the door of No. 10. He had his prayer-book under his arm, and Miss Leonora seized upon this professional symbol to wreak her wrath upon it. "I wonder if he can't pray by a sick woman without his prayer-book?" she cried. "I never was so provoked in my life. How is it he doesn't know better? His father is not pious, but he isn't a Puseyite, and old uncle Wentworth was very sound—he was brought up under the pure Gospel. How is it that the boys are so foolish, Dora?" said Miss Leonora, sharply; "it must be your doing. You have told them tales and things, and put true piety out of their head."

"My doing!" said Miss Dora, faintly; but she was too much startled by the suddenness of the attack to make any coherent remonstrance. Miss Leonora tossed back her angry head, and pursued that inspiration, finding it a relief in her perplexity.

"It must be *all* your doing," she said. "How can I tell that you are not a Jesuit in disguise? one has read of such a thing. The boys were as good, nice, pious boys as one could wish to see; and there's Gerald on the point of perversion, and Frank ——. I tell you, Dora, it must be your fault."

"That was always my opinion," said Miss Cecilia; and the accused, after a feeble attempt at speech, could find nothing better to do than to drop her veil once more and cry under it. It was very hard, but she was not quite unaccustomed to it. However, the discoveries of the day were important enough to prevent the immediate departure which Miss Leonora had intended. She wrote a note with her own hands to her nephew, asking him to dinner. "We meant to have gone away to-day, but should like to see you first," she said in her note. "Come and dine—we mayn't have anything pleasant to say, but I don't suppose you expect that. It's a pity we don't see eye to eye." Such was the intimation received by Mr. Wentworth when he got home, very tired, in the

afternoon. He had been asking himself whether under the circumstances, it would not be proper for him to return some books of Mr. Wodehouse's which he had in his possession, of course by way of breaking off his too-familiar, too-frequent intercourse. He had been representing to himself that he would make this call after their dinner would be over, at the hour when Mr. Wodehouse reposed in his easy-chair, and the two sisters were generally to be found alone in the drawing-room. Perhaps he might have an opportunity of intimating the partial farewell he meant to take of them. When he got Miss Leonora's note, the curate's countenance clouded over. He said, "Another night lost," with indignant candor. It was hard enough to give up his worldly prospects, but he thought he had made up his mind to that. However, refusal was impossible. It was still daylight when he went up Grange Lane to the Blue Boar. He was early, and went languidly along the well-known road. Nobody was about at that hour. In those closed, embowered houses, people were preparing for dinner, the great event of the day, and Mr. Wentworth was aware of that. Perhaps he had expected to see somebody—Mr. Wodehouse going home, most likely, in order that he might mention his own engagement, and account for his failure in the chance evening call which had become so much a part of his life. But no one appeared to bear his message. He went lingering past the green door and up the silent, deserted road. At the end of Grange Lane, just in the little unsettled transition interval which interposed between its aristocratic calm and the bustle of George Street, on the side next Prickett's Lane, was a quaint little shop, into which Mr. Wentworth strayed to occupy the time. This was Elsworthy's, who, as is well known, was then clerk at St. Roque's. Elsworthy himself was in his shop that Easter Monday, and so was his wife and little Rosa who was a little beauty. Rosa and her aunt had just returned from an excursion, and a prettier little apparition could not be seen than that dimpled rosy creature, with her radiant half-childish looks, her bright eyes, and soft curls of dark brown hair. Even Mr. Wentworth gave a second glance at her as he dropped languidly into a chair, and asked Elsworthy if there was any news. Mrs. Elsworthy, who had been telling the adventures of the holiday to her goodman, gathered up her basket of eggs and her nosegay, and made the clergyman a little courtesy as she hurried away; for the clerk's wife was a highly respectable woman, and knew her own place. But Rosa, who was only a kind of kitten, and had privileges, stayed. Mr. Wentworth was by far the most magnificent figure she had ever seen in her little life. She looked at him with awe out of her bright eyes, and thought he looked like the prince in the fairy tales.

"Any news, sir? There aint much to call news, sir—not in a place like this," said Mr. Elsworthy. "Your respected aunts, sir, 'as been down at the schoolroom. I haven't heard anything else as I could suppose you didn't know."

"My aunts!" cried the curate; "how do you know anything about my aunts?" Mr. Elsworthy smiled a complacent and familiar smile.

"There's so many a-coming and a-going here that I know most persons as comes into Carlingford," said he; "and them three respected ladies is as good as a pictur. I saw them a-driving past and down Prickett's Lane. They were as anxious to know all about it as—as was to be expected in the circumstances," said Mr. Elsworthy, failing of a metaphor; "and I wish you your 'ealth and 'appiness, sir, if all as I hear is true."

"It's a good wish," said the curate; "thank you, Elsworthy: but what you heard might not be true."

"Well, sir, it looks more than likely," said the clerk; "as far as I've seen in my experience, ladies don't go inquiring into a young gentleman's ways, not without some reason. If they was young ladies, and noways related, we know what we'd think, sir; but being old ladies, and aunts, it's equally as clear. For my part, Mr. Wentworth, my worst wish is, that when you come into your fortune, it mayn't lead you away from St. Roque's—not after everything is settled so beautiful, and not a thing wanted but some stained glass, as I hear a deal of people say, to make it as perfect a little church——"

"Yes, it is very true; a painted window is very much wanted," said Mr. Wentworth, thoughtfully.

"Perhaps there's one o' the ladies, sir, as has some friend she'd like to put up a memorial to," said Mr. Elsworthy, in insinuating tones. "A window is a deal cheerfuller a

memorial than a tombstone, and it couldn't be described the improvement it would be to the church. I'm sorry to hear Mr. Wodehouse aint quite so well as his usual to-night; a useful man like he is, would be a terrible loss to Carlingford; not as it's anything alarming, as far as I can hear, but being a stout man, it aint a safe thing his being took so sudden. I've heard the old doctor say, sir, as a man of a full 'abit, might be took off at once, when a spare man would fight through. It would be a sad thing for his family, sir," said Mr. Elsworthy, tying up a bundle of newspapers with a very serious face.

"Good heavens, Elsworthy, how you talk!" said the alarmed curate. "What do you mean?—is Mr. Wodehouse ill?—seriously ill?"

"Not serious, as I knows of," said the clerk, with solemnity; "but being a man of a full 'abit of body—I dare say as the town would enter into it by subscription if it was proposed as a memorial to *him*, for he's much respected in Carlingford, is Mr. Wodehouse. I see him a-going past, sir, at five o'clock, which is an hour earlier than common, and he was looking flabby, that's how he was looking. I don't know a man as would be a greater loss to his family; and they aint been without their troubles either, poor souls."

"I should be sorry to think that it was necessary to sacrifice Mr. Wodehouse for the sake of our painted window," said the curate, "as that seems what you mean. Send over this note for me, please, as I have not time to call. No, certainly, don't send Rosa; that child is too young and too—too pretty to be out by herself at night. Send a boy. Haven't you got a boy?—there is a very nice little fellow that I could recommend to you," said Mr. Wentworth, as he hastily scribbled his note with a pencil, "whose mother lives in Prickett's Lane."

"Thank *you*, sir, all the same; but I hope I don't need to go into that neighborhood for good service," said Mr. Elsworthy: "as for Rosa, I could trust her anywhere; and I have a boy, sir, as is the best boy that ever lived—a real English boy, that is. Sam, take this to Mr. Wodehouse's directly, and wait for an answer. No answer?—very well, sir, you needn't wait for no answer, Sam. That's a boy, sir, I could trust with untold gold. His mother's a Dissenter, it is true, but the principles of that boy is beautiful. I hope you haven't mentioned, sir, as I said Mr. Wodehouse was took bad? It was between ourselves, Mr. Wentworth. Persons don't like, especially when they've got to that age, and are of a full 'abit of body, to have every little attack made a talk about. You'll excuse me mentioning it, sir, but it was as between ourselves."

"Perhaps you'd like me to show you my note," said the curate, with a smile; which, indeed, Elsworthy would have very much liked, could he have ventured to say so. Mr. Wentworth was but too glad of an excuse to write and explain his absence. The note was not to Lucy, however, though various little epistles full of the business of the district had passed between the two.

"Dear Miss W.,—I hear your father is not quite well. I can't call just now, as I am going to dine with my aunts, who are at the Blue Boar; but, if you will pardon the lateness of the hour, I will call as I return to ask for him.—Ever yours,

"F. C. Wentworth."

Such was the curate's note. While he scribbled it, little Rosa stood apart watching him with admiring eyes. He had said she was too pretty to be sent across Grange Lane by herself at this hour, though it was still no more than twilight; and he looked up at her for an instant as he said the words,—quite enough to set Rosa's poor little heart beating with childish romantical excitement. If she could but have peeped into the note to see what he said!—for, perhaps, after all, there might not be anything "between" him and Miss Lucy—and, perhaps—— The poor little thing stood watching, deaf to her aunt's call, looking at the strange case with which that small epistle was written, and thinking it half-divine to have such mastery of words and pen. Mr. Wentworth threw it to Sam as if it were a trifle; but Rosa's lively imagination could already conceive the possibility of living upon such trifles and making existence out of them; so the child stood with her pretty curls about her ears, and her bright eyes gleaming dewy over the fair, flushed, rosebud cheeks, in a flutter of roused and innocent imagination anticipating her fate. As for Mr. Wentworth, it is doubtful whether he saw Rosa, as he swung himself round upon the stool he was seated on, and turned his face towards the door. Somehow

he was comforted in his mind by the conviction that it was his duty to call at Mr. Wodehouse's as he came back. The evening brightened up and looked less dismal. The illness of the respected father of the house did not oppress the young man. He thought not of a sick-room, but of the low chair in one corner, beside the work-table where Lucy had always basketfuls of sewing in hand. He could fancy he saw the work drop on her knee, and the blue eyes raised. It was a pretty picture that he framed for himself as he looked out with a half smile into the blue twilight, through the open door of Elsworthy's shop. And it was clearly his duty to call. He grew almost jocular in the exhilaration of his spirits.

"The Miss Wentworths don't approve of memorial windows, Elsworthy," he said; "and, indeed, if you think it necessary to cut off one of the chief people in Carlingford by way of supplying St. Roque's with a little painted glass——"

"No, sir—no, no, sir; you're too hard upon me—there wasn't no such meaning in my mind; but I don't make no question the ladies were pleased with the church," said Elsworthy, with the satisfaction of a man who had helped to produce an entirely triumphant effect. "I don't pretend to be a judge myself of what you call 'igh art, Mr. Wentworth; but, if I might venture an opinion, the altar was beautiful; and we won't say nothing about the service, considering, sir—if you wont be offended at putting them together, as one is so far inferior—that both you and me——"

Mr. Wentworth laughed and moved off his chair. We were not appreciated in this instance," he said, with an odd comic look, and then went off into a burst of laughter, which Mr. Elsworthy saw no particular occasion for. Then he took up his glove, which he had taken off to write the note, and, nodding a kindly good-night to little Rosa, who stood gazing after him with all her eyes, went away to the Blue Boar. The idea, however, of his own joint performance with Mr. Elsworthy not only tickled the curate, but gave him a half-ashamed sense of the aspect in which he might himself appear to the eyes of matter-of-fact people who differed with him. The joke had a slight sting, which brought his laughter to an end. He went up through the lighted street to the inn, wishing the dinner over, and himself on his way back again to call at Mr. Wodehouse's. For to tell the truth, by this time he had almost exhausted Skelmersdale, and, feeling in himself not much different now from what he was when his hopes were still green, had begun to look upon life itself with a less troubled eye, and to believe in other chances which might make Lucy's society practicable once more. It was in this altered state of mind that he presented himself before his aunts. He was less self-conscious, less watchful, more ready to amuse them, if that might happen to be possible, and in reality much more able to cope with Miss Leonora than when he had been more anxious about her opinion. He had not been two minutes in the room before all the three ladies perceived this revolution, and each in her own mind attempted to account for it. They were experienced women in their way, and found out a variety of reasons; but as none of them were young, and as people *will* forget how youth feels, not one of them divined the fact that there was no reason, but that this improvement of spirits arose solely from the fact that the Perpetual Curate had been for two whole days miserable about Skelmersdale, and had exhausted all his powers of misery—and that now youth had turned the tables and he was still to see Lucy to-night.

CHAPTER VII.

"YOUR rector is angry at some of your proceedings," said Miss Leonora. "I did not think that a man of your views would have cared for missionary work. I should have supposed that you would think that vulgar, and Low-Church, and Evangelical. Indeed I thought I heard you say you didn't believe in preaching, Frank?—neither do I, when a man preaches the Tracts for the Times. I was surprised to hear what you were doing at the place they call Wharfside."

"First let me correct you in two little inaccuracies," said Mr. Wentworth, blandly, as he peeled his orange. "The Rector of Carlingford is not *my* rector, and I don't preach the Tracts for the Times. Let us always be particular, my dear aunt, as to points of fact."

"Exactly so," said Miss Leonora, grimly; "but, at the same time, as there seems no great likelihood of your leaving Carlingford, don't you think it would be wise to cultivate friendly relations with the rector?" said the

iron-gray inexorable aunt, looking full in his eyes as she spoke. So significant and plain a statement took for an instant the color out of the curate's cheeks—he pared his orange very carefully while he regained his composure, and it was at least half a minute before he found himself at leisure to reply. Miss Dora of course seized upon the opportunity, and, by way of softening matters, interposed in her unlucky person to make peace.

"But, my dear boy, I said I was sure you did not mean it," said Miss Dora; "I told Mr. Morgan I felt convinced it could be explained. Nobody knows you so well as I do. You were always so high-spirited from a child, and never would give in; but I know very well you never could mean it, Frank."

"Mean it?" said the curate with sparkling eyes; "what do you take me for Aunt Dora? Do you know what it is we are talking of? The question is, whether a whole lot of people, fathers and children, shall be left to live like beasts, without reverence for God or man, or shall be brought within the pale of the Church, and taught their duty? And you think I don't mean it? I mean it as much as my brother Charley meant it at the Redan," said young Wentworth, with a glow of suppressed enthusiasm, and that natural pride in Charley (who got the Cross for Valor) which was common to all the Wentworths. But when he saw his Aunt Leonora looking at him, the Perpetual Curate stood to his arms again. "I have still to learn that the rector has anything to do with it," said the young Evangelist of Wharfside.

"It is in his parish, and he thinks he has," said Miss Leonora. "I wish you could see your duty more clearly, Frank. You seem to me, you know, to have a kind of zeal, but not according to knowledge. If you were carrying the real Gospel to the poor people, I shouldn't be disposed to blame you; for the limits of a parish are but poor things to pause for when souls are perishing; but to break the law for the sake of diffusing the rubric and propagating Tractarianism——"

"O Leonora, how can you be so harsh and cruel?" cried Miss Dora; "only think what you are doing. I don't say anything about disappointing Frank, and perhaps injuring his prospects for life; for to be sure he is a true Wentworth, and wont acknowledge that; but think of my poor dear brother, with so many sons as he has to provide for, and so much on his mind; and think of ourselves, and all that we have planned so often. Only think what you have talked of over and over; how nice it would be when he was old enough to take the rectory, and marry Julia Trench——"

"Aunt Dora," said the curate, rising from the table, "I shall have to go away if you make such appeals on my behalf. And besides, it is only right to tell you that, whatever my circumstances were, I never could nor would marry Julia Trench. It is cruel and unjust to bring in her name. Don't let us hear any more of this, if you have any regard for me."

"Quite so, Frank," said Miss Wentworth; "that is exactly what I was thinking." Miss Cecilia was not in the habit of making demonstrations, but she put out her delicate old hand to point her nephew to his seat again, and gave a soft pressure to his as she touched it. Old Miss Wentworth was a kind of dumb lovely idol to her nephews; she rarely said anything to them, but they worshipped her all the same for her beauty and those sweet languid tendernesses which she showed them once in ten years or so. The Perpetual Curate was much touched by this manifestation. He kissed his old aunt's beautiful hand as reverently as if it had been a saint's. "I knew you would understand me," he said, looking gratefully at her lovely old face; which exclamation, however, was a simple utterance of gratitude, and would not have borne investigation. When he had resumed his seat and orange, Miss Leonora cleared her throat for a grand address.

"Frank might as well tell us he would not have Skelmersdale," she said. Julia Trench has quite other prospects, I am glad to say, though Dora does talk like a fool on this subject as well as on many others. Mr. Shirley is not dead yet, and I don't think he means to die, for my part; and Julia would never leave her uncle. Besides, I don't think any inducement in the world would make her disguise herself like a Sister of Mercy. I hope she knows better. And it is a pity that Frank should learn to think of Skelmersdale as if it were a family living," continued Miss Leonora. "For my part, I think people detached from immediate ties as we are, are under all the greater responsibility. But as you are likely to stay in Carlingford, Frank, perhaps we could help you with the rector," she concluded blandly, as she ate her biscuit.

The curate, who was also a Wentworth, had quite recovered himself ere this speech was over, and proved himself equal to the occasion.

"If the rector objects to what I am doing, I dare say he will tell me of it," said Mr. Wentworth, with indescribable suavity. "I had the consent of the two former rectors to my mission in their parish, and I don't mean to give up such a work without a cause. But I am equally obliged to you, my dear aunt, and I hope Mr. Shirley will live forever. How long are you going to stay in Carlingford? Some of the people would like to call on you, if you remain longer. There are some great friends of mine here; and as I have every prospect of being perpetually the curate, as you kindly observe, perhaps it might be good for me if I was seen to have such unexceptionable relationships——"

"Satire is lost upon me," said Miss Leonora, "and we are going to-morrow. Here comes the coffee. I did not think it had been so late. We shall leave by an early train, and you can come and see us off, if you have time."

"I shall certainly find time," said the nephew, with equal politeness; "and now you will permit me to say good-night, for I have a—one of my sick people to visit. I heard he was ill only as I came here, and had not time to call," added the curate, with unnecessary explanatoriness, and took leave of his Aunt Cecilia, who softly put something into his hand as she bade him good-night. Miss Dora, for her part, went with him to the door, and lingered leaning on his arm, down the long passage, all unaware, poor lady, that his heart was beating with impatience to get away, and that the disappointment for which she wanted to console him had at the present moment not the slightest real hold upon his perverse heart. "O my dear boy, I hope you don't think it's my fault," said Miss Dora, with tears. "It must have come to this, dear, sooner or later; you see, poor Leonora has such a sense of responsibility; but it is very hard upon us, Frank, who love you so much, that she should always take her own way."

"Then why don't you rebel?" said the curate, who, in the thought of seeing Lucy, was exhilarated, and dared to jest even upon the awful power of his aunt. "You are two against one; why don't you take it into your own hands and rebel?"

Miss Dora repeated the words with an alarmed quaver. "Rebel! O Frank, dear, do you think we could? To be sure, we are co-heiresses, and have just as good a right as she has; and for your sake, my dear boy," said the troubled woman, "O Frank, I wish you would tell me what to do? I never should dare to contradict Leonora with no one to stand by me; and then, if anything happened, you would all think I had been to blame," said poor Aunt Dora, clinging to his arm. She made him walk back and back again through the long passage, which was sacred to the chief suite of apartments at the Blue Boar. "We have it all to ourselves, and nobody can see us here; and O my dear dear boy, if you would only tell me what I ought to do?" she repeated, with wistful looks of appeal. Mr. Wentworth was too good-hearted to show the impatience with which he was struggling. He satisfied her as well as he could, and said good-night half a dozen times. When he made his escape at last, and emerged into the clear blue air of the spring night, the Perpetual Curate had no such sense of disappointment and failure in his mind as the three ladies supposed. Miss Leonora's distinct intimation that Skelmersdale had passed out of the region of probabilities, had indeed tingled through him at the moment it was uttered; but just now he was going to see Lucy, anticipating with impatience the moment of coming into her presence, and nothing in the world could have dismayed him utterly. He went down the road very rapidly, glad to find that it was still so early, that the shopkeepers in George Street were but just putting up their shutters, and that there was still time for an hour's talk in that bright drawing-room. Little Rosa was standing at the door of Elsworthy's shop, looking out into the dark street, as he passed; and he said, "A lovely night, Rosa," as he went by. But the night was nothing particular in itself, only lovely to Mr. Wentworth, as embellished with Lucy shining over it, like a distant star. Perhaps he had never in his life felt so glad that he was going to see her, so eager for her presence, as that night which was the beginning of the time when it would be no longer lawful for him to indulge in her society. He heaved a big sigh as that thought occurred to him, but it did not diminish the flush of conscious happiness; and in this mood he went down Grange Lane, with light resounding steps, to Mr. Wodehouse's door.

But Mr. Wentworth started with a very strange sensation when the door was stealthily, noiselessly opened to him before he could ring. He could not see who it was that called him in in the darkness; but he felt that he had been watched for, and that the door was thrown open very hurriedly to prevent him from making his usual summons at the bell. Such an incident was incomprehensible. He went into the dark garden like a man in a dream, with a horrible vision of Archimage and the false Una somehow stealing upon his mind, he could not tell how. It was quite dark inside, for the moon was late of rising that night, and the faint stars threw no effectual lustre down upon the trees. He had to grope before him to know where he was going, asking in a troubled voice, "Who is there? What is the matter?" and falling into more and more profound bewilderment and uneasiness.

"Hush, hush, oh, hush!—O Mr. Wentworth, it is I—I want to speak to you," said an agitated voice beside him. "Come this way—this way; I don't want any one to hear us." It was Miss Wodehouse who thus pitifully addressed the amazed curate. She laid a tremulous hand on his arm, and drew him deeper into the shadows—into that walk where the limes and tall lilac-bushes grew so thickly. Here she came to a pause, and the sound of the terrified panting breath in the silence alarmed him more and more.

"Is Mr. Wodehouse ill? What has happened?" said the astonished young man. The windows of the house were gleaming hospitably over the dark garden, without any appearance of gloom—the drawing-room windows especially, which he knew so well, brightly lighted, one of them open, and the sound of the piano and Lucy's voice stealing out like a celestial reality into the darkness. By the time he had become fully sensible of all these particulars his agitated companion had found her breath.

"Mr. Wentworth, don't think me mad," said Miss Wodehouse; "I have come out to speak to you, for I am in great distress. I don't know what to do unless you will help me. Oh, no, don't look at the house—nobody knows in the house; I would die rather than have them know. Hush, hush! don't make any noise. Is that some one looking out at the door?"

And just then the door was opened, and Mr. Wodehouse's sole male servant looked out, and round the garden, as if he had heard something to excite his curiosity or surprise. Miss Wodehouse grasped the arm of the Perpetual Curate, and held him with an energy which was almost violence. "Hush, hush, hush," she said, with her voice almost at his ear. The excitement of this mild woman, the perfectly inexplicable mystery of the meeting, overwhelmed young Wentworth. He could think of nothing less than that she had lost her senses, and in his turn took her hands and held her fast.

"What is the matter? I cannot tell you how anxious, how distressed I am. What has happened?" said the young man, under his breath.

"My father has some suspicion," she answered, after a pause—"he came home early to-day looking ill. You heard of it Mr. Wentworth—it was your note that decided me. Oh, heaven help us! it is so hard to know what to do. I have never been used to act for myself, and I feel as helpless as a baby. The only comfort I have was that it happened on Easter Sunday," said the poor gentlewoman, incoherently; "and oh! if it should prove a rising from the dead! If you saw me, Mr. Wentworth, you would see I look ten years older; and I can't tell how it is, but I think my father has suspicions:—he looked so ill—oh, so ill—when he came home to-night. Hush! hark! did you hear anything? I daren't tell Lucy; not that I couldn't trust her, but it is cruel, when a young creature is happy, to let her know such miseries. O Mr. Wentworth, I dare say I am not telling you what it is, after all. I don't know what I am saying—wait till I can think. It was on Easter Sunday, after we came home from Wharfside; you remember we all came home together, and both Lucy and you were so quiet. I could not understand how it was you were so quiet, but I was not thinking of any trouble—and then all at once there he was."

"Who?" said the curate, forgetting caution in his bewilderment.

Once more the door opened, and John appeared on the steps, this time with a lantern and the watchdog, a great brown mastiff, by his side, evidently with the intention of searching the garden for the owners of those furtive voices. Mr. Wentworth drew the arm of his trembling companion within his own. "I don't know what you want of me, but whatever it is, trust to me like—like a brother,"

he said, with a sigh. "But now compose yourself; we must go into the house: it will not do for you to be found here." He led her up the gravel-walk into the light of the lantern, which the vigilant guardian of the house was flashing among the bushes as he set out upon his rounds. John fell back amazed but respectful when he saw his mistress and the familiar visitor. "Beg your pardon, ma'am, but I knew there was voices, and I didn't know as any of the family was in the garden," said the man, discomfited. It was all Mr. Wentworth could do to hold up the trembling figure by his side. As John retreated, she gathered a little fortitude. Perhaps it was easier for her to tell her hurried tremulous story, as he guided *her* back to the house, than it would have been in uninterrupted leisure and quiet. The family tragedy fell in broken sentences from her lips, as the curate bent down his astonished ear to listen. He was totally unprepared for the secret which only her helplessness and weakness and anxiety to serve her father could have drawn from Miss Wodehouse's lips; and it had to be told so hurriedly that Mr. Wentworth scarcely knew what it was, except a terrible unsuspected shadow overhanging the powerful house, until he had time to think it all over. There was no such time at this moment. His trembling companion left him as soon as they reached the house, to "compose herself," as she said. When he saw her face in the light of the hall lamp it was ghastly, and quivering with agitation, looking not ten years, as she said, but a hundred years older than when, in the sweet precision of her Sunday dress and looks, old Miss Wodehouse had bidden him good-by at the green door. He went up to the drawing-room, notwithstanding, with as calm a countenance as he himself could collect, to pay the visit which, in this few minutes, had so entirely changed its character. Mr. Wentworth felt as if he were in a dream when he walked into the familiar room, and saw everything as he had pictured it to himself half an hour ago. Lucy, who had left the piano, was seated in her low chair again, not working, but talking to Mr. Wodehouse, who lay on the sofa, looking a trifle less rosy than usual, like a man who had had a fright, or been startled by some possible shadow of a ghost. To walk into the room, into the bright household glow, and smile and shake hands with them, feeling all the time that he knew more about them than they themselves did, was the strangest sensation to the young man. He asked how Mr. Wodehouse did, with a voice which, to himself, sounded hollow and unnatural, and sat down beside the invalid, almost turning his back upon Lucy in his bewilderment. It was indeed with a great effort that Mr. Wentworth mastered himself and was able to listen to what his companion said.

"We are all right," said Mr. Wodehouse—"a trifle of a headache or so—nothing to make a talk about; but Molly has forsaken us, and we were just about getting bored with each other, Lucy and I; a third person was all we wanted to make us happy—eh? Well, I thought you looked at the door very often—perhaps I was mistaken—but I could have sworn you were listening and looking for somebody. No wonder either—I don't think so. I should have done just the same at your age."

"Indeed, papa, you are quite mistaken," said Lucy. "I suppose that means that I cannot amuse you by myself, though I have been trying all the evening. Perhaps Mr. Wentworth will be more fortunate." And, either for shame of being supposed to look for him, or in a little innocent pique, she moved away from where she was sitting, and rang for tea, and left the two gentlemen to talk to each other. That is to say, Mr. Wodehouse talked, and the Perpetual Curate sat looking vaguely at the fair figure which flitted about the room, and wondering if he were awake, or the world still in its usual place. After a while Miss Wodehouse came in, very tremulous and pale, and dropped into the first chair she could find, and pretended to occupy herself over her knitting. She had a headache, Lucy said; and Mr. Wentworth sat watching while the younger sister tended the elder, bringing her tea, kissing her, persuading her to go and lie down, taking all kinds of affectionate trouble to cheer the pale woman, who looked over Lucy's fair head with eyes full of meaning to the bewildered visitor, who was the only one there who understood what her trouble meant. When he got up to go away, she wrung his hand with a pitiful gaze which went to his heart. "Let me know!" she said in a whisper; and, not satisfied still, went to the door with him, and lingered upon the stair, following slowly. "O Mr. Wentworth! be sure you let me know," she repeated, again looking wistfully after him as he disappeared into the dark garden, going out. The stars were still shining, the spring dews lying sweet upon the plants and turf. It was a lovelier night now than when Mr. Wentworth had said so to little Rosa Elsworthy an hour ago; but mists were rising from the earth, and clouds creeping over the sky, to the startled imagination of the Perpetual Curate. He had found out by practical experiment, almost for the first time, that there were more things in earth and heaven than are dreamt of in the philosophy of youth.

HORACE BINNEY AND THE UNION LEAGUE.

PHILADELPHIA, June 25, 1863.

To the General Committee of Invitation and Correspondence of the Union League of Philadelphia, James Milliken, Esq., Chairman.

GENTLEMEN: I acknowledge the honor of your invitation to participate, as a guest; in the ceremony and banquet of a national celebration of our national independence, in this city, on the Fourth of July next, and although my health and strength do not permit me to avail myself of the invitation, they do not confine me, at present, to this formal reply.

I have unbounded confidence in the principles of the Union League of Philadelphia, and of the loyal National Leagues throughout the United States. They are distinctly recommended and enforced in the Farewell Address of Washington, and are the breath of life to the Union. It has never been so necessary to embody them for universal action as at this day, and to recall them partly in the letter, and wholly in the spirit, of that immortal paper.

The maintenance of the Union against all enemies, without or within; a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; a sacred regard for the Constitution, as the voice of the Union for its government; confidence in, and support of the Government ordained by the Constitution; obedience to the lawfully-elected and appointed Administration of the Government, respect to its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures; and, withal, that concert of the heart with the demands of political and civil duty which obtains the name of loyalty, and in times like the present manifests the cordiality of allegiance to the nation; these, I think, are in part the very letter, and in the whole the spirit, of Washington's Farewell Address. Washington makes no distinction between the lawfully elected and appointed administration of government and the Government itself. He speaks of both in the same paragraph as the Government. By the *measures* of government he means the measures of administration. The Administration is the Government *in action*. When the people constitutionally change the actors in administration the Government is not changed, and the action of the Government is entitled to the same regard, respect, and support. If there be any practical distinction between the government and the administration, party has made it, and not Washington; and it is a distinction disloyal to the Union, the Constitution, and the Government. It reduces loyalty to the degraded rank of personal favor to personal actors in the Government, and to party satisfaction with party measures of Government.

The doctrines of Washington were not party doctrines. Washington belonged to no party, wrote for no party, and acted for no party. He feared the evils of party more than all other evils which could assail the Union. He has described, and almost denounced, the designs of a party disloyal to the Union, and which he thought was in sight in his own day. This was the parent thought of his Farewell Address. He discountenanced parties altogether, and at all times, as intrinsically dangerous to the Union and to republican government.

Let us be thankful that God spared the eyes of this pure and incorruptible patriot from beholding, and perhaps his spirit from conceiving, the terrible depth to which this nation would fall when an immense and ruling mass of its people would regard party as a political virtue, and the passionate exaggerations of party as the only efficient instrument of government. He was especially blessed in escaping the sight of flagrant and wide-spreading rebellion, raised up by and through the spirit of party, to blast the best fruits of the great labor of his life, to destroy the Union, to falsify the Declaration of Independence, and to lay foundations in government which all our fathers abhorred. That sight has been reserved for us perhaps for our unfilial disregard of his advice, which seems to have been an inspiration from Heaven. We have seen, and we now see, this awful treason, after deluging the country with blood, marching to invade this State, and obtaining, or seeking to obtain, from the same exaggerations of party, either open or secret assistance within the State and city in which the Declaration of Independence was first ushered to the world, and where the formation of the Union was first celebrated by an anniversary procession, and ceremonies of homage, in the same way in which you now purpose again to celebrate it.

As a league of patriots, rejecting all discriminations of party, and building up the strongest and purest combination of the people in irrepressible support of the Union and the Government of the nation, upon the principles of the Father of his Country, I venerate the Union Leagues of the United States, and I devoutly pray God to consummate their noble design, to the effectual suppression of rebellion and treason, and of treasonable practices and confederacies, to the perpetuity of the Union, the maintenance of the Constitution, and the restoration of peace and unity to our entire nation of people and States.

I remain, gentlemen, most respectfully your obedient servant,

HORACE BINNEY.

The readers of the *Living Age* will find an interest in Mr. Binney's appearance on this same subject—forty-four years ago.

A public meeting was held in Philadelphia on 23 Nov., 1819, of which the following account, forming the leading article of the *National Recorder* of that week, was written by the editor of *The Living Age*. How well we remember clinging to the railing in the Hall (then a Court-Room)—unwilling to brush away tears, lest we should for a moment lose sight of the speaker :—

The decision of the *Missouri Question* will form a grand era in our history ; it will determine in a great degree the future character and destiny of the nation. Those who believe that public virtue and national prosperity are never separated, must look forward to the approaching session of Congress with a most earnest anxiety for the result of their deliberations upon it, and with a most ardent wish that they may use their authority in such a manner as to remove the disease now attacking the very vitals of our republic. That *all men are born free and equal*, is a doctrine promulgated by all our constitutions, and proudly boasted of as distinguishing us from the most favored nations of the world. The existence of anything so inconsistent with this profession as is the evil we now reprobate, cannot be imputed to the nation, for it was forced upon us by our British ancestors, and we have always used every opportunity to remove it ; but if we now permit its extension to lands yet unpolluted, we shall stand convicted before the world, of voluntary continuance in a crime we have affected to deplore.

This is the last time that with any hope of success we can raise our voices against it. Every new State that shall be permitted to retain this power will array itself against us, and the contest will become more and more desperate, till avarice and cruelty obtain a decisive victory, and all restraints to this iniquity be done away forever. If that shall take place it does not require the spirit of prophecy to foretell the fearful event. Repeated insurrections will prepare the way for a servile war, in which the wrongs of human nature will be deeply avenged, those who escape must shelter themselves with those who now warn them, a disunion of the States must take place, and the hopes of the nation will be trampled in the dust.

The public meeting, the proceedings of which are recorded in the following pages, was the most respectable and the most animating that we have ever seen. From young men this is but faint praise ; but we will add, that we do not hope *ever* to attend another which shall be equal in the greatness of the cause, in the ability with which it was advocated, and in the sublimity of the effect. Were we in any degree capable of communicating its spirit, or could we transfer to our readers the feelings that were excited in ourselves, we should be most happy.

The business was commenced by an address from Mr. Binney, in which, after explaining the object of the meeting, and stating the points in dispute in the last Congress, he proceeded to examine the right of that body to make the prohibition, and the expediency of exercising it.

By a clear and forcible exposition of the sense of the constitution, not only from its own words, which have been said to have been carelessly used, but from the invariable practice under it, he demonstrated irresistibly the full authority of Congress. Were it possible that any one holding the contrary opinion could be free from prejudice, his conviction of the truth, after hearing this discourse, would be as distinct as the light of heaven.

We had never seen so strongly or so clearly the arguments that may be deduced from the phraseology of the constitution, when it speaks of the equal rights to which the new States shall be entitled. It was triumphantly established that the strict interpretation for which we contend, was the undoubted intention of its authors, and that they never believed the power of authorizing crime, essential to perfect freedom.

While discussing the question of *expediency*, the orator was inspired by the full force of the subject, and though there are few here who have thought at all, who were not before perfectly convinced that the crime is as repugnant to our interest as it is destructive to virtue and offensive to God, there was no one present who did not feel his own sober opinions irradiated more vividly by the full blaze of truth, and the conviction of his understanding strengthened by the warmth of his heart.

The whole examination of the question was made with the most logical precision as well as the most noble eloquence, and we were proud to feel while sitting in the room from whence the declaration of independence was sounded, that the subject and the speaker were worthy of the place.

From The Saturday Review, 4 July.

MR. ROEBUCK'S MOTION.

The future course of the adjourned debate on Mr. Roebuck's motion will certainly not affect the division. Only an insignificant minority will support the proposal to overrule the discretion of the Government, and probably the question will not even be pressed to a division. The bulk of the Opposition will remember that Lord Derby has hitherto opposed recognition, and that he has not given any intimation of a change of policy. If American politicians are capable of being influenced by English opinion, they may collect from the debate the all but universal conviction, that peace is desirable, and compulsory reunion impossible. Even Mr. Forster expressed his hope that the war would terminate with the capture of Vicksburg, which would, as he anticipated, exclude the country west of the Mississippi from the area of present or future slavery. Mr. Bright alone clung to the hope of re-conquest, although he admitted the impossibility of predicting the fortunes and result of the war. Mr. Gladstone deprecated the adoption of Mr. Roebuck's motion on the ground that a recognition of the South by England would probably prolong and embitter the struggle which it might seem to discountenance. Lord Robert Cecil, on the other hand, thought that the official declaration of France and England would convince the Northern population that the prosecution of the war was hopeless. All parties concurred in desiring the same result, although the means which they proposed for adoption varied as widely as their sympathies. It may be doubted whether the authority of the House of Commons, or of its principal members, will possess any weight in the Federal States. All nations receive with a certain irritation the criticism and the counsels of foreigners and the American newspapers will accompany their accounts of the debate with the most invidious comments. It is unpleasant to overhear the candid opinion of a neighbor on any domestic dispute, but it is still more provoking to receive his unasked advice. Lord Russell and Lord Lyons could tell Mr. Seward nothing relating to American affairs which he has not the fullest opportunity of knowing; and if he is curious to ascertain the views of English statesmen, he may easily satisfy himself by reading Mr. Gladstone's speech. An offer of joint or separate mediation would produce an offensive reply to England, although the share of France in the overture would be noticed in courteous and grateful terms. The failure of any offer of negotiation is, indeed, so inevitable, that the advocates of intervention now desire to proceed at once to the more decided measure of recognition. It remained for them to show that their proposal was conformable to precedent, that it was just, and, above all, that it was expedient.

Lord Robert Montagu and Lord Robert Cecil discussed at length the well known cases of recognition, dwelling especially on the precedent of the Spanish colonies. Mr. O'-Sullivan formerly United States' Minister in Portugal, in a well written pamphlet, urges against his former country the proceedings of the American Government in Texas and in Hungary. The argument would be forcible if the conduct of the United States had in either instance been regular and justifiable; but it is impossible to bind a great country by admissions made in another controversy, or to enforce an untenable proposition on the existing members of a Government because it may have been practically applied by their predecessors. It has been generally held that President Taylor and Mr. Webster committed an error in authorizing a diplomatic agent to recognize, at his own discretion, the independence of Hungary. The selfish or corrupt motives which dictated the recognition of Texas deprive the precedent of all possible value. The province, or rather the American settlers within its limits, revolted from Mexico in 1837, and within a year President Jackson recognized its independence. In 1844, the transaction was completed by the annexation of the new and sovereign State to the American Union. Napoleon was in the habit, in the same manner, of establishing independent kingdoms in his neighborhood, until it was found convenient to transform them into departments of the empire; but the processes by which superior force is employed in the service of cupidity furnish international jurisprudence with no available precedents. The inquiry whether the recognition of an insurgent State furnishes a just cause of war is in itself of secondary importance. It is more to the purpose to ask whether the recognition, at the present moment, of the Southern Confederacy would cause a declaration of war by the Federal Government. The strongest advocates of the measure admit that a rupture would ensue if England acted without the support of Europe, or, according to Mr. Roebuck's definition, of France. When they point out the inability of the North to resist the overwhelming strength of the two great powers, they by no means prove that war would be avoided. The Americans, with all their faults, are spirited and confident, and if they were persuaded that they had suffered a wrong, they would be little disposed to count the number of their enemies. Some of their leaders would be glad, at any cost, to escape from a hopeless struggle against the South, with an excuse for their failure in the neces-

sity of resisting European aggression. A plausible cause of war would suit their purpose sufficiently, even if it were ultimately decided that the recognition of the South was covered by competent precedents.

Mr. Roebuck, in his ungenerous and studiously indiscreet speech, virtually accepted the natural consequence of the policy which he supported. Although it is an absurd exaggeration to boast that the *Warrior* could sweep the Federal navy from the seas, it is perfectly true that no effective resistance could be offered to the maritime power of England and of France; but even if the casual weakness of a friendly State were any excuse for measures which would lead to war, the struggle would not end with the abolition of the blockade, and the resentment which would be provoked would long survive the present generation. The liberation of the Southern stores of cotton, and the conclusion of a commercial treaty with the Confederacy, would, even in respect of material cost, be dearly purchased by a year, perhaps by ten years, of war. The persistent attempt to conquer the South may be regarded by many as a blunder, and by some as a crime, but it is impossible to suggest that the incidental injury which it inflicts on England is a just cause for hostilities. Those who are most immediately interested in the supply of cotton demand no armed assistance from the Government, and even if Lancashire were clamorous, the English nation is not yet prepared to violate international right for a pecuniary or commercial consideration. Mr. Roebuck, indeed, attempts to strengthen his case by pointing out the expediency of diminishing the formidable strength of the former Union. If he had wished to deprive his speech and his motion of all moral weight, both in England and America, he could not have avowed an unworthy motive with more damaging candor. The legitimate greatness of a foreign country is no excuse for projects against its prosperity. Mr. Bright paradoxically argued that the Union would be restrained, by the rights of the several States, from any wanton aggression on foreign powers. He might fairly have maintained that the Federal Republic of the North, with its increased centralization, will be a more dangerous neighbor than the undivided Union. In another generation the Northern States will contain a population of forty millions, and they may not improbably have acquired the habit of maintaining large standing armies. It is, however, a waste of time to discuss the possible interest of England in union or in separation. It was not for the sake of Europe that the Southern States declared their independence, or that the North has expended half a million of lives in the attempt to reconquer their allegiance. Mr. Bright's singular speculations on the policy of a Union re-constituted under Southern influence are even more unprofitable than Mr. Roebuck's aspirations for the dismemberment of the great Republic. If it is conceivable that New England and New York should give their adhesion to Mr. Jefferson Davis as President of the Republic, Mr. Bright's adopted compatriots must be more whimsically insincere than the worst of their journalists and demagogues.

The House of Commons will not fail to decide on the simple issue of recognition, which, in default of further action, would be as useless to the South as it would be offensive to the Federal States. The more serious contingency of war is distinctly contemplated by Mr. Roebuck, as well as by Mr. Spence and Mr. O'Sullivan; but, on a question of the expediency of a rupture with the United States, Mr. Roebuck himself would not venture on a division. The speeches and the cheers which express the goodwill of many members to the Southern cause indicate no intention of promoting, at the expense of England, the final disruption which is thought to be otherwise certain. The confidential communication of the supposed wishes which a foreign potentate declined to address, in the regular form, to the Government, would alone have sufficed to insure the defeat of Mr. Roebuck's motion. The policy which is unadvisable for England is not additionally recommended by the suggestion that it might supply a fresh occasion for following in the wake of France. The strongest Opposition would be paralyzed by the belief that it was acting in concert with a foreign power for the purpose of thwarting the Government, or of subjecting its course to irregular pressure. Mr. Fox's popularity was damaged by the charge that he had encouraged Catherine II. to refuse Mr. Pitt's demand for the evacuation of Oczakow. At a later period, Alexander I. was warned by his more sagacious advisers of his error in attempting to intrigue with the English Opposition. Even if Mr. Roebuck's statements were true, they ought never to have been made; and if the accuracy of his recollection is disproved, his want of reserve is still more censurable. The boldness which ventures on saying what ordinary men are too prudent to say is by no means universally to be esteemed a valuable or useful quality.

From The Saturday Review, 4 July.

THE MISSING MESSAGE.

Who is it that has told the lie? Is it Mr. Roebuck, or the emperor, or Baron Gros, or Lord Russell, or Mr. Layard? That is the question upon which the public will be at liberty to indulge in any amount of conjecture until Monday next. The one only fact that stands out quite clear against the haze of mystery which surrounds the strange disclosures of which Mr. Roebuck has been the channel, is that there must have been gross equivocation, amounting to a deception, somewhere. The contradiction which the officials of the Foreign Office have given to Mr. Roebuck's statements is too plump and unqualified to leave them, or him, or his imperial informant, any loophole of retreat. Either their words, or Mr. Roebuck's words, are false. But when we get beyond this one cardinal fact, that there is a lie somewhere, we have no further solid ground to tread upon. All beyond is airy, unsubstantial imagination. It is impossible to construct any reasonable hypothesis that shall give a fair account of the motives of any one of these great personages, whoever it was, that was guilty of giving currency to so audacious a fabrication.

That Mr. Roebuck should be the deceiver appears, on a first view, to be the least likely theory of all. Putting aside all comparisons of individual character, which in such a controversy it would be invidious to institute, it is evident that the statements which rest on the authority of two witnesses are *pro tanto* worth more than those which are attested only by one. All that Mr. Roebuck heard from the lips of the emperor was heard equally by Mr. Lindsay. That the two should conspire to state that which both knew to be false—considering not only their antecedent character, but the certainty of detection—is a very difficult supposition. It is equally inconceivable that Baron Gros should have deliberately invented a defence for the benefit of Lord Russell, against the known wishes of his own master. The responsibility of the deception would seem, therefore, to rest either upon the shoulders of the English foreign secretary or of the French emperor. Yet such a dilemna in no way clears up the difficulties of this most inexplicable case. At first sight, it seems impossible that either of these great personages can have made any mistake in the matter, and still more unlikely that they should have staked their names upon a misrepresentation that was certain to be found out. It has been suggested that possibly the French emperor may be of opinion that it is worth his while to make some sacrifice of his reputation for veracity for the sake of disarming forever the bitter and courageous "Tear 'em." It is clear that Mr. Roebuck can never again use expressions about the French emperor such as those Mr. Bright quoted against him on Tuesday evening. But it is hardly probable that so circumspect an intriguer as Louis Napoleon should have betaken himself to a stratagem so suicidal. At whatever price he may appraise the silencing of Mr. Roebuck, it is scarcely to be supposed that he would proffer it for no other purpose than to exasperate still further the British Watchdog. If the emperor did tell the two self-appointed ambassadors that which was absolutely contrary to fact, and give them leave to make the House of Commons sharers in his confidence, he must have known that a few days would make the deception that had been practised clear, not only to the world, but to Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Lindsay themselves. And the bitterness of a duped agent, when he is once undeceived, would clearly be a more formidable motive to hostility than mere political antagonism. Nor is there much probability in the explanation which was yesterday suggested by a semi-official organ of the English Government. If Mr. Roebuck had been alone, he might possibly have mistaken the emperor's silent acquiescence in his own vehement arguments for a statement coming from the emperor himself. Such a confusion is not very unusual in the recollections of eager talkers. But no one ever heard of such an error extending itself to a taciturn bystander. It is understood that Mr. Lindsay endorses all Mr. Roebuck's assertions. Human testimony becomes simply worthless, if two hard-headed, experienced men, after so brief an interval of time, could impute a wholly fictitious and imaginary statement to a man who was conversing with them alone, and whose language they were anxiously watching.

There is, however, internal evidence in the case, so far as it goes, which seems to weigh against the English statesmen. Whatever else he may be the Emperor of the French is not a fool. He must have known that to authorize two members of the House of Commons to represent to that body his grievances against their own ministers was a violent departure from conventional usage, and that it would, on that account, create great excitement, and must end in arousing a strong feeling in England, either against himself or against the minister of whom he complained. He must, if Mr. Roebuck's statement be correct, have had a reason for risking this alternative. He knows England well, and it is clear that he wishes to act in harmony with her. It is difficult, therefore, to believe that he can have taken so hazardous a step without some very strong motive. Assuming that the account given by the Government is true,

he must have suddenly become bereft of reason. If no discourtesy has been shown, and no communication, formal or informal, verbal or written, has passed between him and our Foreign Office regarding intervention or mediation in American affairs since November last, is is quite unaccountable that he should not have renewed his proposal through a diplomatic channel, before resorting to the unexampled expedient of a direct communication to the English House of Commons. The very fact, therefore, which is unquestionable, that these two members were admitted to the Tuileries, and did bring back some message, no matter what its purport, appears somewhat to press against the account of the matter which was given on Thursday by Mr. Layard.

It is impossible not to connect this imbroglio with the recollection of other troubles by which Lord Russell's recent administration has been marked. He has already led England into more than one difficulty, not so much by distinct errors of policy, as by sourness of temper and discourtesy of language. The sting of his despatch to Denmark was less its substance than its form. In the judgment of most Englishmen, it leant too strongly to the side of Germany, but the deep offence which it caused arose from the dictatorial insolence with which the Foreign Minister's suggestions were conveyed. It is evident now that the breach with Brazil might have been avoided but for the infirmities of temper displayed by the English Foreign Office and its representative. It is at least a strange coincidence that this particular defect in our foreign administration, which had been too conclusively proved to exist by our experience in former cases, should be the one pointed at in the alleged complaints of the Emperor of the French. The evidence on the whole of the American case is as conflicting as it can be; but whatever its effect, and wherever the right may be, Lord Russell cannot turn the balance in his own favor by calling witnesses to character. Antecedently, nothing is more probable than that he should have treated the emperor rudely and snappishly. The emperor's mode of righting himself is, however, to be utterly condemned; and the two advocates of the Southern Confederacy have done serious damage to their cause by invoking the counsel of a foreign sovereign to bias the decision of an English Assembly. Dictation from any sovereign, and, above all, dictation from France, must, in this country, bring even the most popular cause into disrepute. But the mistake which the emperor or his English confidants may have made in this matter does not diminish the inconvenience of having a Foreign Secretary who contrives to be on snubbing terms with all the allies of England. In a troubled time like ours, when the issues of peace and war often hang upon an individual decision, it is uncomfortable to be represented by a minister who possesses so remarkable a talent for giving offence.

From The Examiner, 4 July.

MR. ROEBUCK AND THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

In Swift's Polite Conversation some one runs a dozen miles to suck a bull. Mr. Roebuck ran to Paris to pump an emperor, and the result has been even more unfortunate than the "no effects" in the case of the bull.

Mr. Roebuck returned in something like a state of pregnancy. He was big with Imperialism. He had more in him than he could well contain, and it was observed that in his speech upon recognition he carried himself with a singular and unaccustomed awkwardness. He hoped the House would excuse his entering on personal history, and like Lord Grizzle in *Tom Thumb*, he asked it whether he should tell it what he was going to say, which was, that "he knew certain things about the state of the mind of the great French ruler, which he was authorized to lay before the House." Mr. Roebuck, by the help of Mr. Lindsay, had obtained an audience of the emperor, and what passed may be thought, as he says, somewhat surprising, but true for all that, but, as it proves, not surprisingly true.

The emperor explained that as soon as he heard a report that he had changed his mind about America he gave instructions to his ambassador to deny the truth of it, and more, to state that his feeling was stronger than ever for the recognition of the South; and farther, to ask our Government again whether it was willing to join him in that recognition.

About this statement Mr. Roebuck says there can be no mistake; he pledges his veracity that "the emperor told him the thing had been sent to Baron Gros," and it can't be truth that the British Government does not know it; he does not believe the world will doubt his word, and he pledges his word for the truth as far as he is concerned. No doubt, but strange misunderstandings somehow or other do occur.

We have Mr. Roebuck now face to face with the emperor, in possession of his wishes as to a most important line of policy, and Mr. Roebuck at once making himself master of the situation, assumes the office of his majesty's adviser. He laid before him two courses of conduct. He said, your majesty may make formal application to England—a bright idea

which would never have struck the imperial mind without Mr. Roebuck's suggestion—but this would not do, the emperor stopped Mr. Roebuck with these words:

"No; I can't do that, and I will tell you why. Some months ago I did make a formal application to England. England sent my despatch to America. That despatch, getting into Mr. Seward's hands, was shown to my ambassador at Washington. It came back to me; and I feel that I was ill-treated by such conduct. I wont (he added), I can't subject myself again to the danger of similar treatment. But I will do everything short of it. I give you full liberty to state to the English House of Commons this my wish, and to say to them that I have determined in all things to act with England; and more than all things I have determined to act with her as regards America."

The force of words certainly can no farther go than "more than all things." There is in this resolution a vigor of speech almost exceeding the pathetic representation of a celebrated Irish counsel that his unfortunate client had been robbed of all he had in the world, and also his hat. But did it not strike Mr. Roebuck as rather an inconsistency that the emperor should be determined to act with England in all things, and more than all things as regards America, though in the same breath he had been complaining of being so ill-used that he could not even make a formal application to our Government for fear of the repetition of a shabby trick, almost, if not quite, amounting to a perfidy? Be that as it may, Mr. Roebuck now stood before the House in the high character of a spiritual medium between the mind of the Emperor of the French and the British nation. Government was passed by, superseded, *vice* Roebuck, Envoy Extraordinary. The Opposition had vehemently cheered the account of the imperial ill-treatment, the despatch sent to America which got into Mr. Seward's hands. There was an end of the credit, if not the existence, of the ministry, for all had been found out by that cleverest of all detectives, Mr. Roebuck. But lo, in less than a third of the time proverbially allotted to a wonder, out comes Mr. Layard with a statement of facts allowing of no dispute, which shows either that the emperor or the volunteer envoy must have made two most extraordinary mistakes, and that there was not the smallest foundation for the story with which Mr. Roebuck amazed the House. As they say in the pulpit, first of the first, no communication respecting mediation has been made since November last, that is to say, no second communication. Baron Gros having heard the rumor to an opposite effect, voluntarily went to Lord Russell to say he had received no instructions of any such nature, nor has any communication of the sort been made to the ambassador at Paris.

As to the despatch in answer to the application of November, said to have been sent to America by our Government to prejudice the emperor, it was, contrary to usage, published in the *Moniteur* before the answer was received, and a copy of it was also handed by the French minister at Washington to Mr. Seward, a step rather unnecessary, except as a mere matter of form, as the document was already officially published as a State paper.

What is to be thought, then, of all this? We must not say that the moral for Mr. Roebuck is, "put not thy trust in princes;" but as much may at least be said for the Emperor Napoleon as Gay says of the trader:—

"He ne'er deceives, unless he profits by't."

The emperor could have no motive for filling Mr. Roebuck with flimflams, the exposure of which upon the permitted publication must have been certain and immediate. On the other hand, there can be no doubt about Mr. Roebuck's veracity, and as to misunderstanding, he is not the man to make any very broad error in that direction, liable to a false view from passion and prepossession as he may be.

There seems, then, to be but one solution of the problem, that the emperor may have spoken rather at random upon imperfect recollections, or impressions never justified by the facts, which ought to have been removed.

The position, however, in which both the greatest man in Europe, and the greatest in his opinion, are placed, ought to be a lesson to them against such irregular gossippings, sure to end in some ugly question like the present.

From The Spectator, 4 July.

THE PROPOSAL FOR RECOGNITION.

Mr. Roebuck's motion for the recognition of the South has not yet received its *coup de grâce*, and it is likely to linger, we see, in its present hopeless state of living death till next Monday week. Mr. Roebuck has certainly used such effectual efforts to extinguish any faint ray of hope that the partisans of the South may have felt, that it may be almost imprudent for the friends of strict neutrality to add anything to excite reaction. But it may still be well, as the debate is yet pending and the news which must arrive from America before it is resumed may, to some extent, modify the temporary mental attitude which Mr. Roebuck's blundering passion has so fortunately confirmed, to recall calmly the grave reasons against recognition, and the

paucity, or rather absolute non-existence, of reasons in its favor.

In the first place, no blunder can be greater than to say, as many do, with our thoughtful contemporary the *Globe*, that those who think an independent Southern Republic nearly certain, and its subjugation not even desirable, are by the very force of that opinion obliged to ask for recognition. This is to confound two very different things,—an opinion about the future, and an opinion so strong and passionate that it wishes to break through international law for the sake of propagating it. The idea of the law of peaceful international recognition has been repeatedly defined. It is an unfriendly act, an act, if not quite a *casus belli*, still fairly leading to indignant protest, and probably to misunderstanding and disputes,—to recognize the independence of a revolted State unless the independence of that State is for practical purposes a *fait accompli*. Now, no one can say that the independence of the South is a *fait accompli*, while a nation of twenty millions of people are keeping up an army of at least half a million for the express purpose of reducing it, and the revolted Confederation is taxing its last resources to resist. Shrewd politicians may say the enterprise is hopeless; we are inclined to think so ourselves; but we are not the arbiters of such a question. It remains by the law of nations an unfriendly act, an act for which we are fairly liable to be called to account, to let anything but facts determine our judgment. If the invasion of the South had so far languished that for all practical purposes it was over, that no tangible success could be even expected,—that the subject had lost its interest, while our commerce suffered from not having recognized representatives in the South,—then it would cease to be an unfriendly act to recognize what facts had established. But this is not so yet; does not even approach the truth. And international law on such a subject exists only for the purpose of overriding hasty national opinions, and controlling the impulse of men to prejudge events, by laying down a general standard. It is one thing to *believe* a contest hopeless,—quite another to say that the facts are such as would justify a peaceful nation in acting on that belief.

We may assume, however, that the proposition has no genuine advocates, except those who wish to use it as a weapon on behalf of the South, who do not shrink from a legally unfriendly act to the North, who wish to challenge its anger, who desire to run a considerable risk of war on behalf of their client. Such, for example, was obviously the temper of Lord Robert Cecil's speech no less truly, though less imprudently manifested than of Mr. Roebuck's. Now, what do they rest their argument upon? What they desire is, they tell us, to hasten peace by bringing the authority of European opinion to bear upon the struggle, by strengthening the hands of the Democratic party in the North, and so encouraging the South to some final success. Yet even for these ends their recommendation is as bad as it can be. Mr. Forster pointed out in his very able speech that European opinion certainly has great influence on the American continent, but that it is not unfrequently, especially if in any way unfairly obtruded, a negative quantity—a great power to irritate, no power at all to persuade. Now such an opinion as this would be, in the Northern mind, unfairly obtruded; indeed, no one can deny that it would be a breach of international etiquette, if not a *casus belli*. The effect must be a second time just what it was when the Emperor of the French moved in this direction in November. That move strengthened greatly the hands of Mr. Lincoln, annihilated the peace Democrats, passed a Conscription Bill, and determined the Connecticut election for the Republicans. Lord R. Cecil thinks that since then the North has had so much failure to bear that they would receive a European blow in a different spirit. It is a mere dream. In spite of Chancellorsville the North is stronger now than it was in November. General Hooker has failed, but General Banks and General Grant have had great successes. The black troops are growing in number, discipline, and popularity daily, and there is not a sign of any backward movement in the popular policy, though the Western States are naturally enraged against the President's folly in Mr. Vallandigham's case, and the peace party are allowed to speak out once more. The unasked interference of Europe would do more to stimulate the North to new vigor than any other possible event. It might, of course, inspire a disposition for war with England. But it is a great error to imagine war with England would mean peace with the South. In a certain state of feeling,—well known in France in the revolutionary war,—which the Northerners are approaching, the more foes you have forced upon you, the more you wish for, and the more you feel able to cope with. Once let the country get the *wild* sense of injury, and all commercial considerations would be cast to the winds. If the North could subdue the South at all, it would probably be in that state of affairs in which her coasts were blockaded by France and England, the sea covered with her privateers, and her people thoroughly desperate.

Finally, Lord Robert Cecil thinks or professes to think, that this friendly act to the South would tend to facilitate the change of opinion there on the subject of slavery.

Slavery yields, he says, to moral force. Make it a point of honor with the South to defend it, and she will cling to it fanatically. But ignore it, recognize her, embrace her—slavery and all—in your most cordial diplomacy, and gradually your ideas will steal in there and undermine it. If any man really holds this view who has studied the history of American politics, he must have a faculty equal to Mr. Roebuck's of crystallizing his wishes into facts. Has not this been the cry for fifty years in the North—and a cry *acted* on, too? Was there a genuine Anti-Slavery party at all in the North till this war broke out? Did not Mr. Lincoln himself vow never to touch slavery in the Slave States, and express the most conservative views upon the peculiar institution, till within the last year? The simple truth is that where slavery has come to a standstill, and is ceasing to *pay*, there the public opinion of the world undermines and extinguishes it. But in Cuba and the United States, where it may be highly profitable for another century at least, the policy of *laissez faire* is essentially also a policy of *laissez aller*.

Mr. Roebuck, Lord Robert Cecil, and their friends, have, however, really done good service to the cause of strict neutrality, not only by their blunders and the reaction their speeches excite, but by eliciting from the representatives of the masses protests so noble against any alliance with slavery, as those of Mr. W. E. Forster and Mr. Bright. These protests will much more than neutralize the irritating effect of the comparatively insignificant Tory speeches, while the judicial and eloquent speech of Mr. Gladstone will soothe anxiety in the North as to the purpose of our statesmen, and prove that this hasty motion is little beyond the dream of partisan imaginations, disordered by the idolatry for great governing capacity, and the fever of aristocratic scorn.

From The Examiner, 4 July.

RECOGNITION.

There is only one ground upon which the recognition of the South can be demanded, and that is, the fact of independence. What, indeed, is a recognition but a declaration or acknowledgment of fact? No other consideration than fact should enter into the question of recognition, and we think Mr. Roebuck argued his case upon false principles in introducing the motives of interest, and hostility to the Union. The independence of the South may be conducive to our commercial interests, and the division of the States to our political interests, but if so we must wait for these advantages till the independence is realized. We are not solemnly to proclaim a falsity because if it were a truth instead of a falsehood it would be profitable to us. Nor is it permissible to a nation professing neutrality to acknowledge the independence of a people who have revolted in order to hasten the event. We may furnish both sides indifferently with arms under that dead letter Foreign Enlistment Act, but we may not deal in fiction and proclaim the thing that is not, to serve the cause of the South.

Mr. Roebuck was strong upon every point but the fact. He showed many reasons for desiring the independence of the Confederacy, but he did not even attempt to show that the independence has been achieved. He said they had vindicated their freedom, which is a vague phrase, that they had rolled back the tide of war, but he did not, could not, affirm that they had cleared their soil of their enemy, and that no Union banner floated over a Secessionist city of any importance. Indeed, so far was he from taking his ground upon the matter of fact, that he declared "our only fear ought to be lest the independence of the South should be established without us;" which is a plain and distinct admission that the independence is a thing *in posse*, not *in esse*, and wanting foreign aid. But, to speak plainly, are we to tell a lie, that is, to declare that a thing does exist which does not exist, lest it should be brought about without our intervention?

The truth is, that Mr. Roebuck's arguments are for war. A recognition is no *casus belli* if the circumstances warrant it, but it would be an act of hostility if it were to accelerate the event it only pretends to declare, and so to give one belligerent a moral advantage over the other. Having made up his mind that war with the North would be preferable to the continuance of the present strange neutrality, Mr. Roebuck can reason thus—putting aside altogether the question whether or not independence has been achieved, and making the whole question one of commercial interest:—

"The South offers to us perfect free trade; but if we allow this contest to go on, if we cower, as we have done hitherto, before the North, the Southerners will soon become a manufacturing population, and the boon will be withdrawn from us."

It is passing easy to utter brave words about war before it comes, and to boast that our navy would sweep the seas of the enemy, and that our *Warrior* would destroy all their fleets; but with a thorough belief in our great maritime superiority, we have yet a misgiving that a free trade with the Confederacy would be of small profit to us while fast ships, of the *Alabama* class, under the Federal flag,

would be cutting off our merchantmen. And no wise man will count upon certain issues of war. When such a calamity is forced upon us, we must even take it with its chances for better for worse, but never let us draw the sword like M. Jourdain, relying upon the deceitful assurance that in arms it is possible to manage matters so as "à donner, et à ne point recevoir, et d'être assuré de son fait quand on se bat contre quelqu'un."

We have before now protested against shrinking from the resentment of the North if a just course of conduct should unreasonably excite it, but we are equally adverse to making a people of our own race our enemies by a line of action really proceeding upon a false pretence, and prompted by interests which should have no influence in the matter. Truly remarked Mr. Gladstone upon this point:—

"I cannot help stating with some confidence that if we strongly put forward the consideration of British interests in this matter—if we found an argument for recognition of the South on the plea that British interests require it, and that British greatness was threatened by the former condition of the American Union—by that very fact you stamp upon your argument for recognition, upon every expression even of a wish for peace, a certain character of hostility to our brethren in the Northern States."

Whenever the South is recognized as a mere matter of fact, the recognition will be void of offence to the North, as no other motive can be fairly assigned for it than obedience to truth, requiring an acknowledgment not to be disputed. But whenever the time shall have arrived for this recognition we confess our apprehension that there will be an extreme reluctance and backwardness as to making it; and the strongest point in Mr. Roebuck's speech is his question how the time is to be marked and known, by what circumstances not now present.

Whenever the pear is ripe we shall expect to hear more unworthy and unwise reasons for ignoring the fact than are now urged for anticipating it.

The present stage of opinion cannot be far from recognition. It is a conviction almost universal that the restoration of the Union is utterly impracticable, and the civilized world will not consent to suffer by a war without a feasible object, or in other words, a war without end. All the means and resources of a powerful nation have been employed in this struggle, and if, after nearly three years' duration, it is the general conviction that the object is unattainable, it is clear that there must be something very like independence on the part of the resisting belligerent, and the point would be put beyond question if the Southern territory were completely delivered of the Northern invaders.

We cannot concur in Mr. Roebuck's view of the conduct of the South before the breach, nor do we see any feature to be admired or approved in their cause except one, that they are contending for self-government. That is a principle we cannot dispute, but how they will use self-government when they shall have conquered it is another question, an encouraging answer to which is not obtained by reference to the uses they made of power when in the ascendency in the Union. We admire their prowess and their devotion, all indeed that is brought to the front in this conflict, but there is that behind which inspires very different feelings, and whenever this struggle, with its disparity of forces, has passed away, the sentiment of England with regard to the parties will probably undergo a very considerable change. Our sympathies are always with the weak against the strong, nay more, to speak out the plain truth, we have always a leaning to rebellion in every part of the world except the queen's dominions; for, not unreasonably, we assume that no revolt on a large scale is without cause. During the contest our judgment is influenced by our sympathies, but it recovers its just tone afterwards, or perhaps will have some bias against the objects of its former factitious favor. Of this we are certain, that if the Southerns could get more than their own, more than independence, that is, the upper hand, there would in this country be a complete revulsion of feeling against a triumph shared with slavery. Our present sympathy is purely one of circumstances, and transitory, unless what stands between us and thorough fellowship with the Southerns be removed. We offer these remarks in abatement of an exaggeration. On the other hand is the preposterous proposition that slavery should be a bar to diplomatic and commercial intercourse with the South. And why? Was it a bar to our intercourse when all the powers of the North were lent to riveting the bondage of the blacks? Would it be a bar if the Union were restored, on the terms the North would gladly grant of the *status quo ante bellum*, if not more, to slavery? There are bounds even to the hatred of slavery, and we are not to excommunicate a nation because they have the taints of a vice which was our own a few years ago.

From The Spectator, 4 July.

NEWS.

A REPORT is in circulation that Louis Napoleon is encouraging Spain to recognize the South, and that Spain, tempted by a Southern guarantee for Cuba, is half inclined to accede. The step would show a decided appreciation of the fitness of things. The only State in Europe which repudiates debts, and holds slaves, and breaks the anti-slave trade treaties, ought to be the first to recognize the new power.

[When we see how the advocates of slavery have wrecked it in the United States, it would not be wonderful if Spain were to wreck it in Cuba *and the world*, by listening to such counsel.—*Living Age*.

The debate on Mr. Roebuck's motion for the recognition of the South brought out by far the strongest show of anti-Southern feeling, or at least of feeling hostile to the English advocates of the South, that has yet been seen in the House of Commons. Mr. Roebuck's foolish and boastful declamation was listened to, indeed, but by a thoroughly disgusted House, who did not care to conceal their dislike of the volunteer mission to Fontainebleau, or their disgust at the odious bunkum which Mr. Roebuck gravely talked. "Why, in ten days, Sir," said the member for Sheffield, anticipating war with the North, "we should sweep from the sea every ship," —a sentence which, if it had proceeded from a Yankee mouth, would have shaken the country with inextinguishable laughter. The great speeches of the evening were Mr. Gladstone's, Mr. Forster's, and Mr. Bright's. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, with polished and most impartial eloquence, pointed out the impropriety both of the moment and the manner proposed for the recognition of the South, but was scarcely precise and emphatic enough on the international-law question. Mr. Forster's speech was an exceedingly effective argument against such a step. The motion was one, he said, expressly for drifting into war under the guidance of a foreign pilot, and instead of hastening even the peace between North and South, would unite the North again as one man, as was the case with the last French proposition to mediate. Finally, he denounced a war in defence of those whose watchword is "Slavery, Subordination, Government," as one of those crimes which the Ruler who guides the destinies of nations would not lightly forgive. Mr. Bright followed in the same tone, and concluded a speech, which, if somewhat merely Unionist in sentiment, was penetrated with a genuine hate of slavery, by one of those passages of weighty, nervous, and passionate power, in which no speaker of any age or country can surpass him.

THE Duke of Newcastle explained on Thursday the objects for which the rights of the Hudson's Bay Company, extending over a territory 400,000 miles *larger* than Europe within the Vistula, have been transferred like a private estate. The true purchasers, it appears, are persons interested in Canada, aided for the moment by the International Financial Society, and they will settle the Southern portion of the territory, grant mining leases, and erect a line of telegraph between the Atlantic and Pacific, for which service her majesty's Government are to grant them a million acres in crown lands. The duke seems perfectly satisfied with the transaction, and so far there is no objection to its legality, but he did not meet the true point. The Hudson's Bay Company exercised many sovereign powers, keeping settlers, for instance, out of their dominions. Have these been transferred? If so, then we deny the validity of the transaction unless completed under the sanction of an Act of Parliament. *Delegatus non potest delegare*, and the settler who disobeys the local laws of the new company, and is punished for so doing, may claim and obtain damages in England. The argument that as one share could be sold, so all could be sold, is a quibble merely. Suppose Louis Napoleon had bought them all. The grant, too, of a million of acres for a mere line of telegraph not nearly so long as the Indian triangular line at least sounds extravagant, and the whole matter ought to be thoroughly explained by a speech in the interests of the empire, and not merely of this or that new society.

A TELEGRAM from Alexandria announces that a revolution occurred in Madagascar on 12th May. Radama II. has been assassinated, his ministers hanged, mourning prohibited, the European treaties suspended, and Radama's widow proclaimed sovereign, with a "constitution according to the view of the old Hova party." Decisive people these Malagache, and not quite so constitutional as bulletin writers fancy, but we suppose the meaning of it all is that the old dominant tribe, the Hovas, offended with the equality secured by European influence, have re-asserted their sway. It is unfortunate for them that Réunion is full of troops very hungry indeed for something to interrupt the monotony of their lives. Madagascar would give the French a broad possession, and the undisputed command of the Cape route to India.

THE LIVING AGE.

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A SOLDIER'S WREATH.

O purest lilies, leaning low,
Rouse from your languor pining!
O red, red roses, lend your glow
With summer sunlight shining!
O bluest harebells, listlessly,
No longer silent quiver,
Your fairy chimes ring full and free
Above the singing river!

Sweet blossoms, ye, of peace and love,
And types of beauty royal,
To-day all others prized above—
A triad brightly loyal.
The red, the blue, the white we trace,
A soldier's wreath to fashion,
And twine about a pictured face.
With sighs of deep compassion.

Fair river, in thy careless glee
Of joy and glory singing,
Thy current to the summer sea
Goes tidal treasures flinging;
Would that upon thy bosom cast
These nurslings of the arbor,
All ports and treacherous bayous past,
Might reach a distant harbor!

Might carry to a sufferer pale
A balm of surest healing,—
A breeze from Northern homesteads hale
Through the miasma stealing.
So we to-day our garland twine,
The while petitions breathing,—
Like votaries at a saintly shrine,
The cherished semblance wreathing.

Though uttered not a single word,
The prayer Heaven's temple reaching,
The red rose, health and love restored,
The lily, peace beseeching;
The harebell blue, the leal and true,
From all estrangement keeping;
To bind the ties of home anew,
And give us song for weeping.

Anne G. Hale.

—*New England Farmer.*

IMITATED FROM THE TROUBADOUR SORDEL.

Her words, methinks, were cold and few;
We parted coldly; yet
Quick-turning after that adieu,
How kind a glance I met!
A look that was not meant for me,
Yet sweeter for surprise,
As if her soul took leave to be
One moment in her eyes;
Now tell me, tell me, gentle friends,
Oh, which shall I believe,
Her eyes, her eyes that bid me hope,
Her words that bid me grieve?

Her words, methinks, were few and cold:
What matter! Now I trust,
Kind eyes, unto your tale half-told,
Ye speak because ye must!
Too oft will heavy laws constrain
The lips, compelled to bear
A message false; too often fain
To speak but what they dare;
Full oft will words, will smiles betray,
But tears are always true;
Looks ever mean the things they say:
Kind eyes, I trust to you!

Her looks were kind—oh, gentle eyes,
Love trusts you! Still he sends
By you his questions, his replies,
He knows you for his friends.
Oh, gentle, gentle eyes, by Love
So trusted, and so true
To Love, ye could not if ye would
Deceive, I trust to you!

Dora Greenwell.

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

JULY.

To-day, the meek-eyed cattle on the hills
Lie grouped together in some grateful shade;
Or slowly wander down the grassy glade,
To stand content, knee-deep, in glassy rills.

The wandering bee, in far-secluded bowers,
Hums its low cheerful anthem, free from care;
Great brilliant butterflies, fragile as fair,
Float gracefully above the gorgeous flowers.

The sun pours down a flood of golden heat
Upon the busy world; so hot and bright,
That the tired traveller, longing for the night,
Seeks some cool shelter from the dusty street.

The cricket chirrups forth its shrill refrain;
The grass and all green things are sear and dry;
The parched earth thirsts for water, and men sigh
For cooling showers. All nature waits for rain.

FAITH.

God's Truth for steady North-point—nothing fear;
Not lightning, darkness, beasts, or evil men,
Wanderings in forest or in trackless fen,
Nor through the fury of the floods to steer
Where land is not remembered. Tongue or pen
May scatter folly: be thou tranquil then;
Bear griefs, wrongs, pains, or want that biteth near.
The Maker of the World doth hold thee dear.
As Day, above all cloud, walks down the west
On silent floor of many-colored flame,
So shall thy life seem when thou seest it best,
Lifted to view its warrant and its claim.
I tell thee God Almighty is thy friend;
Angels thy lying down and rising up attend.

Macmillan's Magazine.

From The Saturday Review.

FRISKY MATRONS.

Imperialism and the dowager have conspired to bring about a very abnormal state of things in London society. Together with cheap silks and wines, we appear to be importing genuine French notions about the status of young married women. The old-fashioned idea was that a young lady married was a young lady shelved. In her new character of a wife, she retired from the fray in which husbands are fought for, more or less content with her share of the spoil. "Called to other functions" was the motto she henceforward inscribed on her banner. With the cares of household and nursery in full view, she submitted cheerfully to a protracted eclipse, which lasted until, in the fulness of time, she emerged once more, with ampler proportions and a more majestic front, to attract young men—to her daughters. Now we have changed all that. A youthful matron is no longer a withdrawn competitor for the attentions of the male sex, but a dangerous, almost irresistible rival, released from all the disabilities under which young ladies lie, and armed with new powers to dazzle and enslave. This is just what the custom of our lively neighbors countenances, although, under the Second Empire, the theory of post-nuptial license has received an alarming development. After years of semi-conventual retirement, a French girl is pitchforked into matrimony, and finds herself all of a sudden at full liberty to please as she lists her roving fancy. No wonder, under these circumstances, that Paris has become the natural home of Milly Nesdale. But it will be a surprise to many to learn that the fascinating and circumspect young wife has lately crossed the channel, and invaded with triumphant success the soil of sober, respectable, domestic England.

And now for the part which the dowager has played in bringing about a state of things so destructive of her schemes. Her tactics have been absolutely suicidal. She has hopelessly damaged her own market. By her incessant persecution of eldest sons, by her arrogance and importunity, she has created a demand for married sirens of the Milly Nesdale type. To escape the fangs of a bloodhound in *moire antique*, a man will do many more strange things than take refuge with a charming woman in a charming boudoir, where piquant gossip is always to be had, and rose-colored chintzes make perpetual youth. Here the hunted heir finds the safe retreat for which he has vainly sighed. However nervous about marriage, he has no fear of being entrapped into bigamy. Once more he may bring into action his flirting powers, almost rusty from disuse. Once more he may enjoy the luxury of whispering soft nonsense without being misunderstood, and paying a few compliments without being asked his "intentions." Meanwhile, his baffled pursuer has to endure a double mortification. It is bad enough to see her victim slip through her fingers. It is still worse to know that he has reached a secure asylum, from which he cannot be dislodged except with his own consent. Henceforward the conditions of the contest are wholly altered. Instead of having a poor, simple, unsophisticated male to cope with, she finds herself face to face with an allied force, skilfully manœuvred by an antagonist of her own sex, with every advantage of youth, beauty, and animal spirits on her side, and pledged by self-interest to the most determined resistance. This formidable coalition the dowager owes to her own mingled clumsiness and avidity.

But all this does not fully account for the new position which married women are assuming in society. Their use as buffers between eldest sons and dowagers is intelligible enough. But how is it that they are willing to act in a capacity which, to say the least, does not fulfil the highest ideal of woman's work? How is it that they desert the duties of their station, to lead the van of frivolity and excess? Bad example in a quarter to which Englishwomen look with servile obsequiousness for the decrees of fashion, has, we repeat, had much to do with this. But there is a cause which lies deeper. It is to be found in the decline of that remarkable outburst of religious enthusiasm, which thirty years ago inflamed the zeal of many, and influenced in a special manner the mind and daily life of women. The Oxford movement owed its success in no slight degree to the ardent sympathy of its female adherents, and these it attracted chiefly by supplying them with plenty of congenial work. The young lady of the period we speak of had hardly a thought or feeling in common with the young lady of the present day. She lived in one prolonged gush of sentiment and hero-worship. But it flowed

in a definite and practical channel. She visited the poor, she taught in schools, she decorated churches, she embroidered altar-cloths, she carved poppy heads, she scrubbed brasses, she dipped into the Fathers, and was tolerably conversant with the stock arguments against Geneva and Rome. Her patristic researches may have been shallow, and her æstheticism may have now and then moved a smile, but, upon the whole, they refined and idealized her nature, and added to her mental culture. The collapse of transcendentalism, and the loss of a sphere of useful employment, have left an aching void in many a female bosom. The young lady of our time lives more in and for the immediate present. M. Victor Hugo would discern no touch of the Infinite about her. She has little to draw her out of herself and her own concerns. Earnestness has given place to well-bred apathy and cynicism. The nearest approach to enthusiasm she can conjure up is on the subject of dress. Her manners have undergone a remarkable alteration, which would simply make her grandmother's hair stand on end. They have become exceedingly frank and open. To talk slang is as much a feminine accomplishment as to play the piano, or warble a ballad. In short, young ladies are many degrees more like their brothers than they were twenty years ago. Of their own accord they are divesting themselves of that air of mystery and romance with which, from the days of chivalry downwards, the other sex has surrounded them, and revealing to their admirers the grosser and least ethereal side of their nature, with all the pitiless exactitude of a photograph. The service which they thus unconsciously render to the study of psychology is considerable, but it does not add to their attractiveness. But these are the shortcomings of young ladies, it may be said, not of young wives. Nevertheless, it is impossible to produce a satisfactory article out of a raw material of inferior quality. Young ladies are the raw material out of which wives and mothers are to be formed; and if in the former capacity they are giddy, selfish, and frivolous, there is too much reason to expect that they will continue so in the latter. There are no miracles wrought at the shrine of St. George in Hanover Square.

If any one doubts whether the growing prominence of married women in society be a fact or not, he has only to attend a London ball, or stay at an English country-house. Let us accompany him in fancy to the first of those festive scenes. He will find the conditions which are supposed to govern such an entertainment more or less reversed. Whoever had charge of the Japanese ambassadors last year must have attempted to explain to their puzzled excellencies the object and meaning of a ball. It is intended, he probably said, to enable the youth and beauty of each sex to mingle in the dance. Hither fair maidens flock, for the purpose of captivating their future husbands. Their mothers attend at the cost of much physical suffering, not so much from the promptings of parental instinct, as from a high, perhaps an exaggerated, sense of decorum. The active element is the marriageable element in the assemblage. The lovely and animated teetotums that spin round the room do so out of pure girlish glee. The graceful beings that thread the maze of Lancers or quadrille are all fancy-free, and own as yet no lord and master. It is, in short, the single young ladies in England who dance, while the married are content to guard the public morals by lining the walls, and peeping at the performance through any chink in the wedge of palpitating humanity in their front. If this be an item in the latest report on English customs carried back to Jeddo, nothing can be more fallacious. It has ceased to be a correct description of a fashionable ball. Now-a-days, it is the married women who dance, while the young ladies too often sit unasked. Twenty or thirty years ago, a dancing matron was a rarity. One saw, indeed, occasionally, a married couple complacently gyrating round the room, locked in a sort of Darby and Joan embrace. But, as a rule, married women abandoned the service of Terpsichore to their younger and more supple sisters. Now, they are to be seen in any ball-room capering about like so many frolicsome lambkins. If it is the exercise merely which attracts them, it would be easy to provide some better valve for letting off their exuberant activity. Let us have gymnasia, where married women, who find a life of domestic repose rather slow, may privately resort for the purpose of indulging in feats of agility. The same sort of apparatus which exists at the foot of Primrose Hill might be established in a more fashionable quarter. With a due supply of poles to climb, and circular swings to fly round upon,

they would by nightfall have so far reduced their muscular force as to be able to adopt in the ball-room a more quiet and matronly deportment. At all events, we should be spared the ludicrous exhibition of married women, nearing their grand climacteric, venturing to disport themselves on the anything but light fantastic, toe. It would be absurd to speak of self-respect to the woman who, being the mother of daughters "out," can permit a foppish stripling, young enough to be her son, to whisk her off her legs in a fast and furious galop. Such a spectacle produces on a bystander the impression that a law of nature is being actually contravened before his very eyes. One would be glad to believe that her physician had prescribed rapid and exhilarating motion for the benefit of her health. But, alas, there is no such excuse. She is only an extreme instance of the license conceded by the fashion of the day to wives. She could not play these antics if society frowned on them. It is because married women have been allowed to set up an impudent, but successful, claim to all the privileges of young ladies, in addition to those of wives, that matrons of middle age are to be seen waltzing with all the ardor of a *debutante*, and mothers are not ashamed to stand up in the same set of Lancers as their daughters with the younger and handsomer partner of the two.

The same sort of wife-errantry, which is at its height in town in the summer, has become a periodical feature of the English country house. In inviting an autumnal party of friends, there was no point which the mistress of the hall or park used to revolve more anxiously than the ways and means for making their stay agreeable to her young lady visitors. About the married women she took no thought — they would, of course, be wrapped up in their husbands. The soul of young maternity would overflow with sympathy and delight at the sight of her well-appointed nurseries, and would never weary of their inspection. What with children and servants and governesses to gossip about, the matrons, young or old, could never lack amusement. But with the young ladies it was different. They were more difficult to please, and only to be satisfied in one way—by the society of a certain number of agreeable young gentlemen. Before filling her house, therefore, the hostess had to rack her brains to discover whether Miss A. knew Mr. B., and whether Miss C. would like to meet Captain D. To ask a young lady without providing a beau for her was considered very much like obtaining her company on false pretences. In short, to take care of the young ladies, and to let the married women take care of themselves, was the principle kept steadily in view in dispensing country house hospitalities. Now it is altogether discarded. A hostess who wants her party to go off well thinks only of getting as many pretty, well-dressed, and fashionable young married women as she can muster, not overburdened with any exuberant fondness for their husbands, with whom they are on the footing so well described by Millamant in *The Way of the World*—"as strange as if they had been married a great while, and as well-bred as if they had never been married at all." They come down and settle like a blight on the budding hopes and nascent flirtations of spinsterhood. They have every advantage on their side — beauty, wealth, knowledge of the world, a semi-independent position. Against such a combination, no young lady can stand. One by one, her fickle admirers desert her standard, and pass over to the enemy. In vain does she display her many and varied accomplishments. No one cares to look at her sketch-book, and just as she is beginning to deliver herself of an impassioned bravura from *Didone Abbandonata*, all the world slips away to play croquet with one or other of the piquant brides of last year. From first to last, the married women monopolize the attention of the male portion of the circle. The eye is ravished with the exquisite taste and variety of their dresses. What they wore yesterday, and what they will wear to-morrow, are topics of absorbing interest to the whole household. How their hair is done, is a problem which baffles the united ingenuity of both sexes. As nothing else is talked about, so no one's pleasure is consulted but the young matron's. And her pleasure is to flirt. Flirting, in all its branches, is the only thing she understands or cares for. She must have an outer circle of handsome young men to dance attendance upon her. In the park, or at a flower show, or a fancy fair for the Irremediables, she would be content upon an average with fifteen. In her box at the opera, or at a private ball, five or six of her special favorites would suffice. Such are

the modest requirements of the fashionable wives of the present day. In the entertaining scene in the comedy from which we have already quoted, the heroine is represented as stating the conditions on which alone she will consent to marry. She is to wear what she pleases, to have her own friends, to remain "sole empress of her tea-table." The Millamants of the present day would certainly go on to stipulate, like a dissipated housemaid, for an unlimited number of "followers." So much more strait-laced and decorus is the age in which we live than that in which the prudish Mr. Congreve wrote.

Is it too late to hope that the tendency to relax the safeguards with which in England married life has been hitherto environed, may yet be arrested? If the mischievous example which a few empty-headed and frivolous leaders of fashion are setting is to be extensively followed, it would be better at once to adopt the French system outright. Let us have its good as well as its evil. Let our young ladies be kept in strict retirement, until marriage gives the signal for quitting it forever. At all events, a long period would thus be secured for improving the mind and cultivating the habit of occupation. At present, we seem to be combining what is vicious in both the English and the French etiquette for women. With us, they emerge from the hands of the governess far too soon and turn to the real duties and responsibilities of married life far too late.

It has now become rather a common custom for publishers, in sending about to the press copies of popular new books, to send also separately-printed sheets of headed extracts or tit-bits from these books, fit for quotation. A newspaper, receiving such a printed sheet, may, without taking the trouble to have the book itself read, or even dipped into, clip out one of the tit-bits so marked and labelled by the publisher, and reprint it in its columns. We observe that some of the most respectable magazines have recently adopted this custom—sending round extracts from themselves of convenient size, duly headed with titles, and quoted from the so and so magazine of such a month, so that editors and sub-editors, in search of padding, may be tempted to use them. Probably there is nothing really wrong in such a custom. It is only a new development of the advertising system. A few bricks are sent round as specimens of the new house. It is virtually said to the editor or sub-editor, "We know you have no time to read the volume itself, or to form an opinion of it; but here are a few little bits from it; if you find it convenient to quote one of them, we shall be much obliged to you; and this will not commit you to any opinion." There is no harm in this, any more than in selling goods by *gratis* samples. We are not sure, however, but it may interfere with criticism. A critic who makes extracts ought to select what strikes *himself* in a book; and even that low kind of criticism which consists in mere book-tasting may cease to be trustworthy book-tasting, if bits are provided for the critic, already cut out for him. To be sure, this may be said in defence—that, whether the critic uses the tasting-scoop himself, or has bits placed before him without that trouble, the bits are equally out of the same cheese. But what if even this certainty were to cease, and the critic should have to take the trouble of verifying the extracts, to see that they did represent the cheese?

The subjoined document, which we have transted as literally as possible out of its original Latin, was issued a few days ago by the academical authorities of Jena:—"We have, indeed, heard before that those cannibals who in lands of barbarism hunt black men like voracious beasts, in order to catch them and put them in chains of slavery, set bloodhounds upon the fleeing ones; yet never have we heard of this, far less have we seen it with our own eyes, that, in zones of culture, a man with sound sense sets his dog upon the people as upon wild animals. That a sensible man devoted to learning should be capable of such a deed, of this thou hast convinced us, thou Ferdinand Kundert of Riga, student of economy; for thou hast—one is ashamed to say it—set suddenly, like a butcher, thy collossal dog—and what a bull dog!—upon tender girls of the age of fourteen, and upon old shaky matrons (*Mutterchen*), and this in the open place, in the full light of the day! In just punishment for this cruel barbarity we therefore rusticate thee beyond the precincts of this city of Jena for the term of two full years.—G. Stickel, Prorector, *pro tem.*"

It was stated some time ago in *The American Publishers' Circular* that Mr. Spurgeon receives about one thousand pounds annually from America for the reprint of his sermons. Mr. Spurgeon now contradicts this assertion, saying he would feel "mightily obliged" if said publishers would only send him a thousand pence per annum.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

WAS NERO A MONSTER?

If, as is not improbable, the title of this essay should mislead readers into the notion that a playful paradox is about to be presented, they are begged to discard that suggestion at once, and to believe that my purpose is entirely serious. Indeed, one may consider it a proof of the imperfect condition of historical science that such a title should for a moment wear the aspect of a grim jest. At any rate, let me declare that nothing can be further removed from the spirit of this essay than the playful irony which would paint the mansuetude of one on whose name rests universal execration, or than the dialectical sophistry which would extenuate crimes until they almost wore the air of virtues. That Nero was an exemplary son, a loving husband, a sagacious statesman, or a reputable emperor, I altogether disbelieve; indeed one cannot resist the impression that he was a vain, dissolute, contemptible, and miserable man, not without good qualities, but with many vices, and placed in a situation where his vices must have been fearfully fostered. He *may* have been a monster little better than his fame. I do not know that he was; I do not even suspect that he was; but what I do know—with all the certainty possible in such a case—is, that in support of the capital charges against him, charges universally accepted without question, there is not for a rational inquisitive mind *any evidence whatever*.

This is a paradox which challenges the attention of all who interest themselves in history; a paradox in the true, and not the popular sense of the word, namely, in the sense of a statement which is at variance with the dominant opinion, though not in itself at variance with reason. There may be something, at first, to raise the reader's misgiving when he hears that a reputation so loaded with infamy as never yet to have found an apologist, rests upon charges which not only ought to have awakened skepticism by their very enormity and self-contradictions, but prove, on close inspection, to be utterly in defiance of all credit, and without even a semblance of warranty; yet the proof of such assertions is by no means difficult.

Many revolutions in our historical appreciations have already taken place. The application of science, and above all of scientific skepticism, to history, has yet to be made; it will be fruitful in results. Niebuhr changed the whole aspect of Roman history by simply discriminating its mythological elements. But Niebuhr, keen-sighted among texts, and familiar with mythology, was as obtuse as his predecessors in all that related to psychology; and not being versed in science, was unable to detect fictions which any scientific skeptic would at once expose. I say scientific *skeptic*, because, as will presently appear, the mere possession of knowledge does not suffice to shake off that lethargy of credulity which oppresses the faculties of men whenever they pass beyond the laboratory into the wide spaces of history. They forget the lessons they have so laboriously learned, and so sedulously practised; they unhesitatingly accept as evidence respecting a character or an event, statements which, if offered respecting a phenomenon or a cause, would be subjected to a rigid scrutiny and vigilant verification.

There is nothing on which the generality of mankind, even the cultivated, need instruction more than on what constitutes evidence. In science we are forced to be vigilant. In jurisprudence the keen interests of contending intellects fix attention upon every fact or semblance of a fact. But in most other departments our supineness is wonderful; and historians have been especially remarkable for throwing all their ingenuity into the construction of inferences and the accumulation of probabilities, instead of first carefully ascertaining whether the "facts" themselves were not worthless. Positive statements exercise a sort of fascination over the mind, coercing its assent; and what is once positively asserted often takes place unchallenged as historical fact. I have been made sensible of this lately by having, for a special purpose, to read the Roman historians. The picture they have painted of the empire is so remarkable an example of the unreflecting credulity with which history is mostly written, that I have resolved to take the character of Nero as an illustration of what would result if men began seriously to investigate the evidence on which the mass of traditional opinions is founded.

The evidence, and that alone, will claim attention here; nothing will be attempted in the way of extenuation, or apology. The admirers of Lord Bacon explain his conduct towards Essex, and his corruption on the

bench, by adducing extenuating circumstances which may, or may not, mitigate the verdict passed upon the acts; but no advocate denies the facts, however he may interpret them. Not thus will the character of Nero be discussed. It is on the acts themselves, and not on their interpretation, that skepticism will rest. It is the crimes themselves which will be shown as unworthy of a place among historical facts. Whether Nero were on a level with the moral standard of his age, or miserably below that standard, is beside my present purpose; I simply mean to show that there is no evidence for the crimes of which he is accused.

In order to keep this essay within the requisite limits, only the four chief crimes imputed to him will be noticed. If it can be shown that the murder of Britannicus, the murder of his mother, the burning of Rome, and the murder of his wife, the chief acts on which rests the infamy of his name, are in all respects unworthy of credence, the evidence being sometimes even childish in its absurdity, there will be no need to investigate the minor charges. To show this, I shall require no captious subtlety; nor will it be necessary to demand from history the rigorous verification demanded in science. It will be enough to invoke the common sense of an ordinary jury. I shall let the witnesses tell their own story, and shall merely request the jury to appreciate its probability.

Let us first call the witnesses. They are three writers who lived long after the recorded events occurred, and who drew their contradictory records from the gossip of Rome. For most public acts it is probable that they had authentic documents; but for the private acts of individuals, and the *motives* which actuated these individuals, there were no documents whatever; at any rate none which can be authenticated. It is especially noticeable that no contemporary actor in these scenes comes forward with his direct testimony; nor, indeed, is any one invoked by name as a witness. It is also noticeable that long after the imputed crimes had been committed Nero was eminently popular both with people and senate. Three years after the imputed matricide, the stern and virtuous Thraseas could speak with praise of Nero and his Government. Fear may have suppressed contemporary accusations. But when the tyrant was dead why did not the accusers come forward? And why did not Seneca and Burrhus, when condemned to death, avenge themselves on Nero by revealing what they are supposed to have known so well? It is certain that stories circulated at Rome respecting Nero, both in his lifetime and for years afterwards; but before we believe such stories we must demand that at least some authenticity better than that of gossip be shown to belong to them: we must ask who vouches for their truth, and what were his means of knowing it.

Suetonius, Tacitus, and the Greek, Dion Cassius, are the three historians cited as witnesses against Nero. What credit can they claim? Suetonius, from whom the worst stories proceed, was not born till many years after Nero's death, and did not write until some forty years after the events. Tacitus was six years old when Nero died, and wrote many years after the events. Dion Cassius lived some hundred and fifty years later. Let us ask what would be the credibility of historians writing about Cromwell long after the Protectorate had been destroyed, and with nothing but the rumors current in royalist circles to furnish the facts; in such narratives what sort of figure would that heroic man present? Fortunately for his fame he left a party. Grave and thoughtful men preserved traditions and records which rescued him from the vindictive accusations of his enemies. Nero left no defenders. He died after having estranged the Romans. Those whom he had thwarted, those whom he had neglected, those whom he had outraged survived to slander him, and greedy gossip caught up every story without fear of reproof. That Tacitus and Suetonius heard and believed stories of the bad emperor, is no evidence to us that such stories were true; and when we pass from this general skepticism to particular investigation, we find that even had the historians been contemporaries and senators their evidence (in respect to the crimes we shall consider) would be worthless. For, in the first place, we find these writers self-condemned as untrustworthy witnesses, unless when their statements admit of confirmation; and, in the second place, we find them testifying to that which is preposterous, when not flagrantly false, testifying to things which they could not have known, and things which could not have happened.

Although by reading of Tacitus and Sueto-

nius has not impressed me with respect for their trustworthiness, but, on the contrary, with surprise at the *naïveté* and uncritical laxity with which they repeat stories too monstrous for belief,* I do not here intend to rest my case for Nero on such a defect in the witnesses. Nor will I take advantage of the fact, that if they speak against Nero, they speak with almost equal animosity against the Christians; though it is quite arbitrary to refuse that credit to their aspersions of the hated sect, which is given to their aspersions of the hated emperor. If we admit that ignorance, party spirit, and the rancor of jealous opponents misrepresented the Christians, we must also admit that similar sources of misrepresentations existed with respect to Nero. The objection that Tacitus knew nothing of the Christians, and only trusted the reports of their enemies, whereas the acts of Nero were public and notorious, therefore known to many, is specious, but will not bear examination; for it is not the public *acts* of Nero on which rests the infamy of his name, it is on the private *motives* imputed to him for acts he is *supposed* to have committed; precisely as it is on no proved acts of the Christians, but on their "detestable doctrines and avowed hatred of the whole human race" that rests their infamy in the historian's judgment. Now the evidence for the imputations against Nero I affirm to be absurdly defective, resolving itself into mere suspicion, often preposterous. Montaigne, speaking of the severity of Tacitus with regard to Pompey, says pithily; "We ought not to weigh suspicion against evidence, and therefore I do not believe him here."

Britannicus died suddenly. This is a fact, the notoriety of which removes it beyond skepticism. That he was murdered, is an *inferenæ*, and one which we shall presently see reason to discredit altogether. That his death was suspected—nay, believed—to have been caused by poison, and that Nero was suspected of being the poisoner, are also notorious facts; but these suspicions do not convert what is mere inference into fact—they do not as historians imagine, make the *truth* of the charges as notorious as the charges. No man is convicted on suspicion, unless the suspicion is fortified by a mass of evidence. But before the bar of history accusation often has the weight of proof.

Every reader must be aware of the immense amount of fiction which historians mingle with their narratives, fiction not less purely drawn from their imagination than are similar scenes in romance; interviews are circumstantially related, and conversations of some length repeated, in which horrible crimes are planned and damnatory disclosures revealed by the actors, yet the narrator never volunteers to give his guarantee for his accuracy; never informs us who was present at these interviews and took down the conversasations, or who betrayed to him secrets of this importance. Conspirators and criminals, we know, sometimes confess, and still oftener betray their comrades; when such confession and betrayal can be adduced, they take their place as evidence. But the mere supposition of an interview in which takes place an imaginary conversation is, in the strictest sense of the word, fiction, though it passes as history. Nero and his accomplices might have revealed their guilty thoughts, might have confessed their crimes under the stress of death-bed repentance, or under the terrors and agonies of torture; but as no one pretends that this *was* done, we must inquire how historians became acquainted with facts which, from the nature of the case, would be jealously hidden? Thus dialogues which the novelists or dramatists offers as the work of imagination, the historian calls upon us to accept as grave facts. This vice is so deeply rooted in all history that there is scarcely one writer who is conscious of writing pure fiction, when he explains an event by imagining who may have been its prime movers, and what may have been their motives. In a court of law this would be held as childish. In a private circle, when the character of a friend was involved, it would be instantly and indignantly repudiated. But the fiction which would not impose upon a jury, or grain credence in private, is received without hesitation whem palmed off as history.

So much for the testimony of the historians in general. I now pass to the appreciation of Tacitus, Suetonius, and Dion Cassius when narrating the crimes of Nero; and my first

* It is needless to cite cases; some of them, indeed, cannot be spoken of in English; but any one curious to measure the credulity of these writers may turn to Tacitus, *Annales*, lib. xiii. c. 13 and 17, and Suetonius, *in Nerone*, c. 28. The story of the soldier whose hands fell from his arms and clung to the faggots, owing to the intense cold (Tacit. xiii. c. 35), and various miracles and prodigies gravely narrated, belong to the general credulity of the age.

appeal shall be to science. Poisoning plays a great part in all ancient annals, and naturally we meet with it in the charges against Nero. The ignorance of ancient writers excuses statements which in our days would be inexcusable; but their credulity is no excuse for ours; what they believed, we ought to have seen at once to be incredible. In the Middle Ages, when an epidemic raged, it was usually asserted that the Jews had poisoned the wells. When a king, or eminent person, died suddenly without ostensible cause, a suggestion of poison naturally arose to explain the death. We are slower in making such accusations now; not because poisoning has become less frequent, but because the public has become more enlightened. Yet—and the remark is curious—our enlightenment is rarely brought to bear upon the past; and we suffer statements respecting historical persons to pass unchallenged which if advanced respecting contemporaries would excite contempt. No physiologist of the present day would listen without a smile to people who assured him that Louis Napoleon preserved himself by antidotes against attempts at poisoning; it would be as easy to believe in the virtue of amulets. Yet even physiologists read statements of this nature in history with passive acquiescence, owing to that lethargy of credulity which, as I have said, comes over them when they are listening to narratives of the past. Thus, to cite but one example, in an elaborate treatise on poisons,* by one of the first toxicologists of our day, may be found repeated the nonsense of Tacitus and Suetonius about Locusta (hereafter to be exhibited), without a hint of its being incredible, without a remark on its contradiction to all scientific knowledge. Had I sufficient leisure I would collect together some of the most famous cases of poisoning recorded in history, and convict them of manifest falsehood from the very details circumstantially narrated; just as one may dissipate such fables as those of Caligula and Cleopatra, who are said to have shown their reckless extravagance by dissolving in their wine pearls of great price, by simply mentioning the fact that pearls are *not* soluble in wine.

But for the present we have only to deal with the poisoning of Britannicus. The case is doubly interesting. It is one of the most "notorious" of murders; and has, I believe, never until this day found any one to question it since Tacitus and Suetonius first circumstantially related the details. Yet a verdict more flagrantly in defiance of common sense and science has seldom been given. Nero, we are told, hated Britannicus because of his sweet voice, and feared him as a possible pretender to the throne. Here are the motives imagined; let us now see them in operation. The tyrant, we are told, unable to bring any accusation against him (which in those days of conspiracy was surely strange), *secretly* resolved to murder him; and this secret resolve becomes known to the narrators, but *how* they gained the knowledge is not mentioned. It was confided to Julius Pollio, tribune of a prætorian cohort, who at that moment held in prison, under sentence of death, Locusta, notorious for her crimes—*multa scelerum fama.* She was ordered to prepare a poison; this poison was administered to Britannicus; but it was too slow in its operation; and Nero, sending for her, beat her, and vowed that she had supplied an antidote. Whereupon she prepared before his own eyes, and in his own room, a deadly poison, the strength of which was essayed on a pig, whose instant death satisfied Nero that now he had got what he desired. The banquet was prepared. Britannicus was seated at a separate table magnificently served, in presence of his relatives and several young nobles. A slave stood at his side to taste of every dish and every beverage, as a precaution against poison; and this slave it was necessary to spare, otherwise his death, occurring at the same time, would betray the murder. To avoid this betrayal the following expedient was imagined. A beverage was presented to Britannicus, after having been been tasted too hot to be drunk; to cool it, a little cold water was poured in, and this cold water contained the poison. No sooner had the prince tasted it than he fell lifeless. The guests were alarmed; some rose to fly; but those who clearly understood it all sat still their eyes fixed on Nero, who quietly assured them that it was only an attack of the epileptic fits to which Britannicus was subject, and that it would soon be over. "After a while the gayety of the banquet was resumed: *post breve silentium repetita convivii lætitia.*" Britannicus was hastily buried the

* Van Hasselt: *Handbuch der Giftlehre, aus dem Hollandischen von J. B. Henkel.* 1862.

next day. According to Dion Cassius the face of the corpse had become quite black from the poison; to conceal this Nero whitened it with chalk, but the falling rain washed away this chalk and disclosed the crime which had thus clumsily been concealed. As for Locusta, she was not only rewarded with a free pardon and a grant of land, but "Nero placed some disciples with her to be instructed in her art!"

This is the story. The first remark which science suggests is that the sudden death of Britannicus may very probably have been due to epilepsy, but *cannot* have been due to poison, since there was no poison known to the ancients capable of producing such instantaneous effects. In our own days the only poisons known to take effect in a few seconds are prussic acid, oxalic acid, strychnine, woorara, and the venom of certain snakes; and these were not known in Rome. Aconite, which on good grounds is believed to have been a common poison employed in Rome, requires from one to three *hours* to produce fatal effects; and the majority of mineral poisons require several hours. Secondly, science knows of no poison which instantaneously blackens the face of the victim. There are certain mineral poisons which, taken slowly, will slowly discolor the skin, but not one which, acting rapidly on the organism, rapidly betrays its presence by such discoloration.

Having dismissed science, we now request common sense to step into the witness box, and she plainly tells us that, as Nero, Locusta, and Pollio were too deeply interested in these transactions to have volunteered a confession of their acts, and as no such confession was publicly extorted from them, there is some difficulty in ascertaining from whom such circumstantial narratives were obtained, and what guarantee they offer for the truth of their narratives. Moreover, supposing it to be a fact that Locusta was pardoned, and had a grant of land—a fact which requires proof—the fiction which connects her with Nero's criminal purposes is betrayed in the mythical addition of the disciples placed with her to be instructed in her art. Had Nero been the monster he is painted, he would not have hesitated to destroy such colleagues when their work was done, and when their testimony might be dangerous.

It is thus perfectly clear that, according to any evidence now accessible, Britannicus was not poisoned, or, if he were poisoned, it was under very different circumstances from those narrated; and it is no less clear that Nero's supposed share in the murder rests on nothing but the general suspicion that he may have wished for the young man's death.

With regard to the accusation of Nero having murdered his mother, science and common sense are not less conspicuously adverse to it. Suetonius assures us that thrice Nero attempted to poison Agrippina, but thrice was foiled by her having had the precaution to prepare against such attempts by taking an antidote. To the ancient mind this was eminently credible. To moderns it is eminently ridiculous. Ancient physiology having no distinct idea of the nature of poisons, and how they affect the organism, found no difficulty in believing in the existence of an universal antidote. Modern physiology smiles when an antidote is mentioned, except as a specific remedy under certain specific conditions, and for specific poisons. To enable the reader thoroughly to understand the extent of the ancient ignorance, and the precision with which modern science limits the idea of antidotes, it is necessary to range the various known poisons under the heads of their peculiar effects on the organism. Various classifications have been proposed; the following seems to me the most serviceable.

Poisons may be ranged under three classes: 1. As *irritant*, that is to say, exaggerating the vital activity of an organ or system, by its stimulus, and thus producing a disturbance of the organic equilibrium, which may be fatal when carried beyond a certain limit. 2. As *narcotic*, that is to say, depressing the vital activity by its effects on the nervous centres, and when carried beyond a certain limit admitting of no recovery from the depression. 3. As *corrosive* or *histolytic*, that is to say, destroying the tissues with which it is in contact.

The reader perceives at once that these different effects must be produced by very different substances, and require very different substances as remedies. Each class of poisons calls for a specific class of antidotes. The wrong antidotes will either aggravate the evil, or remain inoperative. To give the right antidote it is requisite first that we know what the poison is which has been ad-

ministered, and next, what the substance is which neutralizes that poison. Suppose sulphuric acid has been administered; if we know this to be the fact, either from the presence of the poison, or its bottle, or from our skill in recognizing its effect, we have mastered the initial difficulty, and one rarely to be mastered in cases of secret poisoning. Now comes the more important step of choosing the antidote; if we try brandy, or laudanum, we only increase the evil; but if we have sufficient knowledge to recognize the nature of the action which sulphuric acid effects on the tissues, namely, *corrosive*, we see at once that to annihilate its corrosive properties, we must cause it to combine with some substance which will make it harmless. We know that the sulphate of lime is harmless, and we know that chalk converts sulphuric acid into this harmless compound; we therefore administer chalk, and, if not too late, we counteract the poison. Further observe, that a remedy which, when administered rapidly after the poison has been taken, will, to a great extent, counteract the effect of that poison, is no remedy when administered beforehand. The ancient idea of an antidote, which would protect a man against an anticipated attempt at poisoning, is more irrational than the idea of a healthy man protecting himself against some unknown disease by taking a medicine believed to be effective in the case of a known disease.

Such being the state of the case, the reader at once sees the preposterousness of the ancient idea of antidotes when chemistry was not in existence, and when toxicology was undreamed of; and he will perceive that when he is called upon to believe in Agrippina having fortified herself against attempts at poison by the precautionary measure of swallowing antidotes, he might as rationally believe that a man escaped the perils of drowning, fire, sunstroke, and fever, by wearing a breastplate. Agrippina could not divine what poison could be employed against her; nor could she anticipate the discoveries of chemistry by a knowledge of what substances counteracted the effects of these poisons, or rendered them inoperative.

Fiction the first having been thus exposed, let us ask why Agrippina, with the full knowledge of her son's attempts at poisoning, should not have guarded herself against him in other directions? The historians are silent on this point. They gravely narrate how, when Nero had failed with poison, he had recourse to melo-dramatic contrivances, such, for example, as loosening the floor over her bedchamber, so that its fall might crush her. This also failed. She would not be crushed. Whereupon Anicetus, the naval prefect, who detested Agrippina, offered his services. Here a juryman would assuredly ask how this offer became known, and whether Anicetus had himself publicly confessed his share in the crime; or even whether he had been publicly accused of it. But history is a Muse, and is less troubled with fastidious doubts on matters of detail. She narrates, she does not undertake to prove: *scribere ad narrandum non ad probandum*. Her narrative runs thus: Anicetus constructed a vessel, which, when out at sea, was suddenly to collapse, as if by accident, and every one on board would then perish. Nero, says Tacitus, smiled at the ingenuity of the plan—*placuit solertia;* and we may smile at the credulity of the historian. The plan, with all its pleasant ingenuity, turned out an ignoble failure; the old cat was not thus to be drowned, but swam ashore, and when on *terra firma*, "as the sole means of escape was to pretend to no suspicion," she despatched Agerinus, one of her freedmen, with a message to Nero, narrating her accident, and assuring him of her escape, at the same time requesting her son not to come to her, for she needed quiet and repose. Not thus was Nero to be deceived. He knew that his attempt had been discovered; and in terror lest she should excite the wrath of senate and soldiers against him, he sent for Seneca and Burrhus. Tacitus does not pretend that these men were aware of the attempt, but he does pretend to a knowledge of what passed at the interview, and what passed in their minds, and this it is: "They both remained silent for a long while, fearing lest they should not be attended to. They also thought that Nero would perish unless his mother perished. At length Seneca asked Burrhus if the order should be given to the soldiers to put her to death. Burrhus replied that the troops were too much attached to the house of Cæsar; and he thought, therefore, that it now remained with Anicetus to execute his threats. Anicetus with alacrity begged to be permit-

ted to complete his crime (*nihil cunctatus poscit summam sceleris*). Nero joyously consented."

Here the difficult juryman, disrespectful to history, requires to know *how* Tacitus came by this knowledge. It is not the revelation which any one of the conspirators would spontaneously have made; and although both Seneca and Burrhus subsequently perished by Nero's order, neither of them accused Nero in the exasperation of their defeat. Whence then these details, so important, so precise? Nor does Tacitus stop here. He knows that Anicetus by way of pretext prepared a scene, and a very clumsy scene. When Agerinus arrived with the message from Agrippina, Anicetus threw a sword between his feet, and then pretending to have surprised him with this weapon, accused him of being an assassin sent by Agrippina. The purpose of this comedy was to make it believed, that Agrippina, on the discovery of her attempt, had committed suicide.*

It is characteristic of the supreme disregard of probability with which these narrations are conducted, that Tacitus, immediately after expounding the secret schemes of Anicetus, and asserting, as if it were a notorious fact, that Anicetus wished the death of Agrippina to be publicly accepted as a suicide, proceeds to tell how the troops were led to the attack of Agrippina's palace by this very Anicetus, making their murderous way through the crowd which had assembled there to congratulate her on her escape from drowning. So little is the pretext of suicide attended to, that the troops force their way into her chamber, and there butcher her. "These facts," he adds, "are undisputed. Some say that Nero examined the corpse and admired its beauty; others deny this." It is pleasant to find even so faint a gleam of skepticism as this; especially when we read in Suetonius such "other circumstances which are related upon good authority" (only the authority is never given), as that "he went to view her corpse, and, handling her limbs, disparaged some and praised others, and then called for drink. Nevertheless, he was never able to bear the pangs of conscience, though he was supported by the congratulations of the soldiers and the senate. He frequently declared that he was haunted by his mother's ghost, and persecuted by the Furies with whips and burning torches. He even attempted to soften her rage, by bringing up her ghost by magical arts." This remorse of Nero is painted by Tacitus in his Caravaggio style; but he does not claim any "good authority" for what he says, although one would be glad to know it. No historian pretends to explain how the senate and people could celebrate with magnificent rejoicings the escape of their emperor from his mother's plots; nor how they could continue to serve and flatter him, if Nero openly declared himself terror-stricken by remorse. That the senate was servile is credible; but there are limits even to servility; and the moral indifference of this senate needs explanation. It is true that Tacitus remarks on the indifference of the gods who permitted the reign of such a monster to be prolonged; and *this* is the more noticeable, because we are told in the next sentence that the gods were scandalized, and showed their wrath in prodigies; the sun was eclipsed, thunderbolts fell in all the fourteen districts of the city, and a woman gave birth to a serpent.

How are we to explain the death of Agrippina? For myself I confess an inability to shape the story in any reliable sequence of events. The evidence is wanting. All that is indisputable is that Agrippina was said by Seneca, in a letter written to the senate, to have plotted against her son, and to have committed suicide on learning that the plot had been detected. This the senate and the people believed, or pretended to believe. I think it most probable that they did believe it, and not without good grounds; for Agrippina had once before been accused of such a plot, which Nero was made to believe. It is quite possible that Agrippina was calumniated; but if Nero believed the calumny, even for a day, the senate and people may have believed it. Moreover, the character of Burrhus and of Seneca ought to have some weight with us. If they were not faultless, at least they were admirable men. To believe that they abetted the murder of a mother by her own son would require cogent evidence; and we have absolutely no evidence, positive or presumptive, on which to found such a suspicion. In conclusion, be it observed, that I am not called upon to clear up a transaction so obscurely reported, but only

* Suetonius makes Nero drop the sword, and order the arrest of Agerinus, inventing also the story of his mother's suicide.

to point out the incredibility of the reports. Nero may, in his alarm, have ordered his mother's arrest; she may have lost her life in the struggle of resisting such an order; or may have committed suicide. In after years public rumor, never nicely discriminating, may have transformed this into a belief of Nero's having murdered her. But as to evidence, there is simply *none*. The narrative of historians is baseless and inept. Where so much is flagrantly absurd we may doubt if any part be true.

Let us now turn our eyes upon Rome in flames. That Britannicus died suddenly, is a fact; that he was poisoned, we have scientific reasons for disbelieving; that Nero was the poisoner is without a shadow of proof stronger than idle suspicion. But although fiction has woven its tangled threads round a nucleus of fact, there are among these threads two of some strength, namely, the motive which *might* have prompted the crime, and the presence of Nero at the fatal banquet. It is otherwise with the fiction surrounding the historical fact of Rome in flames. There is no assignable motive which can point suspicion at Nero; and he happened to be absent from Rome when the fire broke out. The silly credulity which for centuries has accepted this story, with its mythical embellishment of Nero in mad exultation at the success of his wantonness fiddling above the burning ruins, is a striking example of what will pass as history.

Suetonius gravely relates that some one having quoted a Greek verse, the meaning of which is, "After my death I care not if the world perish in flames," Nero exclaimed, "Nay, let it perish while I live." "And," adds the historian, "he acted accordingly; for, pretending to take offence at the ugliness of the old buildings and the narrowness of the streets, he set the city on fire; and this was done so openly that several consulars found tow and torches in the houses of his attendants, but were afraid to meddle with them. He knocked down the walls of the granaries, which were of stone, in order that the flames might spread. The fire he beheld from a tower on the top of the villa of Mecænas, and being hugely diverted with the splendors of the flames, he sang the *Destruction of Troy* in the dress worn by him on the stage." Yet the people patiently submitted to be ruined, and thus openly mocked, not even wreaking their vengeance on the attendants!

Suetonius, in a previous chapter, has recorded of Nero that he ordered piazzas to be erected before all the houses, great and small, in order that in case of fire there might be a commanding position for extinguishing the flames; and these piazzas were constructed at his expense: so little did he disregard the interests of his subjects!

Tacitus, a graver writer, tells the story with less manifest fiction. He says that the fire was by some attributed to accident, and by others to the wickedness of Nero; adding, "Nero at that time was at Antium, and only returned to Rome on the day when the flames approached his own palace, which he had built to join the palace of Augustus with the garden of Mecænas. This palace and all the buildings around it were burned. To console the people, wandering and houseless, he opened the Campus Martius, and the monuments of Agrippa, as well as his own gardens. Here sheds were hastily constructed to shelter the poorest. Furniture was fetched from Ostia, and the price of corn was considerably reduced."

Thus the public acts of Nero are not only those of one innocent of the imputed crime, but are those of an emperor really concerned for the misfortunes of his people. It is quite *possible* that such acts may have been mere hypocritical attempts to disarm suspicion; and if the crime were proven, or even probable, such an interpretation might pass. But what evidence, what probability is there, to justify such an accusation? The vague rumors of an exasperated people. How *these* arise, and how supremely they dispense with evidence, need not be told. Have we not in our own time known the famine in Ireland boldly assigned to the wrath of heaven because the words *Defensor Fidei* accidentally were omitted in a new issue of silver coin? and this accusation proceeding, not from ignorant and turbulent mobs, but from the ignorant and bigoted "religious world," as it unjustifiably calls itself.

Jurymen accustomed to deliver verdicts in cases brought by Fire Insurance Offices must know the kind of evidence which they demand, before they believe that a fraudulent tradesman has set fire to his own premises. I ask if they can see *anything* of this kind in the accusation against Nero? Without de-

manding the completeness of circumstantial evidence which would coerce their verdict against a living man, I simply ask whether there is *any* evidence against Nero? All that historians have produced have been given in the foregoing narrative; its value may now be estimated.

The last crime to be noticed here is the murder of his wife. Suetonius assures us that he thrice attempted to strangle Octavia, and having failed in these attempts, divorced her; but Suetonius omits to explain how so sanguinary a tyrant should so easily have been baffled, or why he did not divorce her at once. His next wife, Poppæa, when about to become a mother, he killed with a kick, "only because she took the liberty of chiding him for coming home late."

I waive the discussion of all the other crimes, merely noting by the way that Nero, on the very testimony of his accusers, was singularly free from cruelty, saving many whom the senate would have destroyed. In those turbulent days he had many times to order the execution of conspirators—some of these were very possibly innocent; but we read of no such wholesale slaughter as is recorded of Augustus, who in one day put to death three hundred senators and nobles. And does not Seutonius record the public act of interdicting that the gladiators should be killed in the spectacle which he gave? Even the criminals were not suffered to be butchered: *neminem occidit, ne noxiorum quidem.* No one accuses Nero of hypocrisy, yet we are told that when a warrant for execution was brought to him for signature he sighed, and exclaimed, "Would I had never learned to write!" When Suilius was condemned, the senate wished to involve his son in the accusation; but Nero "interfered, considering the vengeance ample."

Indeed were it my purpose to prove historically that Nero, so far from being a monster, was a kind, gentle, and in many respects admirable ruler, I could without difficulty cite testimonies from his accusers which would somewhat stagger the reader; the more so because such testimonies, referring to public acts, always less open to question than private motives, would carry with them peculiar significance. But such is not my purpose. I distrust the evidence all round. At any rate I am not disposed to award that confidence to the narratives of his virtues which I withhold from the narratives of his crimes. Writers so demonstrably untrustworthy on many points, where their statements are explicit, forfeit our trust on all.

All that is thoroughly reliable is the fact that a tradition of Nero's infamy existed, and was unhesitatingly accepted: a tradition all the more noticeable since it was coupled with one which made his early years of brilliant promise, so that Trajan in after days expressed the wish that his whole reign might rival the splendor of Nero's commencement. That he was once beloved by the Roman people is undisputed; how came he to forfeit that regard? how came he to leave a name surpassing in infamy even that of Caligula or Tiberius? The adage assures us that "where there is smoke there is fire;" shall we try and penetrate the wreathing columns of smoke, and reach the fiery embers in this case? It cannot, unhappily, be done with any assurance of success, for no amount of patient investigation will recover any trustworthy evidence. All must be conjectural, and the conjectures rest upon rumors, anecdotes, unverified assertions. Nevertheless, dealing with such evidence as at present exists, a sufficiently intelligible and credible account may be elicited. This I proceed to arrange, warning the reader of its conjectural character.

Granting, as we may, the probability of great self-indulgent licentiousness in a young man placed in so exceptional a position of power—a position dangerous to the highest virtue, from the absence of all restraints on the caprices of will and passion, except such restraints as issue from a high moral severity—a position full of temptations and of opportunities, capable of maddening an inferior nature; granting, as we must, the numerous enemies created by his excesses, and even by his very generosities, which would raise extravagant hopes in all related to those he favored, and corresponding exasperation in all whom he passed over, we have an initial probability in supposing that the reputation of such an emperor could only be rescued from contempt or infamy by conspicuous glory; unless he flattered the imaginations, or strikingly advanced the interests of his people, he would inevitably incur their scorn or hatred. Most of the Roman emperors suffered from this cause. If Nero suffered more than others who were equally if not more criminal,

it was, I imagine, because he for the first time inflicted an unpardonable outrage on the Roman pride. It is not easy for us, in our democratic age, to realize the feeling of sanctity which surrounded the imperial purple. Then it could be truly said, that there was a divinity to hedge a king. We are so far removed from such a mental condition that it costs a considerable effort to believe that the emperor was really held as a god, not simply in the apotheosis which succeeded his reign, but actually during his lifetime. Yet it is necessary that we should make this effort, it is necessary we should vividly realize to ourselves the fact that the emperor was, not simply in flattering titles, but in honest belief, invested with a divine sanctity, a sanctity surpassing that which now invests the Papal throne, if we would understand the deep offence given to all that was grave and dignified in Rome by those wanton and undignified displays of personal and petty vanity with which Nero disgraced the purple. These vanities, which in a private man would have elicited no more than a contemptuous smile, in a senator would have been offensive, in an emperor were outrages.

Something of what Rome felt may be imagined if we picture to ourselves the feeling of our own aristocracy, had Lord Byron, not content with "putting on the gloves," with Jackson, so far yielded to an inordinate desire for display as to have actually entered the ring and fought Tom Crib for the champion's belt; or, better still, if we imagine the uproar resounding through all the counties of Great Britain, if an agile archbishop, prouder of his agility than of his learning, should publicly exhibit his skill on the tight rope and trapeze. It would be of no use for muscular Christians to urge that muscular agility was in itself admirable, and that there was nothing contrary to virtue and piety in the tight rope and trapeze; so vehement a shock to all our sentiments of the becoming, and so wanton a disregard of all the dignities and gravities of office, would prepare the mind of the people to credit any stories, however infamous, which malice might circulate against such an archbishop. Showing so conspicuous a disregard to all the decencies of public life, he would be held capable of far greater disregard of the moralities. If vanity could make him thus overstep the rigid limits of propriety, how much more irresistible would be the impulses of passion? Thus would men argue; not very logically, perhaps, but with a coercive force no arguments could withstand.

Now something of this must have filled the minds of the Romans when in their astonished wrath they saw Nero so far carried away by his desire for applause, that not content with wasting his time and degrading his manhood by the composition of feeble verses, the twanging of lyres, and the driving of chariots—the occupations of slaves—he must also degrade his sacred office, and step from the throne upon the public stage, to court the plaudits of the populace like a vile histrion. It is not long since even in Europe the actor was an object of social scorn; and still the law brands him as a vagabond, although society has learned to respect him as a citizen. In Rome the degradation of *all* artists was such as we can with difficulty conceive. To play on the lyre, and to dance, were held no less unworthy of an aristocracy, than juggling and tumbling in our days. And it is curious to notice the emphasis given to this feeling in Juvenal's indignant comparison of Nero to Orestes. Both were matricides, but Orestes was honorable and Nero execrable. Why? Not because the mother of Orestes was notoriously guilty, but because "*he* never sang upon the stage, nor wrote the poem of the *Troics*,"—two crimes of Nero. "These are the works and these the acts of a noble ruler delighting to prostitute his rank by disgraceful exhibitions of himself on a foreign stage."

"Hæc opera, atque hæ sunt generosi principis artes
Gaudentis fœdo peregrina ad pulpita cantu
Prostitui."

It is therefore, perfectly intelligible, though at first sight ludicrous, that when Julius Vindex raised the standard of revolt, his fiercest accusation against the emperor, and one which justified the soldiery in deposing him from the throne he disgraced, was that of being "a miserable harper." And Tacitus, speaking of Nero's practice of singing songs to the harp during his banquets—because it was the custom of ancient kings and chiefs—characterizes it as "not less disgraceful (*non minus fœdum*) than driving a chariot in public."

Such being the state of Roman feeling, we can be at no loss to discover the cause of the senate and people having learned to despise and detest an emperor who could wantonly

outrage it by his displays of vanity. I am not disposed to believe all the stories told respecting these displays. Gossip and exaggeration have doubtless been at work here; and the excesses of his vanity may be as open to doubt as the excesses of his criminality. but they were believed; and the belief is sufficient to account for his reputation. The fact of his public exhibitions scarcely admits of question; and it is a fact which furnishes us with two keys; one is the revelation of Nero's weakness in being unable to resist the impulses of vanity, however unbecoming, and this weakness may not unreasonably be supposed to have vitiated his private life, giving him up to manifold indulgences; the other key is the profound disgust and dishonoring hatred which it would inspire in all the graver minds, who saw the imperial purple thus degraded.

Here ends my conjecture. The less disputable portion of this essay stands on other ground. Whether we choose to believe that the traditions about Nero imply great substantive criminality in him, or only mythical exaggerations, I hope it has been made clear that the four capital crimes with which his memory is loaded, not only want every vestige of rational evidence, so that never for one moment could the accusations have been brought into a court of law, but are signally incredible, and never could have been admitted even into the laxities of history, otherwise than as rumors, had it not been for the causes which repress historical skepticism and make men, who are vigilant in jurisprudence and science, blindly credulous in history.

Finally, let me repeat that the object of this essay is less the vindication of Nero's character, than an appeal to the common sense of mankind to be vigilant in its demands of *evidence*, when called upon either in history, or in the gossip circulated about living men, to accept statements affecting character and motives. What constitutes sufficient evidence may, in many cases, be open to debate; but every man can exercise the preliminary caution of asking *what* is the evidence upon which he is called upon to believe a statement; and he can then judge whether he is giving his assent to unauthenticated rumors, born of malice, and exaggerated by thoughtlessness, or to statements which carry with them at least the guarantee of direct testimony, the value of which may be estimated. G. H. L.

A RATHER curious speculation is started in a little tract we have just received from across the Atlantic, entitled "New Materials for the History of Man, derived from a Comparison of the Customs and Superstitions of Nations: Read before the Nova Scotian Institute of Natural Science, by R. G. Halibnrton, F.A.S., V.P. of the N. S. Institute." The author has been for nine years possessed with the idea that certain customs and superstitions are universal over the whole planet now, and always have been universal, so far as history records. Consideration has led him to the conclusion that, many of these customs being arbitrary in their nature, their universality cannot be explained on the mere supposition that similarity of circumstances in different places and countries has led to identity of results; and also to the conclusion that as certain customs are found and have been found in parts of the globe the most remote from each other, the supposition of intercommunication is equally insufficient to account for the fact in question. Hence he has recourse to a hypothesis now resorted to also by the mythologists in *their* science—to wit, the hypothesis of historical transmission or ramification. Certain customs are prevalent everywhere, because they have been inherited by all mankind from a remote common ancestry. In this speculation the writer thinks there is material for an argument against that doctrine of a plurality of origins for the human race maintained by many ethnologists recently, and in America now by Agassiz. He does not produce the whole mass of his nine years' accumulations on the subject, but only calls attention, by way of example, to one universal superstition—that of a certain sacredness, or notion of a provocation of the supernatural, attached to the act of sneezing. Among the ancient Orientals, and Greeks and Romans, sneezing was mysterious; so it is now in England, Scotland, Ireland, Polynesia, Borneo, Central Africa, etc. The author writes rather crudely, and does not seem aware that his notion of inheritance or transmission is already one of the firmest conclusions of recent philological and ethnographical science. There may be some originality, however, in his application of this notion to *customs*. Heretofore it has been applied chiefly to *words*: and to *legends*.—*Reader*.

MR. FROUDE'S "History of England under Elizabeth," in two volumes is preparing for publication.

From The Reader.

POLLARD'S FIRST YEAR OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

First Year of the War in America. By Edward A. Pollard, Editor of *Richmond Examiner.* (H. Stevens.)

Mr. Pollard was, and we believe is now, the editor of the *Richmond Examiner.* It is therefore hardly necessary to say that he is an ardent Southerner. Still, he has the merit of being perfectly frank and genuine; he writes the history of the war from a Southern point of view, but, apart from the bias inseparable from his position and principles, he appears to us to narrate the facts of his story fairly and temperately enough. To the ordinary English reader the "First Year of the War" will not be an interesting book. We cannot screw up our interest to any detailed examination of the conventions and elections and skirmishes which preceded the real action of the campaign. The broad results are matters of overwhelming interest even on this side the Atlantic; but the minute details are questions about which, in general, we neither know nor care anything. The student, however, of this great American convulsion will find much to interest him in Mr. Pollard's pages. The book is written obviously for home consumption, not for foreign exportation; and it possesses, therefore, a value of its own, not conceded to the numerous partisan defences of the South which have appeared in England. Mr. Pollard, we gather, belongs himself to the most advanced section of the secessionists; he has no connection with the Government of the Confederate States, and is, indeed, but ill-disposed towards it.

"He has made no attempt," he tells us in his preface, "to conciliate either the favorites of the Government and literary slatterns in the departments or their masters; he is not in the habit of bandying to great men, and courting such official —— [an unquotable term here] as official newspapers; he is under no obligation to any man living to flatter him, to tell lies, or to abate anything from the honest convictions of his mind."

Indeed, his language throughout is rather terse than refined. If he were not *ex officio* a Southern cavalier, we should have thought him extremely like a Yankee rowdy. However, it seems that the chivalry of the South likes such language as this:—

"These creatures would have a history written which would conceal all the shortcomings of our administration, and represent that our army was perfect in discipline and immaculate in morals; that our people were feeding on milk and honey; that our generalship was without fault; and that Jefferson Davis was the most perfect and admirable man since the days of Moses—all for the purpose of wearing a false mask to the enemy. . . . The author *spits* upon the criticism of such creatures as these."

Even at the risk of being subjected to a similar act of moral expectoration, we are obliged to express a doubt whether Mr. Pollard's countrymen have much cause to be grateful for his vindication of their cause. He utterly demolishes the popular English assertion that the question of slavery had nothing to do with secession. He commences his work with a long and able account of the causes which led to the disruption of the Union; and his grievance from beginning to end is that the North wanted to interfere with slavery. This bill of indictment against the Federal States is in itself worth studying for its admissions as well as its assertions. His first complaint is that the Northern Democrats were never heartily pro-slavery.

"While acting with the South on empty or accidental issues, the 'State-Rights' men of the North were, for all practical purposes, the faithful allies of the open and avowed consolidationists on the question that most seriously divided the country, that of negro slavery."

Then, the Missouri compromise was in itself an outrage on "the rights guaranteed by the Union to the South." In other words, any attempt to interfere with, or limit the extension of, slavery was, in the opinion of Mr. Pollard, a breach of the fundamental pact. The vigor with which General Jackson suppressed the abortive attempt of South Carolina to secede from the Union in 1832 inflicted a severe though temporary blow on the "State-Rights" party.

"The idea of the Union became, what it continued to be for a quarter of a century thereafter, extravagant and sentimental. . . . This unnatural tumor was not peculiar to any party or any portion of the country. It was deeply planted in the Northern mind, but prevailed also to a considerable extent in the South."

Encouraged by the prevalence of this pop-

ular delusion, the North continued its outrages on the peculiar institutions of the South.

"The anti-slavery sentiment became bolder with success. Stimulated by secret jealousies, and qualified for success by the low and narrow cunning of fanaticism, it had grown up by indirection (*sic*), and aspired to the complete overthrow of the peculiar institution that had distinguished the people of the South from those of the North by a larger happiness, greater ease of life, and a superior tone of character."

The thin end of the wedge was driven in when Congress refused to prohibit the discussion of anti-slavery petitions. The slave-owners claimed, as a necessary concession, that no American citizen should be allowed to petition his Government with regard to any question bearing on slavery. In obedience to their wishes, resolutions were passed on three several occasions — in 1836, 1837, and 1840 — limiting the powers of petition with respect to slavery. In the last named year the famous "Twenty-first Rule" was enacted by Congress, absolutely prohibiting, not only the discussion, but "the reception of all Abolition petitions, memorials, and resolutions." The Northern people, however, were ungrateful enough not to consent to this self-denying ordinance; "they would not relinquish what they termed 'a sacred right,'" —that of petitioning the Government; and, finally, the resolution was definitely repealed in 1844 on the motion of John Quincy Adams. This is another of the chief grievances on which Mr. Pollard justifies the right of secession.

We have hitherto been led to imagine that the Clay compromise, by which the Missouri compact was repealed, was a discreditable concession on the part of the North to the demands of the Slave States. Mr. Pollard tells us that "it implied a surrender of the rights of the South." The extension of territory given by it to slavery, and the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, cannot reconcile our author to the fact that it acknowledged the abstract right of the Union to legislate as to the extension of slavery. The admission of Kansas as a Free State, the fact that bells were tolled in New England on the day of John Brown's execution, and the endorsement of Helper's "Impending Crisis" by a number of Republican deputies, are amongst the charges brought forward by Mr. Pollard. Interference, direct or indirect, with slavery is the one cause of secession to which he alludes. The only mention he makes throughout his long indictment against the North of other causes is contained in the following brief passage:—

"At the time of the Kansas discussions men began to calculate the precise value of an Union which, by its mere name and the paraphrases of demagogues, had long governed their affections. Some of these calculations, as they appeared in the newspaper presses of the times, were curious, and soon commenced to interest the Southern people. It was demonstrated to them that their section had been used to contribute the bulk of the revenues of the Government."

In fact, the tariff question, of which we heard so much in England, is one to which Mr. Pollard does not think it worth while to do more than allude. His silence upon it confirms a statement made to the writer by a distinguished American senator, who took a leading part in the Douglas discussions in 1860—namely, that throughout their course he never heard the name of the tariff mentioned.

In truth, Mr. Pollard entirely confirms the view taken by the few persons in England who really have studied the subject — that slavery, and slavery alone, was the cause of secession. He asserts, and we believe justly, that the peculiar institution truly was endangered by the permanence of the Union. He states that, when once abolition doctrines had obtained permission of existence in the Free States, their ultimate adoption by the nation was a matter of absolute certainty.

"Mr. Calhoun," he says, "with characteristic sagacity, predicted that Mr. Webster and all Northern statesmen would in a few years yield to the storm of Northern abolitionism, and be overwhelmed by it."

The Republicans were practically identical with the Abolitioniststs — "both shared the same sentiment of hostility to slavery; and they only differed as to the degree of indirection by which their purposes might be best accomplished." The Democratic party itself was subject "to demoralization on the slavery question, and was unreliable and rotten." Again, we learn that,—

"Nothing in the present or the future could be looked for from the so-called Conservatives

of the North; and the South prepared to go out of a Union which no longer afforded any guaranty for her rights or any *permanent* sense of security, and which had brought her under the domination of a *growing* fanaticism in the North, the sentiments of which, if carried into legislation, would destroy her institutions."

And, from her own point of view, we hold that the South was right, and that Mr. Pollard's vindication of her case is a just one. The conflict between the free North and the slave South was, as Mr. Seward called it, an "irrepressible" one. By the inexorable logic of facts, the North was forced to go on, even against its will and purpose, till it had carried out the principles on which its existence was based. If the Union lasted, the destruction of slavery was a mere question of time. It may be, as some English advocates of the South assert, that slavery cannot endure with a great free and independent country on its frontier. But this hypothesis is after all problematical; and the Southern leaders did wisely in the slave-owning interest to sever their connection with the North. This is the moral of Mr. Pollard's book; and we think he proves his case fairly. Whether Southern sympathizers in Europe will thank him for having given this lucid demonstration of the true causes of secession, is another question. In the interest of slavery — of that peculiar institution which had given "larger happiness to the people of the South" than to the free men of the North—he prays for the success of the secession movement. How far Englishmen can join in supporting his prayers is a matter on which a careful perusal of the "First Year of the War" will enable them to form a sounder judgment. E. D.

From The Saturday Review.

MIGNET'S SPEECH ON MACAULAY.

The *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques* held its annual meeting on the 13th of June, at the *Palais de l'Institut de France*. These annual meetings are always an event at Paris, and though the theatre in which they take place is large, the tickets of admission which are distributed by the members of the Academy are sought with great eagerness. The meeting this year was more than usually crowded. It was known that M. Mignet, the famous historian of the French Revolution, the friend of Thiers, would read an *Eloge* of Lord Macaulay. An hour before the beginning of the *séance*, every seat was occupied, and in the brilliant and distinguished crowd of expectant faces many an English countenance might have been recognized. The seats reserved for the ambassadors and ministers were all filled, but the absence of some who ought to have been there was nevertheless remarked. The atmosphere of the French Institute does not seem congenial to the members of the Emperor's Cabinet, and though the emperor himself is said to covet a place among the Forty of the *Académie Française*, he never appears at these public gatherings to do honor to those who are an honor to his empire. Shortly before three o'clock the doors opened, and the members of the different Academies walked in and took their places on each side of the President. The President opened the proceedings by reading a report of the different prizes which the *Académie des Science Morales et Politiques* had awarded this year. These prizes are given for essays on philosophy, law, political economy, general history, and politics. Though the prizes are small, varying from £50, to £400, yet their aggregate amount must be considerable, and is likely to increase steadily as it becomes more and more the fashion among great men to leave money to the Institute for the encouragement of studies connected with their own favorite pursuits. Thus one of the prizes given by the Academy this year was the *Prix Léon Faucher*, founded by Léon Faucher, who died not many years ago, on "the history of the Hanseatic League," awarded to M. Emile Worms. It is an excellent feature in the distribution of these honors that they are always accompanied by a detailed statement of the strong and weak points of each essay; and it was curious to remark how, in several cases, the successful competitors were praised for not having aimed at the display of a vast erudition, but having confined themselves to what was really important.

As soon as the report was read, M. Mignet stepped forward in his full academical dress, black with green embroidery, and, after bowing to the audience, which received the popular historian with loud clapping of hands, began to read his *Eloge*. He read from a printed paper; but such was the liveliness of his delivery that, but for the perfection and preciseness of each period, he seemed to speak

rather than to read to his sympathizing audience. What he said of Macaulay's oratory was eminently true of his own :—"Though carefully elaborated, it seemed conceived at the moment when it was pronounced. It had the perfection of a studied and the movement of an improvised delivery; it united thoughtfulness and elegance with freedom and impulsiveness."

Mignet cannot be less than sixty years of age; but his face is full of youth. He has a beautiful head, with bright thoughtful eyes, a prominent yet well-proportioned forehead, and a mouth full of grace and dignity. There are not many such heads in France, so complete and harmonious, so full of vigor and manliness, and yet so charming, and even lovely. His voice is melodious, and lends itself to every modulation; and though his countrymen imagine they discover in his language a southern accent, no French ever sounded better to foreign ears than the French of Mignet. His speech which lasted for an hour and a half, was the perfection of academical eloquence — a style in which France has always excelled, and which may be said to have its home in the halls of the French academy. In the *Académie Française* each member is received by an *éloge*, and he has in turn to deliver a panegyric on the late academician whose seat he is to fill. In the other Academies, a speech has to be delivered by their respective Secretaries in memory of each of its members and foreign members, and it was in his capacity as secretary of the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*, of which Macaulay had been a foreign Associate, that M. Mignet delivered his last eulogy. As his speech appeared the day after in the *Journal des Débats*, it has no doubt by this time been read by many of Macaulay's friends and admirers in England. But they can form a very inadequate idea, from the printed speech, of the effect produced by it when delivered. It was not eloquence merely, but something almost like music. It was not mere panegyric, but praise poured out with all the generosity of a heart that overflows with sincere admiration. It was not merely the description of a great man, but was like a statue cut in marble and endowed with life through the passion of the loving sculptor. Though there were none of those pointed allusions to passing events which have of late become so common in French literature, yet the *éloge* of Macaulay, delivered at Paris by Mignet, one of the most faithful believers in Constitutional Government, could not but sound like an involuntary protest against the despotism that has established itself in France; and the successful opposition offered by Paris in the late elections to the system pursued by the emperor and his friends, made the audience more sensitive to every word of praise that was bestowed by the orator on the political institutions of the country of Macaulay. Thus, when describing the return of the Whigs, and the first entry of Macaulay into public life, M. Mignet delivered the following sentence with a significant expression, which was caught at once and applauded by his audience :—

"The principles of social life which the eighteenth century had established in theory, and which the French Revolution endeavored to carry into practice, had for a time, fallen into discredit in France, and been arrested in Europe through the violence of the struggle: but here sooner, there a little later, at last everywhere, they must and will hereafter spread and establish themselves. Religious toleration towards all who worship God differently in one and the same country, civil equality for all who are born on the same soil, political freedom for all who compose the same nation—in one word, the wishes of the people introduced into the Government, justice ruling the law, and the law ruling the State, this is what the world is destined to see for the welfare of nations and for the honor of our social institutions."

Or, again, when speaking of the period of William III., he said, with more than usual emotion :—

"It was then that the liberty of England came out triumphant from a dangerous struggle; it was then that the Government of a vast kingdom under the serious control of Parliament was founded, which was to grow and gather strength from generation to generation—a Government strong and free, which has won the admiration of the greatest judges of human institutions, and retains the affection of a grateful nation—a nation strong enough for every trial, for every difficulty and danger, and working out the boldest and the most difficult schemes, prosperous and well conducted—a Government which by its representative system has not diminished the greatness of England while facilitating her material progress—which is the envy of nations, and will be sooner or later the political form of the whole of civilized Europe."

Mignet called Macaulay's history the epic poem of British freedom—*l'épopée de la liberté Britannique*—and he did full justice to Macaulay's industry, judgment, and fairness, and to his extraordinary power of description, which made his work, as he expressed it, *la resurrection complète d'un peuple.* His own sketch of Macaulay's history was admirable, but it is almost impossible to translate Mignet's thoroughly French sentences into English. We give his striking outline of William III. :—

"L'équité de M. Macaulay resiste même à l'enthousiasme qu'il éprouve pour cet habile politique qui semble n'en avoir jamais ressenti pour rien, tant ses calculs cachent ses ardeurs, profond dans la conduite, simple dans la gloire, triste dans la prospérité, communiquant peu ses pensées, ne montrant presque jamais ses sentimens, ne révélant pour ainsi dire ses desseins que par ses actions, ne paraissant pas aimer, ne cherchant jamais à plaire, vigoureux génie sans éclat, fier caractére sans attrait, grand homme sans séduction. Singulière destinée que celle de Guillaume, qui met ses ambitions dans ses services, devient stathouder, en délivrant la république des Provinces-Unies de l'invasion ; roi, en débarrassant l'Angleterre do despotisme ; chef de la ligue militaire d'Augsburg, en préservant l'Europe de l'assujettissement. Le maintien glorieux de la nationalité dans le pays de sa naissance, le triomphe bienfaisant de la loi dans le pays de son adoption, le rétablissement de l'équilibre territorial menacé sur le continent par le redoutable et victorieux Louis XIV, font de lui, en 1672, le sauveur de la Hollande, en 1688, le libérateur de l'Angleterre, en 1697, le modérateur de l'Europe."

M. Mignet did not shut his eyes to the defects of Macaulay's history. He spoke of "the too vehement boldness of his judgments, and the too continuous pomp of his language." But he defended him with all the authority that belongs to himself as the historian of France, and the keeper of the French archives, against the charges of unfairness or party feeling in the composition of his great work :—

"M. Macaulay (he said) though a brilliant writer, is in general a judge of great fairness. He is attached to the right, not as a Whig, but as an Englishman ; he condemns vile actions and tyrannical violence, not from party motives, but from reasons of justice. Never indifferent under the pretext of being impartial, he considers all facts in their relation either to moral law or to the public good."

And, again, when summing up, M. Mignet dwelt most strongly on the straightforwardness of Macaulay's character :—

"He always acted according to his conviction, and the firm principles of his elevated mind constantly guided the acts of his irreproachable life. He was a faithful and prudent supporter of that liberty which he demanded for the whole world, and a persevering defender of that justice which he required under all forms, a generous friend of the human race, for which he felt a sincere interest, in all its stages. Neither in Parliament as an orator, nor in India as a legislator, nor in the Council of the Cabinet as a minister, nor in the decisions of history as a judge, did he for a single moment give up the right, abandon equity, or sacrifice under any pretext whatsoever honesty to interest. His words and his acts, his habitual thoughts and his whole life, bear witness to the nobility of his soul and the elevation of his mind.

One can hardly imagine such an assembly and such a speech listened to with such evident sympathy and delight anywhere but at Paris. It requires the prestige of an academy which, during all the vicissitudes of the last two hundred years, has always commanded the respect of the French people, and the regard of the whole of Europe. Though, among the numerous members of the five Academies which together constitute the *Institut de France*, there must be some of less eminence than the rest, yet no man of real eminence in France, whether as a writer, a poet, a scholar, a statesman, an historian, a philosopher, an artist, or a naturalist, has ever failed in obtaining in the end an honorable admission to its ranks. It is a true Chamber of Peers, admission to which was felt by Macaulay to be a greater honor than admission to the House of Lords. He was there among his equals, and Mignet's hearers felt, at the conclusion of his *éloge*, "*C'était Macaulay jugé par son pair.*"

From The Reader.

MR. GLAISHER'S LAST BALLOON ASCENT.

Mr. Glaisher has again been busy in mid-air; and his last ascent—not altogether unaccompanied by danger—must rank amongst the most interesting ones that have yet been made. The balloon this time started from Wolverton, a place made most convenient by the praiseworthy liberality and love for scientific progress shown by the Directors of the London and North Western Railway Company, and doubly interesting to Mr. Glaisher himself, as the energetic and intelligent population of the great factory established there, are, at this present time, providing for themselves an Institute of Science and Art, which promises to be a model of such institutions for working men. Owing to somewhat boisterous weather at starting, and an insufficiency of gas, the usual quantity of ballast was not taken up, a want afterwards severely felt, as we shall see.

Mr. Glaisher's account of his observations runs as follows: "We left the earth at 1h. 3m. p.m.; at 1h. 9m. we were at the height of two thousand feet; at 1h. 15m. we passed above eight thousand feet; a height of eleven thousand feet was reached at 1h. 17m.; in nine minutes afterwards we were fifteen thousand feet from the earth, and rose gradually to about four and a quarter miles at 1h. 55m.; on descending at 2h. we were twenty thousand feet from the earth; at 2h. 13m. about fifteen thousand; at 2h. 17m. ten thousand; at 2h. 22m. five thousand; and on the ground 2h. 28m. Before starting, the temperature of the air was sixty-six degrees. It decreased rapidly on leaving the earth; it was fifty-four degrees at three thousand feet high, forty-nine degrees at four thousand feet, forty-one degrees at one mile, thirty degrees at two miles; and, up to this time, every succeeding reading was less than the preceding. But here the decrease was checked; and, while passing from two to three miles, the temperature at first increased to thirty-two degrees, then decreased to twenty-nine degrees. A second increase followed, and at the height of three and a quarter miles the temperature was thirty-five degrees. A rapid decrease then set in, and at three and a half miles the temperature was twenty-two degrees. From this time till the height of four miles was reached, the temperature varied frequently between twenty-two degrees and eighteen degrees, and at the height of four and a quarter miles, the lowest temperature took place—viz., seventeen degrees. On descending, the temperature increased to twenty-six degrees at the height of twenty-three thousand feet, and then to thirty-two degrees at the height of four miles; it then decreased nine degrees in one minute to twenty-three degrees. It continued at this value for some time, then increased slowly to twenty-nine degrees at nineteen thousand feet. It continued almost constant for a space of two thousand feet, then increased to thirty-two degrees at fifteen thousand feet; and was thirty-two degrees or thirty-three degrees, almost without variation, during the snow-storm which we experienced from thirteen thousand five hundred feet to ten thousand feet, where an increase set in; at five thousand feet the temperature was forty-one degrees, and sixty-six degrees on the ground. We reached some clouds at 1h. 9m. At 1h. 16m. we saw a very faint sun, and expected as usual its brilliancy would increase, and that we should soon break into a clear sky.

At this time we heard the sighing of the wind, or rather moaning, as preceding a storm; and this continued for some time, and is the first instance on which either Mr. Coxwell or myself have heard such a sound at the height of two miles. It was not owing to any movement of the cordage above, but seemed to be below, as from conflicting currents beneath.

At 1h. 17m. some fine rain fell. At 1h. 17 1-4m. we could just see a river; a few seconds after we entered a cloud. At 1h. 19m. we could just see the earth and the sun, but both very faintly. At 1h. 25m. we were again enveloped in dry fog. At 1h. 29m. there were faint gleams of light for a short time, and then all was closed up again. At 1h. 35m. the fog was wetting. At 1h. 37m. we entered dry fog. At 1h. 40m. the sun was just visible, but for the most part cut off by the balloon. At 1h. 41m. we were again in fog, which continued more or less prevalent till 1h. 53m., when we passed above four miles. At the highest point reached, about four and a quarter miles, the sky was very much covered with cirrus clouds; the sky, as seen between the clouds, was of a very faint blue, as seen from below through a very moist atmosphere. We were above clouds, but there were no fine views or forms;

all was confused and dirty-looking, no bright shiny surfaces or anything picturesque, and the view was exceedingly limited, owing to the thick and murky atmosphere. At 2h. 3m. we lost even the faint sun and re-entered fog, and experienced a decline of temperature of nine degrees in little more than a minute. At 2h. 6m. there were faint gleams of light. Fog was both above and below, but none near us. At 2h. 7m. large drops of water fell from the balloon, covering my note-book; the next minute we were enveloped in fog, which became very thin at 2h. 14m. At 2h. 14 1-2m. rain was pattering on the balloon. This was shortly succeeded by snow, and for a space of four thousand feet we passed through a snow-storm. There were many spiculæ and cross spiculæ, with snow crystals, small in size, but distinct; there were few if any flakes. As we descended the snow seemed to rise above us." At 2h. 17m. the region of snow was passed, and the state of the lower atmosphere was observed to be most remarkable. Neither Mr. Coxwell nor Mr. Glaisher had ever seen it so murky; it was of a brownish-yellowish tinge, and remarkably dull.

The sand was exhausted when they were still a mile from the earth. The balloon—under these circumstances simply a "falling body"—came to earth rather rapidly, and in the rough descent some of the instruments were broken; among others a new mercurial barometer, one foot less in length than the ordinary instruments, and intended only for observations at high altitudes.

Mr. Glaisher took up Herschel's actinometer, and once only at four miles high got the sun to shine on it, during which time the reading increased nine divisions only in one minute, whilst on the ground Dr. Lee and himself, at eleven o'clock in the morning, had determined the increase of thirty-three divisions in one minute. This instrument he hopes to be able to use at great heights on future occasions.

At the height of three miles a train was heard, and at four miles another. These heights are the greatest at which sounds have ever been detected, and indicate the generally moist state of the atmosphere. Before quite reaching the highest point, portions of the blue sky were examined with a small spectroscope—one of Jannsen's, we presume—procured from Paris, which could readily be used anywhere; and the spectrum was seen just as from the earth, under the same circumstances. Owing to the thick atmosphere and large amount of vapor, Mr. Glaisher was unable to make any use of the camera kindly provided by Mr. Melhuish, with plates specially prepared by Mr. Norris of Birmingham.

Mr. Glaisher concludes: "This ascent must rank amongst the most extraordinary ever made. The results were most unexpected. We met with at least three distinct layers of cloud on ascending, of different thicknesses, reaching up to four miles high, when here the atmosphere, instead of being light and clear as it always has been in preceding ascents, was thick and misty; but perhaps the most extraordinary and unexpected result in the month of June was meeting with snow and crystals of ice in the atmosphere at the height of three miles, and of nearly one mile in thickness."

From The Athenæum.

MR. CHURCH'S "ICEBERGS."

Mr. Church's idea in the choice of subjects—that each one shall present an impressive and suggestive incident in nature—is an excellent one. Independent of Art, there is in such subjects as the Falls of Niagara, the Heart of the Andes, and the work before us, enough to interest the student. To appreciate them as works of art we must separate their mere subjects from their execution, and not endow the artist or his picture with the glories of the theme, but give to him his proper honor alone. American landscape art promises to be a noble one when divested of tendencies to opacity and paintiness which, while they indicate the strength and health of a nascent and original school, prove that its professors have not yet mastered the whole of the mysteries of the color-box and the brush. At present Transatlantic landscape painting is materialistic; seeking its means of expression in translation of literal facts—poetic and grand in themselves, rather than in their mental associations.

Mr. Church has been happy in choice of a subject for his latest picture; Niagara is hackneyed; the Heart of the Andes drew its interest from a knowledge of Nature not common amongst the people; but the floating

crystal islands, the terror and admiration of ages, had never been attempted by even moderately skilled artists,—the theme was, therefore, striking in itself, original and veiled in mysterious grandeur. The sunlight that falls on the surface of the island lights it with a pure, ice-cold glittering that, when we look close, shows myriads of hues, pierces deep into the purer parts of the mass, and seems lost beyond the power of reflection; elsewhere light has reached the roofs of caves the sea has worn by beating, so that we have it tinging the water in them with a color that makes the emerald look crude. It is green fire where thus transmitted unabsorbed and unreflected. Light on the berg is thus blue from reflection of the sky, golden where flashed back to our eyes by the fractured and splintered surfaces, and enriched with every hue by diverse circumstances of position, form, and transparency. We look in wonder at this vast rock of ice, seemingly fast anchored in the sea, yet with every moment telling its tale of dissolution by the wreaths of flying mist, by huge, yawning crevices, by the eating sea that lapses fatally at the base, has bared caverns, split long shelves, and made deep scars at every point. A scoop of sheer descent on one side of a mountain tells another secret cause of ruin; so large is it, that a milelong shadow seems to lie in scarp: yet, vast as it is, the mere expansion of air has rent and slid off the great scale into the sea.

The effect of such a slide is marked where we should least expect it; the whole poise of the berg has thus been altered; the side near to us, becoming light, has risen and changed the line that the sea beat upon for a lower one, placed obliquely to the first. Twice this has happened, for there are two sea-worn lines at the mountain's base. We look from an ice-plain above the level of the sea into a bay worn in the berg, and made shallower by the successive uprisings or losses of balance above indicated; over this bay the wavelets ripple in tender curves, one behind the other; the shifted beaches are on the distant side, and reach almost to the removed horn of the bay, upon whose uttermost promontory the water breaks lazily and of a pure but rather ashy green. One side of the bay shows us the vista of a mountain valley; one of the cliffs is bored with the emerald cave, upon the roof of which rests an enormous boulder, torn away from the rocky arctic home of the berg, and thus floated far to south to find an ocean bed, when the whole fabric is wrecked. Such ice-borne boulders are said to be the originals of our enormous stones that, grouped by some forgotten people to serve priestly rites, are named Druidic temples or tombs. The stone, deeply tinged with iron, has stained with red and russet streaks the pure snow and ice of its bed.

THE Roman Catholic clergy in Bavaria—among whom the movement of growing a full beard, as was usual in former centuries, has lately begun to spread—has, through the Roman Nuncio in Munich, received the following intimation from Rome: "It has come to the ears of the pope that there are clergymen in some of the dioceses in Bavaria who, led by the spirit of innovation, or rather thoughtlessness, wish to introduce again the antiquated custom of growing the beard, and who, by their example, wish to induce others to do likewise. Whatever might be said with respect to former centuries, it is perfectly well known that the modern Church discipline disapproves of this custom; and, if such an innovation were to be allowed, this could only be done by the Supreme Pontiff of the Church. The latter, however, is all the more unwilling to permit the same innovation, as in these sad times but too many were led astray by new things, as one innovation brought on another very easily. The authorities of the dioceses are commanded, not only to see that these beards are forthwith removed, but also that the unity of rule and the complete identity within the Roman Church, with respect to dress and shaving are not broken again."

WE are informed that the committee appointed by the British Association to bring the importance of fog-signals before the legislature, have, within the last few days, sent in a memorial, in which a series of experiments is especially recommended to the Board of Trade. The committee consists of Drs. Robinson and Gladstone, and Professors Wheatstone and Hennessey. This should be good news for all interested in navigation.

THE Rev. Charles Kingsley is about to publish a volume of "Sermons on the Pentateuch."

[A young dressmaker, in one of the best conducted establishments in London, has lately died from overwork. The coroner's inquest brought the particulars into public view, and furnished the occasion for the contrast which is copied from the *Examiner*.]

PIN MONEY.

I.

She is sitting in her boudoir,
That woman young and fair,
With costly jewels flashing
Upon her bosom bare;
Her eyes with joy are beaming,
And her cheek is full of health,
And her look, her dress, her chamber,
Speak of rank and birth and wealth.

II.

Her lip is like the ruby,
Her brow untouched by care,
Like a fountain in the sunlight
Is the waving of her hair.
Her neck is finely rounded,
And her hands are soft and warm,
And full of grace and beauty,
Is her slightly bending form.

III.

And she laughs a ringing laughter
Such as tinkles on the ear,
Like a bell that tells the weary heart
That those we love are near;
And perhaps her fingers slightly
Beat the time of some gay tune,
And she thinks with girlish gladness,
Oh, I may be married soon!

IV.

And so she sits, the rich girl,
In thoughtless gayety,
With buoyant spirits, queenly pride,
Her thoughts and actions free;
Her prospects, wealth and pleasure,
And luxury and ease,
A title and a noble name,
Companions such as these.

V.

Her elegance, her riches,
Her heritage of pride;
Her light and polished manners,
Her influence spreading wide;
The opera and the levée,
The theatre and the ball;—
But may not even these be made
Temptations to her fall?

VI.

Alas! the rich may hardly
The heavenly kingdom see.
Alas! there is a peril
Where pride and laughter be.
Blessed are the meek in spirit,
Said He that walked the earth
To seek and save the lost and lorn:
Himself of lowly birth.

NEEDLE MONEY.

I.

She is sitting in her garret,
That woman pale and thin,
Her kerchief fastened scantily
Beneath her wasted chin;
Her eye is sunk and heavy,
And her cheek is pale and gaunt,
And her look, her dress, her chamber,
Speak of woe, of toil, and want.

II.

Her lip is parched and shrivelled,
And her brow is trouble's seat,
Her hair is thin and wasted,
Though the scanty locks are neat;
Her neck is skin and gristle,
And her hands are skin and bone,
And her body, God's own making,
Crooked and deformed has grown.

III.

And she coughs as if a death-watch
Sat ticking in her breast,
Even clinging closely to her,
Even when she fain would rest;
And her trembling fingers hurry,
For her work is far from done,
And she thinks with mournful pleasure,
Well, I may be buried soon.

IV.

And so she sits, the poor girl,
In endless misery:
With aching heart and drooping head,
In iron slavery;
Her prospects are a death-bed,
Or worse, a life of pain,
And the friends that cheer her busy hands,
Are ever still the same.

V.

For behind her is the work house,
And before her are the streets:
On her right hand is the prison,
On her left starvation sits:
And the pestilence and famine,
And the river and the rope,
And the cold and wet and darkness,
Come to cling about her hope.

VI.

Ho, for all those grisly faces
In the empty fireplace!
Ho, for every tempting demon!
Ho, for miseries that abase!
With the chilly wind that enters,
Round about her soul they creep,
And when fast the snow is falling
Through the broken roof they peep.

From St. James's Magazine.

SEARCHES FOR THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

One by one the treasured secrets of Nature are wrested from her grasp. Earth has unlocked her stony records to reveal, at man's bidding, the story of her creation. The bed of the seas has been sought by the adventurous diver, and its surface everywhere traversed by the mariner's sail. The skies have disclosed planets and stars the most distant to the ken of the telescope. This process of discovery has been going on for ages, but it has been reserved for the present generation to unfold some hidden things which had seemed to defy the advance of science, and to grow more impenetrable as they became encrusted with age. Last and greatest of such achievements is the discovery of the true source of the Nile by Captains Speke and Grant.

The river Nile has served to awe and interest age after age of mankind. As it rolled through old Egypt, in the days of Egypt's dominion, laving with its yearly overflowing the thirsty land on which rain never fell, the tawny priesthood of Amun and Osiris worshipped its healthful waters, and pondered its secret source. Grand Homer, as he led on the chorus of Grecian bards, spoke of it with mysterious reverence. Herodotus, the father of history, wandered on its margin to seek out the knowledge of its rise and the cause of its overflow. Macedonian Alexander stayed his conquering chariot to send explorers. Princes, poets, and philosophers of Rome named it and marvelled;—Julius Cæsar, Nero, Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Seneca. Yet the ancient world passed away, and the source of the Nile remained an unrevealed mystery. No answer was found to the question of the poet Tibullus,—

"O Father Nile, how may I tell thy spring,
Or in what unknown lands thou hid'st thy head?"

It is the purpose of the present article to review briefly the history of the search for the source of the Nile in past days, in order to display the greatness of our countrymen's triumph, by showing how many have failed to achieve what they have accomplished.

The ancients entertained all sorts of fancies with regard to this subject; but they were in total ignorance upon it. Herodotus, who visited Egypt about B.C. 460, tells us, "Of all Egyptians, Libyans, and Hellenes that I ever conversed with, not one professed to know anything about the sources of the Nile, except the steward of sacred things in Minerva's temple at Sais in Egypt; and he, to all appearance, was at best only joking me when he said that he knew perfectly well. His statement was as follows: 'Two mountains, rising each to a peak, are situated between the city of Syene, in Thebais, and Elephantine; the names of these mountains are—one Crophi, the other Mophi. Between these rise the sources of the Nile, which are bottomless; one half of the water runs north to Egypt, the other half south to Ethiopia.'" If this story which even Herodotus deemed a jest, indicates anything, it is that the ancient Egyptians placed the source of the Nile about the equator.

When Julius Cæsar was in Egypt, doing homage to the fatal beauty of Cleopatra, his mind turned from the splendors around him to the secrets of the ancient river that rolled at his feet. Amid ivory halls, doors gleaming with emeralds, couches shining with gems, furniture yellow with jasper, hangings stiff with gold and bright with Tyrian dye, he spent the night in conversing, on the source of the Nile, with the linen-clad priest Achoreus, who reclined in the highest seat. Lucan, in his "Pharsalia," has preserved to us the conversation. Cæsar said,—

"There is nothing that I would rather wish to know than the courses of the stream that has lain hid through so many centuries, and its unknown head. Let me have an assured hope of seeing the sources of the Nile, I will forego civil war."

Achoreus replied by reciting numerous strange opinions of others on the subject, and some of his own. He then added the following valuable summary of researches before his time:—

"The desire that thou hast of knowing the Nile, O Roman, existed both in the Pharians and in the Persians, and in the tyrants of the Macedonians; and no age is known that has not wished to bestow the knowledge on posterity; but still does its propensity for concealment prevail. Alexander, the greatest of the kings whom Memphis adores, envied the Nile its concealment, and sent chosen persons through the remotest parts of the land of the Ethiopians. Them the red zone of the scorched sky kept back; they saw the Nile warm. Sesostris came to the west and to the extremities of the world, and drove the Pharian chariots over the necks of kings; still, Rhone and Padus, of your streams did

he drink at their sources before the Nile. The mad Cambyses came to the long-lived people in the East, and falling short of food, and fed by the slaughter of his men, he returned: thou, O Nile, undiscovered."

Nero—who, monster as he was, yet patronized art and science—sent two centurions up the Nile to trace it to its rise. They seem to have started under the protection of the King of Ethiopia, and with introductions from him to the neighboring kings. The philosopher Seneca had heard them narrate that they went a long journey, and at the last, said they,—

"We came to immense swamps, the outlet of which the inhabitants knew not; nor could any one breathe there, so thick was the herbage on the waters. And those waters might neither be struggled through by footmen nor by ship, because of the muddy and sedgy state of the marsh. There," continued they, "we beheld two rocks, from which the mighty force of the river rushed forth."

This story is something like the one Herodotus heard, and seems to show that there was a certain point which presented an impassable barrier to the researches of old-world travellers.

During the long period of the decline and fall of the Roman empire, it does not appear that any further efforts were made to penetrate the secret of the Nile. At the close of the third century the Romans abandoned every station on it above Philæ; and in the long night of fierce war which consigned the Roman power to destruction, and called into existence the kingdoms founded by the northern barbarians, African discovery was thrust far out of sight by the convulsions of European society. In the Dark Ages the crusades tended to concentrate the efforts of travellers rather upon Palestine than upon Egypt or Ethiopia. We must, therefore, pass over many centuries, during which no record exists of a renewal of the attempt. Nor even when light broke again on Europe by the revival of letters, does especial attention appear to have been directed to the subject. It is true that Ibn Batuta in the fourteenth century, the Portuguese in the fifteenth, the English captain, Sir John Lancaster, and Leo Africanus in the sixteenth, with many others, made voyages to Africa; but they did not penetrate into the interior.

The man who has the fairest claim to be considered as the pioneer of modern discovery in Central Africa, and especially in regard to the Nile, is the Jesuit missionary, Pedro Paez. Born in 1564, he spent his life chiefly in labors for the conversion of the Abyssinians to his faith, with much temporary success. In the early years of the seventeenth century he discovered the source of the arm of the river known as the Blue Nile, which some have asserted to be the main stream. His discoveries were not only a great advance on previous investigations, but doubtless contributed largely towards making the way easy for future voyagers.

The next traveller who claims notice as having engaged in this famous search is the celebrated James Bruce, the author of the well-known "Travels in Abyssinia." Our space forbids us even to sketch the interesting history of the "moving accidents by flood and field" through which he passed. Suffice it to say that he was born in Scotland in 1730, and when about thirty years of age devised a project for a descent upon Spain, which brought him into contact with the English Government. Some observation being made by Lord Halifax as to the unknown source of the Nile, Bruce was fired with the idea of solving this problem of ages. Facilities were afforded him by the ministry, and he commenced his journey in 1768. But his mind was possessed with the erroneous notion then and often prevalent, that the Bahr-el-Azrek, or Blue Nile, was the main stream, instead of the Bahr-el-Abiad, or White Nile. When, therefore, he succeeded—as he did on the 14th November, 1770—in tracking the Blue Nile to its source, he proclaimed that he had accomplished the long-sought discovery, though his success was in reality a comparatively small one, and only amounted to going over the ground which Paez had traversed nearly two hundred years before. The narrative of Paez he made a futile attempt to discredit. His services to the geography of Africa, were, however, unmistakably great, and his "Travels" have survived their traducers.

From the time of Bruce to the present, expeditions to find out the source of the Nile have been frequent. In 1827, Linant Bey, travelling for the African Association, surveyed the course of the river for one hundred and thirty-two geographical miles from Khartoum. He also expressed an opinion (which

is now proved to be correct) that the Nile rose from a system of lakes. In 1840 a large expedition was despatched up the river by Mohammed Ali ruler of Egypt. It consisted of ten vessels mounting ten guns, manned by two hundred and sixty negro, Egyptian, or Syrian sailors and soldiers. Ahmed Pacha and Suliman Kashef were the chiefs. The principal Europeans were MM. Arnaud, Thibaut, and Sabatier. It sailed from Khartoum on the 23d November; but after sixty days' sail was compelled to return by the shallowness of the bed of the river, and by intercepting ledges of rock. A full account of the journey was written by Mr. Warne, who accompanied it.

It would need a volume to do justice to the labors of the many eminent explorers who have of late years aided in this interesting quest. Those able envoys of the Church Missionary Society, Dr. Krapf and the Rev. J. Rebmann, who went to Central Africa in 1847 and the following years, contributed most valuable information, which was enlarged and confirmed by the Rev. J. Erhardt. A foreigner of much promise, M. Maizan, was murdered while on his travels. M. Brun Rollet succeeded in reaching the mountain of Garbo, in three degrees north latitude—the highest point attained before the discovery of the source. At the close of the Crimean War in 1856, Captain Burton, R.A., offered his services for the investigation, and was sent out by the Royal Geographical Society on the 1st October in that year. He was joined by Captain Speke, and the two made most valuable discoveries, and had penetrated far towards the object of their search, when they were obliged to return on the 14th May, 1858, for want of supplies. In the spring of 1857 an expedition of flat-bottomed steamboats started from Cairo, but they were stopped by order of Said Pacha at Meroë in June of that year.

We now come to the successful journey which has made the names of Captains Speke and Grant historic. Though its details are not yet known, we are able roughly to sketch out its course. Before doing so, however, a few words on the position of the question when they started are necessary.

As early as 1852, Sir Roderick Murchison suggested that, instead of the interior of Africa being a barren desert, as men had been wont to consider it, it was probably an elevated basin, and well watered. The labors of Livingstone and Burton had confirmed this view, large lakes having been discovered, which rendered the supposition very plausible that the Nile took its rise from some of them. Captains Speke and Grant accordingly did not attempt to pursue the intricate and impracticable navigation of the stream, but set out from the East coast of Africa on the 1st October, 1860, intending to direct their course at once to the lakes, among which they expected (and rightly) to find the fountain-head of the Nile.

For twelve months they did not advance far, owing to the fierce intertribal wars of the natives. On the 1st of January, 1862, however, they reached the capital of a kingdom called Karagwe, on the south-west shore of the great Lake of Nyanza, which Captains Burton and Speke had discovered in their former journey. The king of this country assisted them much. Thence they proceeded through the next kingdom of Uganda, which comprises the west and north shores of the same lake. Here toil was forgotten in triumph; here they solved the mighty riddle; here they were able to proclaim to mankind what countless buried generations had listened for in vain,—that the great Lake Nyanza is the source of the river Nile.

This immense Lake Nyanza stretches nearly one hundred and fifty miles south of the equator, which is perhaps its northern boundary; and it is still broader. It is surrounded by conical hills, of which some are ten thousand feet high, and is itself between three thousand and four thousand feet above the level of the sea. From about the centre of its north coast the Nile issues in a stream one hundred and fifty yards wide, and soon passes over a fall twelve feet in height. This mighty reservoir, which collects the equatorial rains from the hills in which it lies embosomed in the very heart of the African continent, is the "cause of the Nile" which had so long defied the research of civilized humanity. The knowledge thus obtained, that the river at its rising receives the equatorial rains, enables us to account for its periodical overflow.

The happy discoverers tracked the course of the river to the second degree of north latitude, where it turns to the west, and passes through a smaller lake, Luta Nzigi. They crossed the chord of this bend for seventy

miles, and when they again fell in with the river it had sunk in level almost a thousand feet. Here they met with some Turkish ivory traders, and bore them company to Gondokoro, at which place they found their fellow-countryman, Mr. Baker, who was advancing in search of them, and who, after supplying them with much that they needed, started off south to make further explorations. Should they be permitted to publish the account of their journeyings, it will doubtless be a work of thrilling interest.

For the present, we may well give the rein to exultation at the thought that two officers of the Anglo-Indian military service have succeeded where the Egyptian, Persian, Greek, Roman, Phœnician, and every modern race of explorers have failed. Whether Commerce shall be able to find her way among the dusky tribes that people the wide shores of Lake Nyanza, we know not. Whether colonies may be founded, and, in ages yet to come, powerful empires rise in the vast regions hitherto "unnoticed and unknown," must be left for the future to reveal. Meanwhile, no greater evidence and example of the indomitable energy of the Anglo-Saxon race, and the success which has crowned that energy, has ever been displayed than was afforded by Captains Speke and Grant, as they stood by the long secret source of the river Nile.

Part of an article in The Reader.

ZADKIEL.

Mr. Morrison seems to go the whole length of astrology, Judicial as well as Genethliacal. He is, doubtless, a person with an abnormal temperament. Does he believe in his own nonsense? Allowances being made for the influence of the desire that *Zadkiel's Almanac* should have a large sale, we believe that he does. It is to lose the true teaching of this curious trial to represent the matter otherwise—to suppose anything else than what the jury seemed to conclude from the evidence—to wit, that here is an aged man, once a lieutenant in the navy, and since then in the coastguard service, who has addicted himself seriously to astrology and the kindred occult sciences of amulets, magic crystals, and the like. There is something even touching in his statement that he began his studies in these sciences after leaving the navy in 1829. Shall we suppose the mature naval lieutenant, then transmuted into a coastguardsman, walking up and down on some solitary coastguard station, such as that of Beechy Head, gazing out seaward at night, and as the clear stars, both fixed and wandering, glittered down upon him, led by some native mysticism of his being to watch them, wonder at them, attribute meanings and influences to them, till at last, thoroughly star-smitten and prepared, he thought of following out the clue in books? So, at least, we can fancy that, if not without the intrusion of a grosser element as years went on, the ex-lieutenant of the royal navy might be developed into the British Zadkiel and crystal-seer. But then his constituency of noble ladies, bishops, earls, and baronets? Laugh it off as the culprits may when they are tasked with the folly, there is an amazing amount of fervent or latent Zadkielism, Humism, Howittism, and what not, among the so-called educated classes in England. What shall we say of it? Is it mere lamentable deficiency of education in the doctrines and methods of the positive sciences—a mere craving after gross and vulgar forms of mystery by minds so untaught, so undisciplined by the higher muses, that the one, true, and boundless mystery, which ought to suffice for all sound souls since the world began, thrills them not, and does not exist for them? Or is it a vague, blundering recognition of which science itself may be wise to take cognizance—a coarse, intuitive, almost idiotic popular recognition of certain subtle physiological facts (such as that of a real constant action of inorganic masses far and near, planets or crystals, on nervous organisms), the nature and modes of which are susceptible of farther and more precise investigation than they have yet received? The late Professor Gregory of the Edinburgh University wrote a bold, absurd book on this class of subjects, which is a standard proof, if such were wanted, that a man may have been trained in one of the positive sciences—chemistry was *his* science—and yet have an intellect ludicrously superstitious. So far as we know, Richenbach is the only man of scientific name who has taken the trouble to carry the semblance of a real inductive method into those alleged classes of occult phenomena in which so many foolish people all over the world are at present finding the action of angels and devils and the ghosts of dead grandaunts; and, so far as we can learn, his researches are not thought worth much. Our scientific men pooh-pooh them.

From The Saturday Review.

DARKNESS IN HIGH PLACES.

The Bishop of London is now making a fervid appeal to the wealth and intelligence of the country in behalf of the ignorance and spiritual destitution of what are called the masses of London. The bishop, of course, uses sombre tints when he describes the irreligion and crime and foul ignorance, which are sweltering in the lanes and alleys and suburbs of the capital; and he proposes to raise a million of money and to send an army of missionaries bearing the lamps of truth and knowledge into the murky corners of the metropolis. This great work must, however, be supplemented and expanded. A recent trial in the Queen's Bench shows that missions to high life are quite as much needed as missions to the slums. The case of Morrison *v.* Belcher seems to display the existence among fashionable and educated people of an amount of credulity and superstition which we thought was confined to servant-maids and village crones. Occasionally, a gypsy fortune-teller is sent to the house of correction as a vulgar rogue and vagabond for only a moderate use of palmistry; and though the sordid Egyptian may be suspected of a desire to appropriate the spoons, she is imprisoned merely for appropriating the handmaiden's loose silver. But a professor of the art of Horary Astrology, if he calls himself Lieutenant Morrison, R.N., author of "The Solar System as it is," by virtue of his science and philosophy becomes a companion of peers, peeresses, bishops, archdeacons, and leaders of fashionable society, and is taken under the protection of the law. The Chief Justice of England lays it down that Lieutenant Morrison is not to be denounced as a wilful impostor. It may be proved by his own evidence that Lieutenant Morrison "answered questions as to nativities, and received money from the wealthy, that he gave advice to those who were uneasy in their minds, 'when the mind is truly anxious on any subject,' and that the aspects of the stars would be taught at £1 a head." But though all this may be essentially imposture, the man who profits by it is not to be called an impostor, at least not a fraudulent impostor; for, as Lord Chief Justice Cockburn remarks, with admirable subtlety, "it is one thing to be an impostor, and another thing to be a fraudulent impostor." All, therefore, that we can say is, that the gypsies are hardly dealt with. They are not Christians; they do not pretend to be able to calculate an eclipse; they do not write books or sign themselves Zadkiel-Tao-Sze; they do not attend dinners and *soirées*, or consort with earls, viscountesses, and bishops; but, if it comes to a matter of honesty, they are quite as much entitled to the defence urged by the chief justice in behalf of unconscious impostors as is Lieutenant Morrison. They take sixpences for expounding the mystic lines of life; the learned lieutenant receives pounds for announcing the aspects of the stars, together with the untold profits of a work, the increased circulation of which in a single year is reckoned at eleven thousand, the whole circulation being fifty-five thousand. No gallant admiral may say that the gallant lieutenant has ever been guilty of imposture, at least of wilful imposture for the purposes of profit; but any police constable may arrest, and any magistrate may convict to fine and imprisonment, the poor Pagan under the hedge whose belief in necromancy and stellar influences has descended to her through the traditions of two thousand years. We trust that the day is not distant when the great principle of immunity from censure and criticism laid down in Campbell *v.* Spottiswoode will be applied to the case of every thief and rogue and vagabond, whom society has hitherto called by these apparently appropriate, but in law most libellous, names.

This is a matter of serious interest to society. The essence of the alleged libel was Sir Edward Belcher's specific charge that Lieutenant Morrison had exhibited a certain crystal ball in public for money, and that, in so exhibiting it, and in accrediting certain wonderful visions said to have been seen in the crystal ball, Lieutenant Morrison was guilty of a wilful imposture for purposes of gain. As to the matter of fact, it was shown that no money was taken at the *séances* of the Magic Crystal; and as to the allegation of conscious imposture, the chief justice, as on another occasion, ruled that no writer or speaker had a right to attribute motives, or could be justified, under any pretext of public duty, in attempting to read the human heart. Morrison, like Maohmet, or Joe Smith, or Cagliostro, might be an unconscious impostor; and though he might be living by the black art, and selling his knowledge of the

stars every day of the week, yet, as he did not take money for showing the crystal (though he did for ruling the planets), he was entitled to damages. It is curious enough that both in this case and in Campbell *v.* Spottiswoode, the libellous word should be the same. It had better be expunged from the dictionary, as it certainly will be from all newspapers. Henceforth there is no such thing as an "impostor." Imposture may survive and flourish and enjoy its income; but impostors are impossible. The accidents still live and make fortunes—the substance is annihilated. Abstract imposture may cozen, lie, cheat, and deceive—it may do all that the concrete impostor has hitherto been supposed to do. But the concrete is not. The subjective lives and moves, and goes into society, eats and drinks, writes books, keeps a brougham and a gig, takes fees, reads the stars, and gets into a witness-book; but the objective is impossible. It is the old story of Crambe's abstract Lord Mayor. Sir Edward Belcher has got to pay his own costs, and twenty shillings to boot, for an undoubted misstatement of facts, that Zadkiel Morrison exhibited his ball for hire; but Zadkiel Morrison will get swinging damages against anybody who presumes to impute motives and to say that he writes his Almanac for purposes of profit, knowing all the time that the publication, now in its thirty-third yearly edition, is, and has been from first to last, a tissue of absurdities and profanities.

The conclusion is not unimportant. If a man but believes, or says that he believes, that at some time last year (say in October, when *Zadkiel* is published) he was able to predict, by reading the stars, that in this month just past, of June, 1863, "there will be warlike doings against France on the 19th, that the Emperor of Austria at the same time will have a grievous loss, which may be the decease of his wife, and that Saturn, stationary on the 2d, within the midheaven of the natal figure of the Prince of Prussia, afflicts him and injures his credit"—moreover, that in the same month, the 2d, 6th, 15th, 20th, and 25th days, are lucky days for trading, the 9th, 14th, 20th, 25th, and 29th, for wooing, and hiring female servants, the 5th, 10th, 21st, and 26th, for asking favors, the 6th, 15th, 20th, and 25th for dealing with lawyers, printers, and booksellers, the 4th, 13th, 18th, and 28th for dealing with farmers and old folk, and the 13th for planting and building—moreover, if he can allege, in the case of his 1862 prophecy (we mean prediction) for the August of that year, "there would be great destruction to fish," that this was exactly fulfilled, because "the seal fishery had failed in Newfoundland"—then such a man, in publishing such trash, is not guilty of the least intention to deceive, but must be assumed fully and candidly to believe in his own predictions, and to publish them only for the benefit of mankind, and in the interests of humanity and science. This is what we must say according to law. This is the result to which social interests and the necessity for restraining malicious comment have brought what is oddly called the liberty of the press, and the duty of public instructors.

No doubt there is much to justify this state of the law. Society does not want astrologers and wizards to be put down, because society believes in astrology and witchcraft. The copies sold of *Moore's Almanac* are six hundred thousand; those of *Partridge*, two hundred and ninety thousand; of *Zadkiel*, fifty-six thousand, and of other prophetic annuals fifty thousand, making in all close upon one million of astrological almanacs sold in this country alone. These numbers imply perhaps eight millions of readers, of whom it is charitable to suppose that only one in eight puts any confidence in the soothsayers. But, without much doubt there are a million of English people who have some sort of confidence in Zadkiel, and the like of him. And certainly there is ample encouragement to them in the countenance afforded to Zadkiel by the many great and wise and learned of the land, who at least feel curious as to the revelations found by the adepts in the crystal sphere. If Earl Wilton and the Bishop of Lichfield, the Master of the Temple, and Lady Harry Vane, amongst a multitude of other idle and fashionable folks, can spend an improving evening of "scientific amusement," in asking, or listening to others asking, questions of Judas Iscariot, Eve, Titania, Sir John Franklin, and St. Luke, talking out of a glass ball, or appearing on it with labels in their mouths, all written in English, Turkish, Hebrew, and Latin, then the million purchasers of prophetic almanacs have a solid justification of their credulity. No doubt the temptation to have a glance into the unseen was great. If the consecrated crystal displays

such visions as that of Judas Iscariot, who, like Le Sage's devil, was only too happy to get back to hell, finding earth and the master of the crystal much hotter and more unpleasant than the devil and his demesnes—or if the crystal is such a firm Protestant as to settle Mariolatrous Christendom by a single twinkle, and so skilled in Scriptural exegesis as to decide the question of St. Luke's knowledge of the English language, the dialect talked in Paradise, and the scenery of all the New Testament miracles—we can quite understand the Episcopal and clerical interest displayed in this portable expositor, and the apparent blasphemy of the proceeding may be pardoned for its convenience. Such a condensed *Summa Theologica* deserves to be popular with the clergy. A Urim and Thummim so ready and so infallible would certainly excuse even bishops for consulting the oracle, which was at once orthodox and gratuitous in its answers. To be sure, bishops and archdeacons might have been expected to have heard of Dr. Dee, and Kelley and Lilly, the Sidrophel of Butler; and they might have known that Dee's showstone, which Lieutenant Morrison thinks that he purchased out of Lady Blessington's effects, is not a crystal sphere, but a piece of polished coal, and is said to be now in the British Museum, and therefore not in Zadkiel's hands at all; and they might have heard that necromancy and auguries and soothsaying are forbidden, not alone by common sense and common feeling, but especially by religion. But probably the clergy who were present at these exhibitions could

> "Prove the saints have freedom
> To go to sorcerers when they need 'em;

and that—

> "The godly may allege
> For anything their privilege,
> And to the devil himself may go,
> If they have notions thereunto."

Anyhow, the dupes who believe in Zadkiel are not more culpable than the fools who countenance him by their presence at his exhibitions. The curious thing to consider is, that this little revelation and the roaring trade which "mediums" drive in England and America show that an age of reason and knowledge is also an age of abject credulity and stupid superstition. It is said that, in the wild West of Ireland and in Brittany, Paganism and its rites still linger; but the ceremonies with which peasants worship the old Baal are venial compared with the attention, if not worship, which is paid by the intellectual society of London to Zadkiel's crystal or the *séances* of Home and Forster, Morrison's almanac or Morrison's pills, judicial astrology or the *Spiritual Magazine*.

From the Reader.

A WINTER'S CRUISE ON THE NILE.

Four Months in a Dahabëéh; or, Narrative of a Winter's Cruise on the Nile. By M. L. M. Carey. (L. Booth.)

It was on Saturday, the 17th of November, 1860, when a boat, displaying in its distinguishing flag the figure of a crocodile, might be seen leaving the busy port of Cairo, and slowly making her way against the stream. The boat, known on the Nile by the generic name of a dahabëéh, was one of the largest of its class — measuring ninety-seven feet in length, from bow to stern, and fourteen feet in width. It was one of those built specially for carrying excursionists up the Nile, being provided with a saloon of twelve feet, with divans on either side and large drawers, with locks and keys, under them, two looking-glasses, four book-shelves, and a table in the middle, at which six persons might dine under difficulties. There were, besides, four sleeping-cabins; and a stern-cabin, twelve feet in length, for dressing. Plenty of windows all round — provided with curtains, shutters, and venetians — insured the necessary ventilation and light, or admitted the mosquitoes, the flies, and the dust. Over all this was the "quarter-deck," with divans on either side, a table, a chair or two, and an awning to be spread in calm weather. At the further end of the boat might you observe a large filter for purifying the pea-soup-like Nile water for drinking, and the cook-boy's primitive kitchen-apparatus for the crew. Beyond, in the bow, was "the kitchen" for the excursion party. The large mast and lateen yard was fixed towards the bow of the boat — the smaller one in the stern. Twelve oars were provided for rowing, and a number of long poles for pushing off from the sand-banks. The whole dahabëéh — to give a little local coloring, we had better keep to that name — the oars, and the small row-boat were gaily painted in green, red, and

white; and, with the flags flying aloft, the whole presented altogether a pretty appearance.

The "Cairo," for such was the name of the boat on this occasion — on a former it had been the "Fairy Queen," famous in Nilotic waters for herds of rats — has twenty-five souls on board: four passengers, a dragoman and waiter, a reis or captain, steersman, fourteen men as crew, a cook and a cook-boy. The passengers were English, and the eldest a gentleman of "seventy-five years of age; he is crippled and paralyzed, but still hale and hearty," and "is unable to move without crutches, or a stick on one side and the arm of his faithful servant Thomas on the other." He is accompanied by "two charming young ladies" — to use an expression applied to them on board the P. O. Steamer — whose "European costume, surmounted by the knowing little felt hat and scarlet-tipped black feather, contrasts strangely with the flowing robes" of the Arabs. One of the ladies is Selina, the old gentleman's daughter — "she is very delicate, and the M.D.'s have said that she must be kept warm;" the other his cousin, whose Christian name can only be guessed from the initials on the title-page of her recently written "Winter's Cruise." The two are waited upon by Sarah, the ladies' maid — a "regular treasure" on such a trip, when washing and mangling and ironing had to be done on board. The party, bent upon going as high up as the second cataracts, had placed itself under the guidance of an Egyptian Dragoman, Mahomet el Adléeh — "a stout, strong-looking man, with handsome bronzed features, who spoke English tolerably well and knew every inch of the ground to be explored.

Such were the boat and its inmates, whose four months' winter cruise on the Nile one of the ladies with "the knowing little felt hat and the scarlet-tipped black feather" has just published. From the very composition of the party, and the familiarity of the country they visited, no new facts could be expected; and the work can therefore rank no higher than the ephemeral production of a tourist. There is not a scene that has not been described before either in works of travel or regular guide-books. Yet such is the strange fascination of the subject that even those most familiar with Egypt are glad to hear once more tidings from all their old friends and favorite haunts. The panorama unfolded is so grand and picturesque that it bears repeated inspection. The moment Alexandria heaves in sight — with its busy shipping, Pompey's pillar, and innumerable windmills, seeming to crawl like so many huge spiders over the sand-hills — we seem to dream a delightful dream, to breathe the air of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." The noisy donkey-boys, the water-carriers, the long strings of camels with the dust of the desert upon them, the strange houses, and forests of date-palms waving their graceful foliage in the air — all are features never to be forgotten. Then there is the first sight of the Nile, the pyramids, and Cairo with its innumerable minarets, quickly followed by the actual ascent of Cheops, a visit to the Sphinx, the tombs, the obelisks of Heliopolis, the petrified forest, and the place where Moses is said to have been put in the bulrushes. Finally, there is the actual navigation of the Nile in a dahabëéh, and the continued succession of some of the grandest works of man, supplying an endless source of study and speculation to the learned few, and being a never failing cause of surprise and wonder to the vulgar many.

When we say that the party, whose excursion Mrs. Carey has described, saw all that was to be seen as far as the second cataracts, and that she made copious notes and sketches on the spot, now published by desire of her friends, our readers will have a fair idea of what they may expect in this volume. "Phil," her cousin, and Selina are very much kept in the background; and our authoress and the dragoman are the principal talking and acting figures. The lady does not seem to have very distinct opinions on anything; but she shows a good deal of intolerance in the terms in which she speaks of the Mahometans. We may regret that other monotheistic beliefs do not agree with our own in points we consider essential; but we should not forget that half a loaf is better than no bread at all, and that proselytists would do much better to reserve their energies for the millions of benighted heathens than perhaps to at least waste them on people already acknowledging the existence of a supreme Creator and Controller of the world. Mrs. Carey does not seem to have

been very successful in her attempts at converting her dragoman :—

"In a conversation with Mahomet on the subject of his religion, we gathered that he looked upon Jesus Christ as one of the three thousand prophets whom God had sent into the world from the beginning, and some of whom were in it still. He denied the divine nature of Christ, simply, he said, because 'It is impossible. How can man be God?' There was a dogged obstinacy of manner about him, which would seem to repel all idea of the possibility of persuading him of any error in his creed, and a sadly curious self-confidence when he concluded the subject with these words, 'Very well, Mrs. C——. When come the end of the world, then you be there, and I be there, and then we'll see, and then I tell you how it is true.' They do not pray to their saints, he said, although they are perpetually singing out their names in their songs, whether in times of danger or otherwise. The basis of the Moslem faith is the first grand truth, that there is but one God, and that he orders all things, even to the most trifling circumstances in life, to which order man must implicitly submit. Mahomet seemed to know no other article of faith; and the imperfect knowledge of the Moslem converted this one into the mere idea of a destiny, to which it was his duty wholly to resign himself. All was destiny, carried to such an extent that Mahomet frequently would not venture an opinion on the merest trifles; even he would not say at what hour we were likely to reach our destination. More than once he begged of us not to ask him 'such questions,' because, 'if I say we get there by five o'clock. the wind sure to rise, and we not get half way there to-night.' Swearing and drinking are wholly forbidden by their law; the former vice had one day met with condign punishment in the person of the unfortunate cook-boy, who cried like a real child after the shame of his beating. We looked up from our work and book in astonishment at hearing the familiar sounds proceeding from so unfamiliar a form, for I do think that our cook-boy, though a very good boy in general, was the most *unlike* specimen of the human race that could have been produced, and the idea that he could cry had never entered our heads."

This was not the only time the bastinado was administered on board :—

"The dahabëéhs, like royal courts in olden times, are, in general, provided with one member who acts in the character of 'fool' to the rest of the party, in order to keep them alive and in good humor. 'Hassan the Comic,' who was thus designated on account of the tricks, and buffoonery with which he was forever amusing the company, seemed to stand in this position to our crew. His voice had not been heard for some time, when we suddenly discovered him, lying comfortably in the small boat alongside, with a magnificent turban twisted round his head, and composed of the strip of carpet which formed our divan. There he lay, with a most comic expression of grandeur and independence, waiting till we should turn round to have a look at him. Poor fellow! he had certainly forgotten himself; and, in the eyes of the dragoman, had exceeded even the bounds of 'foolery.' Mahomet ordered him and his turban off, with a reprimand, when, to our regret and astonishment, a small stick was produced, and the 'bastinado' was inflicted. The culprit was ordered to hold up his naked feet, which he did instantly, sitting on the side of the boat, and two sharp strokes were laid across the soles, which must have been extremely painful, though not a muscle in his countenance betrayed it. We remarked upon what we considered unnecessary severity; but Mahomet said, 'No, he never remember only words.' And as Mahomet, though passionate, was certainly tender-hearted, we believe he may have been right. The poor feet were rubbed for an instant by a sympathizing hand, but no other sign of feeling was shown upon the subject by either party."

After their return to Cairo from the second cataracts, our party proceeded by rail to Suez, and thought of going as far as Mount Sinai —but that was not to be. "Cousin Phil," who was generally carried in an invalid chair, borne by stout Arabs, was upset at this part of the journey, and, though fortunately not seriously hurt, considered it more prudent to abstain from further explorations.

From The Reader.

DR. LANKESTER ON THE MICROSCOPE.

Half-hours with the Microscope: being a Popular Guide to the Use of the Microscope as a Means of Amusement and Instruction. By Edwin Lankester, M. D. Illustrated from Nature by Tuffen West. Third Edition (Hardwicke.)

All who busy themselves with that ever-instructive instrument—the microscope—will welcome this new edition of Dr. Lankester's valuable little work; most welcome, however, will it be to the amateur who has only lately begun to interest himself in the hidden beauties of nature. It is highly gratfying that no fewer than seven thousand copies of this work have already been sold. Such a fact argues well for the progress of microscopic investigations in this country, where, at length, the instrument is beginning to be appreciated for its many practical applications; as, indeed, it should be, even were the knowledge it revealed less valuable, or the beautiful forms with which it makes us acquainted less beautiful.

In the present edition, in the first chapter, has been introduced a full description of the structure of the compound-microscope, and of Mr. Wenham's beautiful arrangement for binocular vision, which is now so generally appreciated, and of which it has been well said that the importance is especially apparent when applied to anatomical investigations, their injections assuming their natural appearance at once, and no longer appearing flat and picture-like as heretofore.

At page 40, after we have been invited to take our microscope into the garden, the curious T-shaped hairs of the crysanthemum are noticed *inter alia*, while smokers are furnished with an infalible test of the purity of their tobacco. Fungi, mosses, and ferns—those beautiful objects met with in the country, and so interesting—are amply discoursed upon: and next come the treasures of the ponds and rivers, dermids and diatoms. After these are described the cenfervæ amæbas, and vorticellæ, and wheel-animalcules—which we are told we can study if "we go to every dirty pond, indeed, into which cesspools are emptied, and dead dogs and cats are thrown;" where "we shall find abundant employment for our microscope in the beautiful forms which are placed by the Creator in those positions to clear away the dirt and filth, and prevent its destroying the life of higher animals"—heaven-sent scavengers, making filth all but sublime!

After accompanying us on our holiday at the sea-side—and what wonders there await us!—in the last chapter our author shows us that we need only, after all, stay at home and look around us to equal the

> Wonder, and the feast
> Of beauty out of West and East

which the whole material universe pours out at our feet.

The eight plates which are dispersed throughout the book illustrate, in Tuffen West's best manner, the appearances of two hundred and fifty objects under the microscope. An appendix gives full instructions as to the mounting of objects, and to the manner in which they are best prepared.

While thus we find Dr. Lankester, one of the editors of the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science*, forsaking for a time scientific description, and what is too often considered the "high and dry" part of this subject, and writing this most charming popular little book, our opticians are not unmindful of the requirements of those about to enter the great Temple of Nature by its smallest door. The instruments constructed for the amateur are as remarkable for their convenience as are the larger ones for the perfection of all their parts.

We have lately in this journal called attention to the last victory achieved by our microscope-makers in the shape of a one twenty-fifth object-glass admitting of ordinary manipulation, and giving a magnifying power of three or four thousand diameters without any loss of definition. Nor will our opticians rest here; we believe that Mr. Wenham is not the only one who does not despair of constructing an object-glass having a focal length of one fiftieth of an inch.

While, then, our scientific microscopists, by the help of such magnificent means as these, look most closely into nature, and teach us of organic and inorganic life—spontaneous generation, and structure of rocks and meteoric stones among the rest—while the palæographer by the microscope detects fraud, and the medical man disease, let the young student and lover of nature, aided by this book, make his first acquaintance with the beautiful things so admirably and usefully discoursed upon.

From The Spectator, 4 July.

DECIMAL WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

Mr. Ewart's bill for enforcing the decimal system of weights and measures contains three separate principles—first, that the national annotation shall be the decimal one; secondly, that the units adopted shall be those now spreading over the Continent; and, thirdly, that the new system shall, after three years, be compulsory upon all classes of people. The third we need not discuss, as it was resisted by Government, and given up by the mover, and would never have been introduced except by men whose logical faculty had blinded their political judgment. Three years would not suffice to make middle-aged men forget the system under which they were brought up, and it is middle-aged men who control every branch of our petty commerce. Compulsion will, no doubt, one day be essential in order to keep dealers honest, but to introduce it before the new generation have been educated and the people have reconciled themselves to a most annoying change is to court certain failure. The law would be resisted in every village shop by the buying many as well as the selling few, and no machinery which Englishmen are likely to tolerate would suffice to keep the penal clauses in operation, or even in public remembrance. Parliament might as well pass a law that every man shall know logarithms, as compel magistrates to punish everybody who cannot at once understand a foreign-sounding, and therefore detested system of weights and measures. The French annotation is, say all its advocates, simple, clear, and symmetrical, and therefore, there *can* be no difficulty; but plenty of ideas deserve all those epithets, but will, nevertheless, never be understood of the mass. Nothing can be more simple, or clear, or symmetrical than the deductions by the spectrum analysis, but Mr. Cobden would find some difficulty in making the greengrocers of Rochdale see them. Let him only remember the difficulty of driving a new idea into the House of Commons, the years it takes to secure the smallest reform, the blank dullness with which members, most of whom could work rule of three, listened to the unanswerable figures produced in defence of free trade. By and by, as the lads grow up who have learnt the new system in national schools, the old one will be voted cumbrous, and a gentle compulsion may fittingly be employed, and then the third generation will wonder how they ever bore with the memory-taxing alternative. But violent dealing with the mass of the people will simply produce a prejudice which may be fatal to the reform.

The two great principles of the bill remain, and the House, in voting the acceptance of both by one hundred and ten to seventy-five has, we believe, shown its wisdom. Nobody able to read these words needs, we imagine, to listen to argument in favor of the decimal system. It is not in itself the absolute best, ten being only a multiple of two and five, whereas twelve is divisible by two, three, four, and six, and would, therefore, could it be introduced, be exactly twice as useful. Mathematicians, however, do not cry for the moon more than other adults, and the Arabic notation being already the one in use over Europe, the decimal system is the only one worthy consideration. It is just as superior to all other practicable systems as the Gregorian calendar would be to a medley of all the calendars invented or used by mankind, or as a fixed price in a shop is to a haphazard haggle. Everybody knows how to count by tens, and as everything can be most easily counted by tens, the introduction of other modes of counting—and there are about twenty in common use—is just so much time and capacity and labor wilfully thrown away. If we say that the mass of English children throw away one year of education on learning systems of arithmetic which are utterly useless, and three years of life in applying them, we shall be far within the mark. The Rev. Alfred Barret, said Mr. Cobden, calculated that it would produce a saving of two years in education, and that the study would be much more agreeable and complete than at present. "Dr. Farre also produced a letter from Lord Brougham, stating that he had collected the testimony of schoolmasters on the point, and had come to the conclusion that a third of the time might be saved." Why sums in plain figures should be counted in tens, and in money by fours, twelves, *and* tens, and in grocery by sixteens, fourteens, and a hundred and twelves, and in cloth dealing by twelves, fives, and threes, and in land dealing by twelves, threes, forties, and fours, and so through every description of traffic—not to mention new varieties introduced with every change of locale—is certainly one of the anomalies which it might tax a consist-

ently Tory intellect either to understand or defend. The advantage of the decimal scheme is, with the educated, beyond the reach of argument, and the House of Commons in affirming it merely proved that it was composed of decently civilized men. But was it wise in also affirming that in the new decimal system the units for England should be the same as those adopted in France?

On the whole, and with certain reservations, we conceive it was. A local standard for money is of comparatively little importance; at all events, till the world has adopted a single standard instead of a double one, and made up its mind on the most durable fineness for gold, and devised some method of making the assay of all mints uniform, abolished paper as legal tender, and settled two or three other points not likely to be considered at present. There is no real harm in a local system, provided it be decimal, and in England this reform could be carried at once by merely dividing the pound. We have the florin, and if we only struck a hole in the centre of the present silver threepence, we should have a cent worth the tenth of the florin, and very convenient to carry, and the mite or tenth of that is, at an inappreciable loss to the mint, just the existing farthing. The wretched existing currency might, we believe, in this manner be abolished in a very short time without irritation to the popular mind or disturbance to smaller trades, and with the gain of at least six months to every ordinary life. A local system of weights and measures is, however, a real disadvantage even where decimalized. It is not only a direct inconvenience to all merchants, and one so great as to amount almost to a percentage against English bookkeepers, but it has an indirect effect in diminishing demand. Our best customers do not understand the quantity or the price of things offered in English weights and lengths, and the first temptation to purchase is facility to calculate price. The difficulty will not, of course, stand in the way of high rates of profit, but competition is growing keen, and the Parisian who finds Liège ware, the weight, size, and price of which he can comprehend without counting, offered nearly as cheap as the Birmingham goods, which involve for every consignment a wearisome sum, is pretty certain to choose the former. Of course, if we choose a new standard, we may as well have the one most in use with civilized nations, i.e., the French, which again has the stamp of experience and the approval of most scientific men. Our Asiatic and American customers deal with France as well as ourselves, and would find increased ease from the use of a single calculation. Mr. Henley's funny objection, that Englishmen ought not to borrow a standard from Frenchmen, cannot have been seriously intended, even by a man who objected to the arc as a standard because the world was growing. As well consider it humiliating to use the last French discovery in astronomy, or mathematics, or medicine, as a standard which is only French, because they first decided that a measurement common to all geometricians could and should be so used. Only, we repeat once more, do not let us burden ourselves with a French terminology which the people will either reject or so mispronounce as to create new words. The words matter nothing if the measures are uniform, for *gramme* can be as easily translated into "grain" as *oui* into "yes." The prejudice seems unphilosophical; but English shopkeepers are not philosophers, and, as a matter of fact, our countrymen always make a mess of half sounds, and will, therefore, be specially prejudiced against the French terminology. The greengrocer who would call a pound a *pfund*, without much grimacing, would inevitably call a *livre* either "liver" or "leev," sounds requiring translation as much as English words. The way to overcome prejudice without injuring the reform is to adapt existing measures to the French standard, by prefixing the word "imperial" as is now done in liquids. Let us have an imperial grain, ten grain, hundred-grain, etc., the latter looks cacophonous, but is not a whit more so than hundred-*weight*—and wait till the adoption of the new system renders the prefix only a surplusage. Then, and not till then, the use of the decimal may be made compulsory by a very simple device. We would at once kill all other systems, and render an inestimable service to the poor by giving the mint a monopoly of the manufacture of measures. Make it as illegal to use any weight, or rod, or quart, without the mint stamp upon it, as it now is to use any false measure, and as dangerous to imitate it as to imitate the coin, and the reform would be completed with the minimum of innovation. England would then be com-

pletely within the continental circle of trade, and merchants need only translate the names of their measures as they now translate the names of their goods.

VEGETABLE MORPHOLOGY.

To the Editor of The Reader.

SIR,—In your "Scientific Summary" of last Saturday week, which is commonly the first thing I look at on opening my *Reader*, there is a notice of a paper on Morphology by Mr. Warner, published in the *Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia;* and it has occurred to me that you might not be displeased to learn that in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, Vol. XII., No. 2 (October, 1860) there is a paper on "Vegetable Morphology, its General Principles," where views are advanced which appear to be similar to those of Mr. Warner, and the others whom you name in your very interesting but too short notice. In the paper referred to I have endeavored to show that the plant-form is a thing of which reason can give an account—that in fact it is determined by these two laws :—

I. The law of continuity (or diffusion between dissimilars on their mutual confines) operating in this case between the rare mobile air and the dense fixed earth, and realized by the vegetable kingdom, which clothes our planet on the mutual confines of the air and the earth, maintaining continuity between them as far as possible—the planet consisting on the one hand (in its combustible parts) of air become dense (carbonic acid, ammonia, vapor), and on the other (in its ash constituents) of earth (lime, silica, potass, etc.,) become as aeriform in position and distribution as the nature of these terrene concrete substances admits.

Hence we are able to account for the chemical compositions of plants, and to see the necessity of a supply of ash constituents for the growth of a crop no less than of organic manure, and to understand the ascending and descending system of plants, their spreading and much divided—in a word, their mobile and aerial—structure.

II. The law of the spherical, or of perfect symmetry, in virtue of which I maintain that, in consequence of physical forces adjusted to develop this form (that which, mechanically considered, possesses the greatest number of advantages as the form of an individualized object surrounded by others which react upon it), all individualized objects in nature, from the heavenly bodies to the most minute molecule, tend towards it so far as the type of hereditary form or the conditions of existence will allow; although, as often as the form surpasses microscopic dimension, it succeeds only very partially in consequence of the extreme difficulty of the construction of this form amid so many linear currents and irregularly incident forces.

The living being starts from the solid sphere (ovum, seed, fruit, tuber, bud, etc.)—that is, from the form whose contents is a maximum compared with its exposed surface, and under which therefore a limited portion of living matter can be most safely and happily conserved till the moment arrive when development may take place.

And that development consists in the protrusion of the contents of the solid sphere or spherule, and the *nisus* of the living particles through nutrition to group themselves in the form of the hollow sphere—that form in which precious matter may be spread out to the greatest extent without breach ot continuity. The construction of the hollow sphere is, however, easy only when it possesses microscopic dimensions; and here, throughout the whole organic world, the existence of the hollow sphere—the cell—is universal and paramount. When the form becomes large, the spherical superfices (or sphere in the proper sense) appears only in fragments as frond (convex or concave), apothetium, etc., etc.; ultimately as a group of leaves, peltate as a group, or normal to the branch that bears them—the branch (or radius of the hollow sphere) being given by the law of diffusion. The direction of the force of light from above, and of gravitation from beneath, along with that unity of axis which is implied in the organizaion of an individual that is to live, are the chief modifying circumstances. Still, it is wonderful to what an extent the free individual, from *protococcus* to the forest tree, affects a spherical contour.

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From The Examiner.

Wild Scenes in South America; or, Life in the Llanos Venezuela. By Don Ramon Paez. Sampson Low and Son.

This work, without any special design on the part of the author, teems with valuable contributions to natural history; nor is its value in the least impaired by the fact that years have passed since the adventures which form their basis occurred. In the month of December, 1846, Don Ramon Paez, the son of a large farm-owner in the wide plains that border the river Apure, set out with a numerous company from the town of Maracay, on Lake Maracaybo, to hunt among the untamed herds which constitute the wealth and commerce of that wild region. The "Llanos" of Venezuela correspond in feature with the Pampas of Buenos Ayres, which we have been visiting under the guidance of Mr. Hinchcliff, but animal life appears to offer there more dangerous varieties than are met with in latitudes remoter from the equator; the rivers and lagoons abounding in crocodiles of the largest size, besides other noxious creatures, and the woods and swamps affording harbor to the fierce jaguar, and the deadly boa constrictor. Of its kind the scenery of the Llanos is strikingly beautiful. "At our feet," says the author, when they reached the borders of the district for which they were bound, "lay a beautiful expanse of meadow, fresh and smooth as the best cultivated lawn, with troops of horses and countless herds of cattle dispersed all over the plain. Several glittering ponds, alive with all varieties of aquatic birds, reflected upon the limpid surface the broad-leaved crowns of the fan-palms, towering above verdant groves of laurel, amyris, and elm-like *robles*. Further beyond, and as far as the eye could reach, the undulating plain appeared like a petrified ocean, after the sweeping tempest." The Llaneros who inhabit this region very closely resemble the Gauchos of the south, their habits of life being almost identical. We need not, therefore, be detained by a description of this nomadic race, from other details which constitute the most attractive characteristics of this entertaining volume.

The Guárico, a tributary of the Apure, is a beautiful river, well stocked with the finest kinds of fish, but infested also by a very destructive sort, the ferocious, blood-thirsty *caribe*, which, though not larger than a perch, is one of the most formidable creatures that man or beast can have the misfortune to encounter. Their sharp, triangular teeth, arranged in the same manner as those of the shark, are so strong, that neither copper, steel, nor twine can withstand them, and hence the angler stands no chance of sport where the *caribe* is found. "The sight of any red substance," says Don Ramon, "blood especially, seems to rouse their sanguinary appetite; and as they usually go in swarms, it is extremely dangerous for man or beast to enter the water with even a scratch upon their bodies. Horses wounded with the spur are particularly exposed to their attacks, and so rapid is the work of destruction, that unless immediate assistance is rendered, the fish soon penetrate the abdomen of the animal, and speedily reduce it to a skeleton." This cannibal fish is as beautiful in aspect as it is fierce in nature. "Large spots of a brilliant orange hue cover a great portion of its body, especially the belly, fins, and tail. Toward the back, it is of a bluish ash color, with a slight tint of olive green, the intermediate spaces being of a pearly white, while the gill covers are tinged with red." A fish of a different kind, in the same waters, is the *cherna*, which attains a large size, weighing as much as a hundred pounds, and tasting like veal. It presents one remarkable peculiarity: the mouth is set with a row of teeth bearing a strong resemblance to those of the human race. The gymnotus is another denizen of this river, and its electrical powers were exemplified on one occasion on the body of a mutilated cayman which, left for dead on the shore, suddenly snapped its ponderous jaws as the huge eel was dragged over it. It is well, however, that besides man, the common enemy of all inferior animals, nature lends her aid in keeping down the superabundance of the more noxious kinds, an epidemic, supposed to have its origin in the decomposition of the vegetable detritus accumulated at the head waters of the Apure, affecting the inhabitants of the river as well as those on their banks. Its ravages are thus described:—

"The first symptoms of the epidemic appeared among the crocodiles, whose hideous carcasses might then be seen floating down the stream in such prodigious numbers, that both the waters and air of that fine region were tainted with their effluvium. It was observed that they were first seized with a violent fit of coughing, followed by a black

vomit which compelled them to quit their watery home, and finally find a grave amongst the thickets on the river banks. The disease next attacked the fish and other inhabitants of the water, with equal violence, until it was feared the streams would be depopulated. The fearful mortality among them can be better estimated from the fact that, for more than a month, the rippling waves of that noble river, the Apure, were constantly washing down masses of putrefaction, its placid surface being by them actually hidden from view for several weeks. The next victims were the pachidermata of the swamps, and it was a pitiable sight to see the sluggish *chigüires* (capyvaras) and the grizzly wild-boars dragging their paralyzed hind quarters after them; hence the name of *derrengadera* applied to this disease. Not even monkeys in their aerial retreats escaped the contagion, and their melancholy cries resounded day and night through the woods like wailings of the eternally lost. It is a singular fact, that while the scourge did not spare any of the countless droves of horses roaming the savannas of the Apure and adjacent plains, donkeys and horned cattle were seldom, if ever, attacked, so that, by their aid, the owners of cattle-farms were enabled to prevent the entire dispersion of their herds."

The *caribe*, luckily, suffers from a special and constantly recurring visitation, these fish being subject to a yearly mortality during the heat of summer when the water is deprived of a portion of the air it holds in solution. "Their carcasses," says Don Ramon, "may then be seen floating on the water by thousands, while the beach is strewn with their bones, especially their bristling jaws, which render walking barefoot on the borders of lagoons extremely dangerous."

What with one foe and another, the cattle in the Llanos have but a bad time of it—

"Those that escape the teeth of the caribe, the coil of the anaconda, that great water-serpent, or the jaws of the equally dreaded crocodile, are in continual danger of falling a prey to the lion or the jaguar, while congregated upon the *bancos* and other places left dry amidst the rising waters. None, however, escape the tormenting sting of myriad insects which, until the waters subside, fill the air they breathe. Even at night, when all created beings should rest in peace, enormous vampires, issuing from the gloomy recesses of the forest, perch upon the backs of the sufferers and suck their life blood, all the while lulling them with the flapping of their spurious wings. In fact, it seems as if in these regions all the elements conspired against these useful creatures."

The crocodiles of the river Portuguesa are the most savage and dangerous of all that haunt the streams that intersect the Llanos. They are very hard to kill, but Don Ramon tells a story of a daring Llanero who, naked and single-handed, proved more than a match for one of these monsters:—

"The man was on his way to San Jaime on a pressing errand. Being in haste to get there the same day, he would not wait for the canoe to be brought to him, but prepared to swim across, assisted by his horse. He had already secured his saddle and clothes upon his head, as is usual on similar occasions, when the ferryman cried out to him to beware of a *caiman cebado*, then lurking near the pass, urging upon him, at the same time, to wait for the canoe. Scorning this advice, the Llanero replied with characteristic pride, 'Let him come; I was never yet afraid of man or beast.' Then laying aside a part of his ponderous equipment, he placed his two-edged dagger between his teeth, and plunged fearlessly into the river. He had not proceeded far, when the monster rose and made quickly towards him. The ferryman crossed himself devoutly, and muttered the holy invocation of *Jesus, Maria y José!* fearing for the life, and, above all, for the toll of the imprudent traveller. In the mean time, the swimmer continued gliding through the water towards the approaching crocodile. Aware of the impossibility of striking his adversary a mortal blow unless he could reach the armpit, he awaited the moment when the reptile should attack him, to throw his saddle at him. This he accomplished so successfully, that the crocodile, doubtless imagining it to be some sort of good eating, jumped partly out of the water to catch it. Instantly the Llanero plunged his dagger up to the very hilt into the fatal spot. A hoarse grunt and a tremendous splash showed that the blow was mortal, for the ferocious monster sunk beneath the waves to rise no more. Proud of his achievement, and scorning the tardy assistance of the ferryman who offered to pick him up in his canoe, he waved his bloody dagger in the air, exclaiming as he did so: 'Is there no other about here?' and then turning, he swam leisurly back to take his horse across."

As in the Pampas, so in the Llanos, the profusion of waterfowl is astonishing, the cranes and herons predominating. The immense number of these birds may be conceived by the fact, vouched for by Don Ramon, that their colonies sometimes embrace several

miles in extent. One of the first-named tribe, called the *garzone* or soldier, from its erect bearing and martial air, is over five feet high, with a bill fully a foot long. The herons, or *garzas*, are of various sizes and colors, some snow-white, some a delicate blue, others gray or pink, and many of a brilliant scarlet. On the smaller ponds, too, which are gemmed with purple water-lilies, myriads of wild-ducks cover the surface, remarkable for the singularity and beauty of their plumage; but lovely as all these haunts appear, the country is almost uninhabitable for man, on account of the pestilential *miasmata* which rise from them. They are also the abode of enormous water-snakes, or anacondas, which have all the strength and voracity of the boa constrictor, and like them kill their prey by crushing the animal in their huge muscular folds and affecting its deglutition by the slimy secretion which they spread over it.

"On examining the mouth of one of these snakes, it will be found that the jaws are furnished with a row of sharp and crooked teeth, bent inward like tenter hooks; with these he seizes his prey, and holds it securely until the victim, unable to struggle longer, drops exhausted. What appears most extraordinary in these unequal contests, is the tenacity with which the snake adheres to the soft mud of the lagoon, there being neither rock nor stump to which he can secure himself. Nor will the efforts of a large bull, no matter how powerful, be sufficient to drag the snake one inch out of his element, unless he is first cut asunder. In darting upon a quadruped, the anaconda invariably aims at its snout, the animal seldom escaping when once the terrible fangs have been buried in its flesh. It is not an unusual thing, however, for a bull to cut a snake asunder in his violent struggles; then the shaggy victor may be seen proudly marching at the head of his troop with this unsightly trophy hanging from his nose.

The woods that border the Venezuelan rivers are peopled by great varieties of birds, many of which are supposed, and not unnaturally, to be of ill-omen. Foremost amongst this class is the *Titirijí* or Tiger-owl, spotted with black like the jaguar, and uttering a cry which, in the stillness of night, is often mistaken for that of the South American tiger. Two other species of owl are the *Yacabó* and the *Pavita*, and both are considered harbingers of death or calamity when heard fluttering round the habitations of the Llaneros. The name of the first is especially significant of gloom, Ya-acabó meaning "It is finished," and there are few who hear its cry unmoved. In striking contrast with these "dismall fowles," is the *Gallineta de monte*, or forest-hen, a most beautiful creature, both in color and shape, and the eyes of which, of a brilliant ruby hue, scintillate like fire. "These birds sing in concert, and their song—a lively chatter—has a mystic fascination," observes Don Ramon, "which I am unable to describe." As Buffoon summed up his description of the robin red-breast, "they are very delicate eating." As good, in their way, are various species of teal ducks, and there is a certain long-legged plover—the Alcaravan—which is turned to good account. "This last has the peculiarity of uttering a long, shrill sound at hourly intervals, thus marking every hour of the night after the manner of a clock's alarum. It is easily domesticated in the houses, where it renders some service, not only by marking time, but also by giving warning of the approach of strangers." Another bird — the Aruco — utters loud drumlike notes, but is not made to do sentinel's duty. It is as large as a turkey, but its size is very deceptive, for feathers. Like the horned plover of the Pampas, the wings of the male are provided with a pair of sharp spurs, with which, when fighting, they greatly injure each other. Carrion birds are plentiful,—the chief of this class being the Rey-Zamuro, or king of the vultures, very beautiful of its kind. "Its plumage, resembling down in softness and fineness, is of a pearly white, excepting the wings, which are tipped with black. The breast and neck, although entirely bare of feathers, are decked in the most brilliant tint of blue, orange, and red, while a sort of membranous excrescence crowns the head, giving it a truly royal appearance." Singing birds, mostly of the oriole species, abound. The sweetest of these songsters is the *Gonzal*, but sweetness of note is not the only quality that distinguishes the choristers of the Llanos.

"There is another closely allied species, far superior to this or any other bird of the kind with which I am acquainted. It is the troupial, whose powerful notes can only be likened to strains of the violin. It is easily domesticated in houses, and learns readily any air from hearing it whistled. I have one of these birds at home (in New York) which sings the Cachuca, Yankee Doodle,

ious other tunes, besides distinctly g the name of a person. Its pre- t colors are rich orange and shining with white spots on the wings and beautiful contrast. It is a dangerous wever, if at large in a house, attack- angers furiously, and always aiming eyes."

Ramon gives a long list of the plants anos, many of them bearing delicious ers remarkable for medicinal, and gain for properties of a dangerous The most remarkable of the latter the *guachamacá*, the poison exuding ich is so virulent that meat roasted made of the shrub absorbs sufficient y all who partake of it. It is need- say that the swamps of the Llanos with venomous reptiles, but Don Ra- e other recent travellers, exempts the l coral snake from the list; having amined them he could discover no g fangs nor any other characteristics onous snakes. To "Tiger-stories," a chapter is devoted. Many of these are phal, but enough remain sufficiently ruthful to show how much the jaguar of the Apure is to be feared. To the same category belong some of the tales told of the crocodiles of that famous river, and the monkeys, as a matter of course, furnish their quota of remarkable peculiarities. One of the Simian tribe, the araguato, has a voice rivalling that of poor Lablache, Don Ramon asserting "without fear of mistake," that it can be heard at the distance of three miles! We cannot afford to draw any further upon the contents of this amusing work, which we now commend to the general reader. It has been the pleasure of the author to add to it a few chapters on the politics of Venezuela, but these have formed no part of our entertainment.

From The Ashton and Stalybridge Reporter, 20 June.

AMERICAN COTTON BY FREE LABOR.

The future prosperity of the cotton trade must be regarded as an object of as great importance as the immediate supply of the wants of the unemployed operatives. The great losses occasioned by the stoppage of the mills, both to capitalists and laborers, can only be lessened by a revival of the supply of cotton. So far as its productiveness is concerned, the money spent in the subsistence of the people is so much capital lost to the country, and even the proposed alteration from relief to labor upon public works, after all the safeguards that can be put around it are applied, will be found a costly and burdensome scheme for the community. But where is the future supply of cotton to come from? The two years that have passed since the American civil war broke out have not been without benefit in settling this important point, but the whole experience gained from it points to the somewhat mortifying conclusion that for the adequate supply of this all-important fibre, the Southern States of North America still possess the greatest advantages and may easily re-assert their ancient monopoly. India is evidently out of the question. Its climate and institutions are alike hostile to improvement. It can never do more than supply a limited quantity of inferior material. Egypt is too small to become a dangerous rival, and Asiatic Turkey is much too far behind. Long before the lazy and shiftless Mahommedans will do anything worth speaking of, the active Americans will have restored their old supremacy. That, it must be said, is not wholly, or even in great part, owing to their character. They possess the best cotton field in the world. It is intersected by great river systems forming natural highways in every direction, has a rich soil, and a climate perfectly adapted to the habits of the plant. It is certain that in the nature of things the raw cotton trade must ultimately return to New Orleans and Mobile, but it is almost as certain that the derangement of society effected by the war must terminate in the reorganization of the culture upon totally different conditions from those upon which it rested previously. Whether the authority of the Union can be restored over the continent or not, slavery has received its death-blow, and cannot be restored by means short of a miracle. It appears the only obstacle to the restoration of the Union, and its forcible destruction, may teach the infatuated and incredibly ignorant Southern populations that as there was no security for slavery except in connection with the Union, so there can be no guarantee for prosperity equal to a return to amity and allegiance. Before another year is over, should the war continue so long, thousands of colored men will be in arms under the Union flag, and tens of thousands liberated from their chains by the progress

of events. The reduction of these to bondage again will be a hopeless task, and the substitution of fresh importations from Africa is a crime which we hope will never be tolerated either in Europe or America. The future production of American cotton must therefore depend upon free labor, and the only inquiry is whether the obstacles to its introduction being removed by the destruction of slavery and the cessation of the war, it would be capable of supplying the wants of the world. A recent able report to the Boston Board of Trade by Edward Atkinson, Esq., has thrown a new and vivid light upon this aspect of the question, and its importance is so manifest that John Bright in a speech to a Great Union and Emancipation meeting in London on Tuesday night, brought it forward and dwelt upon it with all his accustomed vigor and directness. We are able, through the kindness of a friend, to resort to the same source for the interesting facts put forward by the great free trade orator.

Apart from the moral repugnance to the use of an article raised by men robbed of their wages and human rights, and the just apprehensions of every thoughtful man that a system founded upon so much oppression must sooner or later collapse, the cotton trade with the supply of slave-grown produce suffered the evil of chronic deficiency. The slave population, recruited only from the breeding pews of such saints as Stonewall Jackson, and of such chivalrous gentlemen as Lee and Davis, increased but slowly, and being ground down by oppression, could not make up by intelligence for the deficiency of numbers. The cultivation has been kept down to the lowest and least scientific form. Only one and a half per cent. of the soil available for culture is in use, and that has been employed in the most wasteful manner. The great tide of emigration which fertilized and enriched the Northern States, filling them with splendid cities, and raising them to power and dignity, sent scarcely a ripple to the South, where the blight of a system that dishonored labor hung upon the land. But if this difficulty is removed by the anticipated ruin of the slaveholders, there is no reason to doubt that emigration will receive such an impulse as to empty the surplus populations of the Old World upon the sunny and fertile plains of the rebellious States. One of the most surprising facts of the present time is the immense and rapidly increasing emigration to the Union, notwithstanding the existence of war. There is no popular delusion in this, no rush for gold, no blinding access of folly. The people know there is work and food in abundance, and when the armies of the Union have cleared the way for them, as we entertain no doubt they will do, they will spread southward as well as westward, and Europe, not Africa, will supply the labor for the new cotton supply. There never was a greater mistake than the supposition that the heat is too great. Even now the heavy work in the South is done by white men. The digging of drains and canals through the plantations is done by Irish navvies, while the colored people are capable only of the lightest and least important labor. The miserable way in which they are fed and treated accounts for this, and the belief that free white labor must ultimately supplant theirs is strengthened by the fact that already one-ninth of the cotton grown in America is grown by white laborers. When we reflect that the high price of cotton which must rule for many years to come will stimulate the exertions of freemen and extend the cultivation, it must be plain that an aggregate of cotton production will be reached surpassing anything possible under slavery. Mr. Atkinson, in another pamphlet, "Cheap Cotton by Free Labor," for which we are indebted to the same friend who furnished us with the report, proves that at least one thousand dollars a year may be raised out of forty acres of land by a single family, along with sufficient cereals for their support. If even one-half could be expected, what an impulse such gains would give to the settlement of the cotton lands in every direction. The astonishing prosperity of North America would be eclipsed by this new development, while the trade of Lancashire would at last obtain what it has never possessed—a full supply of cotton—without fear of a shock such as that of the War of Secession to destroy it. But all this prospect depends on the success of the Federal arms, and the ruin of slavery. We can imagine no stronger inducement to favor the Union cause than the prospect of what might be made of the Southern States by freemen. We have seen what slaves and their masters have made of them, regions wasted by improvidence, shunned by the free and active, and inhabited by a dissolute, idle, and degraded population, now decimated and scourged by

a ruinous war. We have such faith in the energies of the people of the North that we are convinced they will either achieve the conquest of their refractory neighbors, or so far frustrate their designs that human freedom will be universally established, and most sincerely hope the consummation will not be delayed. It is still, and is likely to be, the main hope and deliverance to Lancashire.

From The Reader.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S WORKS.

What a wonderful man is George Cruikshank! And now he gives us the opportunity to see him as he is, and to know him as he was. In a quiet little room in Exeter Hall is the Cruikshank Gallery. The earliest sketch is one bearing the date of 1799, when the precocious boy-artist was about eight or nine years old; and the latest, his great work, measuring thirteen feet four inches by seven feet eight inches, "The Worship of Bacchus"—upon the painting of which the veteran has spent a year and a half of recent life—a pictorial sermon against the use of "the Bottle," in which, as in glass, he holds up to view the rise and progress, the danger and folly of drinking anything stronger than the pure produce of the spring as it comes forth bubbling through the earth for man's refreshment, or is presented to him in the more luscious form of full-ripe fruit. "Drink not!" is his text; and he sends it home as few preachers can hope to do—to parson and people, to the bench and the bar, to rich and poor, to "genteel" folk and vulgar ones, to fighting-men and stay-at-home laggards, to the lounger at the clubs, the man about town, the drunken mechanic, and the maudlin old washerwoman. That picture is, as a work of art, so thoroughly original, so unlike all that ever preceded it, such a study of life as it is in the mind's eye of the great tee-total apostle, that, though group upon group fills the canvas, and the subject is drunkenness in its most humiliating forms, yet, truthful as the pictures are, unlike Hogarth, Gilray, Bunbury, and Woodward, George Cruikshank eschews all unscrupulous freedom, and never offends the modesty of the beholder by what, in the works of the comic painters just named, is known as broad "humor," though indelicacy would be the more appropriate term.

Besides this great picture—which was sent to Windsor, by command, for her majesty's inspection, and is now restored to its former abiding-place—there are upwards of one thousand original sketches, drawings, proof-etchings, oil-paintings, etc., from the hand of the indefatigable master; and the intelligent guardian of these art-treasures walks round the room with the visitors, a living commentary upon things past and present; for George Cruikshank's etchings are the pictorial record of our manners and customs, fashions and changes, of nearly three quarters of a century, some fifty years of which they illustrate to the full. The earlier sketches may have taken their inspiration from Gilray and Bunbury, borrowing a grace, it may be, from Rowlandson; but soon these trammels fell away, and if we mistake not, constant, careful study of the smaller masters of the German school of the sixteenth century, and of the mass of wood-cut book-illustrations which they produced, cleansed of all their impurities by a modest, thoughtful mind, gave that solid bent to his after-pursuits which placed Cruikshank at the head of our comic school of art for more than thirty years, till the Doyles, father and son, Leech and Tenniel, and others came forth to dispute the palm with him.

During that period he produced his admirable "Points of Humor," his "Comic Almanacks," the "Omnibus," "Peter Schlemihl, the Shadowless Man;" illustrations to Grimm's "Fairy Tales" and Scott's "Demonology and Witchcraft," to Ainsworth's "Tower of London," "Guy Fawkes," and "Jack Sheppard," and to Dickens's "Oliver Twist," his own "Punch and Judy," and a host of other book-illustrations, which will live as long as the books they were made to adorn. High life and middle class he left wisely to the Doyles, to Tenniel, and to Leech; but who can approach him in the delineation of the Dodgers, the Fagins, the Gentlemen of the Road, the rollicking, reckless, paid-off Jack Tars, and the Pucks, Brownies, Kobbolds, and all the devilries which the brothers Grimm delight to dwell upon, and the giants, dwarfs, and goblins they carefully conjure up?

'Tis a pleasant lounge into that little quiet room at Exeter Hall; and to many of us it recalls happy memories of the past, as we walk from one wall to another, and recognize the old familiar faces of impersonations so

perfect that they have no need to have the fire stolen from Olympus to give them life and being.

[We copy from the National Intelligencer a notice of the death of another subscriber and friend of forty years' standing]:—

Died, on the 16th July, at his residence, in this city John T. Sullivan, Esq., at the advanced age of eighty-one years. This was truly honorable old age, and it was honored by a life eminently distinguished for usefulness and graced with many virtues.

Mr. Sullivan had an ardent temperament, always directed by generous impulses and disciplined to serve the ends of justice, benevolence, and humanity. He made it a line of duty to do what was right and shun what was wrong. If ever betrayed into error, he had the magnanimity to acknowledge it, and the honor to repair it. He loved his fellow-man with an enlarged philanthropy, and essayed, whenever opportunity offered, to prove it by deeds that make and dignify the nobility of the heart. He was a patriot by every impulse that could bind him to his country. With a firmness that never quailed was mingled a keen sensibility that would melt at the touch of sympathy. In the social relations of life he courted society for its charms, and gave to it a zest by his genial disposition and the playfulness of a fruitful mind. His hospitality was proverbial; it reached far into society, and brought to his board a circle of friends that had eminence in our land and fame beyond our country. From these pleasing entertainments he could turn to the claims of the least favored of fortune, and with an open hand would soothe the afflicted and relieve the needy. From his own cherished family he reaped the luxury of life and dispensed a warmth and cheerfulness that consecrated the dearest ties of nature, and dedicated all to love of family.

His life was varied with the vicissitudes of fortune, but in the darkest hours of adversity he persevered with unbroken energy until he gained the rich reward of well directed industry, on which he leaned gracefully and usefully in old age.

Death has closed this fountain of many virtues, and has left a void that a large circle of friends will feel—an aching void with those who are left to mourn the broken and buried ties of husband and father.

Mr. Alfred W. Bennett of Bishopsgate Street, who is availing himself to a considerable extent to the use of photography as a medium for landscape illustrations of our descriptive poets, has just issued the "Bijou Photograph Album," containing twenty-four photographs of the scenery of the "Lady of the Lake," most admirably executed by Thomas Ogle in *carte de visite* size, and elegantly bound in morocco or in gilt cloth. It is a pretty gift-book, and one that is sure to be appreciated. Mr. Bennett has also published the poem itself in small quarto, with fourteen photographs by the same artist, and a view of the poet's tomb at Dryburgh Abbey, by G. W. Wilson. From that charming book, "Ruined Castles and Abbeys of Great Britain," by William and Mary Howitt, for the benefit of summer tourists he has struck off separately "The Wye: its Abbeys and Castles," with six photographs by Bedford and Sedgfield.

"We continue to receive alarming accounts of the ravages committed by the locusts. The swarms have in many cases lodged on the Ottoman Railway and compelled the engine-drivers to proceed with great caution. The locusts, on being crushed by the engine on the rails, make them excessively greasy and slippery, so that the wheels will scarcely bite. The consequence is some degree of danger, and sand has to be dropped on the rails to give the wheels a hold. Several trains from Ephesus have been considerably behind time through the locusts taking possession of the line."

In the preface to Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s "Cambridge Shakspeare" the editors acknowledge their obligations to Mr. John Bullock, who has furnished them with valuable critical and literary notes. The *Publishers' Circular* says:—"Mr. Bullock is, we believe, a mechanic—a brass-finisher in Aberdeen—who has devoted his leisure to the study of English literature, for which, though still following his manual labour, he has obtained in his own locality a considerable reputation."

PAST AND PRESENT.

And Arthur is coming home, Alice, I think I heard you say?
Arthur, the son of our neighbor, with whom you used to play:
He went to the war last summer; I wondered at it then,
That a boy should go to battle, when they used to send only men.

So strange it seems, little Alice, as I watch you standing there;
Why, you are almost a woman, a woman grown I declare;
Strange, indeed, when I think of it—'tis a long, long time, I know—
I stood just where you are standing, nearly fifty years ago.

Stood there awaiting my Willie, your grandfather, Alice; for he
Had been off a fighting the British, we beat them on land and sea.
The elm tree there by the gate, darling, was not what it is to-day,
Its bark was smooth, like a sapling's, and now it is ragged and gray.

Ah! things have changed, little Alice; the sunlight seems less fair
As it falls through the vine's thick leafage, and tangles itself in your hair;
The days, too, seem to me shorter, and the notes of the birds less bold—
But it may be I'm growing old, dear, it may be I'm growing old.

And now I think of it, Alice, and recall it all to mind,
I was wondrously like what you are—wondrously like, I find,—
Older, of course; a woman; what age are you did you say?
Eighteen! why that was my age—just eighteen years and a day.

For I remember my birthday had come on the one before—
The years of our life, say the Scriptures, at best are only four score,
And I have numbered of mine nearly three score years and ten—
Girls were much older in those days, girls were much older then;

For we had spoken of marriage before Will went away,
And he had asked me to wed him, asked me to name the day;
And you,—it seems but a fortnight since I held you a babe, on my arm,
A rosy faced, dimpled infant, and carried you over the farm.

Eighteen did you say, little Alice, are you sure you have made no mistake?
I should certainly think I was dreaming, were I not sure I'm awake,
And your mother, now you remind me, was younger even than I
When she married; yes you are right then—how swiftly the years go by!

What was I saying?—that you, Alice, are like what I used to be?
One would'nt think to see us you could ever resemble me;
But time works wonderful changes; and this afternoon I seem
To live over the past again, Alice, as though in a pleasant dream,

To watch your grandfather's coming, a girl once more where you stand—
Come sit here beside me, daughter, so, now let me take your hand—
Seven long years since he left me; perhaps before seven more,
I too shall have crossed death's river, to stand on the further shore.

Do I sadden you, Alice, my darling? but Arthur will come by and by,
It is not a matter of grief that a poor old woman must die.
And Arthur will tell us of battles. You will like to hear I know,
How at Lundy's Lane we met them and gallantly routed the foe.

At Lundy's Lane, did I say, Alice? I see I am dreaming again;
That was one of your grandfather's stories, they are always haunting my brain;
I used to hear them so often, so very often, in truth,
My good man talked in his old age far more than he did in his youth.

And you have heard them too, Alice, when you used to sit on his knee;
I have marked your eye grow bright when he told of a victory.
"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;" were the words the minister said,
But at times I think I see him, and doubt if he be dead.

Much there is which to me seems amiss that I can't understand;
Who would ever have thought of a civil war in the land,
Of a time like this, when one hardly knows a foe from a friend,
When brothers fight against brothers?—God only knows where 'twill end;

Shame on a traitorous people, say I, who would dare to assail
A government like to our own; Heaven grant the the right may not fail!
And hasten the promised time when strife and contention shall cease;
That Golden Age of the prophet, when the world shall be at peace.

And Arthur, you say, little Alice, is coming and soon will be here,
What are you looking that way at, and why do you tremble, my dear?
The sun is bright above us, and the air is calm and still,
I can hear the big wheel turning in the hollow down at the mill.

Who is that in the lane, Alice? coming this way do you think?
Yonder close to the well-sweep, where the cattle stop to drink;
Through that same lane, returning, my Willie, your grandfaher, came,
When the west like a fiery furnace, was red with the sunset's flame.

Nearly fifty years ago, my darling, of mingled grief and joy;
This cannot be Arthur, surely; for Arthur was only a boy!
A boy with a beardless face, and not the man that I see,
He is coming in at the gate, Alice: I wonder who it can be.

Why the child is off down the path—whatever on earth is this!
It wasn't considered in my day exactly the thing to kiss,
Unless a brother or husband, or maybe a lover, —I know
I always kissed my Willie when he used to come and go.

And then it was here in the shadow, not out there where they stand;
And the second time that he kissed me he placed this ring on my hand;
But the ways of the world are changed in these latter days, I find.
Upon my word it is Arthur!—how could I have been so blind?

Ah! there is no such blindness as that which comes with years,
And the world, though changed in some things, is unchanged in one it appears;
Love rules the camp and the court, the poet has said in his rhyme,
And love is the same to-day as it was in my girlhood's prime.

FOR SHAME!

To-day the proudest city in the land
Has been convulsed with riots! It is true
That men who dared their simple duty do
Met arson, death, rapine on every hand;
And men who had no fault save that their God
Had given them a skin of dusky hue,
Under the feet of reckless fiends were trod.
And treason shakes the city through and through.
And this the greeting that we send to those
Who've fought and bled on many a gory field,
And now at last in triumph have appealed
For help, that they may surely crush our foes.
What damning blots are these upon thy name;
For shame, New York! ten thousand times for shame!

Monday Evening, July 13, 1863. J. H. E.

—*Evening Post.*

See where the offspring of a world-famed sire
Would to a like celebrity aspire:
His seeming claim—the child must needs inherit
The parent's genius and each mental merit.
But higher animals engender mules,
And sons of clever men are often fools.
The father's intellectual estate
Can scarce descend indeed: more elevate
The sons will be, or, else, degenerate.
Well doth our hero's character express
This truth, and by the sign of witlessness:
Ever prepared in Fame's pursuit to run,
Ambition calls and Folly drives him on,

* * * * *

He differs from the wind-vane just in this:
That in his shuffles any *cause* we miss.
Each fault may vex, but let us still not view it
As plotted sin; for he's not equal to it.
Let him be tried where charity arraigns,
And freed of guilt, because absolved of brains.

—*Anglicania.*

NILE.

Spes est mihi certa videndi
Niliacos fontes. Lucan.

The mystery of old Nile is solved: brave men
Have through the lion-haunted inland passed,
Dared all the perils of desert, gorge, and glen,
Found the far source at last.

Dared the fierce savage with his deathful quiver
Of poisonous darts, and, 'mid the sultry hills,
Found the strange birthplace of the Egyptian river
Which Zeus forever fills.

From an enormous lake beneath the Equator
Springs the young giant to its cataracts,
And, swift descending, on its course grows greater
By streams which it attracts.

Good English courage, which no fears encumber,
Those dangerous deserts to Nyanza crossed:
And Egypt, land of marvels without number,
Has its chief marvel lost. C.

—*Press*, 30 *May.*

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1002.—15 August, 1863.

CONTENTS:

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL, SON & CO., BOSTON.

ON SEEING THE 54TH AND 35TH MASSACHUSETTS (BLACK) REGIMENTS.

I saw a gathering cloud — light shone upon it —
Rising portentous, black with threatening power,
A thousand thunderbolts seemed hid within it,
Ready to strike and signalize the hour.

Long had we waited, dallied with the foe,
And seen the thousands of our country falling,
Nor dared to strike the fierce effective blow
For what the eternal God seemed ever calling.

At last we rallied ! Fate-like, just and awful,
Pouring along our streets the solemn host,—
No longer in derision spoke the scornful,
The serried column came — stern Freedom's boast!

From many a Southern field they trembling came,
Fled from the lash, the fetter, and the chain;
Return they now, not at base Slavery's claim,
To meet the oppressor on the battle plain !

They lift the flag — the starry banner waves
From out that throng of Afric's darkened van;
Thousands of bayonets foretell the graves
Where they must lie who spurn the rights of man !

Ah, never yet was Justice seen more fitting,
Her whips, scorns, terrors, more divinely sent;
And never yet her graceful form found sitting
In more poetic sense of punishment.

And ne'er before, in all *our* history,
Has truer glory from that banner shone,
Or manlier sons, with high-toned minstrelsy,
Exultant in the march to honor gone.

It is the hour — the dread, foretelling hour
Of the great trial of the Nation's heart.
From Afric's *self*, perchance, shall spring a power
From which, at least, the guilty foe shall start!

Contagious, dreadful, spreading far and wide,
Ere long this cloud so threatening in our wake,
O'er the South heavens shall spread, and woe betide
The base-born minions where its thunders break!

W. M. F.

Boston, Mass.

"LOVE AND MONEY."

BY FRANCIS DAVIS.

Oh, sitting and sighing the live-long day,
I cannot sing now as I used to do !
What is the reason—can any one say—
There's such woe in a world that's so fair to view?
Sing—is it—Jenny, the same as before?
Oh, my poor head aches, and my heart's so sore !

I knew I was poor, and that that was a sin
In the eyes of many who said "No—no !"
But the one sweet voice took my poor heart in,
For to Harry I thought I was all below.
Could I feel I was poor when he called me fair,
As he looked in my eyes and stroked my hair !

Oh, love's like a harp of a thousand strings,
And girls are silly that sit in its way ;
For love will talk of a thousand things
That nothing but love could think or say ;
And maidens who list what they'd rather believe,
It weren't so easy to undeceive !

That I lay in his light, they had told me long,
For Nelly had riches and beauty, too ;
But my heart was weak, and my love was strong,
And I felt it hard to know how to do.
To look in that face, and to bid him "good-by !"
I knew would be sore, but I said I would try.

How I stood, that eve between eight and nine,
Where the willow bends to the blighted yew,
While woe Flora looked up with the mournful whine,
You'd have thought she knew all that my poor heart knew :
And on Harry I gazed till my eyes grew dim
And he seemed like a mist on the far sky's rim.

I had shaken his hand—I had said "good-by !"
I had said little more to it, neither had he,
But had looked in my face with a tear in his eye—
Ah, the money alone made him false to me !
Oh ! is it a wonder I sing no more—
That my poor head aches—that my heart's so sore?

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

BERANGER.

LINES TO PASSY.

Paris, adieu ! to Passy's hamlet brown
I go, to bask my age in calm divine ;
Led by my purse, escaping thus, dear town,
The tax upon my funeral and wine.
Here will old Time, in tenderest tranquil mood,
Protect my muse beyond the reach of wrongs,
Like a bird, nestled in some autumn wood,
Lulled by the dying echo of my songs.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

From The Eclectic Review.

A MODERN QUAKER APOSTLE.*

We believe the writings and lives of the members of the Society of Friends are but little read by the members of other denominations. We regard this as a loss, for a spirit of very distinct and holy activity pervades these books. It is, no doubt, true that we all read religiously too much on our own peculiar line of rail. It has been said, that the lives of the saints are monotonous, that one is just like another, and that when you have read one you have read all—looked at superficially, they seem to be characterized by a tiresome sameness. But the sameness is only in appearance. Very distinct orders and shades of grace make their appearance to the eye of him who would draw a spiritual science out of the lives of the saints. "Distinct," as it has been said, "as each separate Alp to him who dwells all the year round in the plains beneath, though to the eye of the passing tourist, it is but one jagged sky-line, with here and there a Monte Rosa or other famous height, distinguished from its peers"—as various as are the stones and fossils of a museum to the eye of the geologist, although to the mere passers-by they seem only one in color and in shapeless confusion; so also is it with the lives of the holy men of God. Each has his distinct place in the precious memorial chambers of the Church. And all who have been led by the Spirit of God, bring the marks of an individuality and a difference, tending to the edification of all. The charge of sameness might seem especially true in relation to the majority of the lives of Friends, especially those of a more modern date; where there is sameness and monotony there cannot be freshness. The most spontaneous and living life may suffer from the cold pen of a biographer. Again, routine is the foe to life and freshness; it strangles the free spirit and soul, and the members of the Society of Friends are especially the victims of routine and narrowness, and hence it has happened that their biographies have had a far narrower influence than their innate worth has often demanded; and, indeed, they are mostly unknown beyond the book-shelves of the Society.

We have long purposed calling attention to the very interesting volumes now before us. They are the record of the life of one almost "meet to be called an apostle," one who did the work of an evangelist upon a very wide scale: it is a very lengthy story, nearly a thousand pages, and yet we know not well how it could be abbreviated; it is the story of manifold adventures and perils. Stephen Grellet might have claimed much of the language of the apostle: "In journeyings often, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst." The mind accustomed to measure results by their visible organization, will perhaps say, well, and what came out of it? But Stephen Grellet belonged to a Church not accustomed to measure its work by that test. It is remarkable, that a people who in business matters are the most exact—some have said the most exacting—whose arrangements are moulded in the most rigid spirit of organization, should, in their moulding the religious life, give so little attention to the work of *edifying*. If some of the sects have too exclusively regarded this work, so that their labors seem to have been all but entirely external, surely with Friends the attention to internal work and helps, has put out of sight the fact that at present the Church exists in form, and should be visible. The Society of Friends has almost labored to reach a disembodied state; they have sought to move over and through souls—to awaken souls—and to melt and subdue souls, but they have left the work of sustaining to other hands, satisfied with having reached the soul, they have forgotten, that on this earth we know nothing of a soul without a body.

Stephen Grellet was a Frenchman—his real name was Etienne de Grellet du Mabillier. Stephen Grellet is the appropriate rendering of this name; the affix "du Mabillier" being derived from an estate owned by his father, but confiscated during the Revolution. He was born in 1773, in the city of Limoges, in which neighborhood his father was an extensive porcelain manufacturer, as well as proprietor of some iron works; he became the intimate friend of Louis XVI., and a title was conferred upon him for benefits rendered to his country. The king purchased his porcelain works, but in consequence of

* *Memoirs of the Life and Gospel Labors of Stephen Grellet.* Edited by Benjamin Seebohm. Third edition. 2 vols. A. W. Bennett, Bishopsgate Street.

the outbreak of the Revolution, the works were never paid for, and the title does not appear to have been confirmed. Of course, the family were Roman Catholics—one of Stephen's sisters had taken the veil in a convent at Limoges, and another in the severer convent of Clairetes. Although religious discipline does not appear to have had much influence in his early home, his exceedingly tender and emotional nature was very early penetrated by spiritual inquiries, and, when leaving home, he entered the college of the Oratorians, at Lyons, that institution, which appears to have been well conducted, increased no doubt his religious anxieties; there he received confirmation according to the rites of the Romish Church. He had expected that confirmation would effect an entire transformation in his character, and he expresses his bitter disappointment when, contrary to what he had been led to expect, after the bishop had performed the ceremony, he found his heart not at all changed; that his sense of sin still remained; that his propensities to evil were that very day as strong as ever; "*and thus*," he adds, "*at a very early age I learned that neither priests nor bishops could do the work for me.*"

In this early period of life the disasters of the Revolution swept over the country; as we have seen, the property of his family was confiscated; and being nearly allied to the nobility, and connected by friendship with the royal family, they fell into all the disasters of the times, narrowly escaping death by flight. Etienne and his brother joined the army of royalists, and they both passed through a succession of imminent dangers. It was afterwards a source of joy to the converted man, that although he had stood in battle array facing the enemy, and ready for conflict, being in a reserved corps, he had never shed blood; this, at the time, he regarded as a misfortune—afterwards with thankfulness to the Prince of Peace. He and his brother were made prisoners, and ordered to be shot: the execution of the sentence was hourly expected, when a commotion in the hostile army enabled them to make their escape to Brussels, and thence to Holland: they determined on flying from thence to America. They did so, and henceforth the Frenchman drops his name, and becomes Stephen Grellet; he dropped also very much of his nationality. He found the works of William Penn; they induced him to find his way to a Friend's meeting-house; his conversion followed, and he very naturally united himself in fellowship with the Society, the words of whose members had fastened upon his mind. He had been a fervent disciple and admirer of Voltaire; and now his biographer very appropriately applies to him the language to Ananias respecting Saul, "He is a chosen vessel unto me to bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings and the children of Israel: for I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake." Although in accordance with the pinciples and practices of the Society of Friends, it was the aim of his life to walk with great simplicity and clearness, he very soon became a fully recognized minister of the Gospel. At this time he was residing in Philadelphia, where, during severe ravages of the yellow fever, he seems to have made himself greatly useful, visiting the sick and dying, and assisting in burying the dead; he also was seized, his coffin was ordered, and he was returned amongst the daily deaths to the Board of Health as a French Quaker; but he was raised up again, and soon after changed his residence from Philadelphia to New York. With his brother Joseph he had engaged in mercantile concerns; but although they seem to have been successful, he says he was not able long to devote much attention to business; he had been "bought with a price;" he felt "that he was not his own," and the love of Christ constraining him, he felt it to be his duty to engage more distinctly in the service of Christ. He travelled through Baltimore, Virginia, North Carolina, and parts of Pennsylvania; these were his first travellings with these purposes, and his very simple and internal character is often shown in his communings among the tall pine woods. "There," says he, "my mind being inwardly retired before the Lord, he was pleased so to reveal his love to me, through his blessed Son, my Saviour. My mourning was turned into joy. He clothed me with the garment of praise, instead of the spirit of heaviness, and he strengthened me to offer up myself again freely to him and to his service for my whole life." These first wanderings were amongst his least adventurous and important. But sixty years have passed away since then, and travelling in those times was wild enough—for the most part it was through a wilderness country—

encamping for the night, he had to keep up a good fire to protect him from panthers, bears, and wolves; sometimes it seemed as though a hundred of the latter were howling around them at once. "I was, however," said he, "more in fear of rattlesnakes than wolves; they would even come into the cabins, through the openings between the logs, or in the floors, but I have never been hurt by any of them, although I have been in close contact with them." Sometimes he had other perils, high waters, having to swim across them, the carriage coming to pieces in the water,—all these perils were undertaken that he might speak to the Indians in the wood, the slaves in their plantation, and Quakers in their scattered settlements. Returning to New York in 1804, he married, "care having been taken," he says, "fully to feel after the Lord's approbation in this important step," and a short time after, he received the news of the death of his father, who, without leaving the Romish Church, seems to have been greatly changed by his long imprisonments and losses, so much so that mildness was not only his own chief characteristic, he was able also to encourage his fellow-prisoners to submission and waiting on the Lord. In 1807, Stephen Grellett paid his first return visit to Europe; his wife was left behind in a very delicate state of health, and it is characteristic of that entire self-renunciation to which men like him attain, that "though parting with her," he says, "as not likely to see each other again in this world, she was my faithful helper, in encouraging me to devote my all to the service of the Redeemer." A chief design in visiting Europe was not only to see his surviving parent, but in his native land, and perhaps in other countries to preach the Gospel; and in the course of this visit we meet with the first evidences of that extraordinary power which manifests itself in many travellings and scenes to the close of his life. The meetings held in different towns were sometimes very large. Papists and Protestants seem to have thronged together, and to have been equally and overwhelmingly touched. What is remarkable in the life of this man is, first, that in all places, he seems to have exercised such a discerning power. All gave in to him—all opposition went down before him—emperors, kings, popes, priests, and nuns; and those more difficult characters, we should suppose, prefects and commissaries of police. Here is one of the first in which the latter gentlemen found themselves very strangely dealt with by the mild wisdom of the nevertheless clear-sighted and strong spiritually minded man:—

"The following morning, we returned to St. Hypolite, where also, feeling my mind engaged to have a meeting, a place was provided. It was thought sufficient to contain the people, being a pretty large room; but it seemed as if all the inhabitants of the town had turned out. The whole house was filled, and a very large number stood in the street, in a quiet, becoming manner. I had taken my seat near the window, a very convenient place to be heard both in the house and in the street. For some time I sat under great distress of mind, yet at the same time, the love of God through Christ flowed in my heart towards the people. Abiding under it, I felt the Lord's power to rise over all, believing that whatever trial might come upon me, he would support me even unto death. Then I thought I felt his word of command to preach unto the multitude Christ, with his attributes and divine offices, when, on hearing some bustle through the crowd towards the door, Louis Majolier, who sat by me whispered to me, 'The Commissary of Police is coming.' I so felt the Lord's power, that I answered him, 'Fear not, only be quiet.' The commissary then drawing near to me said, 'Are you the person that is going to preach?' I replied, 'It may be so, please to sit down.' On which, taking me by the collar of the coat, he said, 'You must follow me to the mayor,' when I answered, 'I may not detain thee long, please to take a seat a little while,'—on which I began to speak to the people, as the Lord gave me. He stood amazed, keeping hold of me, as I spoke, till at last he said, 'I go to make my report,' and then he retired. I continued preaching to the people, who all kept quiet, not moved at all by what passed. Indeed, on the contrary, when the commissary, on his way to the door, passing by some soldiers who were in the meeting-room, ordered them to go and take me, they answered, 'We cannot disturb a man thus engaged.' I continued about an hour to speak to the people, as the Lord enabled me; for he was with us, his love and power were felt by many, whose spirits were greatly contrited: the divine witness reached their hearts. Having taken my seat, and now feeling myself clear, the meeting concluded, when I judged it expedient to go immediately to the mayor's office, to see if he wanted anything of me; several persons accompanied me. Not finding him there, I was proceeding to his house, when I met the commissary, who began to threaten

me with imprisonment, and with heavy fines upon those who were at the meeting. We went together with him to the mayor's house: he not being then at home, we waited a considerable time for his return. In the meanwhile, many people, out of concern for me, others from curiosity, were gathered about to see the end of this. At last, when the mayor returned, the commissary went to him to make out his own representation, which prepossessed him against us, so that when we came in, seeing me with my hat on, he put on a pretty angry countenance; but I, in a mild, respectful manner, gave him some of my reasons for appearing covered. I had hardly given my explanation, when with a placid countenance, he said, 'I know something of the Society of Friends, and their manners.' Then, making me sit by him, in presence of the people now collected, he inquired into the object of my present engagements, which led to the unfolding of the religious principles of our Society, and various Christian testimonies; after which, in presence of all, he read audibly the translation in French of my certificates, and heard my account, of the care extended by our Society towards their ministers, when thus going abroad as ambassadors for Christ. He said after that, 'I am sorry you have been disturbed; had I been here it would not have been so. If you wish to have any more meetings, I shall have care taken that every arrangement be made, and nobody will disturb you.' I accepted his civility, and we parted; his heart was open towards me. I left with him several books, in French, on religious subjects, which he kindly accepted; and the next day, on my way to Quissac, another town, a messenger, sent by his wife, overtook me, requesting that if I could spare some more of our books for some of their friends, it would oblige her. Among the books I gave were 'Penn's Rise and Progress of Friends,' 'His Maxims,' 'No Cross,' 'No Crown,' and some tracts I had printed at Nismes; among others the short account of our principles and Christian testimonies, etc. The name of the mayor is Laperouse."

This is one of those incidents of which there are many in the volumes, which place them more closely by the side of George Fox's Journal, than almost any other similar books with which we are acquainted. Another characteristic of the man, was his wonderful aptness for finding a spiritual life in the most remote districts, and drawing it forth from the most unlikely characters—in the heart of Roman Catholic countries—in scenes given over apparently to ignorance, he found those who possessed the true light, not only amongst simple peasants; he attracted to his confidence nuns and priests, bishops of the Greek Church, and even its Patriarch; and he did not deem that time was at all lost, while he was wending his way to scattered and unknown outcasts like the Malakans and Mennonites, and the Duhobortzi of Russia. When in the course of his first visit to Europe, he found himself once more with his mother, he found her in great alarm, on account of his supposed heretical state: she implored him to accompany her to a monk in whom she placed great confidence, hoping that he would convert her son; he yielded to her request, but the monk, foiled in argument, fell into a passion, and in that state Grellet left him, while his mother who had expected a very different result, opened her mind more to the truths of the Bible, when she found how little her favorite priest had to urge in support of the audacious pretensions of his Church. He returned to America, finding his wife still an invalid, though in better health, residing at Greenwich; at the same time, the notorious Thomas Paine was residing at the same place, and in addition to the facts we know of his death-bed, one or two are recorded here. Grellet went to see him, found him in a destitute condition—neglected and forsaken by all his friends—the skin of his body was worn off—he was mostly in a state of stupor, but Grellet said something to him which impressed his mind, and he sent for another Friend; this induced a young woman, in Stephen's absence from home, to call upon the dying infidel, she took him refreshments, he asked her if she had ever read any of his writings, and what she thought of them, saying: "From you I know I shall have a correct answer." She told him that she had begun to read the "Age of Reason," and had been so darkened and distressed by it, that she had thrown it into the fire. "I wish all had done as you," he replied, "for if the devil has ever had any agency in any book, he had it in writing that book." And she often heard him crying "O Lord! Lord God;" or, "Lord Jesus have mercy upon me!" When free from bodily pain, he wrote a great deal. Mary Roscoe, the young woman above referred to, repeatedly saw him writing, but not a word of what he wrote was discovered after his death; the probability is, that as it contradicted his previous convictions, it was destroyed; we may charitably hope that the

Saviour, whose cause had suffered more from his inuendoes and attacks, than from any other modern assailant, did not refuse the mercy the dying blasphemer implored—"He is able to save to the uttermost."

In 1811 he again visited Europe, and we find, in the course of his visit, in 1812, the following remarkable instance of that marvellous manner in which crooked things were made straight for him in his ministry. It was in Dublin he writes:—

"I had a memorable meeting among the seamen. My mind was under considerable exercise towards them, but I did not know that they were then in so peculiar a position. On imparting my concern to Friends, after the close of one of their meetings, they cordially united in it; when a dear friend stated, that though he felt great unity with the concern, he did not see how it could be accomplished; for orders from the Admiralty in London had arrived, to impress as many of the seamen as possible, and that in consequence, not one was now to be seen either on board the vessels or on the quays; adding that he would go out immediately and see what could be done. It was then near twelve o'clock. The Friend went directly to the admiral of the port, with whom he was acquainted, and told him of the religious concern I had towards the seamen. The admiral answered, "It is a hard thing that you ask me; here, read what despatches I have to-day from London; the impressing of men is now going on in the city part of London, heretofore exempt from it, but," added he "if your friend can have his meeting this evening, I give you my word of honor that no impressment shall be made to-night." Now, that was the very time I had it on my mind to have the meeting. Friends, therefore, had public notices printed, in which with the approbation of the admiral, his promise that there should be no impressment that night, was inserted. The notices were distributed at the houses seamen are known to frequent, and where they had concealed themselves. The ground-floor of a large warehouse was prepared and seated for the occasion. The meeting was appointed for seven in the evening, and contrary to the apprehension of some, the sailors turned out in large numbers, so as to crowd the place. After the meeting had been settled in much stillness, there was a bustle near the door, towards which the attention of the sailors was directed with much anxiety. It was the admiral, accompanied by some of his officers. Fears were entertained that he was not true to his promise; but he marched quietly through the seamen, came to the further end, towards me, and took his seat in front of them, as if to proclaim, 'you see me in your hands before you; you need not fear.' We had a solemn meeting; many of those weather-beaten faces were tendered, even to tears. When the meeting concluded, the admiral, under much feeling and religious tenderness, expressed his sense of gratitude for the Lord's favor extended that evening, and his hope that many of them would be lastingly benefited by this religious opportunity. The meeting separated under that solemnity, and agreeable to the promise of the admiral, no impressment took place that night in Dublin. But the succeeding days, throughout England and Ireland, it continued very rigid, this being the time when France threatened an invasion."

He went in this visit through a considerable portion of Great Britain and Ireland with the burden of souls upon his own soul—all persons interested him; he felt a love for all classes, and desired to speak to them—among the dales of Yorkshire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland, where he found much suffering from the high price of provisions and the scarcity of grain. He says, "my horse had but poor fare, and I made as little do as I possibly could; but the Lord has strengthened me every way, blessed and reverend be his name." The business of these dales in those times was to knit stockings, and their industry appears to have surprised the traveller, for he met "men and women and children, walking in the fields, or on the highways, knitting as fast as they can." He sought out the prisoners of war at Stilton in Cambridgeshire; he found in the barracks about six thousand French prisoners, mostly soldiers, guarded by a body of English troops. The poor creatures, as he spoke to them of the love of Christ, and in the love of Christ, said, "Our souls are full of gratitude to the Lord, who has put it into your heart thus to think of us and to feel for us." In London he had a care for Jews, and especially Jewish children; pickpockets and thieves, and abandoned women—he had great fears, especially for the latter meeting—but he called them together and wept over them, and preached Christ the Saviour to them; and he testifies it was a very solemn time indeed. "The Lord's power was over us, the lofty heads, the proud looks, were brought down. I have seldom known such brokenness, and so general, as it was that evening. The meeting remained in the same state during the silence after I had sat down, a silence only inter-

rupted by the sobbings or deep sighs of some of them." Newgate in that day was a horrible place; he visited it, talked with the prisoners, especially those condemned to death; he even interested himself in the child of one man hung the next day; the boy, by the intervention of Friend Grellet, was educated, and became a respectable man. Then he visited Cornwall, and among the miners and fishermen he met the same results of emotion and tears. Visiting his native place again, and Brives, in France, where his mother resided, he found that she had made further advances in the knowledge of Christ, having hope and faith no longer in the pope and in priests, but in Christ alone. Here, with the superior and the nuns of the hospital, he held his meeting. "The aged and venerable superior continued in the greenness of the divine life, manifesting Christian meekness and humility, she collected all the nuns, and we were soon brought into solemn silence before the Lord, who baptized us together by one spirit into one body." At St. Hypolite, where he held the memorable meeting recorded above, six years since, he had now a very different one; the commissary of police, who had been so rude before, now prepared a spacious and convenient building, had it properly seated, and during the meeting took his seat beside the minister. At the close of a remarkable service, an old popish priest, residing in the town, came and "expressed his gratitude for the favor and the mercy that the Lord had granted that day."

It is not possible in the course of a few pages to follow in detail the wanderings of this excellent man through the many kingdoms and regions of Europe; he passed through scenes of surpassing loveliness and majesty, through mountains glorious and gloomy, through the isles of the Mediterranean, and through courts and palaces; but the things of nature or of art seem never to have touched him; he scarcely alludes once to the former, and never once to the latter through all his journals. He was weighed down and inspired by the instinct of souls. "The weight of the service which the Lord calls from me in Europe becomes heavier, and heavier, my whole mind is at seasons absorbed by it. I greatly wonder that services of this kind should be laid upon me in nations whose language I understand not, where I do not know that there is even a practicability to travel, and where numerous difficulties and great perils must necessarily attend me." This is remarkable in this order of men; it has often been noticed of St. Bernard, of George Fox, of John Wesley; no scene touched the heart, or even seems to have attracted the eye; the one thing, the one concern, was the weight of souls; yet this does not seem to have arisen from inability to perceive, but from the superior and overwhelming interest of spiritual things. Men like Grellet have had especial desire to reach the chambers of kings and emperors. In Russia, of course, he saw the Emperor Alexander: they had met in London, where, with his usual spirit of frank affability, he came to the door of his apartment to meet Grellet and William Allen, and after a long conversation on prayer and the Holy Spirit, he said, "These, your words, are a sweet cordial to my soul, and they will long remain engraven on my heart;" and taking them by the hand, he said, "I part from you as from friends and brethren; feelings which I hope will ever remain with me." In 1819, when our traveller was in Russia, the emperor sent for him again, with William Allen, Grellet's frequent companion. "Like old friends," said the monarch, as he made them sit down by each side of him on the sofa; and again they talked of the Holy Spirit, and of education; they spoke of the condition of his prisons, and showed him a sketch from a prison at Abo, of a man with his fetters upon him, and the emperor was affected, and said, "These things ought not to be—they shall not continue so;" and they mentioned to him the case of a man who had borne heavy chains for eighteen years, for having threatened, in an unguarded moment, to strike his mother. Before they parted, the emperor desired that they should spend some time together in prayer, and they did so after being with him for about two hours. It is gratifying to know that when next they saw him shortly afterwards, one of the first things he told them was, that the chains they saw on the prisoners at Abo were now removed, and that the man they told him of, who had been eighteen years loaded with fetters, was liberated; and he desired that in the course of their progress through Russia, anything of importance noticed in the prisons or other places might be directly communicated to him. The year 1819 was a year of very in-

teresting travels with our itinerant; to us the interest has greatly gone by; it might perhaps be found that the things and states of society described in these journals—the education, the prisons, the social manners and superstitions have scarcely altered at all. Since then the amazing and marvellous powers of steam—of the press—even these are very long in breaking up the rigid lines of old despotisms—the hard and impassable barriers interposed by the iron policies of state and papal craft. But in any case these volumes exhibit to us the celerity and activity of a spiritual mind, and the possibility of uniting together a life of intense activity and spiritual rest; for our laborer rested in his work. It is perhaps the state of such almost invariably apparent, it seems, in workers in the Society of Friends, that it exhibits very little of personal affectionateness, little of the human individual love. "Dear William Allen" is almost the only person mentioned in these volumes, with the exception of the beloved mother, for whom there seems to be any close humanness of interest. A sweet tenderness pervades all the pages, all the intercourses; but one wonders whether it was not easy to leave home and wife and personal companionships—whether the love was not that of a generally diffused tender light than of a throbbing human heart. These remarks are made, not as at all depreciating the human tenderness of this holy man, but it seems inevitable in the development of such a character that the human love, which in its weakness is a necessity, to us, should be so subordinated to the higher, we must say, the more divine and absorbing affection, that perhaps the functions of humanity seem almost to be displaced; it is the thing we have noticed often in all these higher saints. Two or three pleasant little instances occur illustrating the influence which it may be believed our traveller left upon the mind of the emperor, which really seems to have been most religiously and tenderly affected;—

"Whilst at Brussels I heard an interesting circumstance respecting the Emperor Alexander when he was in that place. He had taken a walk through the streets alone, in plain garments, so that his rank was not observable by his dress. A heavy rain came on, which induced him to look for shelter. A tailor's shop being near, he went in, and entering into conversation with him, inquired about his family, and how he succeeded in business. The tailor, by his answers, manifested that he was a pious and conscientious man, but under pecuniary embarrassment, not being able to pay the rent of his house and shop. Alexander left him without making himself known; but, to the great surprise of the tailor, a few days after, a person came to him, and handed him the title-deed of the house he lived in, made out in due form to him. It was not till some time after that he found that his benefactor was the Emperor of Russia, and the same unknown person who had taken shelter in his shop."

The following also shows the emperor's interest in Friends:—

"On my way from Folkstone to Lewes, I stopped at the house of Nathaniel Rickman, who gave me an acconnt of a very unexpected visit that the Emperor Alexander and his sister had made to his family. On their way to Dover, passing by the house of Nathaniel Rickman, who, with his wife, was standing at their door, the emperor, from their dress, soon recognized them as Friends. He ordered the carriage to stop, and he and his sister went into the house, which is a neat, comfortable farm-house. They cheerfully partook of the refreshment set before them. They visited every part of the house, even the dairy, and found everything in such neatness and order that they were much pleased, and particularly noticed the very becoming behavior of the children."

Grellet travelled through many parts of Russia; as he had seen its emperor, with like purposes he saw the patriarch. We have seen with what simplicity the first dignitary received him—the second, although really a simple man, thought it necessary to array himself in pontifical pomp to receive the simply attired Quaker; the sublime apparatus of haberdashery does not appear to have interfered either with affability on the one hand, or a faithful proclamation of truth upon the other, but the picture would be a singular one, which should exhibit these two sitting together—the metropolitan in his large purple robe and other embroidered garments, his white tiara blazing with its cross of emeralds, diamonds, and precious stones; gold chain, suspending the picture of one of the chief saints; his sides decorated with small and large stars, and in his hands a string of amber beads. It is curious to contrast with this, a visit paid immediately after to the really great, wise, and pious Archbishop Philaret. This great man and power

in the Greek Church received Grellet with great simplicity, and they talked together of what constitutes the real Christian. Grellet, as seems to have been usual with him, laying hold upon our Scriptural word and working this into the conversation till it found a place and lodgment in the soul. In this case, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature," gave him the opportunity of insisting much to the Greek bishop on the new birth. Besides, the empress-mother, who sent for him that she might have a long spiritual conversation, and on parting, said, "I wish to be kept fresh in your prayers," and the Prince Galitzin, who also, after a long spiritual interview, in parting said, "Now, before we separate, let us unite in waiting on the Lord, that he may give us a manifestation of his divine life and presence," our traveller saw other far humbler, we dare to say far more interesting people. Throughout the highest ranks of Russia pious women, princesses, and countesses drew him into their circle; and the really interesting thing to notice is, how much of spiritual life and emotion existed even in the circles we are accustomed to suppose too hard and impenetrable for much divine influence. The Prince Obolunsky held a meeting in his family and whispered, "It is very seldom indeed that such plain and sound truths are proclaimed to us." But leaving courtly scenes, the traveller plunged into the wilderness, stopping at the monastery of Ekaterinoslav to see the great Macarius; he was found in his cell, a very simple place, one table and a few stools its only furniture; the learned monk opened much of his heart to the simple and tender Friend; his experiences, his difficulties, and his conversion to a belief in the power of the Spirit alone as a divine helper in spiritual work. In this place, Grellet met with a people called the Malakans, an order of very spiritual Christians, a kind of Congregationalists, we should think, scattered in various parts of Russia, and numbering nearly one hundred thousand. He says:—

"This morning we had a visit from an old man, eighty years of age, *one of the people called Malakans*, because of some of their religious scruples; they call themselves Spiritual Christians. We had heard of that people, and hoped to meet them, but did not know there were any of them in this place. There were about twenty families, and we appointed a meeting with them, to be held at our lodgings that evening. Macarius came in as the meeting was gathering; at first, we feared that his presence might mar the religious opportunity; for, during the reigns of Catherine and Paul, this people and the Duhobortzi suffered heavy persecution from the clergy and the government. They did not, however, appear to be at all disturbed by his presence. We were soon all gathered into solemn, silent waiting and prostration of soul before the Lord; this is the manner in which the people meet together for divine worship in silence, which is not interrupted, unless some one present apprehends, under the sensible influences of the divine spirit, that he is required to speak as a minister among them, or to offer vocal prayer. The meeting was a solemn season: conversation with them afterwards made us desirous to know more of their religious principles and doctrines; we therefore appointed another meeting for conference with them, to be held to-morrow morning at one of their houses. After they had retired, Macarius remained for some time absorbed in silent meditation, then, with a flood of tears, he cried out, 'In what a state of darkness and ignorance have I been? I thought I was alone in these parts endeavoring to walk in the light of the Lord, to wait for and sensibly to feel the influences of his spirit, so as to be able to worship him in spirit and in truth; and behold, how great has been my darkness, so that I did not discover that blaze of light here round about me, among a a people, poor in the world, but rich in the Lord Jesus Christ.' He left us much affected."

He also met with the Mennonites, a people whose name will be known to most of our readers as having preserved great simplicity of faith and worship. He visited and preached among the Karaite Jews in the the charming region of Baktchiserai. While at Karasou bazar, a Tarter village, a deputation came from a Roman Catholic village to request that they might not be passed by; and indeed it is very singular to us to hear the steeple bell ringing to receive the Quaker preacher in the church, full and exciting. "They had lighted their wax-tapers on the altar," says Grellet, "after their usual manner, though the sun shone bright. I did not think much of this. My mind was under deep exercise for the people, with earnest desire that they might come to the light of the Lord, and be gathered in the brightness of his arising. We took our seats with our

backs to the altar, facing the people;" and then said the sexton, "I don't think that anybody else will come, for the whole village is here." "The Lord," says Grellet, "enlarged me in his gospel; the people were directed to Christ, the Shepherd and Bishop of souls, the High Priest of our Christain profession, who is very nigh every one of us, and ready to minister in the temple of the heart to every one that waits upon him." These things are very remarkable. They did not understand his language.

The whole intercourse went on by an interpreter, and yet the effects in this and many other such instances seem to have been of the deepest; especially the Malakans seem to have felt the closeness which one spirit gives, even when words are not to be found. As the travellers were leaving the next morning, some were at the door before daylight to bid them farewell, and to bring them their poor but affectionate offering of bread for the journey. There was one, an old man, venerable looking, with a long beard and clothing of sheepskin covering, who appeared very desirous to go a little way with the travellers; he got in, and sat between them, but they could not converse with each other, "yet" says Grellet, "there is a language more powerful than words." He held each of the travellers by the hand, the big tears rolled down his venerable beard. "So," says our traveller, "we rode on several versts in solemn and contrite silence;" then when they came to a water which had to be passed, he took them into his arms with the greatest affection, he kissed them, and got out of the carriage. "On looking back we saw him prostrated on the ground, in the act of worship or prayer to God; and, after he rose, as long as we could discern him, he stood with his face towards us, his hands lifted up. We felt it, as he did, a solemn separation. May the Lord bless and protect that portion of his heritage, a people whom he has raised up by his own power, and instructed by his own free Spirit." We have said, that it is in no connected manner can we follow the tours and travels of this extraordinary Friend, through Constantinople and the Dardanelles, and the Islands of the Archipelago. Charming scenes, but, as we have said, making no thought apparently of their beauty in the mind of the traveller. Occasionally, very rarely, when some festoon of beauty hangs obviously before his eye, it is noticed; but he never goes out of his way in Corinth or Athens to see columns or marble temples. To him nothing seems beautiful or attractive but human souls. Nature and art are as dust if not as darkness to him. Men, or men and women, the souls, the conditions of men and women, his only objects and interest. Sometimes Romish priests found him; when in Athens, himself in the very mind, the state of Paul when overwhelmed as he saw the city given over to idolatry, a Capuchin friar found him. We do not wonder that Friend Grellet had but little desire to meet with him. The heart of the Friend was in darkness at that time, and a friar did not seem to be a likely person to dissipate its gloom. "On seeing him at a distance, in the rough garb of a Capuchin, with a long beard, I was the more prepossessed against him; but I had hardly exchanged a word with him, when my feelings were totally changed: I saw him in the humble Christian and spiritually-minded man; I felt that I could salute him as a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ." Of course he came to express his spiritual confidences and experiences and trials, and we may feel that the wanderings of our traveller were not vain if his words aided in preserving the light of truth burning on the altars of such hearts as the poor friar; they had meetings with each other, and refreshed each other with spiritual worship. Passing through the Greek Isles, our traveller was moved to visit Italy; the state of the prisons interested him much; the gloomy vaults of the Gallerians; the hospitals and the nunneries, in some of which he still had the opportunity of preaching, a priest sometimes acting as interpreter. From Naples he went to Rome, daring and determining to set before the Government some facts connected with prisons. This was in the year 1819, the last of the Pontificate of Pius VII., and when the Cardinal Consalvi was prime minister — a wondrously different being to Antonelli — there seemed then some hope of reformation and change. In the Eternal City we have not one single word upon any object of art or grandeur. St. Peter's, or the Coliseum, or any of the monuments of churches of the ancient or modern civilization are not even mentioned; but he visited painful prisons. He spent much time with Consalvi, who was much interested in all his observations. This was not permitted without some

considerable outcry from the other cardinals, who were greatly offended at the liberty given to Grellet, as they said, to "pry into all their secret things." Here he was alone too, his friend William Allen had left him, and it often seemed doubtful if his liberty were quite safe. With monks and nuns, however, he still pursued his faithful way. He desired to see the Inquisition, and although Consalvi assured him that he himself could not grant him the permission, it was procured from the Father Mirandi, the head of the Inquisitors. The account he gives of his visit is very interesting, he seems to have seen all, the cells larger or smaller, the prison where Molinos was confined, the place where the Inquisitors sat, where tortures were inflicted on the sufferer, although these things had been since the time of Napolean matters of the past; he saw the public library of the Inquisition, and the secret library, though, about this last, there seems to have been some hesitation; nothing appears to have been concealed from him, and he appears to have been treated with a distinguished and remarkable consideration by the secretary. He was not permitted to leave Rome without an interview with the pope. With Consalvi his intercourse seems to have been remarkably free; of course in all his intercourse with emperors, kings, and such dignitaries he retained the Quaker-fashion of wearing the hat in presence; it was a principle with the Friends; but a principle we think which might have been parted from; and only one sovereign seems to have been offended at it, the King of Bavaria — and he recovered himself for a farewell of rather extraordinary affectionateness; of course, therefore, the same custom obtained in the following interview. Our readers will be pleased to read for themselves the account:—

"The cardinal came down, and said the pope would see me at twelve o'clock. He knew that the *courrier* by which I had take my seat for Florence, was to start at one o'clock; but, said he, 'take no thought about that; the *courrier* shall not go till you are ready;' he also said that Capacini would be here in time to wait on me up-stairs, and that he had provided one of his friends, approved by the pope, who would if necessary, serve as interpreter, and moreover be a witness to correct any misrepresentation that envious spirits might attempt to make. I returned to the palace at the time designated; L'Abbé Capacini was waiting for me; we went up-stairs, through several apartments, in which were the military bodyguard; for the popes are, as kings of Rome, both earthly princes and heads of the church. Thence we entered into the private apartments; the hangings about the windows, coverings of the chairs, etc., were all of brown worsted, or silk of the same color; all very plain. In a large parlor were several priests; among these, the one provided by Consalvi to go in with me to the pope. One, dressed like a cardinal, but who is the pope's valet de chambre, opened the door of his cabinet, and said in Italian, 'The Quaker has come;' when the pope said, 'Let him come in;' on which the priest who was to act as interpreter, led me in, no one else being present; as I was entering the door, some one behind me gently, but quickly, took off my hat, and before I could look for it, the door was quietly closed upon us three. The pope is an old man, very thin; of a mild, serious countenance. The whole of his apartment is very plain. He was sitting before a table; his dress was a robe of fine, white worsted, and a small cap of the same (the cardinals have it red); he had a few papers and books before him; he rose from his seat when I came in, but as he is but feeble, he soon sat down again. He had read my reports to the cardinal respecting many of the visits I had made in Rome, to prisons, etc.; he entered feelingly on some of these subjects, and intends to see that the treatment of prisoners and of the poor boys in the house of correction, and various other subjects, that I have mentioned, should be attended to, so that Christian tenderness and care be exercised; means, as he said, more like to succeed to promote reform among them than harsh treatment. He reprobates the conduct of their missionaries in Greece; also the burning of the Holy Scriptures by the priests and bishops in several places; he acknowledges like Consalvi, that it militates much against the promotion of true Christianity, and is more likely further to darken the minds of the mass of the people, than to enlighten them. On the subject of the Inquisition, he said, he was pleased I had seen for myself what great changes had been brought about in Rome, in this respect; that it was a long time before he could have it effected; that he has made many efforts to have similar alterations introduced into Spain and Portugal; had succeeded in part to have the Inquisition in those nations conducted with less rigor, but was far from having yet obtained his wishes. 'Men,' he said, 'think that a pope has plentitude of power in his hands, but they are much mistaken; my hands are greatly tied in many things;' he, however, expressed his hope that the time was not far distant when Inquisitions everywhere will be

totally done away. He assented to the sentiment, that God alone has a right to control the conscience of man, and that the weapons of a Christian should not be carnal but spiritual. The fruits of the Spirit being described, he said that to produce such and for the same end, should spiritual weapons be used. I represented to him what I had beheld in many places in Europe and the West Indies, of the depravity and vices of many priests and monks, what a reproach they are to Christianity, and what corruption they are the means of spreading widely over the mass of the people. I then stated what is the sacred office of a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, a priest of God; what the qualifications for that office should be, and who alone can bestow them. As I was speaking on these and other subjects connected therewith, the Pope said several times on looking at the priest present, 'These things are true' and the priest's answer was, 'They are so.' Other subjects were treated upon, as, the kingdom of God, the Government of Christ in his church, to whom alone the rule and dominion belong; that he is the only door, the only Saviour, and that those who attempt to enter in by any other door but him, are accounted as thieves and robbers, Finally, as I felt the love of Christ flowing in my heart towards him, I particularly addressed him; I alluded to the various sufferings he underwent from the hands of Napoleon; the deliverance granted him from the Lord: and queried whether his days were not lengthened out to enable him to glorify God and exalt the name of the Lord our Redeemer, Jesus Christ, as the only Head of the Church, the only Saviour, to whom alone every knee is to bow, and every tongue is to confess; that such a confession from him, in his old age, would do more towards the advancement of Christ's kingdom and the promotion of his glory, than the authority of all the popes, his predecessors, was ever able to do; moreover, that thereby his sun, now near setting would go down with brightness, and his portion in eternity would be with the sanctified ones, in the joys of his salvation. The pope whilst I thus addressed him, kept his head inclined and appeared tender; then rising from his seat, in a kind and respectful manner he expressed a desire that 'the Lord would bless and protect me wherever I go,' on which I left him.

"On returning to the other apartment, my hat was given me, and excuses were made for having taken it away, stating that, as this is done when our friends appear before the king in England, they thought they could not do otherwise on the present occasion. They also said: 'The pope must have been much pleased with your visit, for we have never known him give one half so much time to anybody in a private audience, nor conversing with them as he has done with you.' My soul magnifies the Lord, my strength and my help. The work is his, and the glory also! May he bless the work of his own hands!

"The priest who was with me before the pope, was very tender, and has now taken leave of me in great affection. Consalvi met me as I came down from the pope's apartment. He renewed the expression of his desire to serve me whenever he can; and in Christian love, we took a solemn farewell of one another.

"I came to my inn to prepare for my journey; it was a considerable time after the hour at which the *courrier* usually sets off; but when I came to the post-house, I met one of the attendants of the cardinal, who told me that the *courrier* had orders to wait for me; that, therefore, I need not hurry myself. I was, however, ready to go."

All this is very remarkable. Each door the good man touched seemed to open before him, and, as we have seen, it was given to him, in Russia, by his intercourse with the emperor, to ameliorate the condition of prisoners, so in Italy, the wretched criminal in his miserable cell had felt the force of that character, which the highest nobles and ecclesiastics had acknowledged.

Passing through Bavaria and Wurtemberg, where kings and queens and hospitals seem to have been his principal objects of visitation, he crossed over into France. Here at Milhau, another reception awaited him. He tells us how he had crossed high mountains through severe cold, seizing each opportunity he could for the proclamation of salvation to sinners. When arriving at Milhau, and sitting down to dinner, wearied, he was arrested by gens d'armes on suspicion of being concerned in the assassination of the Duc de Berri; he was soon liberated, and apologies made for the roughness of the gens d'armes. Pursuing his travel, his heart was constantly affected by the sight of sorrow and distress; he passed through villages, many of whose inhabitants were widows and orphans, reduced to poverty by husbands and fathers having lost their lives in the wars. "When I stop by the way," says he, "in villages or towns, to take refreshment, the crowd of the poor that gathered so affected me, that I had no comfort in taking my meals." Once more he saw his beloved aged mother, now above eighty years old. "Her mind," he says, "is clear, and she is green in the divine life. The

Lord Jesus is truly precious to her." Again, after spending some time in England, in 1820 he returned home. He writes:—

"New York, 8th of eighth month, 1820. I landed here last evening, and met my beloved wife and daughter, who came two days since from Burlington, to await my arrival; and they did not wait long. Our hearts overflowed with gratitude at our being permitted to meet again, after an absence of two years and two months, during which I have travelled about twenty-two thousand miles. Silent and reverent prostration of soul before the Lord was our only language to one another for some time; then, on bended knees, and with a bowed spirit, thanksgiving, adoration, and praise were offered to the Lord."

But he did not rest at home long, he soon started off on religious visits through various States of America, especially through the Southern States, earnestly seeking the welfare of persecuted slaves, holding meetings among the scattered people of wild forest and prairie regions; in all ways seeking to bring men to Christ. The part he took in the great Hicksite controversy will scarcely be interesting to our readers; of course he was found on the orthodox side. In 1831, he took a fourth missionary journey to Europe, as interesting as the last. We follow him with interest through Holland and the Rhine country, through Hanover and Brunswick to Berlin. The same interests which held him before, hold him still. Schools and prisons, and the work of the Saviour; and again we meet with the same disposition to move among the higher classes, and to win their interests, to bless and ameliorate the condition of the lower. He visits the Moravians at Herrnhut, and he says, "We thought it was good for us to be there." Through the bleak mountains of Silesia and Bohemia; through populations, principally of Roman Catholics, and through populations of Jews. In Prague, he writes:—

"On my return to the inn I found the waiter in my chamber, attentively engaged in reading in my French Bible. He appeared at first disconcerted, and began to make apologies, but I soon removed his fears. He said that he had not seen a Bible for some years; formerly he had access to one which it was his delight to peruse, and here it was impossible for him to obtain one, and if he did, he should be obliged to keep it closely concealed from the priests. On conversing with him, we found him to be a person of a pious, seeking mind; he knows several others under like religious concern with himself; but they are obliged to keep very silent, otherwise persecution or a prison would soon be their portion. We presented him with a Bible in German, and a few tracts in the same language; it seemed as if he was receiving a treasure, which, he said, both he and his friends would greatly appreciate, and endeavor to keep very private. There are, we hear, many such pious and hidden ones in Bohemia, well known unto the Lord though unknown to man."

His way through Austria was made plain for him by the Prince Paul Esterhazy. He had enquired of the prince if he should find places to lodge at in a wild region on his route, and the prince had told him, he must expect to find a plain and simple people, but some kind of shelter, and simple and wholesome food; but the prince sent his own plain travelling carriage, and a man to accompany him; it fled on from post-station to post-station, the postmasters instructed to receive no money, as it was in the prince's service; and when they arrived at Eisenstadt, where he expected to find "some kind of shelter, and the plain but simple food," he was driven to the prince's spacious palace. Dinner had been prepared by the steward, and orders given to facilitate the entrance of Grellet into all the villages of the neighborhood. Leaving Austria he passed into Bavaria, still with his missionary speech — in villages inhabited by Roman Catholics exclusively, he says he found the same openness among people and priests. Sometimes they wished him to go into the church, but he ordinarily preferred speaking in the school-house. Sometimes he came to a village of Mennonites, as in the following:—

"It was noon when we came to the village of the Mennonites. Those who had been in the fields had just returned home to their dinner, their minister, who had been at the plow, on being told that we wished to see the people collected together, mounted one of his horses and spread the information with such speed, that in a very short time, men, women, and children were assembled; on coming to the grounds that they cultivate, we had been forcibly struck by the neatness and luxuriance of their fields, where hardly a weed could be seen; but on sitting with them, we contemplated with much greater admiration what we saw of their Christian deportment and felt of their spirits; there was before us what seemed to be a field that the Lord has blessed, and which he waters

from his holy habitation. The gospel given us to preach among them had free course in their hearts, — men, women, and children were broken into tears, and the Baron Baader, whilst interpreting our communications, was greatly affected. It was a most solemn time. These dear people followed us on our departure out of their village, and continued to look after us as long as we remained in sight."

In the page following, we find him with the queen. He says: "We spoke a few words to the princesses, to encourage them to walk in the fear of God; presented them with small books for daily meditation." The queen told him that "the girls would not fail daily to peruse them." The following day the king sent for him, expressing his pleasure that he was in his dominions again. They had a long and interesting conversation on the treatment of prisoners, the protection of the Mennonites, and the king said, "These hours we have spent together are among the most precious of my life." As he was leaving the palace, a messenger from the queen handed him a letter from her, expressing once more an affectionate Christian farewell: thanking him for the visit of the day before, the solemnity of which she still continued to feel, asking for his prayers, that she might be supported under trials and temptations, and signing herself simply "Pauline."

Our readers will gather from the interest of the passages we have cited, and the regions through which we have passed, the interest of the volumes in general, and of those many pages on which we are unable to loiter. We find Grellet in the Ban de la Roche, where his sermon was blessed to the conversion of the son of Oberlin, a wild and dissolute man, who had concluded on that very night to enlist as a soldier, but was prevented by the word, which in his venerable father's church, from the lips of this strange preacher, fell into his soul. He seems to have been much delighted in meeting with the faithful Louisa, the right-hand of Oberlin, and with his beloved daughter. From the neighborhood round, the people thronged down the rocky mountains to the meeting, and we have seen that the meeting was not in vain. He visited the Waldenses; went from village to village, from township to township; and was pleased to find nuns, who, amidst the round of forms that their religious order requires, enjoyed Christ the substance. It was in 1833 — thirteen years had past by since he had seen his mother, and she was still alive. Grellet was now sixty years of age, and now he took his last farewell. "We all prostrated ourselves together before the Lord in our spirits." He says, "My much-beloved and honored mother also; my dear Sister Le Clerc, and her numerous family. I parted from my mother, and she from me, as never expecting to see one another again on this side of eternity." His chief intention in visiting Europe was to visit Spain; and upon the minds of the king and queen he made so favorable an impression, that orders were given in the *Gazette*, everywhere to facilitate his progress and entrance to the people. His interview with king and queen is very graphic, but we cannot stay to quote it. After a short residence with his beloved friend, William Allen, in England, he arrived at the close of his missionary labors in distant nations. He had been led under a remarkable coincidence, between the openings of Providence and the leadings of the Holy Spirit, and events have proved how surely he had been guided aright. He travelled home, and spent the remainder of his years in stillness, only broken by ministrations in his own neighborhood and meeting. How beneficial is this glimpse he gives of himself, and of his spiritual state, when he says:—

"Poverty is my clothing. My station in great measure is with a Moredecai at the gate; but it is the gate of the King eternal, the holy and blessed Redeemer. I trust that I may not be thought to assume too much by saying, that at this gate, in that stripped state, in that poverty, I am permitted through adorable mercy, to sit with great delight. It is an unspeakable favor that I am now permitted to mend my own net; but, during this private, personal enjoyment, my heart is not straitened, but as much enlarged as ever in love, gospel love, towards my friends and others, near and afar off. Sometimes I covet that such as have suffered little pebbles to stand in the way of this pure stream, might feel how sweetly it flows from my heart towards them.

"The spirit of prayer is sweet; it proceeds from the ocean of pure love; mercy gives access to it; it knows no bounds; under this sense I salute all my friends."

To the latest year of his life tender interests and care for souls continued. Beautifully, when at the age of seventy-three, he says: "And when the shepherd findeth the

lost sheep, after leaving the ninety and nine in the wilderness, how does he bring it home? Does he whip it? Does he drive it? Does he threaten it? No such thing! He carries it on his shoulders, and deals more tenderly with the poor, weary, wandering one!" Such tearful and tender words seem to us a key to that deep tenderness of feeling, which in all climes and countries, and in remote Cossack wildernesses, opened the iron gateways which fence the hearts of kings, and broke down the fences and palisades round the souls of boors and peasants. After a life of such brilliant and holy adventure, it seems strange and beautiful to think of him at home, sinking down into "the valley of the shadow of death" through perfect peace. In that home, a well-known and well-loved friend of our own, called upon him in that last year of his life, and has printed upon our mind the perfect picture of peace and calm, with which the old man and his wife, on opposite sides of their fireplace, sat waiting for the messenger, who soon came.

Stephen Grellet died that year 1855, at the age of eighty-two. Many men have been more talked of — there are few who deserve more honor — it is really one of the most apostolic lives we ever remember to have read. We have not said a word about the biographer — we shall not be acting righteously if we do not say one farewell word. He keeps himself out of sight throughout the volumes. There is scarce a line to remind us of him; but the work has been compiled with an admirable and conscientious judiciousness. We cannot wish it condensed by a single page. It is a work of abounding interest. We have said the works of Friends are little known beyond their own bookshelves; but it is impossible that any can read this without a feeling akin to awe, at a simplicity so transparent and active, and single-minded labors so marvellous and abundant; and with a thought too of wonder that while lesser laborers receive eulogies so successively and homage so universal, this quiet but earnest and almost ubiquitous heart, should be almost unknown.

Fresh victories have we to record of the healing-art — or rather science, as it ought undoubtedly to be called, seeing that the welfare of mankind is the noblest end and aim of all true science. An Edinburgh physician, Dr. Smart, has discovered that the unsightly pitting — that sad *souvenir* which the smallpox so often leaves behind it — can be entirely prevented by masking the parts generally attacked with a solution of india-rubber in chloroform. More recently still MM. Jules Erchmann and Aymini have announced that the painful symptoms, and more painful operations which too often of necessity follow the formation of calculi in the human subject, are prevented by the use of the electrical current and a certain tonic lithoritriptic liquid which theoretically and practically dissolve the calculus. This altogether desirable result has already been obtained by M. Aymini, who, in conjunction with Professor Pacciochi of Turin, and the Chevalier Fioretta, surgeon to the Duchess of Parma, has tried the discovery on two subjects, one of them an adult, and with the greatest success, and with scarcely any inconvenience to the patients. J. N. L.

We have a curious incident from the Mississippi army, illustrating the feeling and attitude of the negroes. Captain Dwight, one of four brothers serving in the Northern army, in riding from his own camp to that of his brother, General Dwight, found himself surrounded by a party of four Confederates. Being quite unarmed, he declared himself their prisoner, but one of the captors suggesting that it would be better to shoot him down, he fell, with a ball through his head. The body was recovered and taken to the youngest brother's hotel at New Orleans. When Mr. Dwight entered the empty room where the corpse lay the next morning, he found the walls draped with muslin, and the room filled with a profusion of Southern flowers, and was told that this had been done by the negro women during the night. On receiving his thanks they asked him how they could do enough for soldiers who were dying in their cause; all they asked was, that their sons and brothers might be allowed to fight by the side of the Northern soldiers. They have proved again and again that they are their equals in courage, perhaps their superiors in discipline; and this, among many similar stories, proves that many of them are not inferior even in that delicacy and nobleness of sentiment which is supposed to be the monopoly of culture.

—*Spectator*, 11*th July*.

In the Department of Allier, near the railway station of Saint Geraud le Pays, between La Palisse and St Germain des Fossés, the ruins of a splendid Roman villa of the time of Augustus, with mosaic floors and magnificent frescoes, have been discovered; and further excavations are being carried on most vigorously.

From The Westminster Review.

GAMESTERS AND GAMING-HOUSES.

1. *Les Fauchcurs de Nuit: Joueurs et Joueuses.* Par Edouard Gourdon. Deuxième Edition. Paris: A. Bourdillat et Cie. 1860.
2. *Die Homburger Spielhölle in geschichtlicher und aktenmässiger Beleuchtung.* Aus dem in Frankfurt, a. M. erscheinenden. "Volksfreund für das Mittlere Deutchland," abgedruckt. Frankfurt-am-Main: Wilhelm Küchler. 1862.
3. *Jeu de la Roulette.* Par J. H. B——. Homburg-ès-Monts; Fred Fraunholz. 1858.
4. *Guide du Spéculateur au Trente-et-Quarante, avec la Manière de faire en Six Mois plus de 50 Capitaux.* Par un Ancien Notaire. Seconde Edition. Hombourg-ès-Monts: Louis Schick. 1860.

Four months ago the gossips of Paris were regaling their acquaintances with a story which, though strongly resembling a cleverly concocted fiction, was yet proved in a court of justice to be true to the letter. It ran thus. On the 4th of February last, a Madame Julia Barucci, having taken possession of a new house, celebrated the event by inviting about thirty guests to supper. The lady's antecedents are unknown to us. Our knowledge of her is limited to these few facts; she was twenty-five years of age; though unmarried, she had changed her name repeatedly, and was an object of attraction to a large circle of gentlemen. We may justly infer that she was a prominent member of that sisterhood of Love which, unbound by vows, and untrammelled by principles, devotes its energies to the attainment of the seemingly incompatible ends of assiduously pursuing pleasure, and rapidly accumulating gold. The hostess and her guests were well matched. Among the latter was a Signor Garcia, who had achieved a temporary notoriety at Homburg and Baden, by winning seventy-five thousand pounds in the course of two seasons, and then being reduced to beggary after a few months' play, and who, in addition to the vicissitudes of fortune, had experienced the extremes of popular feeling by being envied and extolled when rich, and heartily despised when impoverished. Signor Calzador, the manager of the Italian Theatre at Paris, was a guest whom the others regarded with dislike, and with whom Signor Garcia alone was on terms of intimacy. This dislike was attributable, not to the well-known circumstance of his being a gamester, but to the general belief that he was a cheat. What was then only suspected, was afterwards clearly demonstrated. He was not only a card-sharper, but a card-sharper of an exceptionally bold and original kind. On one occasion he proceeded to Havana, and bought up every pack of cards in the place. He had previously freighted a vessel with marked playing-cards, which arrived opportunely to supply the dealers whose stocks were completely exhausted. When the cards he had prepared and imported were in common use, he played incessantly and for high stakes, and, as a matter of course, was invariably a winner. The most welcome of all the guests was Signor Miranda, gentleman of the Queen of Spain's household. He had previously distinguished himself by his alacrity in gaming on every occasion, and for his capacity to lose large sums of money. That he was prepared to play high on this evening was proved by his coming to the party with one hundred thousand francs in his pockets.

As soon as the guests had assembled, Signor Garcia arranged a rouge-et-noir table. His countrymen, Signors Calzado and Miranda, took part in the game, and the latter soon won thirty thousand francs. The serious business of the evening was then interrupted by the announcement that supper was ready. After supper, when the guests were suitably heated and excited with wine, they engaged in a game of baccarat. This game is prohibited in France as hazard is in England, and for the like reason, that it is a game of chance. Signor Garcia absented himself from the room for half an hour. Under the pretext of wishing to smoke a cigar, he went into a private chamber, where he disposed about his person several packs of cards which he had brought with him. On returning to the gaming-table he began to play for high stakes. His success was extraordinary. In a short time he won one hundred and forty thousand francs, chiefly from Signor Miranda. Signor Calzado, who followed Garcia's lead, won a large sum also. The exceptionally good fortune of Garcia, and the marvellous character of the cards which he held, aroused the astonishment of the players, and drew forth comments from the onlookers. At length it was perceived that some of the cards in Garcia's hand were of different colors, and did

not belong to the packs provided by the hostess. Thereupon he was charged with foul play. He admitted having introduced cards of his own; but alleged that he had played fairly, and had brought certain packs from his club merely because they always proved lucky cards to him. Of the reality of his luck there could be as little question as of the infamy of his conduct. He offered as a matter of favor, and on condition that the affair should be hushed up, to refund his winnings, and produced the sum of fifty thousand francs. Those whom he had cheated once, were not to be deluded now into accepting a third part in place of the whole. A scene then occurred which, if represented on the stage, would be hissed because of its improbability, and if described in a novel would be censured by the critics because of its absurdity. Fearing lest he should be forcibly despoiled of his ill-gotten winnings, Garcia tried to escape from the house. Finding the door bolted, he rushed into a room and hid himself in a corner. After being chased by his lynx-eyed and enraged pursuers from room to room, and from one hiding-place to another, he was finally stripped of all the money in his possession. Signor Calzado was then asked to display the contents of his pockets, or suffer himself to be searched. He refused to do either; but stealthily allowed a roll of bank notes, to the value of sixteen thousand francs, to slip down his trousers and fall on the floor. The roll was picked up and handed to him, but he denied all knowledge of it. The brother cheats were then permitted to leave the house. It was found, after their departure, that they had carried with them at least forty thousand francs.

The result of this scandalous affair was the public trial of the offenders. Calzado appeared in person; Garcia had fled the country. Both were convicted of malpractices. Garcia was sentenced to five years, and Calzado to thirteen months' imprisonment, in addition to fines of three thousand francs each. Moreover, they were ordered to pay jointly the sum of thirty-one thousand francs to Signor Miranda. Although on this occasion Madame Barucci escaped punishment, yet it will fare worse with her should she again be placed in a similar position. The police will henceforward keep both herself and her visitors under a supervision so strict, that should she a second time permit prohibited games to be played at her house, she will be apprehended without hesitation and punished without mercy.

Neither the severity of the law of France, nor the vigilance of the French police, can check the frequent occurrence of scenes like the one we have just described; yet the formidable obstacles put in the way of gamesters deter many from commencing to play, even while they do little to hinder those who habitually game, from persevering in the practice. M. Gourdon, in his instructive work on this subject, tells us, that in order to avoid inevitable detection, professional gamesters change their quarters weekly, and even nightly; hence it is a matter of some difficulty for the initiated themselves to discover, on any given evening, where their fellow-gamesters will assemble. The most ardent and persistent gamesters are women. Both the young and the old, the comely and the ill-favored, hazard everything in order to gratify this taste, and usually succeed in gratifying it to the full. To the young, who deny themselves no sensual delight, this furnishes an additional pleasure, while the old who can no longer practise the degrading vices which they love, find in gaming a fresh and unfailing excitement. There exist in Paris female associations for the indulgence of the taste for play. M. Gourdon contrived to attend a meeting of one of these societies. If his description of what took place be a truthful one, the votaries of pleasure who thus assemble are the victims of the cruellest of punishments.

In Paris, as elsewhere, gaming having ceased to be a fashionable vice, is no longer commended or tolerated by good society. To become rich by gaming is considered disreputable; but to acquire wealth by speculating at the Bourse is regarded as both honorable and legitimate. The speculator has superseded the gamester. Lewis the Fourteenth accorded his favor to Dangeau, who had made a fortune by play, while Napoleon the Third patronized Mirès, the notorious speculator. There is this difference between the two monarchs; the former induced his subjects to game, by setting them the example; the latter merely affords his subjects every possible facility for risking and losing their money in gambling speculations.

The passionate fondness of Lewis the Fourteenth for play was partly attributable to his

early training. Cardinal Mazarin, himself a confirmed gamester, lost no opportunity of imbuing the young king with a taste for play, and did not scruple to profit by his skill, and win large sums from the king. It was notorious that Mazarin would resort to foul means when by playing fairly he could not win. Of course he did not know what cheating meant: ecclesiastics always affect ignorance of the real names of vices. He admitted that "he made proper use of his advantages," and maintained that he was justified in so doing. On one occasion the principal personages of the time were the admiring spectators of a performance which might be accurately styled—"Diamond cut Diamond." The spectacle was Mazarin and the Chevalier de Grammont playing together at cards, and each trying to gain the advantage over the other by cheating!

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the surest passport to public notice and distinction in France was to play desperately, to lose freely or to win largely. Montesquieu satirizes this with his usual force and point in his "Persian Letters." In the sixty-fourth letter, Usbek informs Ibben that "gaming is commonly practised in Europe. It is even followed as a profession, and the title of gamester is held to be equivalent to birth, to possessions, and to probity. Its holder is ranked, without inquiry, among honorable men, notwithstanding everybody is aware that to judge thus is to be frequently deceived. Still, in this matter, people are determined to remain incorrigible."

St. Simon records that the most distinguished member of Lewis the Fourteenth's court was a duke who had the reputation of cheating at play, and that a Princess Harcourt openly cheated, and on being detected manifested neither shame nor concern, but simply laughed and pocketed her winnings. However, it was necessary for the ladies of that age to reconcile piety with avarice, to quiet their consciences and fill their purses. If, on going to confession they acknowledged having won unfairly, absolution was either refused them, or else a severe penance was enjoined. To prevent unpleasant scenes with their spiritual guides, without abandoning their malpractices, the following plan was devised and executed. Those who had won equal sums at play formally presented these sums to each other. They carefully avoided using the phrase "interchange of winnings." What they did were acts of pure charity. A confessor could hardly reproach the penitent who confessed to having cheated at play, but who had at once distributed in charity the sums she had improperly acquired! Certainly, the elasticity of the female conscience is only less wonderful than the depths of female ingenuity.

The famous Law first gained notoriety by his extravagant play and his extraordinary good fortune. He was the most daring and successful of gamesters. So uniform and remarkable was his success, that he became an object of suspicion to M. d'Argenson, chief of the police. Law had the skill, however, to gain millions at play, and to escape being detected and convicted as a cheat. The rage for gaming which prevailed during the regency was not modified when Lewis the Fifteenth became king. The latter monarch was too much the slave of his appetites to take delight in gaming; but he neither disapproved of it, nor did his subjects refrain from indulging in it. On the contrary, they gamed with an effrontery altogether unparalled, and almost inconceivable. Foreign and impartial testimony fully corroborates the statements of French writers on this point. Horace Walpole, who visited Paris in 1739, thus relates in a letter to Richard West his impressions of what he witnessed there: "You would not easily guess their notions of honor: I will tell you one: it is very dishonorable for any gentleman not to be in the army, or in the king's service, as they call it: and it is no dishonor to keep public gaming-houses: there are at least one hundred and fifty of the first quality in Paris who live by it. You may go into their houses at all hours of the night, and find hazard, pharaoh, etc. The men who keep the hazard-table at the Duke de Gesvre's pay him twelve guineas each night for the privilege. Even the Princesses of the Blood are dirty enough to have shares in the banks kept at their houses."

Lewis the Sixteenth was the reverse of a profligate, and he detested gaming. His queen, on the other hand, was devotedly attached to faro and lansquenet, and counteracted by her daily practice the good example set by her husband. During the reign of Lewis the Sixteenth, as well as the reigns of his predecessors, various laws had been

passed against gaming, and had been rigorously enforced against the middle and poorer classes. The revolution came, and the laws which prohibited gaming were broken with the same impunity as laws of every other description. A gaming-house was opened in every street, and the people gave free scope to their passion for play. Up to the time of the directory, there were four thousand of these houses in full operation in Paris alone. When Bonaparte rose to power, one of his first acts was to grapple with the crying evil. His first thought was to suppress gaming-houses altogether; but he abandoned this project and resolved to license them. The arrangement which he made continued till 1838, when public gaming was prohibited by law. The last company which farmed the Parisian gaming-houses paid the government two hundred and seventy thousand pounds for the privilege. There were six houses—Frascati's, the Salons, and four in the Palais Royal. The daily average number of players was three thousand, while one thousand were generally refused admittance. The clear profit made in 1837 was seventy-six thousand pounds sterling. Of this sum three-fourths were handed over to the city of Paris, leaving nineteen thousand pounds for distribution among the members of the company.

The French, having signally failed in subjugating Europe, are wont to console themselves with the thought that those who successfully defied their arms have been forced to copy their fashions and adopt their language. With equal truth, they might boast of having invented and named nearly all those games of chance which the laws of any enlightened nation prohibit being played in public, and which are never played at all by civilized and sensible men in any part of the world. But the governments of several minor German States openly sanction and support what the governments of greater nations denounce as an incalculable evil. Although the inhabitants of those States in which games of chance are publicly played, regard gaming establishments with a well-founded abhorrence, yet they have hitherto been unable to persuade their rulers to suppress them. It is argued that as the owners of these establishments pay large sums of money to the State for the privilege of conducting them, the rulers of the State act rightly in receiving the money and in disregarding the objections of those who hold that to increase the revenue in such a way is both immoral and impolitic. Curiously enough, these establishments are usually owned and managed by Frenchmen. For example, Baden is more a French than a German town. The proprietor of its gaming-house is a Frenchman; the majority of its visitors come from France; French is the language principally spoken; French plays are performed in its theatre; in short, Baden is simply a portion of the most disreputable part of the Palais Royal planted on German territory. Homburg, its chief rival, is less exclusively French, yet it owes nearly as much to France as Baden does. A Frenchman founded and now conducts the Homburg gaming-house. Of this house, which is at once the principal attraction and the greatest curse of Homburg, we shall proceed to give an account.

Homburg, though half the size and containing half the population of Richmond-on-Thames, is a capital city, the seat of a court, and the head-quarters of an army. Hesse-Homburg, of which it is the capital, is a little larger than Richmond Park. The destinies of this State are guided by a landgrave, who has a castle to dwell in and a ministry to assist him in discharging his arduous duties. Were his State invaded, his army could make but a feeble resistance, seeing that it consists of one infantry regiment only. The manufactures for which Homburg is famous are stockings; the natural products with which it has been enriched are mineral waters. It has to thank its landgrave for the gaming-house which has made it renowned throughout the world.

In 1840 two Frenchmen, named Francis and Lewis Blanc, having acquired thirty thousand florins by play, wished to invest their capital in a gaming-house, and asked the Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg for permission to establish such a house in his capital. On what terms their request was granted we do not know. But the house was opened; play commenced, and the capital was lost. In this emergency the Government advanced them, without interest, from one to one hundred and fifty thousand florins. Most probably, the price of this advance was a share in the profits. In 1847 the brothers Blanc obtained the consent of the Government to form a company for the purpose of extending the operations of the gaming-house and of con-

ducting its affairs. The name of the company was cleverly chosen to cloak the designs of its promoters—it was called, a "Scrip Company for leasing conjointly the Pump-room and Mineral Springs."

The original capital was one million of florins, divided into two thousand shares, of five hundred florins each. Twelve years after the company was established, the capital had been increased by successive issues of shares to four millions two hundred thousand florins, equal to three hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling. The market value of the capital in 1862 was ten millions of florins, equal, in round numbers, to eight hundred and thirty thousand pounds. Fifty florins per share was the average dividend. The shares had been reduced in value from five to one hundred florins, and every holder of an original five hundred florin share had exchanged it without additional payment for fifteen one hundred florin shares. The dividends which the holders of the original shares had received, amounted to one hundred and fifty per cent. on their outlay. It is alleged by the author of a pamphlet on the "Hells of Homburg," that dividends even more enormous have been earned, but not paid, because of the manager and directors having appropriated sums which ought to have been distributed among the shareholders. What gives a color to this allegation is, that M. Blanc, the managing director, is said to have accumulated a fortune of eight hundred thousand pounds sterling. Seeing that, shortly after founding the gaming-house, he lost his entire capital, he has been unusually fortunate to acquire so large a fortune within less than twenty years. It is quite certain that the company's annual profits exceed a quarter of a million sterling. Surely the gamesters at Homburg pay a very heavy tax for their enjoyment!

At Homburg, and elsewhere, the Russians are notable for prodigality in squandering money; as gamesters, they play with persistence, and lose with indifference. Equally reckless, but far more excitable and demonstrative, are the Americans. Whether Confederates or Federals, they dearly love play, and indulge their passion for it without scruple. Frenchmen and Germans compose one-half of the floating population of Homburg, and are the most untiring frequenters of the gaming-rooms. Few of them, however, either risk large sums or incur heavy losses. When a Frenchman does lose, the loss is serious. In his estimation, life without the means for enjoying it is not worth having; consequently after losing his last guinea he generally meditates, and often commits suicide. With a fondness for theatrical display which characterizes his nation, a Frenchman studies effect even in death. At Homburg, the favorite mode of ending his existence is blowing out his brains with a pistol, in the room where his ruin has been effected. When such a catastrophy happens, the gamesters first exhibit a momentary surprise, and then manifest considerable annoyance at the temporary suspension of the game. No sooner has the palpitating corpse been removed, the blood-stained and brain-strewn floor washed and polished than the game is resumed and the dead man forgotten. All these things have been known to occur within the brief space of ten minutes. Prominent among the frequenters of the rooms by the readiness with which they stake considerable sums, distinguished from all the others by the external equanimity with which they bear alike the smiles and the frowns of fortune, are those players whom their apparel, demeanor, and accent emphatically proclaim to be Englishmen. They meet their losses without repining, because their purses are generally well-filled, and because they know that the loss of fifty or a hundred pounds will merely result in the shortening of their tour and the hastening of their return home. If a Frenchman or German loses a similar amount, he will be greatly inconvenienced, and perhaps seriously embarrassed. Now and then an Englishman of rank and wealth leaves behind him an amount which of itself adds considerably to the dividends of the company. There is a tradition at Homburg, that not many years ago an impulsive and reckless member of the House of Commons, who now exercises considerable authority over the United Kingdom inhabited by men as reckless and impulsive as himself, frequented the gaming-rooms for a few days, and lost the large sum of six thousand pounds. Whether this be true or the reverse, it is unquestionable that the company never had so prosperous a year as that in which this visit is reported to have occurred.

But men do not visit Homburg for the sole purpose of enriching a gaming company.

If they go thither to play, it is because they expect to win. That a few do leave Homburg richer than they arrived is just possible, and even probable; but they are exceedingly rare exceptions to the general rule. A player may win for a time; if so, he will persevere in the hope of continuing to win, and in the end will assuredly lose both his winnings and something to boot. He may possess sufficient resolution to stop after a fortunate stroke; yet he will certainly return to the room again, either on the next day or during another season, and then the company will have its revenge. The greatest and saddest of delusions is the belief entertained by many that wealth can be acquired by gaming. At such games as roulette and rouge-et-noir the beginner has the same chances as the adept; experience neither gives skill nor teaches prudence. But it is unnecessary to argue the question; how can the original shareholders in the Homburg Gaming Company have received yearly dividends at the rate of one hundred and fifty per cent. on their capital, if those who game carry away much money with them?

Just as some men continually delude themselves into the conviction that they have succeeded either in squaring the circle, or in discovering a means for producing perpetual motion, so do others work themselves into believing that they have invented a system of play, which, if practiced, will render losing impossible, and winning a certainty. M. Gourdon assures us, what we can readily believe, that numbers of monomaniacs of the latter kind are to be met with in Paris. He was acquainted with one of them. This was a man, twenty-five years of age, who was well connected, and had been well educated. All the works treating of games of chance he had carefully studied, and thoroughly mastered every system that had been devised. He calculated chances, grouped figures, weighed, so to speak the imponderable, and arrived at conclusions in favor of his own theory with a confidence, a logic, and a precision altogether astonishing. No professor of mathematics could have solved a problem more clearly and satisfactorily. Not only could he demonstrate the goodness of his system, but could incontrovertably explain wherefore the systems of his predecessors had disappointed their expectations. All that he required to put his scheme into successful operation was a loan of ten thousand francs, which he obtained. A fortnight after he had started for Homburg, M. Gourdon received a letter from him, dated from a frontier town and which ran thus:—"I have arrived from Germany, having left, you know where, the money I took along with me. Want of money has forced me to stop here. I require a hundred franc in order to return to Paris, and I beg that you will forward them to me." He added in a postscript—"Pray excuse my being without four sous wherewith to prepay this letter." The next time M. Gourdon saw him, he said that he had reconsidered his system, and discovered wherein it was defective. On this M. Gourdon remarks—"he could hardly have spoken otherwise of a simple error of addition."—(pp. 225-6).

When Don Quixote was preparing to set out as a knight-errant, he furbished up an old suit of armor which had been used by his ancestors, and which he found in his garret. Unfortunately, the helmet was incomplete, there being only a simple headpiece without a beaver. This defect he supplied by forming and fastening to the helmet a vizor of pasteboard. He next proceeded to try the strength of the helmet by smiting it with his sword. The first stroke clove it in twain; thereupon, he substituted an iron plate for the pasteboard vizor. As the helmet now seemed sufficiently strong, he thought it needless to test its strength, so placing it on his head he sallied forth to aid and succor the helpless and the distressed. Now a system-monger acts precisely like Don Quixote. Having invented a system whereby he will infallibly win money at play, he tests it practically, and is beggared in consequence. Detecting the causes of failure, he ingeniously removes them, and thus renders his system perfect in his estimation. Satisfied with its theoretical perfection, he studiously avoids a second mischance and disappointment by again testing it practically. Instead of doing this, he becomes a knight-errant on behalf of luckless gamesters. He publishes his system that they may adopt it, and thus become enlightened and enriched. There are always to be found plenty of unthinking men and women who eagerly purchase every pamphlet professing to contain an infallible receipt for making a fortune by gaming. These

pamphlets are generally sold in sealed covers, and for very high prices; the titles of two of them head this article.

J. H. B., the author of one of the pamphlets, is very exacting in the qualifications which must be possessed by the gamester who can reasonably hope for success. He must be cool, calculating, prudent; must never lose his temper, and must never despair. He must play a well-considered game, a game which provides for every emergency, and is suited for coping with unexpected mishaps. It is only on condition of his being so qualified, and being master of such a game, that he "ceases to be a gamester and becomes a speculator." Hence, to purchase J. H. B.'s pamphlet may avail little; to master his system may be time thrown away, seeing that only a chosen few can use that system with effect. But something more than brilliant personal qualities are requisite: "An isolated player whose means are limited cannot gain real and lasting advantages in spite of all the prudence, skill, and strategy he may possess and manifest; sooner or later he must succumb." To sadden the prospect still more, J. H. B. emphatically assures his readers that the greatest illusion they can entertain, the one which will certainly endanger their repose and their purses, is for them to suppose that without funds to start with they will be other than losers in the end. "With a few florins, or even a few hundreds of florins, and the best of all possible systems, there is nothing to gain, and everything to fear from games of chance." The minimum with which they can begin is seven hundred, and the maximum four thousand florins. By acting on his advice in the employment of these sums, they will be increased tenfold in the twinkling of an eye. What, then, is the pith of his system? It is simply to do in a complicated manner what others have done to their cost in a simpler manner: increase the stake after every loss, and diminish it after every gain. Thus, if three florins are staked and lost, four must be staked the next time; if the four are lost, then five must be staked, and so on. On the other hand, if three florins are staked and an equal number won, two are withdrawn, the remainder being staked; if the result of the next stroke be in favor of the player, he again withdraws two, and, in fact, continues to do so after every successful stroke. The danger, nay, the certainty is, that a succession of unfortunate strokes will empty his purse, and thus he will be precluded by lack of funds from attaining those results which J. H. B. proclaims to be within the reach of every qualified practitoner of his system.

"A Retired Attorney" professes to have discovered a more practicable way than that chalked out by J. H. B. for becoming enriched by gaming. The gamester who embraces the attorney's system need not bring to the practice of it either extraordinary cleverness or uncommon self-command. According to him it is an exceedingly easy thing to acquire wealth by frequenting a gaming-room. To ensure success, however, it is indispensable to avoid being excessively impatient and precipitate. In other words, while showing how money can be made, he expresses disapproval of making it too rapidly. No one need hope to do more than augment his capital fiftyfold within the period of six months. He agrees with J. H. B. in this, that the player who follows a system ceases to be a gamester and becomes a speculator. From the frequency with which this is insisted on, it would seem as if the highest object of human ambition were to acquire the character and title of speculator! How success is to be attained, the retired attorney does not clearly explain. No prophet of a sporting newspaper could be more oracular than he is. The reader who fails to comprehend his system is informed that "there are certain modifications essential to its success, which can be given orally, but not in writing, because requiring too lengthy explanations." In default of containing lucid explanations the pamphlet closes with an unmistakable appeal: "Let all gamesters come to me, make a common purse, follow my system, and one day the remark of Napoleon will be verified; 'the gaming banks will be conquered by calculation.'" Between J. H. B. and the retired attorney there is this difference; the latter is the greater quack of the two.

The Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg, with whose consent the gaming-house was established in his capital, who profits by the ruin of the visitors to the rooms, and whose minister supervises the company's affairs, can neither believe in the dictum ascribed to Napoleon the First, nor in the possibility of a gamester growing rich, since every inhabitant of Homburg is forbidden, under very heavy

penalties, from entering the gaming-house and engaging in play.

Of late years there has been a general outcry throughout Germany against the gaming-houses. Their suppression has been vehemently demanded in the interests alike of public morality and sound policy. This expression of public feeling resulted in the consideration of the question by the Federal Diet. The Diet called upon the Governments of the different States of Germany to say what they were prepared to do with a view to putting a period to the public encouragement of gaming. The Government of the Grand Duchy of Baden replied that it intended closing the Baden establishment even before the termination of the contract. On the other hand, the Nassau Government maintained that it was impossible to abolish the gaming-banks of Wiesbaden and Ems, the proprietors of which had constructed the thermal establishments there, in 1807 and 1810, and had kept them in repair ever since at their own cost. It promised, however, not to grant any new concessions in future. The Government of Mecklenburg-Schwerin offered to suppress the Dobberan gaming-house in the event of the Governments of the other States suppressing those within their jurisdictions. The Government of Waldeck refused to suppress the gaming-houses at Pyrmont and Wildungen, the concessions for which were in force till 1873 and 1905, unless public gaming should be prohibited throughout the Confederation, a measure to which it would agree. The Government of Hesse-Homburg denied to the Diet the right to entertain the question at all, until it should have abolished the public lotteries authorized within the territories of the Confederation.

We heartily disapprove the conduct of the Hesse-Homburg Government in the matter of gaming, yet we admit that it did well in returning the foregoing answer to the Federal Diet. So long as gaming-houses shall remain open in certain German towns, these towns will continue to be the scenes of irreparable ruin to thousands, will be the favorite haunts of the depraved, and the opprobrium of the enlightened. But they will not stand alone. For wherever lotteries shall receive, as they now do, open sanction from the State authorities, and shall be freely employed by them for the purposes of raising revenue and borrowing money, all classes will have improper facilities granted them for indulging in discreditable and reprehensible gambling. The lottery system, as generally practised throughout Germany, amounts to a public encouragement of avarice and indolence, because that system renders it possible to acquire by chance and without exertion the wealth which should be the sure if tardy recompense of study and honorable industry alone.

There is hardly a German State in which lotteries are not legalized. In Austria a large portion of the revenue is derived from the proceeds of the State lottery. If an English company call for capital wherewith to construct a railway, it is readily subscribed, on the public being assured of receiving a fair rate of interest in return. On the other hand, it is customary for a German railway company, to offer money prizes as well as promise dividends to those who subscribe for shares. States in which public opinion has little influence are not more cursed with lotteries than States wherein public opinion reigns supreme. Nowhere is the fondness for lotteries more apparent, and the passion for gambling more recklessly gratified, than in the free cities of Hamburg and Frankfurt.

If German gaming-houses and lotteries were injurious to Germans only, we should deplore their existence, but should refrain from condemning the conduct of those who sanction and conduct them. Their baneful influence, however, extends to England also. Thousands of Englishmen visit Germany every summer, and lose their money in the gaming-rooms at Homburg or Baden, Wiesbaden or Ems. Throughout the entire year, lottery-tickets find as ready a sale in England as in Germany. Hence, to suppress these lotteries and gaming-houses would be to render an inestimable service to both countries.

In England, both public lotteries and gaming-houses have been suppressed by Act of Parliament. If gaming be sometimes practised in this country, it is not because the law is weak or leniently enforced. The difficulties put in the way of keeping a gaming-house are almost insuperable; the penalties being very severe, and the police being armed with ample powers. It is hard to understand why visitors to Newmarket should there find opportunities for gaming which they cannot have elsewhere; why the forbidden games of hazard, rouge-et-noir, and roulette should be played there with impunity. Perhaps this

is allowed on the principle of its being fair to afford those who have won money by betting, an opportunity of losing it at play.

Public lotteries, though as illegal as gaming-houses, are by no means so rare. They are called by the more euphonious and unmeaning names of Art-Unions. The prizes are pictures or statues in place of coin. The professed objects of Art-Unions are noble and praiseworthy; they are to encourage the Fine Arts, and to convert England into a nation of followers and admirers of art. This is a most ingenious disguise under which to practice gambling. For very similar reasons betting on horses is practised, and prize-fights are commended. It is argued that were betting prohibited, horse-racing would cease, and that were there no racing, the breed of horses would deteriorate. We are told that had we no prize-fights, a muscular Christian would become as great a rarity as the Moa. Now, it may delight two men to pound each other into jelly, and others may delight in witnessing the performance; but it would be as absurd to maintain that Englishmen owe their pluck and muscle to prize-fights, as that the ancient Romans were made magnanimous by gladiatorial combats, and that the Spaniards had been rendered courageous by bull-fights. Even more ridiculous and contrary to fact is it to maintain that art has been encouraged by Art-Unions, or that they are anything better than disguised lotteries, and as such ought to be prohibited. If a subscriber to an Art-Union draw a prize, he can immediately convert it into money. If the holder of a lottery ticket draw a prize, he can buy a picture or statue with it. The distinction between the two cases is impalpable to ordinary minds; but that some do perceive a distinction is evinced by their eagerly subscribing to Art-Unions, and holding lotteries in abhorrence. In like manner and with equal consistency, those who consider it pollution to enter an ordinary theatre and witness a regular play, crowd to an "entertainment" given in a hall or gallery, and consisting of plays on a reduced scale, all the parts being filled by one actor and actress.

Those who value an abuse in proportion to its antiquity, will regret that Parliament should ever have interfered with so venerable an institution as the lottery. It was in full operation a century before the National Debt was dreamt of. The astute ministers of Queen Elizabeth first employed it as a medium through which to tax the people indirectly. In 1567, proposals were issued "for a very rich lottery general, without any blankes, contayning a great number of good prizes, as well of redy-money as of plate and certain sorts of merchandize, having been valued and prized by the queen's most excellent majesties' order, to the extent that such commodities as may chance to arise thereof after the charges borne may be converted towards the reparations of the havens and strength of the realme, and towards such other good workes. The number of lotts shall be four hundred thousand, and no more; and every lott shall be the sum of ten shillings sterling, and no more." The drawing began at the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral, on the 11th of January, 1569, and was continued without intermission till the 6th of May following. Forty-five years afterwards, "King James, in special favor for the present plantation of English colonies in Virginia, granted a lottery, to be held at the west end of St. Paul's; whereof one Thomas Sharplys, a tailor of London, had the chief prize, which was four thousand crowns in fair plate." * During succeeding reigns, both public and private lotteries were common and popular. In the reign of Queen Anne, however, they were suppressed on the ground of being public nuisances. They were revived and licensed in 1778. From that time till 1825, a lottery bill was passed every session. The gross yearly income received by the Government from lotteries was seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds. A treasury minute, dated the 18th of October, 1827, closed all the public lottery offices, and this kind of gambling, first introduced and sanctioned by the ministers of Queen Elizabeth, has been stigmatized as illegal, and we hope terminated forever, by an Act of Parliament passed in the reign of Queen Victoria.

The attempt recently made to abolish beer-drinking on Sundays, however ridiculous and blameworthy, was admirably timed and likely to prove successful, when compared with the efforts made by the legislators of the 18th century, to effect the suppression of gaming. Act after Act was passed, yet the evil waxed daily more formidable and intolerable. That the provisions of these Acts were stringent enough will be understood from the following

* *Gentlemen's Magazine.* Vol. 85, p. 341.

specimens. Thus, an Act passed in 1739 made it illegal to play such games as ace of hearts, faro, basset, and hazard. The keepers of houses or other places for gaming purposes were to forfeit two hundred pounds on conviction, and those who played, fifty pounds each. A justice of the peace refusing to convict, forfeited ten pounds for each offence. Another Act, containing still more stringent provisions, was passed in 1749, in which roulette, or roly-poly, was included among the forbidden games. These and other Acts proved wholly ineffectual, because those who sanctioned, were the foremost in breaking them. They were never enforced against persons of quality, who were the principal offenders. Moreover, a special clause in these Acts exempted the royal palaces from their operation. Now, the royal palaces were nothing better than huge gaming-houses, and the sovereign was the greatest gamester in the kingdom. The truth is, gaming was the fashionable vice, and a vice must cease to be fashionable before men will cease to practise it. Till then, they regard it as a virtue.

Horace Walpole has put on record numerous specimens of the reckless and ruinous kind of gaming in which his contemporaries indulged. In 1770, he tells Sir Horace Mann, "the gaming at Almack's, which has taken the *pas* of White's, is worthy the decline of our empire, or commonwealth, which you please. The young men of the age lose five, ten, fifteen thousand pounds in an evening there. Lord Stavordale, not twenty-one, lost eleven thousand there last Tuesday, but recovered it by one great hand at hazard: he swore a great oath, 'Now, if I had been playing *deep*, I might have won millions!'" In a letter to the Hon. S. A. Conway, dated 1781, he relates that his "nephew, Lord Cholmondeley, the banker *à la mode*, has been demolished. He and his associate, Sir Willoughby Ashton, went early the other night to Brookes's, before Charles Fox and Fitzpatrick, who keep a bank there, were come; but they soon arrived, attacked their rivals, broke their bank, and won about four thousand pounds. 'There,' said Fox, 'so should all usurpers be served.' He did still better; for he sent for his tradesmen, and paid as far as the money would go."

Another circumstance mentioned by Walpole is even more extraordinary than the foregoing feats at play. In 1781, he informed Lady Ossory, "I was diverted last night at Lady Lucan's. The moment I entered she set me down to whist with Lady Bute, and who do you think were the other partners? the Archbishopess of Canterbury and Mr. Gibbon." Be it remembered, this took place five years after the publication of the volume of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Now, we take credit to ourselves for tolerance, because in our day the Test Act has been repealed, and because Roman Catholics are no longer persecuted on account of their religion. But are we really so tolerant as those of our forefathers whom we are accustomed to revile? For instance, what would the *Record* and Exeter Hall say, were they to learn that Bishop Colenso and the Archbishopess of York had been partners at whist? Would it not be predicted that, before a week elapsed, the world would certainly come to an end?

The rage for gaming was at its height toward the close of the eighteenth century. Prior to the first French Revolution, not more than four or five gaming-tables were in operation; but at a subsequent period, upwards of thirty houses were open every night.* This was done in defiance of the law. Several members of the aristocracy kept faro-tables at their own houses. Lady Buckinghamshire, Lady Spencer, and Lady Mount Edgcumbe, had an unenviable notoriety for so doing. They were christened "Faro's Daughters." Referring to them, Lord Kenyon said on the 9th of May, 1796, "They think they are too great for the law; I wish they could be punished. If any prosecutions of this sort are fairly brought before me, and the parties are justly convicted, whatever be their rank or station in the country—though they should be the first ladies in the land—they shall certainly exhibit themselves on the pillory." At the beginning of March, 1797, an information was laid against Lady Buckinghamshire, Lady E. Luttrell, and some other ladies and gentlemen of rank, for keeping faro-tables in their houses; and on the 11th of that month they were convicted of the offence, but Lord Kenyon seems to have forgotten his former threat, and he only subjected them to rather severe fines.†

* Massey's "History of England." Vol. ii. p. 58.

† "England under the house of Hanover." By Thomas Wright. Vol. ii. p. 332.

Either in consequence of these proceedings, or for some undisclosed reason, ladies of rank henceforth ceased to lay themselves open to censure for their passionate addiction to play. Instead of inviting a small number of guests to pass the evening in card-playing, ladies of fashion began to invite a large number of guests to pass the night in dancing, or doing nothing.

The abandonment of play on the part of the ladies was followed by a similar move on the part of the gentlemen. The latter agreed to respect the laws which many of them had helped to frame. Clubs such as White's, Brookes's, and Boodle's, which were originally instituted to evade the law against public gaming-houses, were transformed into clubs for social enjoyment and political purposes. The games of whist, chess, and billiards came to be recognized as the only games at which gentlemen should play; all others, and especially all games of chance, being voted vulgar and improper.

If gaiming first declined because frowned on by fashion, its decline was accelerated by a taste arising for other kinds of excitement. Horse-racing had always been a national pastime; but betting upon horses did not become a national passion till about the earlier portion of the nineteenth century. It is true that, long before then, men of fashion found in betting a pleasure which nothing else could yield. They were accustomed to indulge their tastes for it on all possible occasions. Thus it once happened that a man having fallen down in a fit before the window of a club, heavy bets were made whether or not he was dead; and those who had backed the latter opinion with a bet, strongly objected to his being bled, lest he might recover, and they should lose their money. Horace Walpole records a bet of so remarkable a character, that we have great difficulty in crediting his statement. When informing Sir H. Mann, in 1774, of the manners of the young men of that time, he says: "One of them has committed a murder, and intends to repeat it. He betted fifteen hundred pounds that a man could live twelve hours under water; hired a desperate fellow, sunk him in a ship, by way of experiment, and both ship and man have not appeared since, Another ship and man are to be tried for their lives, instead of Mr. Blake, the assassin." Although the betting of the last century was desperate enough, yet it was practised in a desultory manner, being followed for no special end, and according to no fixed principles. It has now become a science. To "make" a book on the Derby is an accomplishment requiring tenfold the labor to acquire that had to be expended in learning all the games of chance which were formerly in vogue. In fact gambling on the turf has partially superseded gaming with cards and dice. Faro-tables have long ago disappeared from fashionable drawing-rooms. Crockford's is a thing of the past. Yet the votary of gaming need not lament: if he but subscribe to Tattersall's, he will there find opportunities for gambling such as were never enjoyed by the frequenters of Crockford's.

In addition to the increased fondness for horse-racing, another cause has largely contributed to lessen the habit of gaming by superseding the necessity for indulging it. This cause is the vast devlopment of joint stock undertakings, and which has been followed by increased facilities for speculating in shares. Men who were formerly attracted to the gaming-table in the hope of growing rich more rapidly than by steadily following their business or profession, now crowd to the Stock Exchange, and speculate there in shares and stocks. The business of a stock-broker would be very restricted if he made purchases for investors only. One-half, if not three-fourths, of the business transacted on the Stock Exchange is purely speculative; in other words, is simple gambling. An Act was passed in the reign of George II., "To prevent the infamous practice of stock-jobbing;" but its provisions were systematically disregarded, and very recently it has been repealed. Thus time bargains may now be entered into with impunity, which means that a speculator may buy what he cannot pay for, with the view of selling what he has purchased before the arrival of the day appointed for payment. If the price obtained by the sale exceed that originally paid, he pockets the difference; but if the price obtained be less than what was first paid, he hands the difference to his broker. Thus the suppression of all games of chance has merely resulted in giving an augmented impetus to the Game of Speculation.

Shall we conclude, then, that in the matter of gaming we are more enlightened and less open to censure than our forefathers? This

much is true, the gambler is a less foolish man, and a less useless member of society than the gamester. While the objects of the gambler on the turf and the Stock Exchange, and of the gamester at cards and dice, are identical, experience has proved that the former may succeed, and that the latter must fail in attaining their objects; that the gambler may acquire wealth, but that the gamester must be ruined if he persevere in gaming. By speculating in shares, capital is circulated and commerce increased; thus, whether the speculator be enriched or impoverished, his fellow-men are vastly benefited in consequence of his transactions. Of the gamester we may say what La Bruyère said of him who was once engaged in intrigue: he must continue as he has begun, because nothing else gives him any gratification. A confirmed gamester exists only to deal cards or throw dice. The chances are that he will forfeit his honor as well as indulge his taste; for, as Lord Chesterfield warned his son: "A member of a gaming-club should be a cheat, or he will soon be a beggar."

In our times, the passion for play is gratified with less injury to society than during any other period of our history. Unquestionably it is an incalculable gain that ladies and gentlemen of fashion should now prefer dancing to gaming, and should even profess to take pleasure in attending gatherings made ostensibly for the purpose of conversation, but at which the conversation is restricted to complaints about the heat, and protests against the pressure. The pleasures of society are always hollow and frivolous: we rejoice that in these days they are not vicious as well as unsatisfying. What the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis justly remarked, with obvious reference to the amusements in which modern society delights, would have been even more telling and applicable had it been uttered a century ago: "Life would be very tolerable but for its pleasures."

To extirpate from the human breast a taste for gaming is simply impossible. As Edmund Burke truly observed in his great speech on Economical reform: "Gaming is inherent in human nature. It belongs to us all." The first achievement of a savage is to produce something that will intoxicate him: he next proceeds to devise a matter whereby he may stake his property, and even his liberty at play. A civilized man improves on the crude expedients and devices of the savage, substituting for the heavy fermented sap of a tree, the sparkling champagne, and for clumsy games with straws or pebbles, the roulette-table with its ingenious machinery and elaborate rules. Wealth, excitement, and the power of bringing the future near, are prized alike by men of every degree of culture. Though they never obtain by gaming the wealth they covet, yet they find in gaming the excitement they value next to wealth, and around a gaming-table have disclosed to them a new future every minute or every hour. Influenced by such feelings, at one time they waste their substance, and at another imperil their lives. They will cheerfully traverse unknown seas in quest of an imaginary El Dorado, yet refrain from laboriously tilling the soil beneath their feet, and converting its produce into gold. Their thoughts are as erroneous as their actions are ridiculous. They fancy that the jewels which flash from a royal diadem, the gold heaped up the royal coffers, constitute the glories of a monarch and the riches of a nation. In acting as they do, they sin against the irresistible condition of man's existence, that in the sweat of his brow can he alone earn his bread with honor and dignity. Alike in their thoughts and actions do they ignore the immutable truth that the wealth of the world is the well-directed labor of the world's inhabitants. In no other way could the folly of the gamester, and the mischief of gaming, be better summed up than in these words of Dr. Johnson: "I call a gamester an unsocial man; an unprofitable man. Gaming is a mode of transferring property without producing any intermediate good."

From The National Review.

WITS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Œuvres de Chamfort, précédées d'une étude sur sa vie et son esprit. Par Arsène Houssaye.
Galerie du XVIIIe. Siècle. Par Arsène Houssaye.
Histoire de la Presse en France. Par Eugène Hatin. Vol. VII.
Esprit de Rivarol. Paris, 1808.
Causeries du Lundi. Par M. C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Vols. III., IV.

The reader, whose historical zeal carries him to the earlier numbers of the *Moniteur Universel*, as they appeared during the weeks of the Terror, finds himself confronted by one of those half-comical, half-revolting contrasts, for which human nature — and especially French human nature — shows from time to time so strange a capacity. In one column he will peruse the long morning list of victims of the Conciergerie,—old men and maidens, rich and poor, strong and weak, alike swept promiscuously away under the ruthless ban of hostility to the common weal, and, ere their doom printed, already on the road to death. In the other, as he turns shuddering away, he will be detained by an almost equally long list of "to-night's entertainments,"—grand scenic tableaux, emblematic ballets, hippodromes *à la Grecque*, masked balls, the comic opera, the successful vaudeville, all proceeding with complete regularity, and all apparently in the greatest possible request. What, he will exclaim, must be the innate frivolity, the cruel indifference, the latent barbarism of a race which saw nothing strange in such an appalling mixture of tragedy and farce! Were they men or fiends who could be thus easily amused, while death hung over each, and the pavement outside streamed with kindred blood? Who but the traditional "tigre-singe" could skip away, yet bloody-handed from civil slaughter, to applaud the nimble feet of some venal Terpsichore, or the quips and cranks of some fashionable buffoon?

We shall run the suspicion, we fear, of the same sort of inhuman versatility if we invite our readers to a less grave, but scarcely less characteristic, aspect of the French Revolution than that with which history has rendered them the most familiar. Friends and foes for the most part, though differing wide as heaven and earth in all beside, have depicted it in the light of the sublimest of human tragedies. Whatever else a sympathizing or a hostile critic judged it, both regarded it as colossal; and colossal in a sense that forbade, as if half profane, the notice of those collateral topics which, in meaner matters, might appropriately claim attention. The scale of action was heroic, the performers demi-gods or demi-fiends, and praise and censure alike assumed a tone of fitting gravity and respect. The half-frantic vehemence of Burke, the curses of an army of Tory denunciators, the shrieks of political or religious cowardice, the vindictive Conservatism —which in our own days has dwindled down to the Cassandra-like maledictions of a single maudlin peer—for a long while accustomed Englishmen to regard that strange series of events as a catastrophe whose Titanic proportions overwhelmed the sense,—an outrage at which heaven and earth might stand aghast, and which struck mankind with awful silence, —a conflagration, lit with no earthly flame, blazing at our very doors, and too full of grand results, one way or the other, to our species, for any language but the impassioned cry of hope, the solemn denunciation, the groan of horror and despair. At length the flames died down, the smoke cleared away, and it gradually became perceptible that the universe remained intact. The calm, half-humorous genius of Carlyle, piercing through the golden haze of rhodomontade, and fathoming the shallows of many a tempest-ridden teacup, marshalled the facts of the story into artistic shape, reduced heroes and demons alike to strictly terrestrial proportions, and proved that the grand convulsion of French society, when cleared of fictitious embellishment, was the handiwork of no superhuman agents, but of irritable, passionate, and, in many cases, extremely feeble men; that vanity, jealousy, and a host of petty instincts, had at least as much to do with it as the grander passions of our nature; and that though, in the evolution of the drama, some natures beyond the ordinary standard of daring and ability disclosed themselves,—and one intellect at least of the very highest order rose upon the surrounding chaos, — yet that most of its results could be accounted for by the activity of commonplace emotions working in a host of inferior minds, and had a side which was far more ludicrous than either terrific or sublime. A few striking person-

ages stand of course foremost on the stage, and vindicate in more than one instance the doubtful honor of monstrosity. Louis XV., an effete Sardanapalus, grovelling daily deeper in his sensuality; Orleans, rubicund already as if with a Tartarean glow; Danton, a portent of ferocious power; Mirabeau, shaking his lion-like locks, and preparing, as a giant refreshed with wine, for the subjection of a pigmy race; the stately Austrian lady, imperial in her very weaknesses, falling queen-like and undismayed amid curses and gibes; Corday, hurrying in joyful enthusiasm to her perilous emprise; Roland, in her white robe and flowing locks, confronting her accusers, or returning from the tribunal in more than stoical dignity to announce her doom,—these are indeed the conspicuous personages of the tale, but they are not the whole; nor did their earnestness for good or evil, their strength of will, the intensity with which they felt, the scale upon which they acted, represent the true character of the great mass of Frenchmen. Behind them stand inferior performers, and it was these, after all, that made the Revolution what we know it to have been. An attitude of mind the very reverse of majestic, a childish passion for display, an insatiable thirst for flattery, an exquisite sensitiveness to the sting of satire, a passionate and unthinking rebellion against the inequalities incidental to human society,—such was the thin soil out of which the Revolution sprang, such were the motive principles which shaped its onward course. It was natural enough that a generation bred in an atmosphere like this, should, when it came to be engaged in any considerable undertaking, become from time to time bombastic, theatrical, and extravagant. It was equally natural that men of such a cast, trained by the tradition of centuries in the habits of brilliant conversation, and wielding a language of incomparable neatness and pliability, should carry the art of effective rejoinder to the utmost possible perfection, and should assign to witty and epigrammatic language a controversial importance which less impressible natures find it difficult to understand.

This was conspicuously the case in Revolutionary France. A large section of society, elevating drawing-room repartee into a standard of thought, accepted a witticism as a refutation, and considered that a thing ceased to be true when it began to look ridiculous. The salon life of Paris—the paradise of an army of ambitious idlers—engendered a tone of mind in which far less attention was paid to the accuracy with which an idea was thought out than to the elegance with which it was expressed. To achieve a social success was for the aspirant to fame the most imperative of all necessities, and for this neatness, brilliancy, promptitude, were alone essential. A race of men grew up astonishingly skilful in the fence of words, masters of forcible, pithy expressions, but superficial in knowledge, shallow in thought, and utterly innocent of all earnest intention. They breathed the poisoned air of a vicious society, whose refinement but gave a piquancy to systematic heartlessness and crime. They carried their convictions just so far as the fine ladies, whose smiles they sought, considered it in good taste to follow; their skepticism began in restlessness, and ended in a sneer; their philosophy was the cynicism of faded voluptuaries; their ambition, to live in the mouths of a fashionable coterie; their keenest pleasure, to transfix a rival with the envenomed weapon of a sarcastic epigram. The criticism passed by one of them upon another might with justice be applied to the whole class of which both were members, and serve as the epitaph for a school of wits: "Superficiellement instruit," writes Chamfort of Rulhières, "détaché de tous principes, l'erreur lui était aussi bonne que la vérité quand elle pouvait faire briller la frivolité de son esprit. Il n'envisageait les grandes choses que sous de petits rapports, n'aimait que les tracasseries de la politique, n'était éclairé que de bluettes, et ne voyait dans l'histoire que ce qu'il avait vu dans les petites intrigues de la société." The French empire was, according to the famous definition, a despotism tempered by epigrams. The fashionable creed of a large section alike of its assailants and supporters might be described as cynicism set ablaze with wit.

Two men, conspicuous champions on either side, may be accepted as the types of the class above described; and their performances, although already the object of more literary zeal than their importance might seem to merit, are yet so amusing, and at the same time throw so real a light upon the true history of the times, that we make no apology for introducing them in detail to our readers' attention: Rivarol, the cham-

pion of the departing régime; Chamfort, the fanatic of equality, and the assiduous composer and collector of revolutionary facetiæ. The delicate pencil of M. Sainte Beuve has already sketched the characters of both, and enabled us to understand the real affinity of thought and disposition which, under a superficial appearance of antagonism, bound the two men together, and stamped them, though fighting in different camps, as in reality kindred natures. Both have left a long list of excellent stories to attest the justice of a contemporary reputation, and the humor of each will be best appreciated by being introduced in connection with the principal circumstances of his career.

The society which, half way through the eighteenth century, excited the aspirations of an ambitious Frenchman, was no longer that of Versailles. To the court of Louis XV. survived nothing but the tedious ceremonial and the complete depravity of his great-grandfather's period. The intellectual prestige, which lent a refining splendor to the great monarch's reputation, had vanished along with everything else decent and respectable. The palace was as gloomy as it was corrupt; "quant à la gaieté," says the historian, "il n'en était plus question, le foyer de l'esprit et des lumières était à Paris." Madame Campan, indeed, with the applausive servility of a royal servant, informs us that the king knew how to jest, and occasionally honored his dependents with witticisms which proved "la finesse de son esprit, et l'élévation de ses sentiments." As specimens, however, of the one and the other, she gives the stupid slang terms by which the sovereign was pleased to designate the four princesses who had the misfortune to acknowledge his paternity; and she suggests that his répertoire of indelicate phraseology was sedulously enlarged by reference to the dictionary when in his mistresses' society. It is pleasant to turn from such a scene to the dignified reply made by M. de Brissac, one of the few courtiers to whom decency had not come to be a joke. The king was rallying him upon the sensitiveness he displayed as to some matrimonial catastrophe. "Allons, Monsieur de Brissac, ne vous fachez pas; c'est un petit malheur; ayez bon courage." "Sire," said the injured husband, "j'ai toutes les espèces de courage, excepté celui de la honte." The arrival of Marie Antoinette no doubt infused a new spirit into the dull routine of wickedness which had hitherto prevailed at court. Monsieur de Brissac again figures as the author of an appropriate rejoinder. "Mon Dieu," cried the young dauphiness, as the crowd surged under the balconies of the Tuileries, "Mon Dieu, que de monde!" "Madame," said the courtier, "sans que Monsieur le Dauphin puisse s'en offenser, ce sont autant d'amoureux." Full of playfulness and vivacity, the young princess herself was ready and elegant in conversation. Shortly after her arrival at Versailles, she made private arrangements to supplement her extremely defective education; "Il faut," she said, "que la dauphine prenne soin de la réputation de l'archiduchesse." It was in no such innocent recreations that the king's remaining powers were meanwhile expended. His notorious excesses excited scandal, alarm, indignation. The base of an equestrian statue, in the Place Louis Quinze, was guarded by four figures representing Peace, Prudence, Strength, and Justice: an unknown hand wrote under it,

"O la belle statue! O le beau piédestal!
Les vertus sont a pied; le vice est a cheval."

Vice at length dismounted for the last time, and the terrified courtiers prepared for a new allegiance. The details of that terrible death-bed are universally familiar: one story, however, may be worth recording. It is a scene enacted between the Duc de Villequier, first gentleman of the chamber, and Monsieur Androuillé, the head surgeon to the court. The king's disease, it will be remembered, rendered it almost certain death to go near him. The duke thereupon politely suggested to the doctor that it was his duty to open and embalm the body. The doctor professed his alacrity for the task, but he added: "Pendant que j'opérerai, vous tiendrez la tête; votre charge vous y oblige." The duke said not a word; and Louis the Fifteenth, it is perhaps superfluous to state, was buried unopened and unembalmed. The new court had hardly opened when the young queen's daring spirits, her impatience of ceremonial, her girlish caprices,—above all, the political intrigues amid which she lived,—began to endanger her popularity. Her contempt for etiquette scandalized the fine ladies, and obtained for her the perilous nickname of "Moqueuse." At her first mourning reception

after the king's death we find one of the ladies of the court squatting down behind her, pulling her companion's petticoats, and endangering the gravity of the whole proceeding. The epigram which appeared next day might have warned her of the danger of petty indiscretions:—

> "Petite reine de vingt ans,
> Vous qui traitez si mal les gens,
> Vous repasserez la barrière,
> Laire, larila, larila, laire," etc.

Four years later her enemies had gathered courage, and the feeling against her was deeper and less concealed. The birth of her daughter gave rise to a host of cruel pleasantries, in which the royal family were unhappily the readiest to take a part. The Comte de Provence held the child at the font. "Monseigneur," he said, when the grand almoner inquired its name, "cette question n'est pas la première que vous avez à m'adresser; il faut s'enquerir d'abord les père et mère." The almoner, astonished, said that that question was asked only when doubt existed as to the parentage of the child; "personne ignore," he added, "que madame est née du roi et de la reine." "Est-ce votre avis, M. le Curé?" the count sardonically asked, turning to the Curé of Notre Dame. The audience stood aghast: and the curé, in fear and trembling, strove to close so embarrassing a scene. The disrespect did not stop here; the city authorities aped the impertinence of the court: and the queen, at last vexed beyond endurance, uttered an impatient sneer at the contemptuous delay with which the birthday fêtes were organized. "The magistrates," she said, "are resolved, I suppose, to defer them till the little one is big enough to dance at them herself." The fraternal affection thus curiously exemplified on the part of the queen's brother-in-law was the subject of a drama dedicated in this very year to the queen, which placed Chamfort, already the darling of Parisian drawing-rooms, in the full sunshine of imperial favor. For fifteen years he had been laboring at his tragedy of *Mustapha and Zéangir;* and in 1776 it was for the first time acted at Versailles. Its success was complete. The tender intimacy of the two brothers, who defy all attempts at separation, and perish at last in each other's arms, affected the king to tears. The queen summoned the fortunate author to her box, and announced, in terms so gracious that, as he said, he could never either forget or repeat them, that a pension was to be conferred upon him. "Madam," so ran the courtier-like dedication of the piece, "the indulgent approbation with which your majesty has deigned to honor the tragedy encourages me to present it to you. Your goodness has rendered the design still dearer to my gratitude. Happy, madam, could I consecrate it by new efforts, justify your benefits by new undertakings, and find grace before your majesty more by the merit of the work than the choice of a subject." Let us see what manner of man it was whose courtier tongue could run so glibly in the conventional phrases of servility.

Born, a natural child, in 1741, he bore the name of Nicholas, and as such was entered, in the position that became his low estate, at the Collège des Grassins, in the Paris university. His appearance bespoke sensitiveness, energy, and enthusiasm: his delicate nostril, his blue eyes lighting up in instantaneous vivacity, his flexible and touching voice, gave the impression of a finely strung, highly nervous organization. His abilities were not slow in making themselves felt, and the young scholar soon carried every prize before him. All thoughts of the Church, the natural career for one so circumstanced, were speedily resigned; and some youthful indiscretion brought his career as a collegian to a close. The world was all before him: the escape from the thraldom of orders delightful; and Chamfort secure of pleasing, and with all the qualities to command success, threw himself with courageous recklessness upon society. Literary employment, however was not to be had; famine knocked loudly at the door; his mother was looking to him for bread; and the young adventurer, in despair, applied for the place of clerk to a procureur. The procureur discerned the superiority of his petitioner, and made him tutor to his son; but he soon found his household in disorder. "Enfant d'Amour, beau comme lui, plein de feu, de gaieté, impétueux et malin," the newcomer proved a very troublesome inmate; and we next find him travelling into Germany in the capacity of private secretary to some provincial millionnaire. This plan, however, answered as badly as the last: and Chamfort returned nothing richer, except for the discovery "qu'il n'y avait rien à quoi il fut moins propre qu'à être un Allemand." He

now began to work seriously at literature, and in 1764 brought out a little comedy, in which the fashionable doctrines of an ideal primitive perfection were carelessly worked into an amusing shape. Belton, an erratic Englishman, is wrecked upon a savage shore, and lights on Betty, an interesting and unsophisticated young lady, who provides him with sustenance, introduces him to her father's cave, and finally accompanies him to his home. Belton's wavering virtue is relieved at the fortunate moment by a charitable Quaker, who provides a dowry and insists on a formal marriage, much to the astonishment of Betty, to whom priests and lawyers are still novelties. "Quoi," she exclaims, "sans cet homme noir, je n'aurais pu t'aimer?"

The pretty trifle succeeded, and Voltaire, in expressing his approval, indoctrinated the young author with that supreme contempt for his countrymen which became in after life the leading principle of Chamfort's creed. "Our nation," he wrote, "has emerged from barbarism only because of two or three persons endowed by nature with the taste and genius which she refuses to all the rest. We must expect the race, who failed to discover the merit of *Athalie* and *Misanthrope* to continue ignorant and feeble, and in need of the guidance of a few enlightened men." Chamfort's next efforts were directed to the Academy; and a few years afterwards, in the *Eloge de Molière*, one of his successful compositions, he, for almost the first time, gave evidence of that "âpreté dévorante," that dreary view of life, and that cynical dislike of society, which pointed all his later witticisms. What, he asked, would be the task of the Molière of that day? "Verrait-il, sans porter la main sur les crayons, l'abus que nous avons fait de la philosophie et de la société; le mélange ridicule des conditions: cette jeunesse, qui a perdu tout morale à quinze ans, toute sensibilité à vingt; cette habitude malheureuse de vivre ensemble sans avoir besoin de s'estimer: la difficulté de se déshonorer, et, quand on est enfin parvenu, la facilité de recouvrer son honneur et de rentrer dans cette île autrefois escarpée et sans bords?" Unfortunately, in decrying the times, Chamfort was but sketching his own career. He had thrown himself with disastrous vehemence into all the worst pleasures of a corrupt capital: the women among whom he lived were the fitting priestesses of a cynical creed: none of his sayings accordingly are tinged with a fiercer skepticism than those which relate to feminine infirmity. "Il faut," he says, "choisir: aimer les femmes, ou les connaître: il n'y a pas de milieu." "Pour moi," he writes elsewhere, "je recherche surtout celles qui vivent hors du mariage et du célibat: ce sont quelquefois les plus honnêtes." Many of his stories are in illustration of the same ungallant theme:—

"Mademoiselle du Thé ayant perdu un de ses amants, et cette aventure ayant fait du bruit, un homme qui alla la voir la trouva jouant de la harpe, et lui dit avec surprise, 'Eh! mon Dieu! je m'attendais à vous trouver dans la désolation.' 'Ah!' dit-elle d'un ton pathétique, 'c'était hier qu'il fallait me voir.'

"L'abbé de Fleury avait été amoureux de Madame la Maréchale de Noailles, qui le traita avec mépris. Il devint premier ministre; elle eut besoin de lui, et il lui rappela ses rigueurs. 'Ah! monseigneur,' lui dit naïvement la maréchale, 'qui l'aurait pu prévoir?'

"Un homme était en deuil de la tête aux pieds: grandes pleureuses, perruque noir, figure allongée. Un de ses amis l'aborde tristement: 'Eh! bon Dieu! qui est-ce donc que vous avez perdu?' 'Moi,' dit-il, 'je n'ai rien perdu; c'est que je suis veuf.'"

Thoroughly prosperous in the best society, Chamfort was gradually becoming a revolutionist at heart: it was the fashion in aristocratic quarters to deride aristocracy; and a little play, *The Merchant of Smyrna*, published by him in 1770, carried the taste so far, that its author, in after years, pleaded it as a proof of his democratic tendency. The fun of the piece turns on the perplexities of a slave-merchant, who has encumbered himself with several unsalable purchases; amongst the rest, a German baron and three abbés. They are so useless that he dares not even expose them in the market. Here is a conversation in the same spirit. Hassan is interrogating one of the captives, a Spaniard, as to what he is:—

"*L'Espagnol.* Je vous l'ai déjà dit, gentilhomme.

"*Hassan.* Gentilhomme! je ne sais pas ce que c'est. Que fais-tu?

"*L'Espagnol.* Rien.

"*Hassan.* Tant pis pour toi, mon ami; tu vas bien t'ennuyer.—(*à Kaled*) Vous n'avez pas fait une trop bonne emplette.

"*Kaled.* Ne voiltà-t-il pas que je suis encore attrapé! . . . Gentilhomme, c'est sans doute comme qui dirait baron allemand. C'est ta faute aussi: pourquoi vas-tu dire que tu es gentilhomme? je ne pourrai jamais me défaire de toi."

Whatever his real convictions, Chamfort, for the present, was a thorough courtier in behavior. M. Sainte Beuve quotes a pretty epigram which he composed about this time for the King of Denmark's arrival in Paris:—

"Un roi qu'on aime et qu'on révère
A des sujets en tous climats:
Il a beau parcourir la terre,
Il est toujours dans ses états."

Before long his failing health drove him from Paris, and the young wit found amusement and hospitality awaiting him at several fashionable watering-places. At Barèges he not only recovered his health, but had the luck to charm four fine ladies, who loved him "chacune d'elles comme quatre," and whose kindness melted for awhile even his determined acerbity. One of them especially he enumerates among his other blessings, as entertaining for him "all the sentiments of a sister;" and he adds cheerfully, "il me semble que mon mauvais Génie ait lâché prise, et je vis, depuis trois mois, sous la baguette de la Fée bienfaisante." I can tell you, writes one of his admirers, that M. Chamfort "est un jeune homme bien content; et il fait bien de son mieux pour être modeste." His humility must have been still more severely tried when the Duchess de Grammont, one of his four admirers, introduced him at court, and his successful tragedy secured him, as we have seen, the favor of the queen. He now seemed at the zenith of success. Besides his pension, the Prince de Condé had given him a secretaryship; a seat in the Academy secured his position as a writer; the best drawing-rooms in Paris were at his command; and Madame Helvétius, who held a sort of "literary hospital," was delighted to have him for an inmate. An uneasiness of soul, however, was beginning to mix gall with his cup of enjoyment, and Chamfort became restless, moody, and miserable. The very honors that were showered upon him seemed fraught with indignity; his rank as a successful man of letters was agonizingly equivocal. "Je ne voudrais," he said, "faire comme des gens de lettres qui ressemblent à des ânes ruant et se battant devant un râtelier vide." The idea that he paid for his dinners by his bons-mots robbed them of their charm; the disproportion of his own fortune to those with whom he lived drove him mad with jealousy. He detested, yet could not bring himself to resign the society in which his talent shone so brightly; he found himself the plaything of a wealthy class, and he could neither tolerate nor abandon his position. "Il est ridicule," he exclaimed, "de vieillir en qualité d'acteur dans une troupe où l'on ne peut même prétendre à la demi-part."

At last he determined to fly; but not before he had intensified his passion for equality, and his hatred of the class which had loaded him with favors, to a degree of malignity which nothing but actual suffering could explain. "Je ne suis pas un monstre d'orgueil," was his apology to a friend for his retreat; "mais j'ai été une fois empoisonné avec de l'arsenic sucré. Je ne le serai plus: 'manet altâ mente repostum.'" An interval of comparative felicity awaited him. He had met at Boulogne an aged beauty, of the Duchess of Maine's household, talkative, witty, and cynical as himself; and the two lovers retreated, in misanthropical attachment, from a world which they agreed in detesting. After six months the lady died, and her husband returned to Paris with a real sorrow added to the list of his imaginary grievances. "When I wish to soften my heart," he writes, "I recall the loss of friends who are mine no longer,—the women whom death has snatched from me. J'habite leur cercueil; j'envoie mon âme errer autour des leurs. Hélas! je possède trois tombeaux!"

Less than ever inclined for the subserviency of social life, and fretting daily more and more at the heavy chain of patronage, Chamfort found opportunity, before the outbreak of the Revolution, to escape from the hospitality of an aristocratic friend, and to ensconce himself in more congenial quarters in the Palais Royal. Mirabeau was devoted to him, fired his spirit with something of his own enthusiasm, and carried him into the full tide of the new movement. Chamfort, delighted at his emancipation, embraced his new creed with all the ardor of a neophyte; his former friendships were discarded, his favors forgotten. "Ceux qui passent le fleuve des révolutions," he said, "ont passé le fleuve de l'oubli." Henceforth he became

the oracle of republican clubs, and lent his wit to the cause, which always had his sympathies, and now claimed his open allegiance. His services, as an ally, were speedily appreciated. One morning he visited the Count de Lauraquais: "Je viens de faire un ouvrage," he cried. "Comment? un livre." "Non, pas un livre; je ne suis pas si bête; mais un titre de livre, et ce titre est tout. J'en ai déjà fait présent au puritain Sièyes, qui pourra commenter à son aise. Il aura beau dire; on ne se ressouviendra que du titre." "Quel est-il donc?" "Le voici: 'Qu'est-ce que le Tiers-Etat? Tout. Qu'a-t-il? Rien.'" Another of his contributions was the famous cry: "Guerre aux châteaux! Paix aux chaumières!" and the horrors of September elicited from him no other apology than the inquiry, "Voulez-vous qu'on vous fasse des révolutions à l'eau de rose?" It is easy to conceive the satisfaction with which, for the first time, he allows his taste to follow its natural bent. He abounds in good stories pointed at an incapable ruler, the follies of an aristocracy, the pride of birth, the slavery of a court.

"M. D——disait, à propos des sottises ministérielles et ridicules, 'Sans le gouvernement on ne rirait plus en France.'

"On demandait à une duchesse de Rohan à quelle époque elle comptait accoucher. 'Je me flatte,' dit-elle 'd'avoir cet honneur dans deux mois.' L'honneur était d'accoucher d'un Rohan.

"Un courtisan disait, à la mort de Louis XIV., 'Après la mort du roi, on peut tout croire.'

"Dans les malheurs de la fin du régne de Louis XIV, après la perte des batailles de Turin, d'Oudenarde, de Malplaquet, de Ramillies, d'Hochstet, les plus honnêtes gens de la cour disaient, 'Au moins le roi se porte bien c'est, le principal.'

"Un prédicateur de la Ligne avait pris pour texte de son sermon, *Eripe nos, Domine, à luto fæcis*, qu'il tradusait ainsi, 'Seigneur, dé-Bourbonez-nous.'"

Chamfort's posts and pensions were of course soon swamped by the revolutionary tide, but his zeal was only quickened by the loss. He was one of the first to enter the Bastille after its capture, and he talked with Brutus-like severity of the sacrifices which a patriot should be prepared to make. For some time he acted as secratary to the Jacobin Club; but the growing ascendency of Robespierre and Marat drove him once again in the direction of the Conservatives. To this period we may refer his translation of *Fraternité ou la Mort*, which he said should be rendered "Sois mon frère, ou je te tue." He found his most natural leaders in the Girondists; and Roland in re-arranging the Bibliothèque Nationale, appointed Chamfort to a post in connection with it. He now turned the full blaze of his satire against the Convention; and there were of course plenty of ready listeners to inform the State conspirators of the sarcasms of their new assailant. His friends warned him of his peril, but he relied upon his reputation as a Liberal. "N'ai-je pas," he cried, "hautement professé ma haine contre les rois, les nobles, les prêtres, en un mot tous les ennemis de la raison et de la liberté?" At last he was denounced and imprisoned. Scarcely had he recovered his liberty, when a second arrest showed the complicated dangers of his position and threatened him with a more protracted confinement. He resolved to escape it by self destruction, and mutilated himself horribly, but without effect, both with pistol and razor. Before he was dragged to prison he dictated and signed, all bleeding as he was, the following theatrical declaration: "Moi, Sébastien Roche Nicholas Chamfort, déclare avoir voulu mourir en homme libre plutôt que d'être conduit en esclave en prison." He lived to appear before the Tribunal, and was at length partially enlarged. His nervous system, however, had received too great a shock, and the carelessness of his physician hastened his end. He died with a characteristic sentence on his lips: "Ah, mon ami," he cried to the Abbé Sièyes, "je m'en vais enfin de ce monde, où il faut que le cœur, se brise ou se bronze!"

Melancholy alternative; but happily the verdict of philosophers of the Chamfort school ought to count for less than nothing in our estimation of existence. He had shut himself off from the really interesting side of life. Government, religion, marriage, death, the unseen world, all the great springs of human action, all the tenderest sentiments of human hearts, were to him but so many whetstones on which to sharpen the glittering razor of his wit. Mephistopheles himself might envy the icy heartlessness of the glittering epigrams in which his contempt for each was crystallized. His wit fed upon himself, and merrily proclaimed his own degradation: "L'homme est un sot animal," he said, "si j'en juge par

moi-même." His estimation of mankind at large was equally unflattering: "Le public, le public, combien faut-il de sots pour faire un public?" The best thing to do with society was to leave it. He preferred solitude to the company of his fellow men, "parce que je suis plus accoutumé à mes défauts qu'à ceux d'autrui."

"Je demandais à M——, pourquoi, en se condamnant à l'obscurité, il se dérobait au bien qu'on pouvait lui faire. 'Les hommes,' me dit il, 'ne peuvent rien faire pour moi qui vaille leur oubli.'

"M. D——, pour peindre d'un seul mot la rareté des honnêtes gens, me disait que dans la société l'honnête homme est une variété de l'espèce humaine.

"M. de Lassay, homme très-doux, mais qui avait une grande connaissance de la société, disait qu'il faudrait avaler un crapaud tous les matins pour ne trouver rien de dégoûtant le reste de la journée, quand on devait la passer dans le monde."

The verdict of after-times is disposed of with a single sneer: "La postérité n'est pas autre chose qu'um public qui succède à un autre; or vous voyez ce que c'est que le public d'à présent."

His feelings about religion were tinged with all the bitterness of the period; and the sarcasms which he poured out so freely upon this world, lost none of their sting when directed against the next.

"On s'habitue à tout, même à la vie. La Fontaine, entendant plaindre le sort des damnés au milieu du feu de l'enfer, dit: 'Je me flatte qu'ils s'y accoutument, et qu'à la fin ils sont là comme le poisson dans l'eau.'

"A propos des choses de ce bas monde qui vont de mal en pis, M. L—— disait, 'J'ai lu quelque part qu'en politique il n'y a rien de si malheureux pour les peuples que les règnes trop longs. J'entends que Dieu est éternel; tout est dit.'"

We conclude with two stories of less gloomy import, and good specimens of Chamfort's lighter order of fun. The first sounds as if it owned the parentage of Molière.

"On disait à Délon, médecin mesmérist: 'Eh bien, M. de B—— est mort, malgré la promesse que vous aviez faite de le guérir.' 'Vous avez,' dit-il, 'été absent; vous n'avez pas suivi les progrès de la cure: il est mort guéri.'

"Le maréchale de Biron eut une maladie très-dangereuse: il voulut se confesser, et dit devant plusieurs de ses amis: 'Ce que je dois à Dieu, ce que je dois au roi, ce que je dois à l'état.' . . . Un de ses amis l'interrompit, 'Tais-toi,' dit-il, 'tu mourras insolvable.'"

The examples already quoted will suffice to give an idea of the cold, hard, metallic glare of a genius which, like Chamfort's, was unenlightened by earnest thought, softened by no humanizing emotion, and devoid of all inspiring sincerity. His witticisms glitter about him like a cascade of sparks, emitting neither distinct light nor creative heat; his very polish is suggestive of sterility; and the smile which his humor suggests is quickly succeeded by a wearisome sense of deliberate heartlessness, hopelessness, and indifference.

We turn with relief to a mind more instinct with purpose, and certainly not less entertaining in performance. Rivarol was pronounced by no less a judge than Voltaire to be "the Frenchman *par excellence* of his day;" and even without so authoritative a verdict, it would be impossible to overlook the numerous particulars in which he typified the tastes, if not always the convictions, of his countrymen. His short career—for he died at forty-four—explains the incomplete and fragmentary nature of his works; but, besides his extraordinary conversational reputation, which raised him to the dignity of a professed improvisatore, he has left enough behind him to assure neutral critics of his readiness, versatility, and resource, and to justify his biographers in claiming for him admission to that shadowy temple of fame in which those who, but for adverse chance, might, could, should, or would have been among the leaders of mankind, receive the languid honors of conjectural admiration. He was born in 1757, in a village in Languedoc, and, as the eldest of a family of sixteen, was very speedily impressed with the imperative necessity of securing a livelihood. The father, though coming of good Italian stock, and by no means without education, had descended to the inglorious but profitable business of an innkeeper. The circumstance was not forgotten when Rivarol, in after times, surrounded by an eager and revengeful army of literary enemies, stood forth as the champion of aristocratic rights. Even those who profited by his talent could not help sneering at the hand which defended them. Once in a well-born crowd, at the first outbreak of the Revolution, Rivarol was descanting with

an air of importance on the dangers of the times. "Nos droits," he cried, "nos priviléges sont menacés." "*Nos* droits?" cried the duc de Crequi, who was standing by. "Eh bien, qu'est-ce que vous trouvez donc singulier en ce mot?" "C'est votre pluriel," replied the duke, "que je trouve singulier." The young aspirant to fame, however, was too sure of his powers to be easily abashed, and he contrived that his first literary task should call attention to his hereditary respectability. Coming to Paris, and apparently absorbed in frivolous amusements, he was in reality working hard at a translation of Dante. "C'est un bon moyen," he told his friends laughingly, "de faire ma cour aux Rivarol d'Italie;" and elsewhere he explains, "J'ai traduit l'Enfer de Dante parceque j'y retrouvais mes ancêtres." The undertaking of so ambitious a task bespoke already the lofty designs which were concealed under affected manners and an ostentatious indolence. Success soon smiled upon his hopes. His graceful manners and imposing delivery procured him an easy triumph in several literary cafés, especially "Le Caveau," where a set of brilliant talkers were accustomed to meet. In 1784 he acquired an almost European celebrity by carrying off the prize offered by the Academy of Berlin, under the auspices of Frederick the Great, for the best treatise on the universality of the French language, and the probable causes of its continuance. The essay, though as rhetorical and high-flown as was natural under the circumstances, implied a real critical faculty, and was the means probably of directing its author to a line of grammatical inquiry on which he subsequently grounded other and far deeper speculations. The labored enjoyments of Parisian salons and a life of polished dissipation were, however, beginning to tell upon his powers, and before his thirtieth year he began to complain of diminishing versatility. "Ma vie est un drame si ennuyeux," he writes, "que je prétends que c'est Mercier qui l'a fait. Autrefois je réparais dans une heure huit jours de folie; et aujourd'hui il me faut huit grands jours de sagesse pour réparer une folie d'une heure." His judgment as a critic, and his never-failing loquacity, placed him, however, daily in a more conspicuous social position. His taste in authorship was delicate, sensitive, and correct, and the judgments he pronounced were tinged with a real literary enthusiasm. "Les gens de goût sont les hauts-justiciers de la littérature. L'esprit de critique est un esprit d'ordre; il connaît les délits contre le goût et les porte au tribunal du ridicule; car le rire est souvent l'expression de sa colère, et ceux qui le blâment ne songent pas assez que l'homme de goût a reçu vingt blessures avant d'en faire une." The critical activity thus explained and defended led him before long to undertake a systematic onslaught on a host of insignificant poetasters, who at this time crowded the booksellers' windows with worthless productions. This was the *Petit Almanach de Grands Hommes*, a sort of prose *Dunciad* in which the chief literary culprits of the year were, under a transparent veil of bombastic eulogy, held up to well-merited derision. As with the victims of Pope's immortal satire, time has already effectually completed the assailant's purpose, and the heroes of the *Petit Almanach* are for the most part only known to fame by the very instrumentality which was intended for their more speedy consignment to oblivion.

Rivarol had now, however, graver employments before him. Immediately upon the outbreak of the Revolution, he made the choice which interest, taste, and prejudice, alike recommended, and stood boldly forward against the advancing current of democracy. A journal named *Politique National* was the organ of the most enlightened Conservatives, and to this Rivarol contributed the most forcible, and certainly the most sagacious, expositions of the existing crisis which had as yet appeared upon his side of the controversy. With a vehemence which lost none of its effect by being polished and antithetical, he denounced the jealous vanity of the bourgeoisie, as being, rather than the sufferings of the mass, the true cause of disturbance. Though the slave of his own brilliancy, and too epigrammatic to be invariably correct, he gives from time to time satisfactory evidence of his real thoughtfulness and political insight. For one thing, he thoroughly appreciated the gravity of the statesman's task: "La politique," he said, "est comme le sphinx de la fable — elle dévore tous ceux qui n'expliquent pas ses énigmes." The follies of his own party did not escape him any more than the crimes of his antagonists. Upon the blind tardiness of the court he was especially severe; he pointed out the futility

of concessions withheld till their worth and efficacy is lost: "La populace de Paris," he writes, "et celle même de toutes les villes du royaume, ont encore bien des crimes à faire, avant d'égaler les sottises de la cour. Tout le règne actuel peut se réduire à quinze ans de faiblesse, et à un jour de force mal employée." He observed of the aristocrats, the men who forgot nothing and learnt nothing, "qu'ils prenaient leurs souvenirs pour des droits:" of the anti-revolutionary alliance, "ils ont toujours été en arrière d'une année, d'une armaée, et d'une idée." On the other hand, the contempt for the mass, which with Chamfort exploded in a sneer, became in his mind a guiding principle in speculation, and satisfactorily explained the social phenomena of the time: "Le peuple," he said, "ne goûte de la liberté, comme de liqueurs violentes, que pour s'enivrer et devenir furieux." "Le peuple," so runs another of his maxims, "est un souverain qui ne demande qu'à manger: sa majesté est tranquille quand elle digère. Here is another, still more trenchant in its tone:—

"Il n'est point de siècles de lumière pour la populace; elle n'est ni française, ni anglaise, ni espagnole. La populace est toujours et en tout pays la même—toujours cannibale, toujours anthropophage; et quand elle se venge de ses magistrats, elle punit des crimes qui ne sont pas toujours avérés par des crimes qui sont toujours certains."

The genius of Burke himself might have rejoiced over the concise and nicely-poised weightiness of such apothegms as these:—

"La populace croit aller mieux à la liberté, quand elle attente à celle des autres.

"Les nations que les rois assemblent et consultent, commencent par de vœux et finissent par des volontés.

"La philosophie moderne n'est rien autre chose que les passions armées de principles.

"Tout philosophie constituant est gros d'un jacobin: c'est une vérité que l'Europe ne doit pas perdre de vue."

Another and less successful project was the publication of the "Acts of the Apostles," a gigantic squib, intended to show the proceedings of the revolutionary leaders in a ridiculous aspect: but the joke was on too large a scale, and too long supported to suit the fastidious taste of Parisian readers, and in its present shape defies the most enterprising student by its insupportable dulness. Rivarol, however, was not allowed to continue his literary championship undisturbed. In 1790, he found it expedient to attempt escape, but failed to elude the vigilance of the patriots, and only two years later succeeded in making his way to Brussels, Amsterdam, and ultimately London. He now set about the most serious enterprise of his life,—his *Théorie du Corps Politique*, on which he was still engaged when, some years later, his mortal illness overtook him. The object of the work was to combat the doctrine—which Rousseau had rendered fashionable—of the sovereignty of the people. Defining power to be organized force, sovereignty to be conservative power, and the people to be essentially unconservative, he demonstrated with a lucidity, for which every good Tory should revere his memory, the truth that the true governance of society must be vested in the hands of the aristocratic few. Society, however, still stole him from his tasks; and we have an amusing account of the troubles of an unfortunate publisher who, during Rivarol's subsequent residence in Hamburg, had actually to keep him under lock, to expedite the composition of a long-promised preliminary discourse to a new dictionary of the French language. It was doubtless far more agreeable to dictate to fine ladies than to be the slave of a printer's devil; and Rivarol would not do the one so long as he had the least chance of enjoying the other.

At Hamburg he appears to have lived in an agreeable and somewhat dissolute society. The animal spirits of emigration, he said, fled thither for refuge; and we may infer that merriment was not the only characteristic of the expiring régime which the high-bred exiles carried with them to their new abode. Rivarol, no doubt, knew extremely well how to enliven supper-parties, where manners were good and morals indulgent, which were graced by the gentle radiance of "des yeux de velours," and the sophistries of controversialists more lovely than immaculate. Once, for instance, we find him parodizing the mixed greediness and patriotism of Lally-Tolendal. "Oui, messieurs, j'ai vu couler ce sang,—voulez-vous me verser un verre de vin de Bourgogne?—oui, messieurs, j'ai vu tomber cette tête,—voulez-vous me faire passer une aile de poulet?" etc. etc. One can fancy the glee with which such a scene would be enacted to a royalist audience, and the witticisms

which it would suggest at the expense of revolutionary gourmandism.

Here, too, among other excitements, Rivarol fell in with the most fervent of all his admirers. Chênedollé, at this time young, romantic, burning with literary enthusiasm, and a hero-worshiper of the devoutest order, was as enraptured as a priest of Apis with a new-found calf, at the discovery of so worthy an object of adoration. Four years before, the young poet had joined the party of the emigrants, had served for two campaigns under royalist banners, and had arrived in Hamburg, early in 1795, a fugitive from the arms of his victorious countrymen. His zeal for greatness was hot, his temperament of the order that is familiarly described as "gushing;" and the neighborhood of so great an intellectual celebrity threw him into a fever of excitement. Already the *Héloïse* of J. J. Rousseau, the *Georgics* of the Abbé Delille, the *Arcadia* of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, above all the graphic descriptions of Buffon, had excited ecstasies of wonder and delight. All these, however, were as nothing to his latest passion. Several chance meetings with Rivarol at the fashionable restaurant of the city, and a few brilliant expressions stealthily overheard, intoxicated the young votary almost to the verge of insanity. "I saw, I thought, I dreamt nothing but Rivarol; c'était une vraie frénésie, qui m'ôtait jusqu'au sommeil." After six weeks of frantic expectation, an opportune friend volunteered to introduce him to "the king of conversation." The young poet arrived in a ludicrous state of mixed nervousness and satisfaction which he has delineated with unblushing fidelity, and which M. Sainte-Beuve, in his sketch of "Chateaubriand and his literary friends," has preserved entire. Nothing can be more graphic than the account given by Chênedollé of the much-desired interview, or more characteristic of the inordinate pretentiousness, vanity, and bombast into which the triumphs of society and a long course of flattery can stimulate a nature for which really grave pursuits possess no charm, and which honest criticism has never curbed into decent self restraint. Chênedollé might well tremble, for Rivarol was not only a great talker, but a fine gentleman, and affected the graceful condescension of one who belonged to the innermost and most refined circle of the Parisian world. He launched forthwith into a friendly criticism of his visitor's latest production, and promised him a speedy growth of power in the invigorating sunshine of his own society. "J'espère," he said, "que nous ferons quelque chose de vous. Venez me voir, nous mettrons votre esprit *en serre chaude*, et tout ira bien. Pour commencer, nous allons faire aujourd'hui une débauche de poésie." Hereupon began a marvellous display of versatile loquacity. Starting from the first principles of his theme, the orator maintained that the savage and the poet are one: both speak by hieroglyphics, though the latter moves in a larger orbit, and enjoys a more extended range of vision. Armed with this idea, and enlarging it gradually to the proposition, that art should aim at nothing short of the infinite, Rivarol performed prodigies of dexterity, dazzled his auditors with a sparkling cascade of metaphor, analogy, and retort, quenched their occasional dissent with an authoritative "point d'objections d'enfant," and charmed them no less by the melody of his voice than the cogency of his reason into fancying themselves for awhile the favored visitors to an intellectual fairyland. After dinner, however, still greater wonders awaited them: the party adjourned to the garden; and Chênedollé has invested the scene with the classical dignity due to a Platonic discussion.

The sun was sinking to the west, the sky was clear as that of Greece, the foliage rivalled the plane-trees of the Academy, and the modern Socrates began to talk, and this time upon no abstract theme. Rapidly surveying the writers of the century, he passed a trenchant, searching, and, it must be confessed, somewhat uncharitable judgment upon each. Against Voltaire especially he evinced a sort of personal animosity, and, as his panegyrist observed, "pushed jealousy very far." The *Henriade*, he said, was nothing "qu'un maigre croquis, une squelette épique, où manquent les muscles, les chairs, et les couleurs:" the tragedies are cold and glittering philosophical treatises; in the style there is always "une partie morte:" the Essay on Manners an elegant but barren and untruthful sketch,—a miserable parody of Bossuet's immortal discourse. "One must needs," continued the critic, "be very *médiocre* oneself to imagine that there is nothing beyond the thought of Voltaire: "rien de plus in-

complet que cette pensée: elle est vaine, superficielle, moqueuse, dissolvante, essentiellement propre à détruire, et voilà tout. Du reste, il n'y a ni profondeur, ni élévation, ni unité, ni avenir, rien de ce qui fonde et systématise." In support of so rigorous a sentence the literary culprit's works were next reviewed in detail, and some stinging sarcasm, like a drop of aquafortis, bestowed on each. Buffon was the next to suffer: "Son style a de la pompe et de l'ampleur, mais il est diffus et pâteux: on y voit toujours flotter les plis de la robe d'Apollon, mais souvent le dieu n'y est pas." Chênedollé's enthusiasm must have died away, as one by one his favorite descriptions were analyzed and disapproved. That of the Dog was too long; "not characterized by the splendid economy of style of the old masters:" the Eagle was not sufficiently vigorous or masculine: the Peacock especially provoked the critic's indignation at its insufficiency; it was diffuse, yet incomplete; "cela chatoie plus encore que cela ne rayonne;" to paint this "opulent oiseau," one ought, he said, "to dip one's brushes in the sun, and shed the colors on its outline as rapidly as that great luminary darts its rays upon sky and mountain. I have in my head a peacock, new, magnificent, after a very different fashion, and I would only ask for an hour to beat this one." M. Sainte-Beuve's criticism is too obviously appropriate not to be recorded: "not only," he says, "had he a peacock in his head, but he was the peacock in person when he could speak like this." Frenchmen, however tolerant of vanity, have yet a limit to their endurance, and even Chênedollé was a little shocked. "I was confounded, I confess," he writes, "by the severity of the judgments, and the tone of assurance and infallibility with which they were delivered; it seemed to me out of the question that a man who talked so well could possibly be wrong." Presently, however, Rousseau fell under the lash, and Rivarol became viciously epigrammatic at his expense. "He is a grand master-sophist, who does not think a word of what he says or writes—c'est le paradoxe incarné: grand artiste d'ailleurs en fait de style . . . il parle du haut de ses livres comme du haut d'une tribune; il a des cris et des gestes dans son style, et son éloquence épileptique a dû être irrésistible sur les femmes et les jeunes gens. Orateur *ambidextre*, il écrit sans conscience, ou plutôt il laisse errer sa conscience au gré de toutes ses sensations et de toutes ses affections. Aussi passionne-t-il tout ce qu'il touche." "St.-Georges de l'épigramme," as Rivarol was entitled, was now fairly astride his battle-horse, and warming with achieved success, strode right and left across the battle-field of letters, and driving all before the terror of his arms. At every word a reputation dies; scarce a contemporary had the luck to escape the discomfiture of a sarcastic thrust, impalement on a pun, or the sweep of a glittering invective. The Abbé Delille was "nothing but a nightingale who had got his brain in his throat;" the luminous phrases of Cerutti were the work of a sort of literary snail leaving a silvered track—in reality, mere froth and drivel. Chabanon, a translator of Theocritus and Pindar, was said to have done it "de toute sa haine contre le Grec." Le Brun was sketched sitting on his bed with dirty sheets—a shirt a fortnight old—surrounded by Virgil, Horace, Corneille, Racine, and Rousseau, angling for a word in one or the other to compose the mosaic of his poetry. Condorcet was described as writing with opium on leaves of lead. Mirabeau as a big sponge always filled up with other people's ideas. "Il n'a eu quelque réputation," continued his assailant, "que parce qu'il a toujours écrit sur des matières palpitantes de l'intérêt du moment; there are in his big books some happy expressions, but they are borrowed from Cerutti, Chamfort, or myself."

Three hours slipped unperceived away; the sun, regardless of the unfinished oration, went ruthlessly down; and the delighted visitors, armed with a copy of the great man's translation of Dante,—a mine of expressions, as he informed them, most valuable to a youthful poet,—heads, hearts, and mouths full of naught but Rivarol, at length took their departure.

Upon a subsequent occasion, Chênedollé was allowed to hear the beginning of the *Théorie du Corps Politique;* a work which, written methodically on separate slips of paper, and once suffered to fall into confusion, defied all the efforts of Rivarol's posthumous commentators to reduce it into a systematic arrangement. Part of it was stolen, and printed under another name at Hamburg, and a single chapter was published separately by the author himself many years later at Paris. Rivarol's premature death cut short the scheme half way; and

we have only the conjectural decisions of friends or foes to tell us how much the world lost by its non-completion. Chênedollé, in unwavering loyalty, believes that his genius was capable of rising to the dizziest heights of political speculation: and, had time but been allowed him, of reducing the bewildering phenomena of the Revolution to lucid simplicity, and even, perhaps, of arresting its course. Catching his master's epigrammatic tone, he pronounces Beaumarchais, Mirabeau, and Rivarol the three most distinguished men of letters at the close of the 18th century: "Beaumarchais, par son *Figaro*, donna le manifeste de la Révolution; Mirabeau la fit; Rivarol la combattit et fit tout pour l'enrayer: il mourut à la peine." Calmer judges will probably have no trouble in convincing themselves that pretty analogies, nicely-balanced phrases, and fortunate retorts, though cogent in the controversies of the drawing-room, and fascinating to a coterie of fine ladies or aspiring authors, have yet the smallest possible influence on the stern facts of life, the sentiments of suffering classes, the march of a revolution; and that twenty elegant treatises, polished by easy thinkers, like Rivarol, into well-bred gracefulness, and welcomed with all the hosannas of St. Germains, would have done but little towards either explaining or impeding any social convulsion, and would have left the course of things in France very much as they found it.

For two years Chênedollé's trance of admiration lasted; every thought, every faculty, every wish seemed absorbed in the homage of his idol. "The god of conversation" exacted almost divine honors, and the young man was too busy listening to be able either to think or to write. One is hardly surprised to find that an intimacy so extravagant and foolish was broken off at last on a trifle about which two children would be ashamed to quarrel. The hero and the worshipper came to black looks and angry words, exchanged a brief fusillade of snappish notes, and resolved at once to part. Their common friends in vain attempted reconciliation: Chênedollé was immovable. "J'adore le talent de Rivarol," he said, "et j'aime sa personne; mais je ne le reverrai plus." Adoration and love, we may suspect, had sunk to a low ebb, when the first pretext for estrangement was thus readily embraced.

A curious little episode of love, which resulted in the French wit being caught by an Irish adventuress, is worth recording only for the witty language in which the victim expressed his sufferings: "Je ne suis ni Jupiter ni Socrate, et j'ai trouvé dans ma maison Xantippe et Junon." "Un jour," so runs another of his complaints, "je m'avisai de médire de l'amour, il m'envoya l'hymen pour se venger. Depuis je n'ai vecu que de regrets." At last a separation ensued, and an illiterate, but very fascinating, young lady consoled the weary husband for his late persecutions. Such a domestic *régime* throws a somewhat suspicious light upon Rivarol's high moral tone and the theological speculations which advanced him almost to the chair of De Maistre. His views of religion, however, as a political engine and mainstay of the fabric of society, are sensible and well expressed; the reckless skepticism of his contemporaries affected him with sincere alarm: "C'est un terrible luxe," he said, "que l'incrédulité." "Il ne croit pas en Dieu," he wrote of one of his contemporaries, whose convictions were stronger than his piety, "mais il craint en Dieu." It is, however, with less profound topics that Rivarol's wit played most at ease, and exhibited in the most striking manner its astonishing range and pliability. With a few specimens of this we conclude a notice already, we fear, prolonged beyond the conventional limits.

His brother, whom he styled "ma montre de répétition, served as the butt for a succession of stinging pleasantries: "Il serait l'homme d'esprit d'une autre famille, c'est le sot de nôtre." He appears to have been of a melancholy temperament: "Jérémie," observed his merciless relative, "aurait été un buffon á côté de lui." Once he came to announce that he had been reading a newly-composed tragedy to M. de B——: "Hélas!" was the consoling reply, "je vous avais dit, que c'était un de nos amis." Of the Duke of Orleans' rubicund features he observed, "que la débauche l'avait dispensé de rougir." Mirabeau was equally little to his taste: "C'était l'homme du monde qui ressemblait le plus à sa réputation; il était affreux." "Ce Mirabeau est capable de tout pour l'argent, même d'une bonne action." Buffon's son, who did little credit to his illustrious parentage, was described as "the worst chapter of natural history his father ever wrote."

"C'est un terrible avantage que de n'avoir rien fait, mais il ne faut pas en abuser.

"On lui demandait son sentiment sur Madame de Genlis. 'Je n'aime,' répondit-il, 'que les sexes prononcés.'

"Les journalistes qui écrivent pesamment sur les poésies légères de Voltaire sont comme les commis de nos douanes qui impriment leurs plombs sur les gazes légères d'Italie.

"Lorsqu'il apprit que l'archévêque de Toulouse s'était empoisonné il dit, 'C'est qu'il aura avalé une de ses maximes.'"

From The Saturday Review.

CLEVER MEN'S WIVES.

The supreme difficulty in the achievement of a successful dinner-party is commonly thought, and with justice, to lie in the judicious assortment of the male and female guests. There are some houses where this difficulty is always surmounted, and there are others where it is as uniformly fatal. No small portion of the anguish generally characteristic of the ten minutes before the announcement of dinner may be traced to this source, and a man can scarcely enjoy much tranquillity at a moment when he is anticipating his doom in the shape of a contemptuous dowager or an obviously insipid miss. The want of judgment displayed on these so-called festive occasions by a reckless or superficial minded host is one of the gravest of social offences. People reasonably feel that they have a right to demand at least as much trouble from their entertainer as is bestowed by the proprietor of a happy family on the fitting accommodation of his *protéjés*. If Mr. Wombwell had placed the pelican of the wilderness in the same cage with the lion, or the bear from the North Pole with the Tiger from Bengal, the result in itself would have been an adequate punishment for his temerity or folly. Unhappily, it is not practicable to inflict a well-deserved vengeance upon the man who has condemned you to a penal servitude of some three hours with a feeble being who takes interest in nothing under the sun, and whom no topic can rouse into decent animation. The mental state of the victim, when first consigned to the tender mercies of a vapid partner, is a compound of the two most agonizing feelings recorded in the history of Robinson Crusoe—his desolation when he saw ships sail by in the offing unobservant of his signals, and his profound horror on first perceiving the preparations for the repast of the cannibals. The purgatory which awaits him is mournfully familiar to the diner-out. There are a few social salamanders who regard the ordeal with equanimity, and who pass through it with a curiously intrepid self-possession; but, to most people, this companionship, into which a hospitable fiend has forced them, is a source of genuine distress. And this is aggravated by the consciousness that there are others to whom "the cup has been dealt in another measure." Somebody whom you know to be sprightly and appreciative has been told off with somebody else whom you know to be dull and egotistical. Mr. Snodgrass is directed to offer his arm to Becky Sharp, while Warrington is made over to "Mr. F.'s aunt," who makes oracular and detached statements, such as that "her uncle George's mill was burnt down," or "there's milestones on the Dover road." If the intelligent man is harassed by the vapid woman, not less provoked is the clever woman by a flippant man. Everything goes wrong, and the whole affair collapses in a mixture of surly despair and quiet resignation, simply because the guests were not properly sorted, the fool with the fool, and the clever woman with the clever man, each after their kind.

Poets have often compared life to a banquet, and, in truth, the companionships of life are frequently not less incongruous than those of a banquet; but there is one consideration which must manifestly overthrow any argument drawn from one to the other. The most tedious dinner-party with which inhuman host ever vexed the souls of human guests never failed to come to an end. The principle of assortment which ensures success in unions for two or three hours may be less applicable to others which last ten or twenty times as many years. The popular notion, however, seems to be that it is equally appropriate in either case. There can be no doubt that at a dinner-party the most delightful partner for a clever man is a clever woman; and people are generally inclined to think that a clever woman will be equally delightful to him at his own table all the year round. Theoretically, this appears to be the sound view. When a thoughtful or learned man mates himself with a gushing creature without two ideas in her head, it is natural to exclaim, how much happier he would have been with somebody as learned and laborious as himself. Or when a refined and sentimental friend, full of generous schemes and airy aspirations, marries a woman who proves "a good wife to him" in other words, who looks carefully after his children, and his shirt-buttons—it is reasonable to sigh over his unworthy fate. Or the object of sympathy may be a man who takes an eager interest and an active part in public affairs, but whose wife is like the "cold, silly, female fool" mentioned by De Tocqueville, who ran out of the room whenever Bonaparte came in, "because he was always talking his tiresome politics."

All these appear at the first glance to be sheer matrimonial mistakes. It is the wearisome dinner-party over again, only with the material difference that the dessert never comes and the ladies never withdraw. But our pity for these seemingly ill-mated couples may, after all, be wholly unnecessary. Is it, as a matter of fact, generally to be desired that all the clever men should pair off with all the clever women, and leave the dullards and that large section which is neither dull nor clever to act on the same principle? History does not much help us. There have been illustrious men who found bliss in wives of their own mental stature; but there have been as many others who got on admirably well with fools; and, lastly, there has been a brilliant class who preferred to eschew female alliances altogether. Some few have enjoyed the good fortune of David Copperfield, and, being providentially relieved of the fool, have rushed into the arms of common sense. But from the nature of the case this must be a rare privilege, and when you have once made the silly Dora your own, it is too much to expect that a timely consumption will prevent her from long continuing so, in order that you may turn experience to account by marrying Agnes.

A clever man, like anybody else, may marry a clever woman, a merely sensible woman, a fool, or an echo. Of these four varieties of wives, the last is unquestionably the least to be coveted. Habitual fractiousness is a decided drawback in the partner of one's joys, and flippancy or frivolity is not always congenial; but neither a fractious woman nor a flippant woman can do a husband any serious harm, though they may be exceedingly unpleasant at the time. It is different when he awakes to find himself married to his shadow —to a woman who may have been accomplished and even slightly thoughtful, but who is so weakly endowed with individuality that before they have been married three months she has sunk into a mere echo of himself. Originally, perhaps, she was able to pronounce opinions worth listening to, and which he was glad to have, but all her powers have fled before his superiority like a badly fixed photograph before the sun. From being a stimulant she has degenerated into a sheer absorbent. He married in the hopes of finding a sort of "guide, philosopher, and friend," and discovers that, after all, he has only doubled himself. Once she might have been to him, in Mr. Tennyson's words, "as water is to wine," and the result of the combination bears a natural resemblance to their detestable compound—negus. The fact is that a clever man, more than all others, requires a slightly acidulous element in his companion. All clever men are more or less infected with vanity. It may be blatant and offensive, it may be excessive but not unamusing, or it may show itself just as a bare *soupçon*, but it is never entirely absent, and needs to be counteracted by something much more potent than a hot and sugary intellectual negus. A clever husband, like the good despot, will be all the better for a little constitutional opposition. If his most constant companion is ever flattering, ever kind, his natural share of self-love is sure to grow both unhealthily large in quantity, and unworthily little in quality. The height of domestic felicity would not probably be attained by a man whose wife could set him right in a Greek quotation, or oppose his views about Hebrew points, or thwart him in his theory of the origin of evil; but still less where he is never treated to an occasional dose of wholesome and vigorous dissent, and is allowed to make assertions and advance opinions without fear of criticism or chance of opposition. Solitude tends to make a man think a great deal too highly of himself, but this *quasi*-solitude is still worse, where he only sees his own mental shadow, and hears his own mental echo. Of course, in many marriages, the wife is no more a companion to her husband than his housekeeper or his cook; and there may be no more genuine intercourse between them than is implied by two men going into partnership in business. In such cases mental qualities are not of much importance. A head equal to the arithmetic of weekly bills, and a heart that does not quail before the emergencies of the nursery, are amply sufficient to answer all purposes. But where a man makes a companion of his wife, the variety of woman that he selects palpably makes a great difference, not solely in external comfort, but in maintaining the vigor of his own character.

It is remarkable that the conditions which prevent a man from ever appearing a hero to his valet should not operate equally in the case of his wife. He probably has less insight into his wife's foibles than her maid,

because what it is the fashion to call the "inner life" of woman is like her apparel, infinitely more complex than that of the ordinary run of men. But a wife, although she does not shave him, and brushes neither his hair nor his clothes, generally knows more of her husband's character than his valet, and the domestic hero-worship flourishes notwithstanding. A dull blockhead, who is notorious among his acquaintances for stupidity and folly, appears to his faithful spouse an archangel in the house. And with a clever man the case is far worse, for the blockhead, in spite of the enfolding fumes of domestic incense, never quite loses the suspicion that other men think him a fool, and that his wife is rather a fool for thinking him anything else. But a clever man does not, to begin with, underrate his own powers; and, conscious that there is some foundation for the conjugal idolatry, he magnifies this foundation into something like ten thousand times its actual dimensions. If his wife is clever, too, the ill is aggravated still further, and he exaggerates his intellect to a still greater extent on a kind of *laudari ab laudato* principle. A clever man will really find it worth while to reflect whether it is not better for him to marry a downright fool than a mere petticoated edition of himself, unrevised and uncorrected, with all the original flaws faithfully reproduced.

Mr. Disraeli dedicated *Sybil* to "the most severe of critics, but—a perfect wife." Perhaps the "but" might be appropriately replaced by "because." At least, no wife is perfect who cannot be a severe critic upon occasion. To a very clever man perhaps it is the most considerable of her functions. If his cleverness lies in the region of romance or poetry, and more especially if he loves to air it in public, it is difficult to conceive a more thoroughly useful domestic institution than a sternly critical wife. Hence it may be argued that the clever man must pair off with the clever woman, for otherwise how should she be competent to criticise him? Unless he selects somebody as good as himself, the only criticism he is likely to encounter will come in the form of Caudle lectures or Naggleton wrangles. But this is just the same sort of mistake as people make who sneer at journalists for reviewing books they could not write, or commenting upon campaigns they could not have conducted. The fallacy has been so frequently refuted in the latter case that we need scarcely repeat the arguments against its employment in the former. A woman may be quite unable to originate, and yet very competent to pass an intelligent judgment upon what has been originated by somebody else in whom she is interested. However, it is obviously as impossible to generalize about the sort of women whom clever men would do well to marry as it would be to prescribe what kind of things clever men should eat for dinner. Some would be happiest with babies like poor Harriet Shelley, the chief source of whose nuptial joy was that "the house had such a nice garden for her and Percy to play in." Others, like Voltaire or D'Alembert, would be better pleased with women like Madame du Chatelet or Mdlle. L'Espinasse, who could solve abstruse astronomical problems, and write treatises on fluxions. Perhaps the majority of clever men are well contented with wives as like mothers as possible. But if it is impossible to lay down any more definite rule, the clever man may at all events be warned to marry somebody else, and not himself in another form.

The annual dinner of the Acclimatization Society was held at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday. Our modern explorers and wild hunters were well represented, Captains Speke and Grant, M. du Chaillu and Mr. Grantley Berkely all being present. The dinner comprised all kinds of strange food—conger-eel soup, ostriches' eggs, "poulets a l'émancipation des nègres"—there is some chance of emancipation becoming fashionable after this—frogs dressed like chickens, bear's ham, sand grouse, "bourgoul" from the Lebanon, and many other novelties were cautiously partaken of. Some of them seem, however, to have possessed but little charm besides that of novelty, for Mr. Barnal Osborne declared flatly that he would rather starve than eat conger-eel soup. The chairman, in calling attention to the more important objects of the Society, reminded the members that there was a time when the only vegetable grown in England was the cabbage, when wheat was unknown, and the only trees in our forests were the oak and the beach.

From The Reader.

OLD NEW ZEALAND.

Old New Zealand: being Incidents of Native Customs and Character in the Old Times. By a Pakeha Maori. (Smith, Elder, and Co).

Many nations have traditions that, at a time when they were still steeped in barbarism, beings of a superior order suddenly appeared amongst them, who, by instructing them in arts and manufactures to which they had been strangers, bringing with them useful plants and animals, establishing a firm Government, and introducing a code of morals, conferred so many great and lasting benefits that, in grateful acknowledgment of the services rendered, the crowd willingly admitted them amongst the list of gods to be worshipped and looked up to by unborn generations Manco Capac and Mama Ocllo, the founders of the Peruvian empire, and many of the gods of whom mythology speaks, were doubtless of this description. The circumstances under which they established themselves amongst the barbarians whom they benefited are, of course, entirely hidden from us; but there are still many spots in the world where a really good and clever man may become a Manco Capac on a small scale and show us how the thing works. The benefits which a European, even of the lowest extraction, is able to confer upon savages are so great that most barbarous tribes make it a point to insure the presence of one. In nearly every one of the South Sea Islands are one or more white men, who live like chiefs and are treated as pets. They have good houses, plenty to eat and drink, are generally intermarried with the first families of the tribe, and have a decided influence in the national councils. In return for all these advantages they have to exercise their knowledge and accomplishments for the benefit of their newly adopted countrymen, aid them in time of war, form the medium of communication between them and the foreign traders, and amuse the chiefs and native aristocracy by telling stories of the white men and their doings.

Often these Europeans are men of no principle or mental capacity, and then their influence is not very great; but occasionally they are both good and clever, and then they have little difficulty in raising themselves to the highest position. The history of the Sandwich Islands and Fiji has preserved us the names of at least two such characters; and the present Queen of the Hawaiian kingdom is, it must be remembered, the descendant of a common sailor, to whose wise counsel the first Kamehameha—the Egbert of the Sandwich Islands—was indebted for much that is admired in his policy. The work at the head of our notice gives a curious insight into this very state of things as it existed in New Zealand long before that country became a British colony. The author, who often calls himself a Pakeha Maori—a foreign New Zealander—but does not give his real name, is evidently a man of superior education, and possessed of much wit and humor. He went to Maori-land when the first introduction of gunpowder caused as thorough a revolution there as it did in Europe a few centuries ago. Before that time the natives used to live on the tops of hills in pahs or fortified places; but after fire-arms had become more general, hilly localities—as our feudal castles—were deserted for houses built in the plains, very often situated in low marshy ground, and exercising a most baneful influence on the health of the population. A tribe possessing fire-arms easily established its superiority over such of its neighbors as had only bows, arrows, and spears to fight with. Not to be exterminated or enslaved, every tribe had to make a desperate effort to procure these new weapons.

"The value of a pakeha to a tribe was enormous. For want of pakehas to trade with, and from whom to procure gunpowder and muskets, many tribes or sections of tribes were about this time exterminated, or nearly so, by their more fortunate neighbors, who got pakehas before them, and who consequently became armed with muskets first. A pakeha trader was therefore of a value, say, about twenty times his own weight in muskets. This, according to my notes made at the time, I find to have represented a value in New Zealand something about what we mean in England when we talk of the sum total of the national debt. A book-keeper, or a second-rate pakeha, not a trader, might be valued at, say, his weight in tomahawks; an enormous sum also. The poorest laboring pakeha, though he might have no property, would earn something—his value to the chief and tribe with whom he lived might be estimated at, say, his weight in fish-hooks, or about a hundred thousand pounds or so: value estimated by eagerness to obtain the article.

"The value of a musket was not to be es-

timated to a native by just what he gave for it; he gave all he had, or could procure, and had he ten times as much to give, he would have given it if necessary; or if not, he would buy ten muskets instead of one. Muskets! muskets! muskets! nothing but muskets was the first demand of the Maori: muskets and gunpowder, at any cost.

"I do not, however, mean to affirm that pakehas were at this time valued 'as such,'—like Mr. Pickwick's silk stockings, which were very good and valuable stockings, 'as stockings;' not at all. A loose straggling pakeha—a runaway from a ship, for instance, who had nothing, and was never likely to have anything—a vagrant straggler, passing from place to place—was not of much account, even in those times. Two men of this description (runaway sailors) were hospitably entertained one night by a chief, a very particular friend of mine, who, to pay himself for his trouble and outlay, ate one of them next morning."

In those days the New Zealanders had little to give in exchange, except such raw products as were produced spontaneously in their country. Amongst them ranked New Zealand flax (*Phormium tenax*), Kowrie gum, and—human heads. The skippers of many of the colonial trading schooners were always ready to deal with a man who had "a real good head," and used to commission some of the low whites to supply them with that article. When our author first came to the country he happened to stumble across a collection cured for the market, and had the curiosity to examine it.

"One had undoubtedly been a warrior; there was something bold and defiant about the look of the head. Another was the head of a very old man, gray, shrivelled, and wrinkled. I was going on with my observations when I was saluted by a voice from behind with, 'Looking at the eds, sir?' It was one of the pakehas formerly mentioned. 'Yes,' said I, turning round just the least possible thing quicker than ordinary. 'Eds has been a getting scarce,' says he. 'I should think so,' says I. 'We an't ad a ed this long time,' says he. 'The devil!' says I. 'One of them eds has been hurt bad,' says he. 'I should think all were rather so,' says I. 'Oh, no, only one on 'em,' says he; 'the skull is split, and it wont fetch nothin',' says he. 'Oh, murder! I see now,' says I. 'Eds was *werry* scarce,' says he, shaking his own 'ed.' 'Ah!' said I. 'They had to tattoo a slave a bit ago,' says he, 'and the villain ran away, tattooin' and all!' says he. 'What?' said I. 'Bolted afore he was fit to kill,' says he. 'Stole off with his own head?' says I. 'That's just it,' says he. '*Capital* felony!' says I. 'You may say that, sir,' says he. 'Good-morning,' said I, and walked away pretty smartly. 'Loose notions about heads in this country,' said I to myself; and, involuntarily putting up my hand to my own, I thought somehow the bump of combativeness felt smaller, or, indeed, had vanished altogether. . . . It is a positive fact that, some time after this, the head of a live man was sold and paid for beforehand, and afterwards honestly delivered 'as per agreement.' The scoundrel slave who had the conscience to run away with his own head, after the trouble and expense had been gone to to tattoo it to make it more valuable, is no fiction either. Even in 'the good old times' people would sometimes be found to behave in the most dishonest manner. But there are good and bad to be found in all times and places."

Our author—we wish he had given his name, to enable us to compliment him on his capital book—tells many amusing anecdotes and tragical incidents of New Zealand life in the good old times; and, had we sufficient space, we should select several passages for extract. One more, however, must suffice, showing how much superior the Maori spirit-mediums were to the poor article that crops out amongst us. See how effectually the heathen priest raises the spirit of a departed chief, a great personal friend of the author's, and one of the first natives who learned to read and write, and kept a diary which nobody had been able to find since his death!

"We were all seated on the rush-strewn floor—about thirty persons. The door was shut; the fire had burnt down, leaving nothing but glowing charcoal, and the room was oppressively hot. The light was little better than darkness; and the part of the room in which the *tohunga* [priest] sat was now in perfect darkness. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, a voice came out of the darkness. 'Salutation!—salutation to you all!—salutation!—salutation to you, my tribe!—family, I salute you!—friends, I salute you!—friend, my pakeha friend, I salute you.' The high-handed daring imposture was successful: our feelings were taken by storm. A cry expressive of affection and despair, such as was not good to hear, came from the sister of the dead chief, a fine, stately, and really handsome woman of about five-and-twenty. She was rushing, with both arms extended, into the dark, in the direction from whence the voice came; but was instantly seized round the waist and restrained by her brother by main

force, till, moaning and fainting, she lay still on the ground. At the same instant another female voice was heard from a young girl, who was held by the wrists by two young men, her brothers. 'Is it you?—is it you?—*truly* is it you!—*aue! aue!* they hold me, they restrain me: wonder not that I have not followed you; they restrain me, they watch me; but I go to you. The sun shall not rise, the sun shall not rise, *aue! aue!*' Here she fell insensible on the rush floor, and with the sister was carried out. . . . The spirit spoke again. 'Speak to me, the tribe!—speak to me, the family!—speak to me, the pakeha!' The 'pakeha,' however, was not at the moment inclined for conversation. At last the brother spoke, and asked, 'How is it with you?—is it well with you in *that* country?' The answer came (the voice all through, it is to be remembered, was not the voice of the *tohunga* [priest], but a strange melancholy sound, like the sound of the wind blowing into a hollow vessel)—'It is well with me: my place is a good place.' The brother spoke again—'Have you seen —— and —— and ——?' (I forget the names mentioned), 'Yes; they are all with me.' A woman's voice now from another part of the room anxiously cried out—'Have you seen my sister?' 'Yes, I have seen her.' 'Tell her my love is great towards her and never will cease.' 'Yes, I will tell.' Here the woman burst into tears, and the pakeha felt a strange swelling of the chest, which he could in no way account for. . . .

"The spirit spoke again. 'Give my large tame pig to the priest' (the pakeha was disenchanted at once) 'and my double gun.' Here the brother interrupted—'Your gun is a *manatunga;* I shall keep it.' He is also disenchanted, thought I, but I was mistaken; he believed, but wished to keep the gun his brother had carried so long.

"An idea now struck me that I could expose the imposture without showing palpable disbelief. 'We cannot find your book,' said I; 'where have you concealed it?' The answer instantly came, 'I concealed it between the *tahuhu* of my house and the thatch, straight over you as you go in at the door.' Here the brother rushed out; all was silence till his return. In five minutes he came back *with the book in his hand!* I was beaten, but made another effort. 'What have you written in that book?' said I. 'A great many things.' 'Tell me some of them.' 'Which of them?' 'Any of them.' 'You are seeking for some information; what do you want to know? I will tell you.' Then suddenly—'Farewell, O tribe! farewell, my family, I go!' Here a general and impressive cry of 'farewell' arose from every one in the house. 'Farewell,' again cried the spirit *from deep beneath the ground!* 'Farewell,' again from *high in the air!* 'Farewell,' again came moaning through the distant darkness of the night. 'Farewell!' I was for a moment stunned. The deception was perfect. There was a dead silence—at last. 'A ventriloquist,' said I—'or—or—*perhaps* the devil.'"

The young woman who had been so much affected kept her promise to follow her departed brother to the land of spirits. Long ere the sun rose she had committed suicide.

"Old New Zealand" may be warmly recommended to public perusal. It is a most racy and interesting book, and vividly brings before us scenes which will never be acted again. The country in which they took place is undergoing a complete transformation, and its natives are fast passing away, like the gigantic birds, the Moas, which at one time peacefully looked over the garden-fences, or yielded, perhaps, part of the daily food of the population. B. S.

THE *New Yorker Handels-Zeitung* contains the following: "We need not be surprised at the vast number of letters annually coming from Germany, which are returned thither through the Dead Letter Office, if we cast a look at the following collection of directions, communicated to us by a post-officer. We have only to add that these are by no means exceptional directions, but that they were copied from a comparatively small number of German letters:—*Tubilef hat di Jeneral Post Hoffes* for To be left at the General Post Office; *Blackrakden Ehre Kande* for Black Rock, Erie County; *Diestrick Hemstett, Keelkauten* for District Hemstead, Queen's County; *Leinnz, Vein Canton,* for Lyons, Wayne County; *Liefer Boll bie Seragus, Ane Daike Counti,* for Liverpool, Syracuse, Onondaga County; *Starckwill, Haekemaer Kanto, Newjorker Staat* for Starckwill, Herkimer County, State of New York; *Westsentlelk, Rertzler Cy,* for West Sandlake, Renssellaer Co.; *Dschimaka, or Schumaeken,* for Jamaica; *Nuttanglang Eiland* for New Town, Long Island; *Bostoffs, Scherle, Irikante,* for Post Office, Shirley, Erie County; *Sechsen Drenetekirch Brodweg* for Sexton Trinity Church, Broadway; *Thiri Ocks* for Three Oaks; *Eisack Lewei* for Isaac Levi; *Elias Abbet Str.* for Elizabeth Str.; *Haus Dun Str.,* for Housdon Str." &c., &c.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

"Croak, croak, croak,"
Thus the raven spoke,
Perched on his crooked tree
As black as black could be.
Shun him and fear him,
Lest the bridegroom hear him
Scout him and rout him
With his ominous eye about him.

Yet, "Croak, croak, croak,"
Still tolled from the oak;
From that fatal black bird,
Whether heard or unheard:
"O ship upon the high seas,
"Freighted with lives and spices,
"Sink, O ship," croaked the raven:
"Let the bride mount to heaven."

In a far foreign land,
Upon the wave-edged sand,
Some friends gaze wistfully
Across the glittering sea.
"If we could clasp our sister,"
Three say: "Now we have missed her!"
"If we could kiss our daughter!"
Two sigh across the water.

Oh, the ship sails fast
With silken flags at the mast,
And the home-wind blows soft;
But a raven sits aloft,
Chuckling and choaking,
Croaking, croaking, croaking:—
Let the bridegroom keep watch keenly
For this choice bride mild and queenly.

On a sloped, sandy beach,
Which the spring-tide billows reach,
Stand a watchful throng
Who have hoped and waited long:
"Fie on this ship, that tarries
"With the priceless freight it carries.
"The time seems long and longer:
"O languid wind, wax stronger;"—

Whilst the raven perched at ease
Still croaks and does not cease,
One monotonous note
Tolled from his iron throat:
"No father, no mother,
"But I have a sable brother:
"He sees where ocean flows to,
"And he knows what he knows, too."

A day and a night
They kept watch worn and white;
A night and a day
For the swift ship on its way;
For the bride and her maidens
—Clear chimes the bridal cadence—
For the tall ship that never
Hove in sight for ever.

On either shore, some
Stand in grief loud or dumb
As the dreadful dread
Grows certain though unsaid.
For laughter there is weeping,
And waking instead of sleeping,
And a desperate sorrow
Morrow after morrow.

Oh, who knows the truth,
How she perished in her youth,
And like a queen went down
Pale in her royal crown:
How she went up to glory
From the sea-foam chill and hoary,
An innocent queen and holy,
To a high throne from a lowly?

They went down, all the crew,
The silks and spices too,
The great ones and the small,
One and all, one and all.
Was it through stress of weather,
Quicksands, rocks, or all together?
Only the raven knows this,
And he will not disclose this.

After a day and year
The bridal bells chime clear;
After a year and a day
The bridegroom is brave and gay:
Love is sound, faith is rotten;
The old bride is forgotten:—
Two ominous ravens only
Remember black and lonely.

Christina G. Rossetti.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

TO THE ALPS.

Eternal Alps, in your sublime abode
The soul goes forth untrammelled, and, apart
From little self, expands and learns of God.
There, it forgets awhile the busy mart
Where strength, heart, life, are coined with cunning art
To common currency; forgets the strife
For gold, place, power, and fame; the bitter smart
Of disappointment, pain, and sorrow rife
Where poor humanity walks in the paths of life.

Ye are unsullied by the serpent's trail
Of sin and death, with all their weary woes;
And ye do minister within the veil
Of an eternity that never knows
The changes of decay. Time overthrows
Man's proudest glory, but his hand has striven
In vain to mar your beauty; as ye rose,
When form and light to the young earth were given,
Ye stand, with your white brows, by the closed gates of heaven.

—*Once a Week.* Sarah T. Bolten.

THE LIVING AGE.

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A MEMORIAL.

M. A C.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Oh, thicker, deeper, darker growing,
The solemn vista to the tomb
Must know, henceforth another shadow,
And give another cypress room.

In love surpassing that of brothers,
We walked, O friend, from childhood's day;
And looking back o'er fifty summers,
Our foot-prints track a common way.

One in our faith, and one our longing
To make the world within our reach
Somewhat the better for our living,
And gladder for our human speech.

Thou heardst with me the far-off voices,
The old beguiling song of fame,
But life to thee was warm and present,
And love was better than a name.

To homely joys and loves and friendships
Thy genial nature fondly clung;
And so the shadow on the dial
Ran back and left thee always young.

And who could blame the generous weakness
Which, only to thyself unjust,
So overprized the worth of others,
And dwarfed thy own with self-distrust?

All hearts grew warmer in the presence
Of one who, seeking not his own,
Gave freely for the love of giving,
Nor reaped for self the harvest sown.

Thy greeting smile was pledge and prelude
Of generous deeds and kindly words;
In thy large heart were fair guest-chambers,
Open to sunrise and the birds!

The task was thine to mould and fashion
Life's plastic newness into grace;
To make the boyish heart heroic,
And light with thought the maiden's face.

O'er all the land, in town and prairie,
With bended heads of mourning, stand
The living forms that owe their beauty
And fitness to thy shaping hand.

Thy call has come in ripened manhood,
The noonday calm of heart and mind,
While I, who dreamed of thy remaining
To mourn me, linger still behind:

Live on, to own, with self-upbraiding,
A debt of love still due from me,—
The vain remembrance of occasions,
For ever lost, of serving thee.

It was not mine among thy kindred
To join the silent funeral prayers,
But all that long sad day of summer
My tears of mourning dropped with theirs.

All day the sea-waves sobbed with sorrow,
The birds forgot their merry trills,
All day I heard the pines lamenting
With thine upon thy homestead hills.

Green be those hillside pines for ever,
And green the meadowy lowlands be,
And green the old memorial beeches,
Name-carven in the woods of Lee!

Still let them greet thy life companions
Who thither turn their pilgrim feet,
In every mossy line recalling
A tender memory sadly sweet.

O friend! if thought and sense avail not
To know thee henceforth as thou art.
That all is well with thee forever
I trust the instincts of my heart.

Thine be the quiet habitations,
Thine the green pastures, blossom soon,
And smiles of saintly recognition
As sweet and tender as thy own.

Thou com'st not from the hush and shadow
To meet us, but to thee we come;
With thee we never can be strangers,
And where thou art must still be home!

—*Independent.*

ALL THREE.

We loved them so!
Yet when our country, with a thrill of pain,
Called on her sons to rid her of the shame
That burned and throbbed through every tortured vein,
We bade them go.

We sent all three:
The eldest born, with calm and holy face;
The dark-haired one, just entering on life's race;
The youngest, with such boyish freaks and grace;
Ah, me! ah, me!

Oh! with what thrill
We saw them leave us, for we could not know,
In the drear future, though we loved them so,
What dreadful depths of anguish they might know—
O heart, be still!

O War! O War!
Will there a time come when we need not weep,
Or for our dear ones lonely vigils keep,
Or with salt tears our sleepless pillows steep,
Hearts aching sore?

O Peace! O Peace!
Spread thy blessed mantle o'er our weeping land.
Help us, O God, with thy Almighty hand.
Humbled and guilty in thy sight we stand.
Bid discord cease.

Through dreary day
There often comes a glorious light to me—
With eye of faith uplooking, Lord, to thee,
Unyoked necks and peaceful lands I see,
Not far away.

—*Anti-Slavery Standard.*

Norristown, Pa.

From The National Review.

THE ART OF TRAVEL IN EUROPE.

Handbook of France (1861); *of the Continent, Belgium, and North Germany* (1852); *of Southern Germany* (1858); *of Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Iceland* (1858); *of Russia* (1849): *of Rome* (1862); *of Florence* (1861). John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Guides de Paris à Havre; de Paris à Bordeaux; de Paris à Strasbourg et à Bâle; de Paris à Genève et à Chamounix. Hachette: Paris.

Guida dell' Italia Superiore di Massimo Fabi. Ronchi: Milano.

Caen: Guide portatif et complet, par G. S. Trébutien. Hardel: Caen.

Handbook of Travel-Talk. John Murray.

Bradshaw's Continental Railway Guide.

The art of travel is rapidly becoming so vast a subject that no single professor will be able to expound it. Mr. Galton and Captain Burton have gone far to exhaust the science of life among wild beasts and savages; and either of them could probably act as master of the ceremonies to the king of Dahomey. But they would, we suspect, be the first to disclaim any like acquaintance with the mysteries of the *haute volée* in Viennese society, or with mountain travelling in Switzerland. It must be a great chance, at least, if a hero of the Alpine Club would be as good a guide about Rome as many a shy scholar who has not the strength to scale ice-encrusted cliffs, or the peculiar knack of walking up perpendicular rocks. The East is a field in itself, and something more than mere going over the ground is needed to make it intelligible. But for one traveller who has the leisure or the opportunity to explore the Zambesi river or to wander out towards Palmyra, there are at least a hundred who find every summer that six weeks in Germany or France do more to refresh the brain and turn the mind into a new track, than ever the sea-side or the moors in their own country could do. It is a long time before the most cosmopolitan Englishman gets to feel as thoroughly at home in a foreign railway carriage as on the Great Western. In spite of all that has been done to Anglicise the Continent, where English churches, *bifsteaks saignants* and bottled beer, large basons, shooting-coats and wide-awakes, have sprung up sporadically in the track of the locomotive, the difference of language and manner, if not of opinion, are still in all material respects unaffected by our superficial intercourse with our neighbors. One chief cause of this, no doubt, lies in the strong objection a highly educated man feels to express himself in a language he can only speak imperfectly. He is painfully conscious of every blunder he makes, the moment after it is made, and the subjects he cares to talk about are precisely those which require a large vocabulary and a ready power of translating ideas by their foreign equivalents. Accordingly a bagman will go over half the Continent, joking, chattering, and making friends, with fewer words than enable a scholar to stumble through his want in the railway terminus or the inn. But the chief reason no doubt is, that no man can catch the tone of a new society in a moment. All that difficult family history, which we learn half unconsciously in our own country, the distinction of great and small requirements in etiquette, and the chief political and religious shades of feeling, are a shibboleth that cannot be hastily mastered. Mr. Grattan mentions in his last book, that he once gave great offence in a country district of France because, in entire ignorance of days and seasons, he invited a large party on the anniversary of the death of Louis XVI. In the same way, we have heard of English people electrifying the residents of a foreign town by making promiscuous visits without letters of introduction. Our countrymen had no doubt been told that the custom abroad was for the last arrival to call first, and did not understand that the custom only warrants visits where there is some excuse for acquaintance. Every man who has lived out of England will probably remember some circumstances where he has acted awkwardly or given offence, in spite of the very best intentions to the contrary.

An excellent article on "Companions of Travel," that appeared rather more than two years ago in the *Saturday Review* (Nov. 2, 1861), among other hints to which we shall have occasion to refer, suggested that pictures of society and manners should form part of a future series of Handbooks. We should like to see the task attempted, but we confess to a grave doubt if it could be achieved to anything like the extent the writer seems to contemplate. Take, for instance, the wonderful descriptions of German manners in the works of Baroness von Tautphoeus, to which the article referred, among other instances, as examples of what was possible. No one can

read "The Initials" without instinctively feeling that it is true to life; but a German, while he admitted this, would say, and would say rightly, that it was true only of life under very exceptional circumstances. The interest of the plot turns mainly on the character of a young girl whose father has made a *mésalliance*, and whose stepmother takes a handsome young Englishman into her family as a boarder. In a three-volume novel all this is gradually explained away and becomes natural; but a selection of passages would give a very unfair idea of German habits and homes. Of course books may be mentioned where the plot is less exceptional, but the difficulty of epitomizing a highly complex society, such as that of the upper classes always is, remains extremely great. Let an Englishman take the writings of Washington Irving, of Emerson, and of Esquiros, all excellent in their way and written by men who cordially appreciate our country, and ask himself if any alchemy could distil the perfume of these half dozen volumes into one. Peasant life is to a certain extent simpler than the life of the *salons*. But the Lancashire peasants of Mrs. Gaskell are quite a different race to the Yorkshiremen of Miss Brontë and to Mr. Kingsley's Hampshire clowns. In fact there is no royal road to the knowledge of society. A traveller must work it out for himself; and for every reason he had better read first-hand the novels and sketches of manners that contain matter to assist him.

In saying this, however, we do not mean that a few hints on little points of difference between English and foreign manners may not save the traveller some annoyance. There are two or three pages in the introduction to Murray's "Handbook of Northern Germany" which go directly to the point, but which, unfortunately, are so offensive and absurd as to be useless. The writer assumes that a large number of his countrymen are purse-proud, underbred, and swaggering, and lectures them gravely on faults which mostly do not exist, but which, if they do, are incurable. No doubt there is still here and there a rowdy Englishman to be found who scatters oaths and insults and gold over the Continent; but the type will soon be numbered with the dinotherium, and retains its place on the foreign stage only in the same unreal way as harlequin and columbine figure on our own. The real offences that make our countrymen unpopular are of a slighter kind: a habitual want of deference to foreign *convenances*, a custom of free speech, and an unlicensed sense of the ridiculous. We do not seek to extenuate these offences, in which our young men are naturally the worst sinners; but wearing a wide-awake in Paris, or chaffing a sergeant of police, are not, after all, very grave international crimes, and would scarcely be remembered against the offenders, if their country were not the first power in the world, and the most jealously watched. Besides, those who rail at Englishmen for carrying England with them, should remember that soap and clean sheets have been introduced in this way into numberless districts which only know of them in the dictionary. Nor would it be difficult to retort the charge. There are quarters in London, neither small nor obscure, where the cockneyism of foreign capitals has been reproduced even in its most trifling details. To add a very small matter, it seems curiously difficult for strangers to learn, that it is not the custom in England to call on a new acquaintance in evening or half dress between ten and twelve in the morning.

Quite as often as not the mistakes of Englishmen arise from a misappreciation of the structure and tone of foreign society at the very time when they are striving to conform it. There is a common idea that people make acquaintance abroad more readily than in England. Admitting this to be, to a slight extent, a feature of the foreign bathing-places, it remains none the less certain that a well-bred and highly-cultivated man is pretty equally reserved and shy of chance comers on both sides the channel. What has caused the mistake is, that the upper class is comparatively limited on the Continent, and the middle class comparatively large. An average English gentleman, if he go abroad without introductions, must therefore make up his mind that his chance of making friends, on a level with himself in refinement and education, will be decidedly less than in any part of his own country where he is equally unknown. With ladies the danger is of a different kind: they will meet with more intelligent deference in France than in their own country, and whatever mistakes they may commit, the courtesy of those around them will secure them from all

unpleasantness. But the conventions of foreign society are far more rigid than our own for women; and the tone of that large and idle society for which French novelists write is painfully low. In the French provinces an unmarried lady is a little compromised if she is seen twenty yards behind her party with an unmarried man; and the freedom of an English country-house is regarded with wonder, and, we regret to say, with a feeling very like disgust. That this feeling is unhealthy and bad we do not pretend to deny; but, so long as it exists, our countrywomen will do well not to part with any portion of their native reserve in travelling. Nor is there any great difference between different parts of the Continent in this respect; the mere fact that no reputations are so safely demolished any where as those of foreigners, marks the Englishwoman from the first as the theme of idle gossip, which may easily become scandal. Lastly, on few points are foreigners so sensitive as on anything that wounds their exaggerated *amour-propre*. A German is driven wild by the serene superciliousness of the chance Englishmen whom he meets, regards their morning-dress as a national outrage, and suspects that every sentence he does not understand is a sneer at the country. A Frenchman is commonly too certain of himself to suspect that he can be thought ridiculous, and quietly shrugs his shoulders at eccentricities that are not his own. But even a Frenchman cannot understand irony. His own wit is *badinage*, a shuttlecock tossed between opposite players, who have no other thought than to keep it up skilfully. The heavy English irony, with its under-current of earnest, seems to him spiteful and cruel; he cannot comprehend men who hit one another so hard in jest. Before all things, we would recommend a man who wishes to be understood or to succeed in foreign society, to say nothing that is not absolutely transparent.

Perhaps the best suggestion of the Saturday Reviewer — as in fact it was his first — was in recommending that the recent history of the country should be given. Some of Mr. Murray's handbooks—as, for instance, those on Northern Europe—give a meagre and very dull outline of the country's general history. Now Michelet himself, whom we take to be the most fascinating of *précis* writers, and who is certainly the most unscrupulous, would infallibly break down in the task of such an abridgment. What we want for every country is the philosophical outline and the more picturesque details — everything, in a word, that gives local coloring. A sensible man wanting to enjoy Norway, would read the "Sagas" and one or two modern novels; for Russia, he would take especially the "Lives of Ivan the Terrible," "Peter the Great," and "Catherine II.," with the "History of the French Campaign," and Stanley's "Eastern Church, and Tourguénef's or Tolstoi's novels. Conceive all this condensed under the hydraulic press of a gentleman whose chief business is to write about inns, roads, signs, and scenery. In fact, Mr. Murray's editors have wisely abstained from any similar attempt for France or Germany. In these matters every man must compile his own history, and the most a handbook can do is to point out the best sources of information in a *catalogue raisonné*. But the history of the last generation is something quite different. The state of parties, the history of different ministries, the court cliques that exist or are believed in, the biographies of the more notable men, the private history of the press, are all matters on which an intelligent man likes to have some knowledge before he visits a country. A chapter like Mr. Kinglake's episode on the *Coup-d'Etat*, but written from the point of view of historical fidelity, would be inappreciable to a tourist in France. It would be more difficult to give a *résumé* of continental literature in such countries as France and Germany. The Saturday Reviewer, indeed, suggests two rules which he thinks would simplify the matter. First, that our writers mentioned should be well known; and secondly, that they should be typical. But this, after all, is a little like the old school discussion, whether logic was a science or an art, and turns entirely on your first definition. When the first five or the first ten names in the literature of any country are written down, it becomes matter of very careful weighing to decide who are and who are not worth writing about. Is a man like Jasmin, the patois poet of Gascony, to be admitted as typical, or rejected as insignificant? Again, is any mention to be made of theologians like Lacordaire and Dupanloup; or of men of science like Boucher de Perthes and Milne Edwards or Quatrefages. The difficulty is the greater as the traveller

may be an antiquarian or a naturalist, and in either capacity has a fair claim on a few pages in the handbook. We incline to think we should solve this difficulty by treating of the literature of natural science in connection with a general chapter on the physical geography of the country; throwing Theirs, Béranger, and Courier into the political section, and leaving Lamennais and Montalembert to the chapter on church history. Such books as the "Life of Madame Récamier," and the "Journal and Letters of Eugénie de Guérin," would go far to make a description of the higher French society among women possible. So many names worth knowing would be disposed of naturally in this way, that poetry proper, history, and novels would be almost the only topics that would require a chapter to themselves.

Whatever modifications some plan of this sort might admit of, there can be little doubt, we think, that it ought to produce books as far superior to Mr. Murray's present handbooks as those were to anything that preceded them. We do not wish to be unjust to a pioneer in travelling and an old friend; and though, with one or two exceptions, we have never thought the famous red manuals satisfactory even for what they attempt, we freely admit that ten years ago they were the best in existence. But the old order has changed, and Mr. Murray's only recognition of the New World is in making his new editions a little bulkier than his old. His conception still is of a literary road-book, which is to tell the traveller on what roads he can get from point to point, what are the chief inns, what he will see on the road, and what he is to admire. Now, as regards routes, the great lines of railway that at present branch over the Continent practically determine the routes of ninety-nine in a hundred Englishmen, and the days of posting-carriages are gone by. Let the editor of a handbook tell us, by all means, what towns are worth seeing, and what lines of country are interesting; but he need not take us over the track in leading strings. Every one, in fact, disregards these absurd itineraries, and finds a good map the best *ductor dubitantium*. Next, a handbook that is only published from once in three years to once in fourteen cannot possibly compete for small local knowledge with minor publications such as *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*, and had better not attempt what it does ill. New hotels are springing up every day in the place of worn-out veterans; and we have painful reminiscences of searching in the small hours of the morning in a well-known Austrian town for a non-existent hotel, which was first on Murray's list. If Mr. Murray would separate these matters altogether from his handbooks, and publish once a season a general list of continental hotels, with notices where new routes have been opened, or old ones stopped, he would be conferring a real service on the community, while he improved his own works. The character of hotels which his editors give are the only ones thoroughly reliable; and there is no reason whatever that they should be published in a form which exposes them to become antiquated and inaccurate. It is a smaller point, but we will just notice that there are limits beyond which the badness of a map becomes unendurable; and we know no exception to the badness of those of countries in Mr. Murray's editions. The printing is bad, the execution is slovenly, the places marked are few, and the outlines of departments and kingdoms are so faintly indicated as to be useless. In these respects the whole series contrasts markedly with the less ambitious and more satisfactory performances of the "Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer."

Another general fault in the present handbooks is, that too much is said on trifling matters, or on points which the tourist is certain to attend to and to have an opinion on. It is mere book-making to transcribe from the catalogues of small museums; and pictures had probably better be left to a special *catalogue raisonné*. In the handbook for Norway remarks about the scenery are constantly interspersed, the truth being that there is nothing else to write about; but, as the traveller has literally no choice of roads, nine times out of ten, in that country, it would surely be sufficient to say generally that the road from Gjövig to Leirdalsören is romantically beautiful, and leave details to the tourist. It is very doubtful, indeed, whether any handbook for Norway is wanted beyond the little road-book (Bennett's) published in Christiana. Mr. Murray's, though well written, not unfrequently describes stations which no longer exist, as there is great activity in road-making throughout the country. The five years that have elapsed since the last edition was published have already

gone far to make it obsolete; and, out of twenty-eight stations which the handbook enumerates between Lillehamner and Drontheim, nine are no longer to be found. But the most faulty of Mr. Murray's handbooks in this respect is the one for Russia. Considering that the last edition dates from 1849, and was merely a revision of an older one, it will be understood that, for this reason alone, it has no great claims upon the traveller. But the book was bad from the first. It was evidently written by some one who knew many thousand miles of post-road, but had only stayed in three, or at most four, towns beyond the Baltic provinces, Odessa, St. Petersburg, Moscow, and perhaps Nijni Novgorod. Plunder from Kohl, and hasty impressions from a drive in a diligence through the streets, make up what is communicated about the other towns of the empire; while some of the most important and interesting places, like Uglitsch, where the young Demetrius was killed, and the beautiful town of the Jarosloff, with, in fact, the whole course of the Volga, between Tver and Astrakan, except Nijni Novgorod, are altogether omitted. The writer has not even compiled carefully. His description of Great Novgorod, for instance, is a triumph of inaccuracy. He speaks of it as a desolate town, with "mouldering walls, ruined churches, and grass-grown streets," with only seven thousand inhabitants, and with nothing but the old Kremlin and the brass gates of the church to attract attention. The facts are, that, although traffic has been diverted from it by the absurd whim of the late czar, who made his first railway, between St. Petersburg and Moscow, as straight as the crow flies, through morasses and uninhabited wilds, instead of taking it by the old route through towns, Novgorod is still a thriving country town with a good corn and timber trade, and with at least seventeen thousand inhabitants; the battlements are no more ruined than the walls of York or Chester; the streets are open and cheerful; and the wealth of the old churches is talked of with astonishment even in Russia. Two of them alone, St. Sophia's in the Kremlin and one on the other side of the river, would well repay a visit to the place. Probably some parts of the editor's description were true a hundred years ago, when some book which he has consulted was written, and the remainder is due to conjecture and to the confused memories of rapid travel. But faults of this kind are serious; and as the general hints on Russian travel at the beginning are by this time obsolete, we counsel the intending traveller to consult the imperishable "Letters from the Baltic," or Mr. Spottiswoode's "Tarantasse Journey," or Professor P. Smyth's "Three Cities in Russia," and to trust the red manual for nothing but the sights of Moscow and St. Petersburg, and very sparingly for those.

Of course there are good as well as bad exceptions to the general cumbrous mediocrity of the handbooks. That for Rome is the best instance we know of, having been carefully compiled by one who is evidently a man of taste, a scholar, and a resident. But we know none which, for antiquarian completeness and charm of style, can compare with the little book on Caen by M. Trèbutien which we have mentioned at the head of our article. It is true, no doubt, that Caen is a small town, and that it is easier to know and describe such a place than a great kingdom. But M. Trébutien's book is small also in proportion to his subject, and yet contrives to exhaust it. The whole growth of the town is traced; the names given at the Revolution are recorded; the most remarkable houses for architecture or local association are pointed out; and the art criticisms evince singular judgment. If such books by local antiquaries were more common than, we fear, they ever can be, we should recommend every tourist to travel only with a railway time-table and list of hotels, and purchase his information on the spot he visits. For those who confine their wanderings to the great French lines of railway, the "Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer" will be found amply sufficient. Its little manuals are so cleverly written as to be more a narrative than a text-book, and the information about hotels and tradesmen is given compendiously and unobtrusively in an appendix. Otherwise, foreign guide-books, such as those of Ronchi and Baedeker, are only re-casts of Murray's handbooks, with the advantage of being shorter and more practical, and the disadvantage of being less reliable for Englishmen. Almost every German town has its local guide-book; but these, with few exceptions, are badly printed and prolix, beginning, like American oratory, from creation or a little earlier, and travelling by slow stages—as suits

the Teutonic mind — through the succeeding centuries.

We believe a few slight changes and a little arrangement would remove most of the faults we complain of in Mr. Murray's present series. The manuals we spoke of at starting—of actual history, manners, and literature—must of course form a perfectly distinct series. Only in this way could they be well done. The hotel-guide, and the hints about roads and conveyances, would form a separate pamphlet of a few pages, to be corrected every season, and bound up with the copies of the handbooks sold during the year. The art-manual might perfectly well be printed in the same manner, in detached parts, so that a traveller could either buy a guide to the collections of the country, or a fairly exhaustive book for the whole Continent. It would in every sense be more satisfactory if this department were conducted by a single man trained professionally, than if art criticism, one of the last achievements of education and taste, were carelessly thrown in among the chance duties of Mr. Murray's encyclopædical staff. Cleared of all irrelevant matter, the handbook proper would then give a description of the country and cities travelled in, and would be reduced to a volume of half or less than half, its present bulk, except where the tourist preferred to have the art-manual and hotel-guide bound up with it. If he were of our opinion, that a big book is a great nuisance in the pocket or portmanteau, he would commonly not do this; and we believe the mere reduction of size would largely promote the sale of the series generally. At the same time, we are quite aware that these alterations would add something to the expense of production. Several small books are always more costly than a single large one. But Mr. Murray's profits by the whole series must have been very large, and success, like nobility, has its obligations. Besides, any real improvement is always remunerative in the long run. Anyhow, if some change be not speedily made, he must be prepared to see the sceptre pass from Albemarle Street.

We desire to add a few words upon handbooks of travel-talk generally. Here, again, Mr. Murray's is the best we know of, and is most imperfect. The faults common to almost all this kind of literature are, a glut of useless phrases, scarcely-used words, and inappropriate idioms. With all deference to Mr. Murray's eminent translators, the German is not always reliable; such a phrase, for instance, as "gefälligst," for "if you please," being unused in good society; and the Tuscan style of address (in the third person) ought, we think, to be more generally given than it is in the Italian. These, however, are slight faults. The prolixity of the book is much less pardonable. A hundred and forty columns of conversation and vocabulary are proof in themselves that a wrong system has been adopted. In fact, the editors have confounded the functions of a vocabulary and a dictionary. What tourist can possibly wish to commit to memory a list of more than seventy terms relating to railroads and steamboats, which is still so far from being exhaustive that the words "return-ticket" and "fare" are omitted, while "guard" is transmuted into "conductor"? Again, the vocabularies are kept distinct for different subjects; the consequence of which is, that there are frequent cross-divisions, and that, while the word "waiter," for instance, occurs in no list, the chief articles of dress occur in two, the toilette and the laundry list. Half the number of words, in a single list at the end, would save endless trouble in making references. Above all, it ought to be remembered that the indifferent linguists for whom these manuals are intended are only puzzled by variety and confusion. It is astonishing how few words are really required to carry on small talk of any kind. It has been said that the vocabulary of a French lady of fashion consists of five hundred common words, mostly adjectives, and of five hundred proper names. It has been said, more seriously, that an English plowman in some districts does not know more than three hundred words. Any one may convince himself that this is an exaggeration, but it is based on the real fact that half the words we use are philological superfluities, which might easily be retrenched from conversation. Much more does this apply to the wants of a traveller, who is not expected to talk politics or philosophy. The true art of language can only be acquired from studying a learner, be it child or foreigner. Twenty or thirty verbs expressing broad primary ideas, like necessity or liking, without regard to little shades of meaning,—as many adjectives, adverbs, and prepositions severally,—and the framework

is made, which only requires to be filled up with substantives, the most easily learnt of any part of speech, and the number of which must of course vary with occasion. Let the young linguist only add to this a rigid care to avoid conditional moods and complex constructions generally, and he will be astonished himself at the ease with which he makes himself understood. In speaking, as in swimming, beginners are always prone to expend their strength superfluously. But there is no excuse for their instructor in Murray if he confirms them in this vicious habit. A single example will at once show what we mean. Nothing can seem more simple than to ask for tickets at a railway-office. The handbook gives the following as its German sentence: "Ich wünsche vier Billete nach M——; drei für die erste und eins für die zweite Classe." Practically, a traveller would say, "M——; drei, erste—eins, zweite;" and the abridged form would not only save breath to the speaker, but make his meaning easier to the clerk.

We pass from handbooks of travel to the subject of travel itself, on which alone a long article might be written. It is hardly too much to assume that three tourists out of five set out without any very definite aim beyond that of locomotion, and are guided quite as much by advertisements of easy routes as by their own forethought or knowledge. A certain number of miles are to be travelled over, so many cities lionized, and so much time spent in change of scene. The result of this *recherche de l'imprévu* is no doubt often better than might be expected; but the plan is none the less a bad one, and the traveller sometimes returns disgusted forever with first impressions foolishly collected. The first wisdom is for every man to know his own tastes, and to decide beforehand whether he means to see landscapes, or churches, or picture-galleries. Of course this rule need not be pedantically carried out, and a man travelling towards the Saxon Switzerland may yet stop and admire the Madonna di San Sisto; but, generally speaking, it is wise not to aim at too many effects. The next rule we are inclined to give may sound a little inconsistent with the first, though it is not really so. It is, that every one should take up some specialty as an amusement on his tour, and collect ferns or geological specimens; study a *patois*, or visit hospitals or courts of justice, by way of attaching some particular reminiscence to his tour. The work of six weeks or three months will not be worth much for reproduction, but it will leave durable traces on the man's own mind. Perhaps one of the pleasantest ways in which this can be done, is by taking some favorite author, and working out his local allusions on the spot. A scholar of that old school which is now unluckily becoming not only old but obsolete, will light up all the Roman and Sabine districts with sunny memories from Horace. Northern and Central Italy are thronged with associations of a deeper interest from the *Divina Commedia*. For those who are careless of other languages than their own, Byron, and in North Italy Shakspeare, are the natural companions. To every educated man Shylock is still visible on the Rialto, and the garden of the Capulets at Verona is consecrated by a legend that it would be impiety to doubt.

Still, even these methods of making a tour something more than a string of railway distances and hotels, are imperfect compared with the serious interest that a more systematic study of any kind gives. Suppose a traveller to take either a single great book like the European chapters of Gibbon, or an episode of national life like the story of Joan of Arc, and to resolve to work it out. In the first case, he would begin with Imperial Rome in the palace of Nero, the baths of Diocletian, and the Coliseum, and would fill his mind with the barbaric greatness that piled masses of peperino for a lady's tomb or the basement of a patrician's garden, compared with which our vaunted railway-works are flimsy and unsubstantial. He would trace the growth of that new life which rose above the rotting Roman civilization in the myriad-celled Catacombs, and in the marvellous monuments of Christian hope and endurance that have been taken out of them. In provincial towns like Verona and Arles he would visit perhaps with even greater wonder the second-rate monuments of the old world, unsurpassed and unsurpassable at this day. He would understand more vividly than from any book the adamantine solidity of those municipal institutions which survived the Hun and the Goth, and which gradually became the symbols of law to freemen as they had been the instrument of oppression to slaves. In all this, and in the very network of Roman names

and Roman roads to be traced along the Danube and to the Clyde, he would read the secret of that marvellous vitality by which Rome, shorn of all its conquests, repeatedly stormed and ravaged, plague-stricken and helpless, retained its dominion over men's thoughts as the only legitimate centre of civilization, and became the throne of a new power more durable and more august than the Cæsars. For any man wanting to understand the inner life of the empire, Suetonius and Tacitus are scarcely more pregnant and life-like than the statues of the Vatican, the vases and ornaments of the Etruscan Museum under the same roof, or the remains at Pompeii. No influences of Greek art, no divinizing of imperial features, disguise the main traits of character in the world-rulers,—the unspiritual common sense, the relentlessness of purpose, and the vulgar animalism that stamped the men who were born to wrestle with facts, and who valued victory for its plunder, not for its laurels. There is scarcely a face of real life in all Roman art that a child would instinctively trust. The Dacian and German features interspersed, and growing steadily in number and importance, tell their own tale of the fall of the empire. But our space forbids us even to indicate the splendid outlines of Roman antiquarianism in its capital alone, or in Western Europe, for the period between the Flavian Cæsars and Theodosius. Take the second case, which a few days would exhaust. The village of Domremi and its neighborhood, in which Joan of Arc grew up; the Castle of Chinon, where she first saw the dauphin; Poitiers and Blois, where she lodged; Orleans, which she relieved, and where the house in which she stayed is still shown; Rheims, where her true mission was accomplished; St. Denys, where she first failed; Compiègne, where she was taken, and Rouen, where she was burned, —are mostly places which might well be visited for themselves, and which become doubly interesting in connection with a single heroic life. The advantage of this second plan is, that it requires no particular knowledge in the traveller. Let him simply take Michelet's little book with him, and remember so to arrange his route as to visit all or the chief places mentioned in it.

Instead of a tour which it is not always easy to arrange, the traveller will sometimes do well to take a city and work it out. Mr. Ruskin once suggested that the rich men of Manchester ought to buy some old city like Verona, and keep it as it were like a fly in amber enshrined to all perpetuity in its own memories. The thought was of course wrought out with that profusion of fanciful argument which has made Mr. Ruskin mistake his poems for philosophy, and carried him out of the regions where he reigns supreme to those in which Cocker and Mrs. Marcet are more worthy. But setting aside the economical objections to turning the capital of a province into an art museum, it has always struck us that Mr. Ruskin, like many artists when they come to reason, was untrue in this instance, at least to his own better nature. No one has spoken more forcibly than he against so-called "restorations," and it is at least as unnatural to conserve a great city in its entirety as to *restore* a church or a hôtel-de-ville. A single building may be, and sometimes is, the expression of a single thought; but the true being of a city is in its many-thoughtedness, so to speak; in the fact that it has summed up the lives of nameless generations, and recorded the beauty or worthlessness of their highest purposes in stone. If any fortune arrest their development, so that human faces die out from the streets, the buildings ought to express the incompleteness or failure in which their makers' life has culminated. Time, the great beautifier, will cast down what was vulgar and common from its high places, and inform the ruins with that serene spiritual charm which mellows all the masterpieces of man's hand in their gradual decay. But the more common case is of a city that has held its own through all changes of fortune, and can number half a dozen alternations of pure and degraded taste, as one or another influence swayed the century. Its noblest monuments are probably impaired by some change or ornament that is unsuited to them: a Gothic baptistery is fitted with a Corinthian porch, or a gaudy, loaded, meretricious Jesuit Church elbows a fourteenth-century hôtel-de-ville. We say deliberately that even these mutilations and deformities are to be respected up to a certain point as a part of national history. They express facts of which it is sometimes difficult to say whether the bad or good have the higher significance. A city like Munich, where the work of several generations has been crowded into one, has a cer-

tain thinness and monotony of expression in consequence; the architects all seem to have been wire-drawing a single inspiration. Lastly, it is obvious that if the principle of changing for the better be once allowed, without any respect to the work of other men, the noblest art will take its turn of suffering when a generation sinks below its meaning. All these arguments apply equally to allowing growth to continue. Its processes may sometimes have a rude vigor almost akin to destruction, and the superfluities of the old city's work, and sometimes much that expressed its highest meaning, will be swept away to make room for a factory or a gaol. It is well to protest against this Jacobinism, and to enforce a due reverence for antiquity whenever antiquity does not encroach on actual life. But, after all, cities were made for men, not men for cities; and the art that cannot adapt itself to facts is morbid and unreal. Unless we can restore the conditions of mediæval society, a city like Nuremberg is an artistic anachronism. The permanent elements of mediævalism, its Christianity and its municipal and feudal life, will pretty certainly hold their own, in proportion to their respective vitalities, in all places and to all time.

For a man who determines to work up the historical growth of one or two cities during his holiday, the first difficulty of selection will be the *embarras des richesses*. Italian cities generally possess one great advantage over all others in their pre-Christian remains. The definite history or historical legend that attaches to the Tarpeian rock, and the Cloaca Maxima, can never be balanced by the shadowy forms of Ossianic heroes, or by the nameless records of the lake cities in Switzerland. When all criticism has done its worst or its best, the bridge which Horatius Cocles kept will remain a memory among men, and its dismantled piers be visited. On the other hand, Rome, the true world's capital for continuous historical life, is a little wanting in mediæval associations. The popes stamped themselves upon Europe much more indelibly than on their own city, till Catholicism, at the last moment of its undisputed supremacy, found an adequate expression in St. Peter's. But Rome altogether is too vast a subject to be even touched upon in a short article. Perhaps Florence and its neighborhood afford as good instances as can be named of the various generations that have written their own epitaph in their works. In Fiesole we find the suggestive remains at least of the old Etruscan walls, and there is reason to hope that the local amphitheatre will soon be partially disinterred. With the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries we come to Brunelleschi's dome, Dante's house and seat, the gates of the baptistery, "like the gates of Paradise," and the towers which Villani raised. The period of the Renaissance and of the Medici is crowded with recollections of Lorenzo the Magnificent, of Pico di Mirandola, of Savonarola, and of Michael Angelo. St. Mark's, where Fra Angelico painted, and with which Savonarola's name is associated; the Palazzo Vecchio, or city parliament-house, which witnessed all the constitutional struggles, and the great square in which the reformer attempted to consume the unchristian art and learning of his times,—are a part only of that marvellous stone-setting to Florentine history. The Pitti and Strozzi palaces alone are monumental for the fortunes of their founders. A little later and the batteries of San Miniato, superintended by Michael Angelo in the last struggle for freedom, absorb every other interest; while the sorrow that succeeds defeat expresses itself in the statues of Sleep and Death. Then we pass into the sumptuous tyranny of the Medicis, with the Pitti and Uffizi collections. The absence of all monuments attests the absence of all national life during the last century; and the new buildings that are now springing up, not always in the most perfect taste, are at least signs of the resurrection of Italy. Every one who knows Florence, will know how meagre this sketch of its history is, but it surely gives the outlines of a week's or a month's study well spent. There is no French town that will repay the tourist as well. But a man must be hard to please indeed if the Roman antiquities of Arles and Nismes do not satisfy him till he has crossed the Alps. For the Middle Ages Caen is a perfect compendium of history. For the sixteenth century, Blois —with its old houses, and the palace where the estates met, and where the Duke de Guise was murdered—exceeds even Paris in richness of material: and the castles near it — Chambord, Amboise, Chaumont, and Chénonceaux—are as full of story and interest as French memoirs. Of Paris itself we can only speak regretfully. The barbarous

policy of its present ruler has completed the havoc which the Revolution began; and in the unhappy attempt to destroy all memories of the old *régime*, the very *Temple* which Marie Antoinette's sufferings consecrated has not been spared. Broad Boulevards each the image of its neighbor, monotonous stone façades of bastard architecture, and an occasional *réchauffé* of bad Gothic, give the measure of imperial taste, and constitute the improvements to which Englishmen often refer as a justification of the December massacres. If art be any measure of statesmanship, the second empire has no element of vitality.

It is from no indifference to the claims of Germany upon the tourist that we have neglected to speak of it. But as its history, except at two or three epochs like the Reformation and the War of Liberation, has no steady European interest, while its literature, for all practical purposes, dates no further back than Lessing, it wants the large human associations which make France and Italy the second fatherlands of civilized and educated men. The traveller in Germany had better confine himself to landscapes and art. To enjoy the former, he must go well armed against the uncleanly habits of the dirtiest race in Europe, and prepared to endure the manners of the rudest. If he is proof against the spitting of a Yankee bar, against the smoking of bad tobacco in close carriages before ladies, and against the manners of third-rate cockneydom in England, he is then in the right frame of mind to begin a journey in the Fatherland; though he must not consider himself perfect till he can listen without a smile to the common talk of German civilization, German cleanliness, and German morality, (*Deutsche Bildung*, *Deutsche Reinheit*, *Deutsche Sittlichkeit*.) In fact, the virtues which the Germans no doubt possess are those of a patient, speculative, and coarse-fibred race, who want the education of a powerful and respectable aristocracy, and who are just now in a fever-fit of material progress, which has impaired the scholarly element without perceptibly increasing self-reliance or self-respect. Probably self-government and consolidation, if they come soon enough to save the country from being dismembered by its powerful neighbors, will do much to bring the natives up to the level of the rest of Europe. Meanwhile, it is a great misfortune for them that they have never attracted sufficient attention out of their own country to be seriously satirized. A French—or, better still, an English—Mrs. Trollope or Dickens would lash them out of that inveterate conceit of perfection which is at present the great obstacle to their improvement. We regard Victor Cousin's report on Prussian education as having done more to retard political and social development in Germany than any single book ever yet did anywhere. It analyzed an excellent paper system, of which the writer had no practical knowledge, and, perhaps unavoidably confounded the theory with the expected results. Since then the resources of English primary instruction have been more than trebled; France has added largely to her schools and colleges; Germany has stagnated, or gone back, as in Bohemia; and the people none the less believe, with a Chinese self-sufficiency, that Europe looks up to them as its models in all intellectual progress.

Nevertheless, if a traveller will eschew Murray's hints and Bradshaw's positive statements, and will steadily travel first class, as the more respectable natives and experienced foreigners do, and will take a little more than ordinary care not to offend very irritable susceptibilities, he may traverse North Germany in its least civilized parts without any great discomfort. On the great highway of travel, the Rhine, he is more likely to be annoyed at finding that England somewhat changed for the worse has followed him, than by any flagrant deficiencies in the essentials of decent comfort in the hotels. In Austria, the accommodation and fare are often a little rough; but the people are genial and good-natured to an extent that covers a multitude of sins. After all, something may well be ventured and endured for the sake of what is to be seen. Among art-collections, those of Dresden, Munich, and Vienna, have no rivals north of the Alps, except in the Louvre. But the true life of the country, artistic and political, has always been in its cities. The most peculiar interest, no doubt, attaches to Hanseatic towns like Lubeck, whose gate and cathedral are almost unmatched of their kind; and to old imperial cities like Nuremberg, where the burghers pushed German individuality to its last extreme, and having maintained a peculiar religion, a distinct civic aristocracy, and an intolerance that went the length of excluding Jews from the walls, have at last immured themselves as it were in their

own past, and resolved that every house shall be rebuilt as it was in the sixteenth century. Cologne, Ratisbon, Augsburg, Dantzig, and Frankfort, are a few in the long list of memorable towns; places that have a distinct individuality, and are not mere creations of the *valet de place* and of the handbook. We scarcely know whether Prague is properly to be called a German city; but it is so entirely bound up with the fortunes of Austria, and from the fourteenth century downwards has been so largely peopled by Germans, that it belongs, one-half at least, to the empire. It is the meeting-point of the two great races of the East, Slave and German, and reflects their different civilizations. An amphitheatre of hills round it, an acropolis covered with churches and palaces rising on one side the river, the Moldau spanned by a splendid bridge in the midst; and on the other side the old city, with its Jews' quarter a thousand and odd years old, and with the third University of the North, in which Englishmen kindled the flame that consumed Huss at Constance, and the Pope's bulls a century later at Wittenberg. Pass from city to country, and we know not what fairer land heart could wish for than the "Kettle-land" of Bohemia, bowl-shaped and mountainous, every hill instinct with memories of the time when Zisca drove the armies of the empire, with their chivalry and wealth, before a few peasants armed with flails. To the south-west of Bohemia lies an even lovelier country, the true Garden of Germany. Perhaps more beauty could hardly be crowded into a few days anywhere, than by a man who should take the route of Salzburg and Ischel to Linz, exploring a little right and left by the way, and should then start down the Danube to Vienna. There is a wealth of unexplored beauty throughout Austria. Probably not one traveller in a hundred ever thinks of tracing the Save from Laibach to Agram, yet a better days' work scarcely exists for a genuine lover of the picturesque. We have not cared to allude to the Mosel and the Rhine, which every one knows,—hotels, companies, touts, and tourists have made them populous, and done their best to vulgarize them; and they are still beautiful. The views from Johannisberg, from Ehrenbreitstein, or from Remagen, defy time and man's hand.

To many there is a strange interest in wandering into countries where civilization is still only a distant name and a whisper. A weariness of ceiled houses and London tailoring, of lower classes who know the gradations of rank instinctively, and of a whole society that seems to move steadily in the groove it first slid into, is very apt to overtake the dwellers in great cities. To such, in default of more distant regions, a tour in Hungary, in Russia, or in Servia—but especially in the latter—may be recommended.

It is only this summer that the Piedmont of Turkey has attracted any general attention, and perhaps the wrongs of the Christians have done less for Belgrade than the presence in London of a pretty woman claiming to represent their interests. Yet those who value a unique phase of society should hasten to photograph it before it disappears. There is not such a being in the whole country as a man whose ancestors fifty years ago were wealthy, independent, or educated. The father of the present prince was a cowherd. The ministers, though their wonderful Slavonic versatility enables them to learn the languages and catch the tone of Western society, have risen by dint of ability or by favor from the ranks. Titles, except as derived from office, do not exist. All the problems of woman's education and woman's rights, which we in Europe have been discussing for some centuries past, are still unknown to the primitive people, who rule their families in patriarchal fashion, and have not altogether unlearned the trick of Oriental seclusion. A woman's best right in Servia is to her husband's fidelity, and, if native stories may be trusted, she is apt to enforce it with the dagger. Then, too, there is a certain romance of travel in a land where every man goes armed, and where the picturesque costume recalls legends of the Klephts and of Albanian brigands. The much-enduring Ulysses would find himself more at home at a Servian hearth, the peasants telling stories round a wood-fire, in rooms without chimneys, glass windows, chairs, beds, or carpets, than in Ithaca itself under modern influences, or than in the country of Polyphemus. A recent English traveller in Servia, Mr. Denton, has opened up a vein of new interest in the ecclesiastical architecture. Our own impressions were, that it could not rival the Russians in effect any more than in extent; and of the secular buildings out of Belgrade, we can only quote

the famous chapter in Henderson's "Iceland," on Snakes. There are literally none that deserve the name. The country, however, is very interesting, hill, glen, and forest, like the best parts of Normandy, and with a better climate. It would be a noble land for English emigrants, if they went out in sufficient numbers to secure an educated society, and the protection of the Foreign Office from our unchristian friends the Turks. Land may be bought as cheap as in the backwoods; labor is more abundant; and the colonist would be within five days' journey of London, and if he lived within a fair distance of Belgrade, could have the *Times* laid regularly on his breakfast-table.

Railways are doing so much for Russia, that before five years are over the great roads of the country will probably be as well known as the highways of Germany now are. There is no reason even now why a man of moderate strength should not travel in the empire. The residents in St. Petersburg affect, it is true to speak of the whole country beyond its two capitals as barbarous; but to an educated foreigner there is infinitely more of true barbarism in St. Petersburg itself, with its tasteless public buildings, like palatial barracks, its dirty, comfortless hotels, and its monotonous life drilled into Western respectability, than in the provincial cities which have been allowed to grow up naturally. The only real difficulty in visiting the interior is the language; and although this will well repay learning, and is not as impracticable as it seems, a tourist may be excused if he shrinks from acquiring it. In this case he must make up his mind to the expense and discomfort of a native servant. But the mere work of locomotion is easy. The track of Russian colonization has mostly been along the lines of the great rivers, and the most important of all, the Volga, is now as well supplied with steamers as the Danube. The swamps and pine-forests of the north and the prarie-land of the south are beginning to be traversed with railways; and the line joining Moscow with Nijni Novgorod makes it possible to get from St. Petersburg to the two most interesting places in North Russia with only some thirty hours' travel in a railway carriage. A day and a half's easy work in a steamer will take the traveller on to the Tartar capital, Kazan, and a dash into the limits of Siberia is no very difficult matter from that starting-point. As for inns the traveller will do well to follow the custom of the natives, and take his own sheets and tea with him. But clean beds can be procured at all towns, and the general accommodation of Russian inns is quite equal to that of German or French, in parts little visited. The food is commonly good, and Sauterne does duty for *vin ordinaire*. It is true that the upper classes, being a small minority, have to pay rather disproportionately for their comforts; but less than two pounds a day ought, after all, to defray all expenses.

The interest of Russia is, that it is unique. In no other great country has a Christian and Indo-Germanic race developed itself without aid from Roman law, from feudalism, or from chivalry. From this, and from a few vestiges of the Tartar conquest, has come the utterly groundless idea that the Russians are an Asiatic people. The truth is that, like the old Greeks, they are the outpost of Europe against Asia, and have all the burning hatred of a frontier people for their antagonists. It would be truer to say that their civilization is Byzantine. Their whole history has been moulded by a faith derived from Constantinople: their official organization is a strange reproduction of the Lower Empire; and their policy looks steadily to Stamboul as their future capital. Their architecture and sacred art are on the models which Vladimir or Alexander Nevsky may have witnessed. With all this antiquity of type, there is a strange air of novelty about the empire. The bitter winters disintegrate brick and mortar pitilessly; the frequent fires in town consume wood. Every thing seems as new as in an American clearing; and, in fact, the Russians are as great colonists as the Anglo-Saxons, only that they migrate within the limits of their empire, not beyond it. But no one could mistake the Russian church, with its gaudy cupolas of blue and gold, for any thing but the fresh form of an immemorial faith. Our own Gothic cathedrals are scarcely more instinct with the life that is beyond time. The kremlins or fortesses, from their massive construction, are commonly older in actual date than the churches; and the white conical towers, enclosing the lowest and highest parts of the town, with palace and cathedral, are indescribably picturesque. It is a curious tribute to the permanence of type in Russian edifices, that no visitors to Moscow ever thinks

of it as a new city, though most of it, of course, dates from within sixty years. One great advantage of Moscow over its rivals in the empire lies in the fact, that it has been laid out irregularly. After the fire, which burned away the stain of French occupation, every one was allowed to build pretty much as he liked: palaces and gardens were clustered in unsymmetrical lines, without interference from imperial edicts. Then the architects of the two greatest buildings — the Cathedral of St. Basil and St. George's Palace — have been men of the highest capacity in their respective ways. Add to this the unrivalled natural position, and it will be understood that the whole effect is rather that of an Arabian Knight's story than of an ordinary second capital. Nijni Novgorod is scarcely less remarkable. The old town, with its kremlin and cathedral, on a cliff that overhangs the junction of two imperial rivers — the Volga and the Oka; on the other side, an illimitable plain fringed with many thousand booths, interspersed with mosques and pagodas; and the river between gay with decorated junks, which alone contain the population of a city; Cossack, Armenian, and Chinaman here confronting the bagman from Manchester or Lyons, — never surely had commerce a more fantastic metropolis. This generation will probably look upon its last. There is talk already of telegraph lines in Siberia; road and rail have made Moscow as accessible as Nijni Novgorod; and the days of fairs are numbered.

There is still one class of traveller whose interests we have not considered,—the man who wishes simply to lie fallow, and rejects all idea of self-improvement. To such a one we recommend Norway. It has lain idly looking on at the world round it since its heroic age some eight centuries ago, and has no manufactures, no art, no history, and almost no literature. The common mode of travelling in carriole, a sort of low chair upon two wheels, with a place behind for luggage, saves the tourist from some of the common and most annoying incidents of a journey, — the hurry to catch a train, the waiting-room, and the temporary loss of *impedimenta*. To be quite independent, however, and enjoy the country leisurely, he had better travel with his own horse: the loss, if any, on this will be slight in a country where fifteen or twenty pounds is a large sum for the best. The great conveniences of Norwegian travelling are, that the light lasts far into the night, that mists are unknown, and that, as a general rule, the best views may be seen without climbing. The waterfalls are perhaps superior to the Swiss; the fiords are longer and with more reaches than the lakes; and the frequent changes of scenery along the roadside are indescribable. But the country is not one for a delicate man, nor for any but a very adventurous lady to travel in. Oat-cakes and milk are in many parts the only food that can be counted on; and the doctor may have to be summoned from many miles' distance. On the other hand, clean sheets are the rule. It is needless to describe cottage interiors for any one who has seen Tidemann's pictures. It must be well borne in mind that such rooms as he paints are the only ones that await the traveller, except in the three or four towns where there are hotels.

What we have said is addressed, not to the learned in travelling, but to those who are beginning it, or who have never had time and occasion to master its first principles. Of the traveller, as of the poet, it may be said that he is born, not made. There is an irresistible impulse in certain races and families to go out into the unknown world about them; and few instincts bring a richer reward with them, or are more durable. Yet we hold a sort of Hegelian doctrine, that the feeling for home is nowhere stronger than in the wanderer. Probably no nation has better proved its credentials in this respect than the Scotch, and in none is there heartier local patriotism or a stronger family pride. The men who really renounce England for the Continent and sink contentedly into the second-rate circles of a provincial German town, are not travellers, or to be so accounted, because they have given up one form of cockneydom for another. They are also the last men who ever understand the society into which they have thrown themselves. They catch, perhaps, its tricks of manner or vice; but the same want of individuality that hindered them from taking their proper place at home unfits them to learn the more difficult lesson — what the highest aspirations of a strange people are. It is only the artist in travel, "always roaming with a hungry heart to follow knowledge like a sinking star," who is also "a part of all he meets." To those who understand this instinctively it will not seem strange if we have dwelt even to weariness on the uses to which a journey in the most hackneyed parts of Europe may be turned.

From The Christian Remembrancer.

1. *Lost and Saved.* By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. Hurst and Blackett.
2. *East Lynne.* By Mrs. Henry Wood. Bentley.
3. *Verner's Pride.* By the Author of "East Lynne," etc. Bentley.
4. *Aurora Floyd.* By Miss Braddon. Tinsley Brothers.
5. *Lady Audley's Secret.* By the Author of "Aurora Floyd." Tinsley Brothers.

We have been counselled not to ask why the former times were better than these, and are thus instructed to beware of enhancing the past in peevish depreciation of the present, the scene of our labors and trials. The check is constantly needed by those whose past is long enough ago to melt into harmonious, golden, defect-concealing distance; but we are disposed to think that such check is never more required than when a comparison is forced upon us of the popular ideal of charming womanhood in the times we remember, and what seems to constitute the modern ideal of the same thing. This ideal may be gathered from the poetry, the romance, and the satire of both periods, as well as from closer experience. There was a time when the charge against young ladies was a morbid love of sermons and a too exclusive devotion to the persons that preached them; then they were the subjects of tender ridicule for a fantastic refinement; then they doted upon Fouqué and Sintram, and were prone to sacrifice solid advantages and worldly good things to a dream of romance; then it was interesting and an attraction, at least to seem to live in ignorance of evil; then they felt it good taste to shrink from publicity, and submitted to the rules of punctilio and decorum as if they liked them. Those were the days when the red coat was not unreasonably jealous of the academic gown, when dash was not the fashion, when the ordinary gayeties of life were entered into not without a disclaimer, and an anxiety to assert an inner preference for something higher and better, fuller of heart and sentiment, satisfying deeper instincts. Those were the days before *Punch's* generation of "fast young ladies" were born; while it would still have been a wild impossibility for the *Times* to announce beforehand that an earl's daughter would, on such an occasion and in such a theatre, dance an Irish jig, and a still wilder impossibility for the lady to keep her engagement, and for the illustrated papers afterwards to represent the feat in the moment of execution.

We are not saying that the generation of which this is a feature is really a falling off from that other generation which furnishes us with such pleasant memories. Each has its developments for good or evil, sense or nonsense. The one is composed of the daughters of the other. The history of society is a series of reactions from faults it has become alive to. We know all this; but the popular literature of the day, which undertakes to represent the thought and impulses of its own time, almost forces us into a frame of disparaging comparison. The novels of twenty and thirty years ago, which told us a good deal we did not like of the society of the period, have passed into oblivion; the notions and tendencies of to-day find their exponents in novels in everybody's hands. They are peopled with characters which, if they go beyond our observation, and exceed anything we have seen, yet indicate plainly enough the direction manners have taken, and are accepted as a portrait of life by the general reader, through his very act of taking them into favor.

The "sensation novel" of our time, however extravagant and unnatural, yet is a sign of the times—the evidence of a certain turn of thought and action, of an impatience of old restraints, and a craving for some fundamental change in the working of society. We use the popular and very expressive term, and yet one much more easy to adopt than to define. Sensation writing is an appeal to the nerves rather than to the heart; but all exciting fiction works upon the nerves, and Shakspeare can make "every particular hair to stand on end" with anybody. We suppose that the true sensation novel feels the popular pulse with this view alone—considers any close fidelity to nature a slavish subservience injurious to effect, and willingly and designedly draws a picture of life which shall make reality insipid and the routine of ordinary existence intolerable to the imagination. To use *Punch's* definition in the prospectus of the *Sensation Times*, "It devotes itself to harrowing the mind, making the flesh creep, causing the hair to stand on end, giving shocks to the nervous system, destroying conventional moralities, and generally unfitting the public for the prosaic avocations of life." And sensationalism does this by drugging

thought and reason, and stimulating the attention through the lower and more animal instincts, rather than by a lively and quickened imagination; and especially by tampering with things evil, and infringing more or less on the confines of wrong. Crime is inseparable from the sensation novel, and so is sympathy with crime, however carefully the author professes, and may even suppose himself, to guard against this danger by periodical disclaimers and protests.

The one indispensable point in the sensation novel is, that it should contain something abnormal and unnatural; something that induces, in the simple idea, a sort of thrill. Thus, "Transformation," where a race of human beings inherit the peculiarities of the Faun, and in whom a certain conformation of ear characteristic of the Greek myth crops out at intervals, is sensational. The very clever story "Elsie Venner" is sensational in the some way, where the heroine is part rattlesnake, and makes us shudder by her occasional affinities in look and nature with the serpent race. All ghost stories, of course, have the same feature. In one and all there is appeal to the imagination, through the active agency of the nerves, excited by the unnatural or supernatural. But the abnormal quality need not outrage physical laws; exceptional outrages of morality and custom may startle much in the same way. Bigamy, or the suspicion of bigamy, is sensational as fully, though in a lower field, as are ghosts and portents; it disturbs in the same way the reader's sense of the stability of things, and opens a new, untried vista of what may be. All crime that seems especially incongruous with the perpetrator's state and circumstances is of this nature, and offers a very ready and easy mode of exciting that surprise and sense of novelty which is the one indispensable necessity. Of course no fiction can be absolutely commonplace and natural in all its scenes and incidents; some extraordinary conditions seem unavoidable in its machinery. Thus, story-writers of every age and style seem, by one consent, to ignore for their heroines the most universal and inevitable of all relationships. The heroines of fiction have no mothers. Every rule has its exception, of course; but the exception in this case proves the rule. Thus, the only mother we can think of in Sir Walter Scott's series of novels is Lady Ashton, a monstrous and unnatural mother, performing the very opposite of the maternal part. In the same way, Richardson's Clarissa Harlowe has as good as none. Harriet Byron and her friends are motherless. Dickens has very few. None of Miss Bronte's or George Eliot's heroines have mothers, nor have Miss Ferrier's. Miss Edgeworth has one or two model mothers, but most of her heroines are without. Miss Yonge, it must be granted, has one charming mother, who performs a mother's work, in the "Heir of Redclyffe;" but the majority of her young people make all their mistakes for the want of one, and show their goodness by overcoming the evil consequences of that supreme deprivation. Those who write for children find it easier to devise probable and excusable scrapes without the maternal guardian of discipline and order. The moral story-teller can somehow inculcate principles, and supply examples more to his mind without. The mere novelist finds the mother a dull and unmanageable feature, except, indeed, where the scheming or tyrannical mother of the fashionable novel brings about the necessary tragic element, drives her daughter to despair by enforcing good matches, or oppresses her for mere envy of her youth and virgin graces. Miss Austin, who looked on life as it *is*, and shut her eyes to none of its ordinary conditions, *has* some mothers—Mrs. Bennet, the silly mother, who would drive any sensitive child wild with shame, and Mrs. Dashwood, who encouraged her daughter in sentimentalism—but her essential heroines are without. Mr. Thackeray's mothers merge into mothers-in-law. It is quite a feature of Mr. Trollope's course of fiction that he now and then gives us a real mother and does not feel embarrassed by the relation. However, we need not further pursue the inquiry.

This exceptional condition of early life—freedom from restraint, and untimely liberty of choice and action—then, belongs to the youth of all fiction. Of course, in sensational novels, this liberty is exaggerated indefinitely. There is nothing more violently opposed to our moral sense, in all the contradictions to custom which they present to us, than the utter unrestraint in which the heroines of this order are allowed to expatiate and develop their impulsive, stormy, passionate characters. We believe, it is one chief among their many dangers to youthful readers that

they open out a picture of life free from all the perhaps irksome checks that confine their own existence, and treat all such checks as real hindrances, solid impediments, to the development of power, feeling, and the whole array of fascinating and attractive qualities. The heroine of this class of novel is charming because she is undisciplined, and the victim of impulse; because she has never known restraint or has cast it aside, because in all these respects she is below the thoroughly trained and tried woman. This lower level, this drop from the empire of reason and self-control, is to be traced throughout this class of literature, which is a consistent appeal to the animal part of our nature, and avows a preference for its manifestation, as though power and intensity came through it. The very language of the school shows this. A whole set of new words has come into use, and they are caught up and slipped into, as a matter of course, to express a certain degradation of the human into the animal or brutal, on the call of strong emotion. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," says the poet; the whole world of this school includes things that Shakspeare never dreamed of. Thus the victim of feeling or passion sinks at once into the inspired or possessed animal, and is always supposed to be past articulate speech; and we have the *cry*, the *smothered cry of rage*, the *wail*, the *low wailing cry*, the *wail of despair*, with which, if our readers are not familiar, *ad nauseam*, we can only say we *are*. The curious thing is, that probably no writer ever heard a woman utter this accepted token of extreme emotion, which would indeed be a very intolerable habit in domestic life; but it is evidently accepted by a very large circle as *the* exponent of true, thorough-going passion. It is the same with motion. It is man's privilege to walk; in novels men, or at any rate the women, *creep*. In love, in helplessness, in pity, in tenderness, this abject, fawning, cat-like movement is found the most expressive sign of a mental posture. Again, these people *writhe* and twist and coil themselves. "This self-sustained and resolute woman writhed in anguish." They have "serpentine arms," and "snake-like, Medusa locks." On occasion they will stand rampant, erect, with glittering serpent eyes. They are prone to blows. It is one of the privileges of reason and cultivation that men can be angry through their minds and tongues alone, but the people in all sensation writing rush to blows at once. Whatever training they may have had, it all drops from them on provocation, and the wild animal proclaims itself. Most readers are familiar with Aurora Floyd's castigation of her stable-boy; indeed, this fascinating lady is so ready with her natural weapons, that we find her on one occasion in the presence of two men, on whom she has inflicted stripes and scratches, the scars of which they will carry to their graves. And the writer of "East Lynne" is not behind her more impetuous sister authoress in her belief in the possibility of blows in civilized circles, for she makes a countess strike her heroine furiously on each cheek, while that interesting young lady was her guest, stimulated solely by the jealousy of one pretty woman for another. But what will not Mrs. Wood's countesses do? — though, indeed, Mrs. Norton, who should know what grand ladies are made of, brings her marchioness to very much the same pass of animal *abandon*. Blows imply passion, so perhaps it is needless to speak of the previous uncontrolled passion, which is another characteristic of the sensational heroine in common with brute nature; but Miss Braddon enlarges on it, as a feature of the temper that most interests her, in terms which we prefer to our own:—

"Have you ever seen this kind of woman in a passion?—impulsive, nervous, sensitive, sanguine. With such a one passion is a madness—brief, thank Heaven!—and expending itself in sharp, cruel words, and convulsive rendings of lace and ribbon, or coroner's juries might have to sit even oftener than they do."—*Aurora Floyd*, vol. ii. p. 264.

And the scene in "East Lynne," where Barbara, with vehement hysterical passion, upbraids the innocent and unconscious Carlyle for having married somebody else, is another example of the disgraceful unrestraint which some writers think a feature of the ideal woman. Another characteristic is the possession by one idea—an idea so fixed and dominant that the mind impregnated by it has no choice but to obey. The faithful or the vicious animal is so influenced, but a man thus out of his own control is on the high road to madness. However, it is thought sublime, and the reader is expected to be awed by the strength of a character led by

some immovable and absorbing notion, amenable neither to time nor place nor manners, nor to any of the influences that turn our thoughts from one thing to another, and multiply and divide our interests. And it is certain that a good many people think this a very grand form of nature; and an index of power in a writer even to conceive such a thing, whether natural or not, as something colossal, overshadowing their imagination. It is a refreshing change, for instance, from the monotony of easy reasonable social life to follow the moods, or rather the mood—for she has but one—of a woman of this type, who is forever apostrophizing herself "with a smothered cry of rage," "Is there no cure for this disease? is there no relief except madness or death?" In a current story by the same hand ("Eleanor's Victory"), we have a girl of sixteen devoting her life to vengeance in the following strain; and we know Miss Braddon's style too well to doubt she will keep her word:—

"'I don't know this man's name (with whom her father had played his last game at *ecarté*); I never even saw his face; I don't know who he is, or where he comes from; but sooner or later I swear to be revenged upon him for my father's cruel death.'

"'Eleanor, Eleanor!' cried the signora, 'is this womanly? is this Christian-like!'

"'I don't know whether it is womanly or Christian-like,' she said, 'but I know that it is henceforth the purpose of my life, and that it is stronger than myself.'"—*Once a Week*, April, p. 415.

In like manner, instinct is a favorite attribute: reason may be mistaken, but instinct never. In one story we have two girls, within a page or two of one another, who read characters like a book, and see villany at a glance in persons who have passed for respectable all their lives. "When I look at people," says one, "I always seem to know what they are;" while the other, with inane simplicity, apologizes for her insight, "I cannot help seeing things." Another characteristic closely allied to all these is fatality. It is no use trying to be good; they do try; but Elsie Venner can no more eradicate the rattle-snake-malice out of her nature than can these less avowedly fated women their evil propensities. Thus, in "East Lynne," Lady Isabel is impelled to the worst wrong against her will:—

"She (the wife of Carlyle) was aware that a sensation all too warm, a feeling of attraction towards Francis Levison, was waking within her; not a voluntary one. She could no more repress it than she could her own sense of being; and mixed with it was the stern voice of conscience, overwhelming her with the most lively terror. She would have given all she possessed to be able to overcome it," etc. etc.—*East Lynne*, vol. ii. p. 2.

And again, we are bid not to doubt the principles of a lady whose practice was undoubtedly open to question:—

"Oh! reader, never doubt the principles of poor Lady Isabel; her rectitude of mind, her wish and endeavor to do right, her abhorrence of wrong; and her spirit was earnest and true, her intentions were pure."

She did not, in fact, encourage the temptation which overcame her:—

"She did not encourage these reflections—from what you know of her you may be sure of that—but they thrust themselves continually forward."

"On what a slight thread do the events of life turn," is the favorite language of this school, which, as they interpret it, means, or seems to mean, that there are temptations that are irresistible. Thus, "Olivia Marchmont" might have made a saint but for unluckily falling in love with a good-natured cousin, provokingly unconscious of his conquest. As it was she was a fiend; but she had not succumbed without many struggles to her sin and despair. "Again and again she had abandoned herself to the devils at watch to destroy her, and again and again she had tried to extricate her soul from their dreadful power; but her most passionate endeavors were in vain. Perhaps it was that she did not strive aright; it was for this reason, surely, that she failed so utterly to arise superior to her despair; for otherwise that terrible belief attributed to the Calvinists, that some souls are foredoomed to damnation, would be exemplified by this woman's experience. She could not forget. She could not put away the vengeful hatred that raged like an all-devouring fire in her breast, and she cried in her agony, 'There is no cure for this disease!'"

We have placed "East Lynne" at the head of our series not as the most marked example of the school, but as first in time. This story was brought into notice—and, indeed, ex-

tensive notoriety, by a puff in the *Times*, which represented it as a work of extraordinary power, dealing with the depths of our nature in a master's spirit. This imprimatur might not have told as it did, but for the authoress's real power of telling a story; but it unquestionably invested it with a credit and reputation which might have cost the docile reader some trouble to reconcile with his own impressions, and which strike us as grossly beyond the actual merits of the work. When we say that a writer's style is vulgar, there may, unquestionably, be the excuse of a pardonable and inevitable ignorance. A person may have many of the qualities of a novelist, and yet neither have the *habits* of the circle it pleases him to describe, nor be familiar with pure English as it is spoken and written. Still, genius is a keen, quick-witted power; it possesses the principle of selection, and instinctively perceives and holds by the best. Mrs. Wood's persistent use of certain vulgarisms, such as the uniform substitution of *like* for *as*—"Like I did;" "He was deep in the business of packing, *like* his unfortunate brother had been;" and, above all, her unconscious use of the word "party" for a single person, are telling facts; as where the stately hero, in some crisis of fate, alludes to the "*party*" who is working mischief and ruin; or where a ghost alarms a neighborhood, and the clergyman has to mention with reluctance a family name: "the—the *party* that appears to be personating Frederick Massingberd;" and again another, in great perplexity, "I cannot say if it be the *party* I suspect;" and so on. We maintain that observation, that first requirement in those who are to picture human nature, as well as ear, must be wanting where such habits as these can be persisted in. It is of a piece with those descriptions of spring which bring the fragrant violet, and the fresh green of the oak together, and with those pictures of manners which represent the town clerk as asking the bench of magistrates to pipes and ale, announcing his attention in these dignified terms, "I entertain the bench of justices tonight, Barbara, to pipes and ale;" and carrying it out to the fortunate recipients of these favors with "'I have been considering that you had better all five come and smoke your pipes at my house this evening, when we shall have time to discuss what must be done. Come at seven, not later, and you will find my father's old jar replenished with the best broad-cut, and half a dozen churchwarden pipes. Shall it be so?' The whole five accepted the invitation eagerly."—(*East Lynne*, vol. i. p. 68). With manners which make it natural in a courtly earl to ask as his first question, after introducing his daughter to this same young attorney, "Is she not handsome?"

We do not know what to say of the courage which shall plunge boldly into the manners of a society of which the writer has not the remotest experience. Success must be the only test of the right to do so. Shakspeare made kings talk, and kings are willing to be so drawn by him; they know, at any rate, that they are not more kingly than he represents them. Whether earls and earls' daughters will be content with the figure they make in Mrs. Wood's pages is another question. At any rate, Mrs. Wood is very much at her ease when she sets fine ladies and gentlemen talking, and thinks nothing of making a Lady Mary not only accept a lout of an apothecary, who is forever pounding drugs on a counter, but eagerly jump at him, and express a wish he had asked her years before. There are no misgivings, no timidity in her portraiture; the fashionable flirt breaks into vituperation as fluently as Lady Carolina Wilhelmina might have done, and is jealous in five minutes' time of the looks of admiration cast at the younger beauty. The fatally fascinating captain, a scion of the aristocracy, makes quick work of it, and before the end of the first evening, by dint of profuse compliments, pointed by glances from "eyes of of the deepest tenderness," "draws vivid blushes" from the delicate, sensitive heroine, not of offended maiden pride, but from a heart touched by an indelible impression. This is the sort of writing we might very well expect from the preliminary training of a temperance novel ("Danesbury House"), in which, by unflinching, conscientious adherence through every page to the subject of strong drinks and different forms and degrees of drunkenness, Mrs. Wood won the hundred pound prize, but it materially detracts from her right to any high stand in our literature. It is perhaps inevitable that the self-taught and guess-work novelist should jumble ranks and utterly confuse our notion of the social standing of the *dramatis personæ;* and this is especially the case in all Mrs. Wood's writ-

ings. Barbara, the second wife, who succeeds Lady Isabel, with her flippancy, her vulgar finery, her outspoken declaration of love, might be supposed to be some milliner's apprentice, but we believe is really intended to be an English lady. We observe an appreciation of out-of-door successes, an expectation from chance and irregular introductions, which marks a certain class. If the hero gets into a train in an anxious preoccupied state of mind, it is supposed that his silence, indifference, and failure in *pétits soins*, will be felt an injury by any young and handsome woman in the same carriage, who, it is taken for granted, regards every public place a scene of conquest.

When this lady gives herself to the odd and eccentric, we still less know where we are. Each of her novels has a humorist. In "East Lynne" it is a Miss Corny, a sister of the heroic attorney, a violent woman, who assaults her suitors, shakes the breath out of her brother's clerk on the slightest provocation, and dresses like a madwoman, but who is still treated with marked respect as well as awe by her neighbors, and allowed by the attorney to force herself upon his wife and be virtual mistress of his household. This low and wild virago is the companion to the Lady Isabel, and it strikes the refined and devoted husband as a good arrangement on the whole. Humor is not a common feminine gift, so that we ought to be indulgent of mere failure; but, unfortunately, this lady fails not only in execution, but in the first idea of a fit subject for jest. The ordinary routine of the toilet, for instance, seems to be regarded as an inexhaustible field for mirth. We might say, she is most particularly amiss when she dwells on the details of masculine attire; except that the betrayal of her own sex, and all the little expedients by which the inroads of age may be warded off, is, perhaps, still more unpleasing, and is especially unfair upon the single ladies she holds up to ridicule—first, for being single; next, for being no longer young; next, for losing with youth itself some of the charms of youth; and last, for having recourse to any means of arresting Time's ravages. These are all such common characteristics of third-class novels, sensational or otherwise, that we should not notice them but that more than one leader of opinion has committed itself to a wholesale approval of "East Lynne," and one has gratuitously pronounced it *not* vulgar.

The acknowledged new element of this order of fiction is the insecurity given to the marriage relation. Unless we go with the bride and bridegroom to church, and know every antecedent on each side, we cannot be at all sure that there is not some husband or wife lurking in the distance ready to burst upon us. When once the idea enters the novel-writer's mind, it is embraced as a ready source of excitement, and capable of a hundred developments. Except that the circumstances are actually impossible, and would, we think, be very revolting if they were possible, the predicament is invested with real interest in "East Lynne." The moral fault of the book is, that the heroine has imputed to her a delicacy and purity of mind in utter variance with her whole course. None but a thoroughly bad woman could have done what Lady Isabel did. She had not the ordinary temptation to wrong; and as for those fine distinctions between affection and love which some ladies are prone to refine upon, we count them among the most mischievous of sentimental speculations. Lady Isabel, for example, marries the attorney, has a great *affection* for him, is exacting of his attention and devotion to herself, is capable of passionate jealousy, and all the while, we are ashamed to say *loves* somebody else. At last she runs off with the captain—then behold! instantly, in five minutes, she finds out her mistake, and begins to *love* the attorney and hate the other; and finally, on this connection breaking in the usual way, she disguises herself, being supposed by the outraged and re-married husband to be dead, engages herself as governess to her own children, and dies, we may almost say, of jealousy of the new wife who succeeds to her old privileges; for the first time being thoroughly in love with him who had been her husband. Her first conception of this scheme is thought an occasion for some religious sentiment, and so we read—

"She had a battle to do with herself that day—now resolving to go, and risk it; now shrinking from the attempt. At one moment it seemed to her that Providence must have placed this in her way, that she might see her children in her desperate longing; at another, a voice appeared to whisper that it was a wily, dangerous temptation flung across her path—one which it was her duty

to resist and flee from. Then came another phase of the picture—How should she bear to see Mr. Carlyle the husband of another?—to live in the same house with them, and witness his attentions, possibly his caresses? It might be difficult; but she could force and school her heart to endurance. Had she not resolved in her first bitter repentance to *take up her cross daily*, and bear it? No; her own feelings, let them be wrung as they would, should act as the obstacle."

She had not been long in her new post when we read—

"When Lady Isabel was Mr. Carlyle's wife, she had never wholly loved him. The very utmost homage that esteem, admiration, affection, could give was his; but that mysterious passion called by the name of love (and which, as I truly and heartily believe, cannot in its refined etherialism be known to many of us) had not been given to him. It was now, I told you some chapters back, that the world goes round by the rule of contrary—conter-rary, mind you, the children have it in their game—and we go round with it. We despise what we have, and covet that which we cannot get. From the very night she had come back to East Lynne, her love for Mr. Carlyle had burst forth with an intensity never before felt. It had been smouldering almost ever since she quitted him. 'Reprehensible!' groans a moralist. Very. Everybody knows that, as Aby would say. But her heart, you see, had *not* done with human passions, and they work ill and contrariness (let the world stand, critic, if you please), and precisely everything they should not."—*East Lynne*, vol. iii. 252.

The predicament is undoubtedly one fruitful of singular situations. Mr. Carlyle, to do him justice, is faithful to each obligation as it arises, and the same scenes that interested the reader when Lady Isabel was his wife are repeated to the letter when Barbara succeeds to that place which had been the object of such outspoken solicitude. In old times Barbara had peeped and listened in torture to Lady Isabel's singing of Mr. Carlyle's favorite songs, he standing by her chair and turning her leaves, with many tender interruptions. Now the process is reversed. It is Lady Isabel who peeps and listens, and Barbara sings the very same song, which must, we should say, be of very commanding merit to continue a favorite under such an awkward weight of unpleasant association. The thing is degrading to all parties, more so than the writer has any thought of; and her heroine is sunk still lower by the contempt that is thrown on her betrayer, to whom we are first introduced as a fascinating lady-killer, but who develops into a pitiful, abject, blundering wretch, talking the lowest slang, and finally dragged through a horse-pond, in the very sight of Lady Isabel, who, we are so often told, had been endowed with a sensitively refined delicacy. This, no doubt, is all done for the moral; but what must the woman have been to sacrifice heart and soul to so poor a creature?

Some scenes there are of interest and of such power as belongs to thoroughly realizing a conception. The authoress is best in tragedy. She has a vivid picture before her, though of the sentimental sort. There are indeed no close touches as far as we see; nor anything of which we can say, "This is true to nature," but the situation is well sustained. At the close of the story the erring wife watches the deathbed of her boy, whom she dare not claim as her own child:—

"William (her dying child) slept on silently. *She* thought of the past. The dreadful reflection, 'If I had not—done—as I did, how different would it have been now!' had been sounding its knell in her heart so often, that she had almost ceased to shudder at it. The very nails of her hands had, before now, entered the palms with the sharp pain it brought. Stealing over her more especially this night as she knelt there, her head lying on the counterpane, came the recollection of that first illness of hers. How she had lain, and, in her unfounded jealousy, imagined Barbara the house's mistress. She dead—Barbara exalted to her place—Mr. Carlyle's wife—her child's step-mother! She recalled the day when her mind, excited by certain gossip of Wilson's—it was previously in a state of fever bordering on delirium—she had prayed her husband, in terror and anguish, not to marry Barbara! 'How could he marry her,' he had replied in soothing pity. 'She!—Isabel was his wife; who was Barbara? Nothing to them.' But it had all come to pass. *She* had brought it forth; not Mr. Carlyle—not Barbara; she alone. Oh! the dreadful memory of the retrospect. Lost in thought, in anguish past and present, in self-condemning repentance, the time passed on. Nearly an hour must have elapsed since Mr. Carlyle's departure, and William had not disturbed her. But—who is this coming into the room? Joyce.

"She hastily rose up, and, as Joyce advanced with a quiet step, drew aside the clothes to look at William. 'Master says he

has been wanting me,' she observed. 'Why —oh!'

"It was a sharp, momentary cry, subdued as soon as uttered. Madame Vine sprang forward to Joyce's side looking also. The pale, young face lay calm in its utter stillness; the busy little heart had ceased to beat. Jesus Christ had come, indeed, and taken the fleeting spirit.

"Then she lost all self-control. She believed that she had reconciled herself to the child's death; that she could part with him without too much emotion. But she had not anticipated it would be quite so soon. She had deemed that some hours more would at least be given him; and now the storm overwhelmed her. Crying, sobbing, calling, she flung herself upon him; she clasped him to her; she dashed off her disguising glasses; she laid her face upon his, beseeching him to come back to her, that she might say farewell—to her, his mother—her darling child —her lost William.

"Joyce was terrified, terrified for consequences. With her full strength she pulled her from the boy, praying her to consider, to be still. 'Do not, do not, for the love of Heaven! *My lady! my lady!*'

"It was the old familiar title that struck upon her fears, and induced calmness. She stared at Joyce, and retreated backwards, after the manner of one retreating from a hideous vision.

"'My lady, let me take you into your room. Mr. Carlyle is coming; he is but bringing up his wife. Only think if you should give way before him! Pray come away!'

"'How did you know me?' she asked in a hollow voice.

"'My lady, it was that night when there was an alarm of fire. I went close up to you to take Master Archibald from your arms; and as sure as I am standing here, I believe that for the moment my senses left me. I thought I saw a spectre, the spectre of my dead lady. I forgot the present, I forgot that all were standing round me; that you, Madam Vine, were alive before me. Your face was not disguised then; the moonlight shone full upon it, and I knew it, after the first few moments of terror, to be, in dreadful truth, the *living one* of Lady Isabel. My lady, come away; we shall have Mr. Carlyle here.'

"Poor thing, she sank upon her knees in her humility, her dread. 'O! Joyce, have pity upon me! don't betray me. I will leave the house, indeed I will. Don't betray me while I am in it.'

"'My lady, you have nothing to fear from me. I have kept the secret buried within my own heart since then—last April! It has nearly been too much for me. By night and by day I have had no peace, dreading what might come out. Think of the awful confusion, the consequences, should it come to the knowledge of Mrs. Carlyle. Indeed, my lady, you ought never to have come.'

"'Joyce,' she said hollowly, lifting her haggard face, 'I could not keep away from my unhappy children. Is it no punishment to *me*, think you, the being here?' she added vehemently. 'To see him—my husband—the husband of another! It is killing me.'

"'O my lady, come away! I hear him! I hear him!'

"Partly coaxing, partly dragging, Joyce took her into her own room, and left her there. Mr. Carlyle was at that moment at the door of the sick one. Joyce sprang forward. Her face, in emotion and fear, was one of livid whiteness, and she shook, as William had shaken, poor child, in the afternoon. It was only too apparent in the well-lighted corridor.

"'Joyce,' he exclaimed in amazement, 'what ails you?'

"'Sir! master!' she panted 'be prepared; —Master William—Master William—'

"'Joyce; not *dead?*'

"'Alas! yes, sir.'"—*East Lynne*, vol. iii. p. 250.

When Lady Isabel is about to die, and it becomes necessary to inform Carlyle who has been his inmate all this while, the effect the news takes upon him shows a realization of the usual position: "The first clear thought that came thumping through his brain was, that he must be a man of two wives." Happily, the embarrassment does not last long, and the lady dies after an interview of penitence and explanation.

The same perplexity forms one main point in the hero's trials in the authoress's next work, "Verner's Pride." In this there is an estate of which we never know who is the master, and a lady of whom we cannot tell who is the husband, and, indeed, Lionel is put in about as delicate a dilemma, and his conscience as oddly tried, as we remember to have known it. He is represented as a person of peculiar scrupulous honor, yet we find him making two offers in one day—the one to the woman he likes, the other to an old love who had jilted him for some one else, for no reason at all that we can see, except that it occurred to him as the most convenient thing to do at the moment. Of course it is a fatal mistake. and he gets punished for his temporary hallucination. The lady is by no means ill drawn, only she is not worth drawing with the elaboration bestowed upon her.

Sibylla is silly and vain, a vulgar flirt, and ruinously extravagant, and a woman thus endowed, we all know, can say and do things called incredible. She tests her husband's heroic virtue and forbearance to the uttermost, and the moment comes when their seems a road of escape for him. A ghost appears on the scene who drives the rustics out of their wits, and presently convinces wiser observers that the lady's first husband (for Sibylla was a widow) was in life. The news reaches Lionel, and also the lady, who manifests very little concern at the reappearance, when she ascertains that whoever is her husband, she still remains mistress of Verner's Pride. Some persons of scrupulous mind recommend the withdrawal of the lady into retirement until the mystery is solved; but it seems considered a noble generosity in the hero that he stands by his wife, who, whenever she is in a pet, declares her preference for her first choice; though the whole point of the merit lies in the fact that he really likes the ill-used Lucy best, and, in fact, tells her so whenever they are together.

We have innumerable passages like the following:—

"He crossed over to her and laid his hand fondly and gently on her head as he moved to the door. 'May God forgive me, Lucy,' broke from his white trembling lips. 'My own punishment is heavier than yours.'"—*Verner's Pride*, vol. ii. p. 127.

After such scenes we find him indeed making amende to his wife, "My little wife, if you cared for me as I care for you," etc. etc., with the explanation—"And there was no sophistry in this speech. He had come to the conviction that Lucy ought to have been his wife; but he did care for Sibylla very much." The above fatherly and benedictory caress we observe to be coming very much into fashion upon paper, as a sort of disinfectant of questionable scenes, rendering harmless a good deal of flirtation which might otherwise be deemed of very doubtful propriety. In the matter of the ghost Lionel proved to be right, as the apparition turned out not to be the first husband, but an elder brother, also supposed to be dead, assuming his likeness. So Sibylla loses Verner's Pride after all, and tries her husband's indomitable patience, till she conveniently kills herself by going to a ball in a critical state of health. The story of course ends in the union of Lucy and Lionel, who agree that they have had long to *wait* for their present happiness, an ill-chosen word surely where a living wife has been a hindrance.

There is much in "Verner's Pride" entirely beneath criticism — irrelevant matter, awkwardly brought in and awkwardly expressed. Indeed, both in grace of style and aptitude to embrace the variety and poetry of any scene she describes, this writer in her best efforts falls greatly short of the two ladies we have classed with her, as illustrating a certain literary phase of our day—the Hon. Mrs. Norton and Miss Braddon—though the moral tone, in profession, and as entertaining the idea of duty when opposed to feeling, is superior to either.

Mrs. Norton's best friends are obliged to admit that her story, "Lost and Saved," is unfit for the drawing-room table, and ought to be kept out of the way of young ladies. In fact, in urging a great wrong upon the world, she is supposed to be compelled to disregard minor proprieties. The alleged purpose of the book is to show, that while the faults of women are visited as sins, the sins of men are not even visited as faults. She fights the battle of her sex by showing the injustice of the world, in its severity towards a certain class of errors, if committed by the helpless and the weak, and the tolerance of the same and much worse when perpetrated by the powerful and strong. Its highest morality as we see it is, that to sin with feeling is better than to sin without. There is the artifice of making a certain class of errors look light, by contrasting them with extremes of egotism, malignity, and positive crime; and the exigencies of the argument require society to be painted in the strongest and harshest colors. We observe that her admirers assume the leading characters to be, if not actual portraits, at least very intimate studies: and it is certainly more charitable to suppose that certain individuals are indicated by these "studies" than that they represent to the writer's mind the prevailing characteristics of noble and fashionable society in our own day. Mrs. H. Wood writes about great people in artless and transparent ignorance of the gay world she describes. Mrs. Norton cannot be ignorant, but something else may make her pictures as little trustworthy. When a writer has opportunities of knowing that he is writing about

superiors, perhaps, to his reador, that reader is apt to put on a deferential state of mind; but the deference may be wholly misplaced. If Sir Bulwer Lytton, though familiar with statesmen, may present to us the expansive exuberant prime minister we meet with in his novels, and nowhere else; if a college fellow draw a picture of university life absolutely at variance with his experience; and if a schoolmaster delineate impossible boys, then may a fine lady paint society such as she has never seen it, knowing better all the while, but doing it simply for amusement, or because there is wanting the power to see things as they are, or because a theory demands it, or the plot of a story must have it, or because it would be pleasant if it were so, or from disappointment, or temper, or malice. Any of these causes are, we see, sufficient to make an author reverse, and utterly defy his knowledge. In Mrs. Norton's case, it need only be that some bitter and angry soreness has tempted her to extreme limits of exaggeration and caricature. Her peeresses have certainly a body and a tone about them very different from the dressed-up milliners of courageous inexperience; but she shows them through distorted glass, and in blue and lurid lights. Hence a veritable glimpse of Pandemonium. While page after page denounces the ill nature, scandal, and harsh judgment of the world, what is technically called society is shown us in an aspect which might lead us to suppose we had opened a cynical French novel in mistake. There are the same horrors of profligacy attributed to a class, and the same shameless intrigue as the habitual practice of persons receiving the respect and homage of the world.

All vice seems to culminate in a certain Milly Nesdale. Milly is the wife of Lord Nesdale. and the mother of lovely children, whom she professes to foster and care for. She maintains the faint externals of duty and respectability and religion, but is in fact more of an atheist than M. About's hero who believed in *Fridays*, and has no more faith in Christianity than in Vishnu. Under a thin cloak of propriety she is a serpent, a witch, a fiend, betraying her trusting husband with malignant triumph, and doing and saying things which it is better to glance at than repeat. This lady is a universal favorite, courted by the hero's friends, as keeping him out of what their worldliness fears more, and sustaining her credit and fascinations undisturbed to the end.

"And how the world loved Milly."

* * * * *

"For there is a little society in a corner called 'The Society for the Suppression of Vice,' but there is a much larger society for its protection; and in that larger society Right and Wrong do not signify, but Success and Non-Success."—*Lost and Saved*, vol. ii. P. 86.

And Milly is loved by the world in no ignorance of her real qualities. All her friends would have recognized her in the description—

"Her body was lithe as the liana, and her soul was the soul of the snake—rampant, watchful, cautious—till a safe noiseless spring and a sudden coil gave her her prey."—P. 88.

While to her lover, who listens to her treacherous and base words, lightened by—

"The wily Hindoo smile which still lingered in Milly's features; it seemed that he had sold his soul to a species of charming water-witch rather than given his heart to a woman."

The heroine, in contrast to this complicated wickedness, is a sweet, impulsive, highly gifted, unsophisticated girl, who is the victim of a mock marriage, which the world will not believe her to have been the dupe of. There is an air of this mock marriage being in deference to English prejudice. We cannot help thinking, had the story been written for French readers, it would have been dispensed with, for the whole tone of the book points to another state of things, and certainly pleads for those, unhappy and betrayed, who can pretend to no such extenuation. Otherwise, why hits, in the tone of the author of "No Name," at our "cruel laws," involving illegitimate children in "intolerable misfortune," for the ordinary victims of these laws have nothing to do with even the pretence of marriage. Moreover, when Beatrice learns that the so-called marriage was not legal, it makes no difference in her course of action; she waits where she is till the real marriage shall be performed. Mrs. Norton can draw a graceful picture of innocent, happy simplicity. Her heroine, though conventional, as are her father, her saintly sister, her midshipman brother, is often interesting. But she identifies her too closely with *some*

one else for the simplicity to be genuine; her language, when moved and excited, is that of a passionate woman of the world. There are curious experiences given to her, true we dare say, but which really come at a much later date than the heroine stage. We must own to some surprise, how any cultivated mind, refined by poetry, and even genius, can possibly reduce a heroine to such extremities of degradation as are brought about in Beatrice's search for a living, after she is abandoned by Treherne. The belief in intrinsic purity ought to preserve any favorite conception of the imagination from such contacts, such base suspicions; but, we believe, wherever there is unrestraint, whether the undisciplined element is found in a writer who talks of earls and marchionesses in blindest ignorance, or absolute knowledge, there is vulgarity: the vulgarity of recklessness as to exact truth, or its consequences: a resolution to say your say, to produce its effect, to prove your point, and to secure readers at all hazards. In this unrestrained spirit is executed the portrait of the Marchioness of Updown, with all the details of her "corpulence," her "snorting," and coarsely selfish *abandon*. It has the air of a caricature of some person unfortunate enough to have incurred a lively authoress's ill will, and as it stands, seems as little likely to be a correct likeness of an individual as it is of a class. However, the marchioness forms the life of some spirited scenes; and though she is one of the respectable people who sanction the disreputable Nelly, her own errors are so far in a presentable form, that we need not scruple to lay them before our readers. This great lady is aunt of the wicked hero, Montague Treherne, and had known Beatrice in her happier days. Now, through a humble companion and amiable dependent, who had helped Beatrice in her sorest need, she comes again, though unknowingly, in contact with her as the purchaser of some valuable lace. Some slight error of the much-bullied companion had flurried the great lady's temper. Beatrice, who is now a lace-cleaner, had not returned the precious fabric as soon as expected. The Marchioness of Updown, flustered and furbelowed, and accompanied by the policeman whom she had summoned, makes her way to the heroine's poor lodgings.

"The marchioness breasted the narrow staircase as though she were about to scale the battlements of a surrendering fortress. 'Go before me into this den,' she said to Parkes, 'and show me where my lace is! I'm not going to be put off with false excuses any longer, I can tell you. Get me my lace. Mr. Sergeant, you are to follow me; you, John, stand at the door. We'll soon see if people are to be kept out of their property this way.' She pushed the door wide open as Parkes crept in before her; and Parkes had only time to murmur that she hoped Beatrice would not feel frightened; and to hear the word 'frightened' in proudest contempt, before the bulky and bulkily dressed marchioness stood in the small room."

Beatrice refuses to give back the lace, and returns the money which had been sent for it.

"'Ho!' almost screamed the marchioness; 'you dare, you bad, bad girl. Policeman, this is a bad girl who knew my nephew abroad, and tried to give me the plague. Take the lace from her. It's my lace; I bought it; I gave a hundred and seventy guineas for it. Take it from her; take her into custody. Take Parkes into custody; they are both accomplices.'

"Beatrice struck her open palm on the packet of bank-notes that lay on the table. 'Here,' she said, 'is the money you paid for that lace. I refuse to sell it to you. It is mine. This room is mine. Leave it.'

"'You wicked girl; you bold, bad hussy! I insist on my lace. You want to sell it to somebody else, because you're found out now. It was worth a great deal more than I gave for it! Oh, you cheat, you; but it wont do. I'll have my rights. Policeman, I bought lace; get me the lace. Search the place; take this young woman into custody. Why don't you take her when I order you?'

"The sergeant of police half smiled. He said in a deprecatory sort of manner: 'You see, my lady, if the young woman declines to receive the money, and wont part with the lace, I really don't know how I can act.'

"'She *did* receive the money; and the lace was mine, and I *will* have it! She's a cheat; her father was a cheat before her, and her brother fired at the queen; and I will have my lace!'

"Beatrice looked scornfully up at her; 'You selfish, prosperous, cruel woman,' she said. 'Tyrannize over your own household! this room is mine, humble as it is; it is no place for you. Go away and leave me in peace. The lace will never be yours. I sent it away this morning, and I will never let you have it again.'

"'Where? where? Policeman, make her say *where* she has sent it! You wicked toad, I don't believe you! I don't believe it's sent

away. You want to wear it, I suppose. You want to dress yourself up in frippery and finery to seduce more young men of good family, and try to get them to admire you, as you did my fool of a nephew. You seem to have had a pretty come down since then! Give me my lace,' shouted she, her rage apparently increasing in the dead silence, with which she was permitted to rise; and she made a sort of angry movement in advance, pushing the table at which Beatrice was seated.

"'Come, come, my lady, there really must be none of this! Now do pray compose yourself. Your ladyship had better come away;' —and the sergeant of police actually laid his hand on the august and obese arm, whose bracelets quivered with the wearer's passion.

"'How *dare* you touch me, MAN!' gasped the marchioness. 'If you can't do your duty, and take people into custody when you're told to take them, at least don't dare meddle with ME, you impudent stupid.'

"'Policeman,' said Beatrice, 'I take you and the lady who is here present to witness, that I return to the marchioness of Updown the money she sent for the lace she desires to buy, and which I refuse to sell. I can bear no more of this: I have been ill for some time.' And so saying, Beatrice vanished into a little bed-closet, from which a tiny staircase led to M. Dumont's workroom below.

"The marchioness positively shook with rage at her disappearance. She stood for a moment, her eyes glaring with amazement and anger. Then seizing the bank-notes in the envelope, and turning suddenly on little Miss Parkes, she said, 'I discharge you, you vile, you wicked minx! I discharge you. You are discharged! I hope you will starve. *I* sha'n't recommend you, I promise you. It's a pity you can't do like your beauty there, and wear lace and coral to make gentlemen fall in love with you. I discharge you, mind! I forbid you to come back. I'll have the doors shut upon you. Any rags you may have left in my house can be packed up and sent to you by Benson; and you don't deserve even that much kindness; nor—only your salary was paid yesterday—you would not get that, you cunning thief, you!'

"'Come, come, milady,' remonstrated the sergeant. 'Really such words are actionable. I'm here to keep the peace, you know. Your ladyship mustn't forget yourself this way.'

"'You go away, man! I ordered you here—now I order you to go away. I order you away. You've done no good: you haven't got my lace; you let all these low people have the best of it; you wont take people into custody, though you're told ever so; and I don't want you any more. Go away. John, call the carriage. John, do you hear me, or not?'"

The marchioness returns to her splendid carriage, which had attracted a London mob.

"Into that carriage the baffled tyrant got, and was driven rapidly away, the sergeant of police saying quietly to a brother-constable —after giving vent to his feelings in a low whistle of contempt—'Curious now, ain't it, Brown, how like females are one to t'other? This one's a real marchioness, with a real sort of a marquis, dining with the queen, and all that, and here she's been a behaving for all the world like Betsy Blane, the fishwoman, as I had in the lock-up last night. She's as like her—as like as one oyster-shell is to another!' and the brother-constable gave a smiling grunt of assent."—*Lost and Saved*, vol. iii. p. 20.

Nor does Mrs. Norton fail to make good her place in the modern sensational school, by conceiving scenes in its extremest development. Not only does she give us one peeress, a fishwife, and another carrying on correspondence which would sink her into lowest infamy, through the medium of advertisements in the *Times'* second column; but what has been called our Arsenical Literature has been enriched by a very thorough-going scene from her pen. The wicked peeress has, if possible, a more wicked aunt who has mated herself, not without a sense of degradation, to an honest attorney, superciliously indicated by his titled employers as "that fellow Grey." Mrs. Myra Grey shares some of that Hindoo blood, fruitful of intrigue, which gives a wild charm to her niece, and possesses an ivory jewel-hafted dagger with which she opens her husband's letters, and becomes possessed of his client's secrets. On one occasion she betrays knowledge thus surreptitiously obtained, and the consequences threatening to be disagreeable to herself, she proceeds, as though the means were at hand any moment, to poison an inconvenient witness. This is Maurice Lewellyn, the good genius of the story; he sits at her luncheon-table previous to an interview with her husband, but refuses to eat.

"'Take at least a glass of wine—let me mix you some sherry and seltzer-water.'

"He bowed and stretched out his hand for the tumbler, struggling for at least some outward courtesy to this cunning and corrupt woman. She filled it and moved slowly away.

"Mr. Grey's youngest boy burst merrily into the room—'I say, papa—where's papa? ain't he coming out this fine Sunday?'

Then seeing the guest, he came up smilingly, and said, 'Give me some of your wine for a treat.'

"'May you?' said Maurice.

"'Oh, yes, papa gave me some last Sunday for a treat.'

"Maurice held the glass to the child's lips. Mrs. Myra Grey was settling some flowers on the mantel-piece: she heard the boy's last words.

"'Gave you what?' she said, turning towards them. Then she darted forward, and exclaiming, 'O my God!' she vehemently seized the child by both arms and drew him back from Lewellyn.

"'I beg your pardon,' she said, with a strange smile, 'but my children never taste wine.'

"'O mamma—last Sunday.'

"'Come away, you are a naughty riotous boy, and must go up-stairs.' She led the child away. As she opened the door, Lewellyn heard her say, 'Did you swallow any of it? Spit! spit out upon the door-rug,' and the child said, 'La! mamma, I had not even got my lips to the glass when you pulled me away.'"

Lewellyn, who is an acute lawyer, has his suspicions, and in her absence takes out of his pocket an empty flask, and pours into it half the contents of the tumbler. When he gets home he administers the mixture to a dog, which after some hours, dies of convulsions. In the meanwhile, a second guest, Montague Treherne, the betrayer of Beatrice, arrives at the same luncheon-table, and, after angry words with Mrs. Myra, drinks off the remainining contents of the tumbler—a curious thing, by the way, for a very fastidious fine gentleman to do. The lady witnesses the act.

"Her eyes were riveted upon the glass in his hand. Her countenance assumed a strange expression of mingled defiance and terror. As he turned angrily from her, and ran down the stairs with the light quick step that was habitual to him, she passed her handkerchief, dipped in water, over her own forehead with a slight shudder.

"'Both!' she said, in a sort of frightened whisper. 'Both! what shall I do?'

"Then rising once more, with a ghastly face, she proceeded carefully to rinse the goblet out of which he had drunk, the glass Maurice had used, and the small decanter that stood by them."—*Lost and Saved*, vol. iii. p. 249.

Montague Treherne sails next day in his yacht, is seized with spasms, procures the assistance of a doctor who pronounces it poison, not cholera as the sailors had supposed, and dies. The doctor brings the body to England, and informs Lewellyn of his opinion. Lewellyn has his strong suspicions, which might in fact be certainties, but—

"What end, indeed, could it have served to bring to doubtful trial, and probable acquittal, the wife of the family solicitor? . . . to disturb with an immense scandal the society in which Montague and his relatives moved; and to receive no guerdon, when all was done, but resentment and reproach from his family?"—Vol. iii. p. 296.

The murderess, therefore, is let alone, learns caution, and along with all the other bad people of the book, is taken leave of by the reader in unabated prosperity and confirmed social credit and standing. "The marchioness is still the person who occupies most attention (and most space) at all the balls given by royalty and by the subjects of royalty." And Nelly, in spite of a letter to her angry and malignant aunt, which sounds like an imprudence, is in greater favor with her husband and the world than ever. Beatrice is taken up and restored to society by kind friends, marries an Italian count, not handsome, but with a voice, "unutterably sad, unutterably sweet," who has been forsaken by his wife, and the curtain closes on the young mother hanging over the cradle of her baby. For calm, serene, domestic felicity, the very last thing these heroines of many stormy adventures are fit for, is always the haven assigned to them. It is easier, in fact, to turn nun, hospital nurse, or sister of mercy, to take up and carry through the professed vocation of a saint, than to work out the English ideal of wife, mother, and presiding spirit of the house, after any wide departure from custom and decorum; and it is one of the most mischievous points of a bad moral that leads the young and inexperienced reader to suppose otherwise.

If Mrs. Norton attacks apparent and recognized respectability, professes to unmask false pretences, and shows that the worst people are those most in the world's good graces, Miss Braddon, the first and, at present, preeminent sensation writer, sets herself to defy and expose the real thing. Her bad people don't pretend only to be good: they *are* respectable; they really work, nay slave, in

the performance of domestic duties and the most accredited of all good works. The moral proper of her stories may be good or bad; as thus,—Lady Audley is wicked, and comes to a bad end; Aurora Floyd does a hundred bad things and prospers in spite of them, both in her own fate and in the reader's favor; but the real influence of everything this lady writes is to depreciate custom, and steady work of any kind whatever; every action, however creditable, that is not the immediate result of generous impulse. She disbelieves in systematic formal habitual goodness. She owns to a hatred of monotonous habit even in doing right. She declares for what she calls a Bohemian existence. She likes people to be influenced by anything rather than principle and cold duty; in fact, nerves, feeling, excitement, will, and inclination are the sole motive powers of every character she cares for. The person who goes on day after day doing stated duty-work because it is duty, not because she likes it, is a monster to her, a something hardly human. She regards such an one (that is in her books) as a painful, oppressive phenomenon. Not believing in the pleasures of habit of any sort, she can no more understand that there may be alleviations, hopes, nay positive joys, in a life of conscientious observances than could Timothy's Bess, in "Adam Bede," conceive it possible for life to have a single satisfaction to a person who wore such a cap as Dinah's. The recoil from dulness is evidently too strong, and all regularity, all day by day uniform occupation is dull to her; and she has such a way of putting it that we confess there is danger of its seeming dull to the reader also.

In a story now coming out, this feeling is shown in the portrait of a clergyman's daughter working her father's parish. Olivia is a model visitor of the poor—a sort of typical and transcendent district-visitor—who never lets a day pass unimproved, who allows no impediments, still less her own ease, to interfere with the work and duty before her. Most people learn to like such occupations even if not congenial; habit and the sense of usefulness make them more than tolerable. Olivia hates them with an ever-growing hatred, and they turn her into a fiend. Of course there is a good deal about the work not being done in a right spirit, being done as duty, not in love; but this is a conspicuous salve, a necessary reservation, which does not seem to us to mean much. Any woman plodding in good works as Olivia does, would produce a shudder and revulsion in such a mind, be she ever so earnest and sincere in her task. And to those outside we grant this sort of life does seem a dull one. Miss Braddon, no doubt, finds abundance of young readers to echo her sentiment, though habit coming upon a sense of usefulness makes such lives more than tolerable, the happiest of all lives to those that live them. In fact, Olivia represents the "moral man" as familiar to us under the handling of a certain class of preachers, saying prayers, reading the Bible, going three times a day to church:—

"Mrs. Marchmont made an effort to take up her old life, with its dull round of ceaseless duty, its perpetual self-denial. If she had been a Roman Catholic she would have gone to the nearest convent, and prayed to be permitted to take such vows as might soonest set a barrier between herself and the world; she would have spent the long weary days in perpetual ceaseless prayer; she would have worn deeper indentations upon the stones already hollowed by faithful knees. As it was she made a routine of penance for herself, after her fashion; going long distances on foot to visit her poor when she ought to have ridden in her carriage; courting exposure to rain and foul weather; wearing herself out with unnecessary fatigue, and returning footsore to her desolate home, to fall fainting in the strong arms of her grim attendant Barbara. But this self-appointed penance could not shut Edward Arundel and Mary Marchmont from the widow's mind. Walking through a fiery furnace, their images would have haunted her still, vivid and palpable, even in the agony of death. . . . No good whatever seemed to come of her endeavors, and the devils, who rejoiced at her weakness and her failure, claimed her as their own. They claimed her as their own."—*Temple Bar*, February, 1863, p. 157.

Olivia Marchmont to be sure was impeded not only by a wild, indomitable passion, but by a fund of unused energy and genius. She is one of Miss Braddon's favorites, possessing—

"The ambition of a Semiramis, the courage of a Boadicea, the resolution of a Lady Macbeth."

She was—

"Devoured by a slow-consuming and perpetual fire. Her mind was like one vast roll

of parchment whereon half the wisdom of the world might have been inscribed, but on which was only written, over and over again, to maddening iteration, the name of Edward Arundel. . . .

"Olivia Marchmont might have been a good and great woman. She had all the elements of greatness. She had genius, resolution, an indomitable courage, an iron will, perseverance, self-denial, temperance, chastity. But against all these qualities was set a fatal and foolish love for a boy's handsome face and frank, genial manner. If she could have gone to America, and entered herself amongst the feminine professors of law and medicine—if she could have set up a printing-press in Bloomsbury, or even written a novel—I think she might have been saved."—P. 477, April, 1863.

But even where there is not this disproportionate greatness of soul, where the task is in exact measure with the worker, Miss Braddon shows an equal repugnance to the humdrum and to the ordinary feminine ideal. Her odious females are all remakable for conformity to the respectable type, whether as "religious women doing their duty in a hard uncompromising way," or writing a "neat" letter, or cutting their husband's bread and butter, or "excelling in that elaborate and terrible science which woman paradoxically calls plain needlework."

Three things seem to have aided in this war against steady, unexcited well-doing, a familiarity at some time or the other with the drudgery of learning, and an equal familiarity with horses and with theatricals, not simply play-going, but life behind the scenes. Her heroines have all been disgusted by a routine education, some in their own person, some inflicting it on others. It is an excuse for Aurora's flight from school with her father's groom, that she was kept strictly to her lessons. Lady Audley was teacher in a school; Olivia Marchmont imposes an intolerable amount of dates, Roman history, and all the rest, on her hapless charge; and Eleanor, in "Eleanor's Victory," on one happy holiday—

"Looked back wonderingly at the dull routine of her boarding-school existence. Could it be possible that it was only a day or two since she was in the Brixton schoolroom hearing the little ones, the obstinate, incorrigible little ones, their hateful lessons—their odious, monotonous repetitions of dry facts about William the Conqueror and Buenos Ayres, the manufacture of tallow candles, and the nine parts of speech."—*Once a Week*, p. 335, March, 1863.

The ordinary, well-educated young lady, the flower and triumph of civilization, who has mastered her lessons, the languages, the history, the difficult passages in the sonata in C flat, and liked them all, is alternately an object of amusement and contempt. In contrast with the glowing Aurora, we have a good-natured portrait of the model heroine of another school, learned in geography and astronomy and botany and chronology, and reading one of the novels that *may* lie on a drawing-room table. "How tame, how cold, how weak, beside that Egyptian goddess, that Assyrian queen, with her flashing eyes and the serpentine coils of purple-black hair."

"The long arcades of beech and elm had reminded him from the first, of the solemn aisles of a cathedral; and coming suddenly to a spot where a new arcade branches off abruptly on his right hand, he saw, in one of the sylvan niches, as fair a saint as had ever been modelled by the hand of artist and believer—the same golden-haired angel he had seen in the long drawing-room at Feldon Woods—Lucy Floyd, with the pale aureola about her head, her large straw hat in her lap, filled with anemones and violets, and the third volume of a novel in her hand. A High Church novel, 'it is explained,' in which the heroine rejected the clerical hero because he did not perform the service according to the Rubric."—*Aurora Floyd*, vol. ii. p. 16.

How different from this serene inanity the unrestrained "expansive natures," unchecked by system of any sort, whose youth has been suffered to run wild, do what they like, form their own opinions, get into scrapes, and compromise themselves while still in their teens, which charm this writer's fancy! Nothing is so purely conventional an idea as that young girls untaught or ill-taught can be graceful or attractive, however favorite a notion it is with writers of fiction. But this clever, bright writer can describe an unattached, vagrant, slipshod existence with touches of truth, with admissions of the necessary condition of such an existence, which give a greater air of reality to her pictures than we often see. Thus, her Eleanor, whose childhood has been passed with a disreputable, self-indulgent spendthrift of a father, with whom she had lived in occasional luxury and

habitual destitution, whose companion has been a good-natured, slovenly scene-painter and theatrical supernumerary, who is now, at fifteen, a teacher in a third-rate boarding-school, shows in the following pretty picture nothing at variance with her bringing up. The health and spirits of the solitary girl are exciting the spleen of the sea-sick passengers of the Dieppe steamer :—

"Eyes dim in the paroxysms of sea-sickness had looked almost spitefully towards this happy, radiant creature, as she flitted hither and thither about the deck, courting the balmy ocean-breezes that made themselves merry with her rippling hair. Lips blue with suffering had writhed as their owners beheld the sandwiches which this young school-girl devoured, the stale buns, the flat raspberry tarts, hideous, bilious, revolting three-cornered puffs, which she produced at different stages of the voyage from her shabby carpet-bag. She had an odd volume of a novel, and a long dreary desert of crochet-work whose white cotton monotony was only broken by occasional dingy oases, bearing witness of the worker's dirty hands; and they were such pretty hands, too, that it was a shame they should ever be dirty; and she had a bunch of flabby faded flowers, sheltered by a great fanlike shield of newspaper; and she had a smelling bottle which she sniffed at perpetually, though she had no need of any such restorative, being as fresh and bright from first to last as the sea-breezes themselves."

It is in the existence of the real with the impossible that this writer's power lies. This tart-loving child of fifteen is the girl who, three days later, devotes herself to vengeance, and lives for years in the unchanging hope of seeing the sharper who got her father's money hanged through her instrumentality. People are apt to think, though it is no such thing, that the knowledge of ordinary custom-loving human nature is a much easier thing than knowledge of the waifs and strays of humanity, and this lady's experiences are ostentatiously of this exceptional kind. She would have us think that she views human nature generally in a scrape. Thus, she will ask, as if familiar with detectives and their mode of noting down their pencil memoranda, When they begin their pencils? and "how it is that they always seem to have arrived at the stump?" Again one of her characters is intoxicated: "his head is laid upon the pillow, in one of those wretched positions which intoxication *always* chooses for its repose," as though she had seen so much of it. And it is with people in a scrape, or ready at any moment to fall into one, that she sympathizes. Blind passion gets them into difficulties, blind trust carries others along with them; and *trust* is a quality in wonderful favor with some people, as it indeed ought to be with all the heroines of the Aurora type—a trust which leads the big Yorkshireman thus to declare himself, in answer to the insinuations of the envious and respectable Mrs. Powell :—

"'You are a good husband Mr. Mellish,' she said with a gentle melancholy. 'Your wife *ought* to be happy,' she added, with a sigh, which plainly hinted that Mrs. Mellish was miserable.

"'A good husband!' cried John; 'not half good enough for her. What can I do to prove that I love her?—what can I do? Nothing—except to let her have her own way. And what a little that seems! Why if she wanted to set that house on fire, for the pleasure of making a bonfire,' he added, pointing to the rambling mansion in which his blue eyes had first seen the light, 'I'd let her do it and look on with her at the blaze.'"—*Aurora Floyd*, vol. ii. p. 237.

The whole idea of life and love in writers of this class is necessarily mischievous and, we will say, immoral. Independent of the fact that "John" was duped by his wife all this time, that she knew her first husband was living and that therefore she was not his wife, the picture of the relation between these two is one really incompatible with the weight and seriousness of matrimonial obligations. There is a praise and sympathy for unreasoning blind idolatry very likely to find response in young readers, whether of the vain or romantic type; and the better it is done—the more sweetness and feeling is thrown into it—the more dangerous if it gets a hold, and keeps its ground. Husbands and fathers at any rate may begin to look about them and scrutinize the parcel that arrives from Mudie's, when young ladies are led to contrast the actual with the ideal we see worked out in popular romance; the mutual duties, the reciprocal forbearance, the inevitable trials of every relation in real life, with the triumph of mere feminine fascination, before which man falls prostrate and helpless. Take the following scene.

Aurora has to go up to London to buy off the interference of her real husband the groom, whom her father supposes to be dead, and of whom her husband knows nothing. The idolizing father welcomes her to the disturbed and interrupted dinner :—

"Aurora sat in her old place at her father's right hand. In the old girlish days Miss Floyd had never occupied the bottom of the table, but had loved best to sit by that foolishly doting parent, pouring out his wine for him, in defiance of the servants, and doing other loving offices which were deliciously inconvenient to the old man.

"To-day Aurora seemed especially affectionate. That fondly-clinging manner had all its ancient charm to the banker. He put down his glass with a tremulous hand to gaze at his darling child, and was dazzled with her beauty and drunken with the happiness of having her near him.

"'But, my darling,' he said by and by, 'what do you mean by talking about going back to Yorkshire to-morrow?'

"'Nothing, papa, except that I *must* go,' answered Mrs. Mellish, determinedly.

"'But why come, dear, if you could only stop one night?'

"'Because I wanted to see you, dearest father, and talk to you about—about money matters.'

"'That's it!' exclaimed John Mellish, with his mouth half full of salmon and lobster sauce, 'that's it!—money matters! That's all I can get out of her. She goes out late last night and roams about the garden, and comes in wet through and through, and says she must come to London about money matters. What should she want with money matters? If she wants money, she can have as much as she wants. She shall write the figures and I'll sign the check; or she shall have a dozen blank check to fill in just as she pleases. What is there upon this earth that I'd refuse her? If she dipped a little too deep and put more money than she could afford upon the bay filly, why doesn't she come to me instead of bothering you about money matters? You know I said so in the train, Aurora, ever so many times. Why bother your poor papa about it?'"—*Aurora Floyd*, vol. ii. p. 139

So far as real life sees, or ever has seen anything like this, it is among the Cleopatras and other witch-like charmers who have misled mankind; not among wives and daughters of repute in Christian or even in heathen times. No doubt discipline, self-restraint, and moral training, stand in the way of this fascination: in every conspicuous example these have all been wanting; still there are people, no doubt, to agree with the sporting community of Doncaster, who, we are told, one and all liked Aurora all the better for breaking her whip over a stable-boy's shoulder, and who are led willing captives by the varied and opposite manifestations of unchecked feeling, passion, and impulse, when there is beauty and grace enough to smooth over and conceal their real repulsiveness.

The series of books before us happen to be from female pens, and sensation writing in their hands takes a peculiar hue. Thus with them, love is more exclusively the instrument for producing excitement, and they have the art of infusing greater extravagance of sentiment in its expression. A certain Mr. Fullom has complained bitterly that Miss Braddon has stolen the outline of one of his novels, and has reproduced incident after incident in "Lady Audley's Secret" with scarcely the affectation of disguise; the real bitterness of the transaction lying no doubt in the fact that his precursory tale had been too little read for the plagiarism to be known to any but the two authors. The successful appropriation of another's plot no doubt shows that quality of prompt assimilation attributed to Aurora, "who was such a brilliant creature, that every little smattering of knowledge she possessed, appeared to such good account, as to make her seem an adept in any subject of which she spoke." This is no doubt a power of the feminine nature, to take in at a glance, and to make apparently her own, what has cost hard labor to slower though original, thinkers. Probably nobody could read Mr. Fullom's book; we do not pretend to have heard of it, but he makes out an excellent case, which just proves Miss Braddon's dramatic power. Playwrights take anybody's story—it belongs to them to make it fit for the stage; and the world is essentially a *stage* to Miss Braddon, and all the men and women, the wives, the lovers, the villains, the sea-captains, the victims, the tragically jealous, the haters, the avengers, merely players. We could extract pages, fit, as they stand, for the different actors in a melodrama, vehemently and outrageously unnatural, but with a certain harmony which prevents one part exposing the other.

We ought possibly to apologize to the

readers of a theological review for intruding on their notice scenes with certainly no direct bearing on the subjects to which its columns are as a rule devoted. But we have thought it well to enter our protest against the form of fiction most popular in the present day, because we conceive it to fail both positively and negatively in the legitimate uses of fiction. Negatively, because it asks least from the sense, feeling, and thought of the reader; and positively, because instead of quickening the imagination it stimulates a vulgar curiosity, weakens the established rules of right and wrong, touches, to say the least, upon things illicit, raises false and vain expectations, and draws a wholly false picture of life. Every true and honest observer of human nature adds something to the common experience, but if anything new is to be learnt from the sensational novel, as far as our observation goes, it is in that field of knowledge which emphatically is not wisdom.

In an article on "Literary Piracy" in the *American Publishers' Circular*, of the date May 15, an attempt is made to turn the table against British authors and publishers who have complained of the piracy of British books by Americans. "We take the liberty," says the writer, "of asserting as an undeniable fact that there is no living English author of established reputation, whose works are extensively republished in this country, who is not freely and properly, compensated by the American publisher. Our knowledge of the large publishing houses in New York, Boston, and this city (Philadelphia), and the information they have kindly furnished us upon the subject, enable us to make our assertion with confidence. Our readers may rely upon it. Compensation is the rule. Large prices are paid in gross for advance sheets, or a quasi-copyright is paid upon the copies sold. The fact is, there is a competition for the publication, and our representative houses are constantly outbidding each other for the privilege of exclusive republication. As illustrations of our statement, we may say that Macaulay, Carlyle, Tennison, Dickins, Bulwer, Collins, Reade, the author of 'Adam Bede,' De Quincy, Thackeray, Hughes, the Brownings, Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Mulock, Stanley, Boyd, Lyell, Spurgeon, Mrs. Wood, Dr. Brown, the representative of Sir William Hamilton, the representative of Hugh Miller, and others, have all received compensation from their American publisher." The writer then proceeds: "Our English critics 'reck not their own rede.' They sermonize us about piracy, while they themselves, true to their Norse origin and sea-king propensities, are plundering around our literary coast, like the vikings of eld, in search of what they may devour. When, pray, within the last ten years, have they reciprocated our liberality by forwarding a check to an American author? Our books are freely republished by the generous Britons; but we have yet to learn when recently the writers of them have been compensated. There is no such instance within our knowledge or information. It is not the rule of the trade in England to pay American authors, although it is our rule to pay her authors. We cannot forbear a single illustration. There is now in London a popular rhapsodical preacher, whose sermons have been largely republished in this country, but whose temporary fame will be eclipsed by that of the inspired rhapsodist who may succeed him in popular favor. There dwells in this quiet city of Philadelphia an erudite student of the Scriptures, whose commentaries thereon give instruction to clergymen and sabbath-school teachers wherever our language is spoken. Yet, while Spurgeon has recived as much as 5,000 dollars in one year from his publishers in this country, Albert Barnes, although his notes have sold to the extent of several hundred thousand copies in Great Britain, has never been favored by the English publishers with a penny." Comments in the same strain are then made by the writer on the existing state of the English law regarding copyrights of works by American authors. From the very day, it is said, when, by a decision of the House of Lords (Aug. 5, 1854), the possibility of copyright by Americans in Britain was upset, and thus American authors in Britain were reduced to the same condition as British authors in America, British publishers ceased to offer any compensation to American authors when reprinting their works. If the facts of this American writer are correct, it would appear that, whereas American publishers find it worth while on system to purchase early sheets of British works, and have established an understanding among themselves by which the purchaser of such early sheets is not interfered with by his brother-publisher, British publishers have not yet found it worth while to establish any such system for the purchase of early American sheets. But the American writer's facts may be disputed.

Miss Bewick has just issued, through the agency of Messrs. Longman & Co., "A Memoir of Thomas Bewick, written by himself." The work is embellished with numerous unpublished wood-engravings.

The third and fourth volumes of the late Sir Francis Palgrave's "History of Normandy and England" are now in the press.

From The Edinburgh Review.

1. *Memoirs communicated to the Royal Geographical Society, June 22d*, 1863. By Captain Speke.
2. *Anniversary Address, May 25th*, 1863. By Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, K.C.B., President of the Royal Geographical Society.
3. *Papers communicated to the Ethnological Society, June 30th*, 1863. By Captain Augustus Grant.

The two captains sent by the British Government, at the solicitation of the Royal Geographical Society, to discover the sources of the Nile, have been more fortunate than the two centurions despatched by Nero on a similar errand. There may exist doubts as to the exhaustiveness of their search; there may prove to be other tributaries of the Nile flowing from the east or from the west, from more distant fountain-heads than Speke and Grant have seen; but this much appears certain, that these explorers have traced the trunk stream of the river of Egypt to its exit from the Lake Nianza, and that a southern limit of latitude has also been determined, within which the tributaries of the lake must necessarily lie.

The most striking popular fact to be deduced from the present exploration is, that the Nile is far the longest river in the world, at least in one of the two senses of that epithet. When we measure its deposed predecessor, the Mississippi, in a direct line between its mouth and the head of its remotest tributary, we find the distance to be about 1,740 miles; the corresponding measurement of the Nile is no less than 2,380. If, on the other hand, we care to measure the course of either stream in its main features, by following their principal bends with a pair of compasses, we obtain 2,450 for the Mississippi, against 3,050 for the Nile. We have not patience to inquire into the minute meanderings of either stream; indeed, the exceedingly tortuous course of the upper part of the latter river is still unmapped with accuracy. There is no other river on the globe that links such different climates as the Nile, none that is so remarkable for its physical peculiarities, none that is clothed with equal historical interest, and none that has so attracted or so baffled the theorist and the explorer. Let us state, in a few words, the slow steps by which its investigation had hitherto advanced, before we narrate the adventures of the party by whom it has, at length, been accomplished.

All the world knows that tourists may sail readily up the Nile from its mouth, if they wish it, to the second cataract, a distance of seven hundred and fifty miles, neglecting the meanderings of the river; and they also know that a further course of seven hundred miles, partly navigable with ease and partly with great difficulty, takes the traveller to Khartûm, where the Blue and White branches combine. Their united volume forms the identical stream that intersects the whole breadth of the Sahara with a thread of habitable land; for not a single tributary, except the Atbâra—and that is almost dry in summer, while its mouth is barely one hundred and eighty miles below Khartûm—adds anything to its volume. Bruce reached Abyssynia at the end of the last century. He acted upon the erroneous conclusion that the Blue River was the more important of the two arms. He accordingly devoted himself to exploring the Lake Dembea, whence it derives its source, and therefore he claimed the honor of having discovered the fountain head of the Nile. The Blue River was certainly the more important stream of the two, speaking socially, for it led to Abyssinia, and its banks were populous; while the White Nile led due south into morasses, and to the haunts of barbarians. There is life in the waters of the former, as they swirl past Khartûm, clear, blue, and sparkling, like a vast salmon-stream; but the huge White Nile has a forlorn and mere-like character. The size of its mouth is masked by an island; and when its undivided waters have been entered, they seem so stagnant as to suggest the idea of a backwater to the Blue Nile, rather than a sister affluent. But its breadth and depth more than compensate for the sluggishness of its current; and we now know, by better measurements than the contemporaries of Bruce were enabled to take, that its greater volume of water, as well as its far superior length, justly mark it to be the parent stream of the river of Egypt.

The White Nile was wholly neglected until M. Linant made a short expedition up it for one or two hundred miles, in 1827. His report of its size, and of the ivory, gums, and other savage products that were procurable on its banks, inflamed the curiosity and the greed of the Egyptian Government, who were

then bent on extending their dominions. They sent out expeditions during three successive years, in which Arnaud and Werne took part, and explored the river for far more than one thousand miles of water-way, terminating at or about Gondakoro, which we have at length ascertained, through Speke's observations, to be in lat. 4 degs. 54 min. N. and long. 31 degs. 46 min. E. Fifty or sixty miles above Gondakoro, the navigation of the river is absolutely interrupted by rapids and rocks.

Henceforward, and by slow degrees, the White Nile became a highway for competing traders, who formed stations near its banks, and trafficked in ivory and slaves. They had little power to convey geographical knowledge, and, for the most part, they had strong pecuniary interest in withholding what they knew; so that our acquaintance with the river, in a scientific point of view, was out of all proportion inferior to its value and accessibility.

Praiseworthy attempts have been made by individuals, who were mainly incited by the earnest appeals of the French Geographical Society, and especially of its late venerable president, M. Jomard, to explore beyond Gondakoro, and to map the neighborhood of the river; but they met with scanty success. Our maps of the high Nilotic countries are compromises of exceedingly different representations, mostly devoid of any astronomical basis; and the farthest exploration of the most successful traveller, Miani, reached only to a point which Speke has now ascertained to be in lat. 3 degs. 34 min. N. As for the extraordinary sketch of Petherick's route, which that traveller laid down upon paper with a free hand, and without the slightest astronomical check, we dismiss it from our consideration. It is wholly unproved, and is, in many respects, improbable.

The failure of travellers from Gondakoro was mainly due to the distance of that place from Khartûm, whence all supplies had to be drawn, to the wretched quality of Khartûm servants, and to the disorganized and poverty-stricken character of the country immediately beyond Gondakoro. A traveller could obtain no porters at that place, beasts of burden did not exist, yet a strong party was essential to security and progress. Success was only possible to an able leader, who could command means to take out with him an imposing expedition, so completely organized as to be independent of the natives.

While progress languished on the White Nile, and geographers were periodically tantalized and disappointed by scraps of intelligence published in the bulletin of the French Geographical Society, an entirely new base of operations was suggested to future travellers. Two missionaries, Krapf and Rebmann, directed by religious caprice, selected a small town on the east coast of Africa as their station. It is called Mombas; it lies a little to the north of Zanzibar, and in lat. 4 degs. 4 min. S. They established themselves there, learnt native languages, made journeys to the interior, and published an account of what they had seen and heard. They astonished European geographers by the assertion that they had found two snow-capped mountains, whose position they fixed at an extravagant distance from the coast. Unfortunately for their credit, their narratives were too loosely recorded to endure a searching criticism; their itineraries were discussed, and their journeys were shown to have extended only a half or a third of the distance they had claimed to have accomplished. Fanciful conclusions were also interwoven with their statements of fact. In consequence of these serious inaccuracies, a misgiving unjustly attached itself to the whole of their story. They were bitterly assailed on many sides; some persons asserted the mountains to be myths, and others believed them to exist as peaks of moderate altitude, whitened by quartz or dolomite. There were but a few who, while they acknowledged the missionaries to be unscientific, recoiled from accusing them of intentional misstatement, and refused to believe that a native of German Switzerland, like Rebmann, should mistake the character of so familiar an object as a snow mountain, when he had spent many days in its neighborhood, and walked partly round it. We now know that the latter view was the correct one; but, at the time of which we are speaking, discussions grew exceedingly warm, and further exploration was urgently called for in Eastern Africa.

The next incident that bears upon our subject was the appearance of a map, wholly compiled from native information by Mr. Rebmann, with the assistance of another missionary, Mr. Erhardt. It included a vast territory, reaching from the eastern coast to

the medial line of Africa, and was founded on the statements of travellers by several caravan routes, which were said to run parallel to one another, from the coast to the interior, at one hundred and fifty miles apart, and to end, in every case, on the shores of a lake. Other information connected the routes by cross sections, and made it probable that the three lakes were one continuous sheet of water, prolonged into the Lake Maravi of the older maps. The memoir that accompanied the missionaries' sketch was composed with great ability, and could not fail to convince readers that, notwithstanding the improbability of the existence of a sheet of water of the egregious dimensions and unnatural outline ascribed to it in the sketch, there was undoubtedly a lake country of great extent at some sixty days' journey from the eastern coast, and that more than one road to it lay perfectly open to any traveller who chose to make the effort.

The labors of Mr. Cooley are too well known and too numerous to need recapitulation here. He had advocated a long narrow lake, stretching down Eastern Africa; but his arguments were based on travels that were little known to the English public, and were raised on an almost too ingenious critical basis. The same may be said, with more or less truth, of the arguments of the Abyssinian traveller, Dr. Beke, and of a crowd of others who entertained various hypotheses on the geography of various parts of Eastern Africa. They had not the influence they deserved. It was perhaps natural that the simple statements of men writing from Africa itself, who were able to converse with numbers of travellers, including the native captains of caravan parties, who were, of all negroes, the best qualified informants, should impress the majority of geographers with a greater air of reality than learned discussions, elaborated within the sound of Bow Bells.

The discoveries, speculations, and maps of Krapf, Rebmann, and Erhardt, obtained a wide circulation, and induced theorists to suppose that the snow mountains of the missionaries were identical with the Mountains of the Moon, spoken of by Ptolemy, whence the Nile was said to rise; and they argued, on that hypothesis, that an expedition should be sent from Zanzibar to seek the sources of that river. On the other hand, there were many who urged an investigation of the Lake question, as one of great geographical interest and apparently easy solution. In fine the Geographical Society successfully exerted itself to procure the despatch of an exploring party to Eastern Africa, to find out what they could: hence, Burton and Speke's expedition to Lake Tanganyika in 1857–9. It will be recollected that Burton, the leader of the party, suffered severely from an illness during the whole of the journey, against which he gallantly but unsuccessfully struggled. Consequently, on his arrival at Kazeh, the half-way station between Lake Tanganyika and the coast, and an entrepôt of some importance, whence a trading route diverges to the north, he despatched Speke on a solitary expedition. He was to follow that route, and to visit a great lake called Nyanza, which was clearly one of the separate lakes which the missionaries had believed to be united in one continuous sheet of water. Speke went, and reached the southern shores of an enormous inland sea in lat. 2 degs. 45 min. S. and long. 33. degs. 30 min. E., and therefore at a distance of four hundred and eighty geographical miles from Gondakoro, and about four hundred from the highest point to which the White Nile had been ascended by Miani. Recollecting this fact, and being informed that the lake extended some four hundred miles in that direction (it actually does extend more than two hundred), and that it had a northern outlet in a river frequented by white men, Speke came to the conclusion that the river must be the Nile, and therefore that the Nyanza (or as he was pleased to call it, with questionable taste, the Victoria Nyanza) was, in a proximate sense, its long-sought source.

The present expedition of Captains Speke and Grant was planned to investigate that hypothesis. It was undertaken with the help of Government aid, granted at the earnest solicitation of the Geographical Society, and has proved the truth of Speke's theory. We will now proceed to relate the chief incidents and the geographical results of their protracted journey.

Captains Speke and Grant left Zanzibar in October, 1860, after having despatched a caravan of natives in advance, to form a depôt of goods and travelling necessaries at Kazeh. The expedition was arranged on a liberal scale, though it was prepared under

serious disadvantages, owing to the delays that always intervene between the time when hope is held out of Government support, and the day when it is finally given. Speke's preparatory arrangements were thrown sadly out of gear by the procrastination of officials at home, and his start was unduly hurried at the last moment. It was, in fact, retarded until the most favorable season of the year had passed. They started with a motley caravan, consisting, first, of sixty armed men from Zanzibar, who were engaged to serve them throughout the journey, and who carried the travellers' personal luggage; next, came an army of local porters, laden with goods of exchange, such as beads and calico; and to these was added a curious detachment which had been pressed upon them, with the kindest intentions, by Sir George Grey, then Governor of the Cape. It consisted of a number of Hottentot soldiers. They were an utter and a costly failure; for the difference of climate between their native droughts and the steaming vegetation of the coast opposite Zanzibar, was too great for their constitutions to withstand. Many died, and the others were useless from ill health, as well as from their ignorance of the language, habits, and methods of locomotion of Eastern Africa, and they had to be sent back. Some mules and donkeys were taken, but they also proved a failure. The great journey had to be performed on foot.

No African caravan-track could have been less obstructed than the road to Kazeh, when Speke travelled along it in the company of Burton: on the present occasion, the face of Fortune seemed steadily set against him. A drought and famine of remarkable severity afflicted the whole extent of Eastern Africa, and produced the well known fruits of disorganization and political troubles among the native tribes. It also happened that a chief of importance had died, and the question of his succession was disputed by arms. In short, the two travellers pushed through far more severe impediments than they had reckoned upon, before even Kazeh was reached; and, on attempting to proceed farther, they were attacked and plundered. Speke became seriously ill, and Grant, who at that time was detached from him, with a portion of the remaining stores, could barely hold his own. Communication with Zanzibar was expected to be cut off, and matters wore for a time a very alarming aspect. However, the two friends effected a junction, and contrived to fall back on Kazeh, and to reorganize their party by obtaining a new set of porters and fresh interpreters. They then recommenced their journey in October, 1861, just one year after leaving Zanzibar, with restored health, better prospects, and lighter hearts. Thus far we had heard from them *viâ* Zanzibar, but not a scrap of intelligence of their subsequent fate reached even the confines of the civilized world, until the two travellers emerged at Gondakoro, on the White Nile, on February 15, 1863.

Of the two routes from Kazeh by which the northern end of Lake Nyanza may be reached, a person who was merely guided by his map, might conclude it was a matter of indifference whether a traveller should follow the eastern or the western shore of the lake. But when political causes are taken into consideration, it is found that the eastern route is wholly impracticable. It passes through the territory of a warlike and disunited people, the Masai, with whom no traveller has yet succeeded in making friends. They possess no paramount chief, whose good will can shield the explorer throughout an extensive country, but every tribe is independent in its own domain, and probably on ill terms with its neighbors. Thus, the Baron Von der Decken, who measured and ascended the missionaries' snow mountain, Kilimandjaro, to a height of 13,000 feet, has recently been driven back by the Masai, on attempting to enter their territory from the eastern side. The western and north-western shores of the lake are subject to very different political conditions. They are included in the territory of Uganda, and one despotic sovereign holds them under his strict control. He also maintains a fleet of war-canoes on its waters. He is, therefore, all-powerful to aid or to thwart a traveller, and it was to his court that Speke and Grant intended to proceed, in order to gain his assistance.

Thus far, say one hundred and twenty miles north-west of Kazeh, the travellers had journeyed among the Wanyamesi and other uninteresting negroes, who are said to have been formerly included in a kingdom of some importance. They are now scattered in tribes and families, where each man does what is right in his own eyes, subject to no restriction beyond the self-imposed restraint of

superstitious customs and the personal interference of his neighbors. The single principle they possess, that attains to the dignity of a national policy, is a tacit understanding that travelling parties should be taxed and robbed by individuals, only so far as will fall short of putting a stop to the caravan trade altogether. It is cold comfort to acknowledge that this is an advance upon the doctrines of the Masai. Now, however, on the western shores of Lake Nyanza, Speke and Grant came upon a series of strong governments, including that of Uganda, and found their history to be of considerable interest.

Scattered among the Wanyamesi, and other neighboring races, are found families of a superior type to the negro. They exist as a pastoral people, but in other respects they adopt the customs of the races of Africa. They bear different names in different places, but we will describe them by that which has the widest currency, namely, Wähūmä. Speke considers them offshoots of the Gallas of Abyssinia, and of Asiatic origin. He believes they migrated in somewhat ancient times in bands from Abyssinia, and met with various fortunes. In some countries, as in Uniamesi, they were simply mingled with the natives; but in those he was about to visit they had achieved the position of a ruling caste, though quite insignificant in numbers, when compared to the negroes whom they ruled. Such was first found to be the case in Uzinli, a small country governed by a robber, the terror of Arab traders, which lies eighty miles to the west of the south end of Lake Nyanza. Speke and Grant traversed Uzinli with the greatest difficulty, and thence made their way to the capital of the hospitable Wahuma, King of Karagwé, which lay two hundred and fifty miles from Kazeh and seventy miles west of the lake. Uganda lies north of Karagwé, and is rarely visited by traders from Zanzibar. It was Speke's aim to make a favorable impression on the more accessible King of Karagwé, and to avail himself of his good will in obtaining a satisfactory introduction to his powerful neighbor. Rumanika, the King of Karagwé, keeps up his state with some magnificence, and has the bearing and the liberal ideas of a gentleman. His country is a fair undulating land, partly 6,000 feet above the sea, and elsewhere sloping to the lake. His cattle cover the hills in tens of thousands. His rule is strict, and his people are thriving; but as the peculiarities of Wahuma governments were more noteworthy in Uganda, we will reserve the description of them just at present.

Speke quitted Karagwé on the 1st of June, 1862, escorted by a guard sent by Rumanika, and carrying a friendly letter of introduction to M'tése, the King of Uganda.

Many are the difficulties of African travel, due to physical and other causes, that readily suggest themselves to any one, such as heat, rains, privations, and unruly attendants; but these may be overcome by any man who is gifted with a strong constitution, determination, and patience. The greatest difficulty of all depends on other causes, over which no traveller, however well qualified, has more than a limited control. There is the accident of the tribes among whom he travels, being at peace or at war with each other, and that of a despot's caprice being favorable or unfavorable to his progress. Wherever active warfare is carried on, the road is almost hopelessly closed between the contending parties; wherever there is peace, the suspicion of a ruler is aroused by the arrival of a stranger, on a doubtful errand to traverse his territory. He suspects his mission to be espionage, he trembles lest enchantments should ensue, and is quite sure that covert danger of some kind or other is to be apprehended, if the traveller is allowed to move about as he pleases.

Land journeys of great extent, in Africa, can only be made, either when the road is freely open to caravans, as was the case in Burton and Speke's expedition to Tanganyika, or when the good-will of a chief has been obtained who enjoys such power and prestige that his escort or even his name, is a sufficient passport. The latter was the good fortune of Livingstone, and such was also the happy luck of Speke, whose power of managing natives seems to be unsurpassed by any recent traveller, and unequalled save by Livingstone. It also happened that the Wahuma kings, especially the King of Uganda, had a motive in letting him pass; they desired the establishment of trading routes with the stations visited by white men. They live in considerable semi-barbaric state, and have, as we shall presently see, a more refined taste than is usually heard of in negro Africa.

Their wants are in advance of the productive skill of their people, though these are raised many degrees above barbarism; for instance, to show their advance in mechanical arts, the native blacksmiths have sufficient skill to inlay iron with copper. The King of Karagwé has not unfrequently received European manufactures by way of Zanzibar, though his rascally brother of Uzinli lays an almost prohibitive black mail on whatever passes his territory. The king of a yet more northern Wahuma State than Uganda, by name Unyoro, of which we have not hitherto spoken, but which abuts on the negro tribes in the neighborhood of Gondakoro, occasionally obtained goods that had been conveyed by whites on the Nile; but none of these ever reached M'tése, the King of Uganda, except as noteworthy presents from his neighboring brother-sovereigns. It naturally followed that he felt an eager desire to open a commercial route in both directions, and was thrown into a ferment of joy at the news of Speke's arrival. Little did M'tése know of the evil of uncontrolled traffic with a powerful and unscrupulous race. When Speke saw the doings of the Turkish traders at Gondakoro, and witnessed their plunder, their insolence, and their cruelty, he regretted bitterly that the word "trade" had ever passed his lips to tempt his kind-hearted host in Uganda.

Speke's route lay through vast reedy plains parallel to the west shores of the Nyanza. He crossed deep, stagnant channels every mile, and one great river, which seemed to him as full of water as the White Nile itself, flowing swift and deep between banks of dense stiff reeds, impenetrable except through certain tortuous paths. This river may therefore be reckoned as the parent stream of the Nyanza lake; or, in other words, the river of Karagwé is the true head-water of the Nile.

Uganda occupies the whole of the northwestern shoulder of the lake, whose shores are of the shape of a schoolboy's peg-top. The peg-end is directed due south, and looks on the map very like an ancient outlet, in a southern direction, into an adjacent tributary of the Tanganyika Lake. Its geographical position is 2 degs. 30 min. S. lat. and 33 degs. 30 min. E. long. The flat, upper boundary of the lake closely coincides with the equator, and from its very centre, and also at the frontier of Uganda, the Nile issues in a stream one hundred and fifty yards wide, with a leap of twelve feet. Numerous other outlets of the lake (if in truth they be not independent rivers), converge upon the Nile at various distances, one of which does not join it till after an independent course of ninety miles from the lake. One hardly knows where else to find an example of such hydrographical conditions. When a river runs into a lake or the sea, it has always a tendency to divide itself in many channels, because it deposits mud and forms a delta; but Speke's map presents that same appearance of many channels in connection with an outflow of the river, which is certainly a very unusual, as it is an unintelligible condition. The lake is heavily bordered by reeds, and continues exceedingly shallow far from shore; no boats venture to cross it. Uganda is bounded by the main stream of the Nile, which Speke followed, more or less closely, the whole way from Nyanza to Gondakoro, a distance of near 5 degs., say three hundred and fifty miles, with the exception of one part where it makes a great and remarkable bend. At the middle of the bend the river is said to dip into the northern shoulder of the Luta Nzigé, a narrow lake of some two hundred miles in length, and to reissue immediately. There is some confusion about this name, though none about the water it refers to. Luta Nzigé, which is said to mean neither more nor less than "dead locust," was applied by the natives to many sheets of water, including the Nyanza itself. Speke identifies the lake of which we are now speaking by the phrase "little Luta Nzigé." The travellers were compelled by circumstances to cut across the chord of the above-mentioned bend, a distance of eighty miles, and to leave the Luta Nzigé unvisited: but we are exceedingly glad to hear that this single deficiency in their exploration, is in a fair way of being supplied by the zeal of an excellent traveller, Mr. Samuel Baker, to whose proceedings we shall shortly recur, and who has started from Gondakoro for that purpose. It is the more necessary that this interval should be examined, as there is an unaccountable difference of altitude of the river before and after the bend, amounting to 1,000 feet. If there be no error of observations, a vast system of rapids and waterfalls must intervene.

It aids our conception of numerical data to measure them by simple standards; those

that refer to the Nile are thus to be easily disposed of. That river spans, from south to north, very nearly one fifth of the entire meridional arc, from pole to pole; and its general course is so strictly to the north, that its source in the river of Karagwé is due south of Alexandria. Khartûm is the exact half way between the sea and the exit of the Nile from the Nyanza, which lies almost exactly under the equator.

Having thus far anticipated the narrative of Speke's personal adventures by alluding to some of the main features of the country, we will proceed to fill in the picture by further details. Karagwé occupies the eastern slope of a plateau 6,000 feet above the sea. Conical hills, of which M'fumbiro is the highest and most central, are scattered about the plain, but there are no mountain giants and no continuous range. Westward of the plateau the watershed is into a small lake called the Rusizi, lying between the parallels of 1 deg. and 2 degs. and in about the 30th deg. E. long. An affluent of Lake Tanganyika proceeds due southwards from this lake, consequently the amphitheatre of mountains that has been pictured in some maps round the northern end of the Tanganyika must be removed, or be so far cut away as to admit of the river's entry. An east and west distance of one hundred and fifty miles separates the Rusizi from the Nyanza. The next tribute to geographical science, collected by Speke from native information, is that the Tanganyika has a large outlet at its southern extremity, which feeds the Niassa of Livingstone, and therefore reaches the sea by way of the Shiré and the Zambesi. This new fact, if fact it be, ranks as a signal triumph to common sense, in the face of the former observations of Burton and Speke, who navigated some distance down the Tanganyika, but never were within one hundred and fifty miles of its supposed end. They insisted, upon native evidence, that a river ran *into* it at that place, not out of it. Consequently, the Tanganyka, though a fresh-water lake, was described as resembling the Dead Sea, a sheet of water without any outlet whatever that gets rid of the water poured into it by means of evaporation only. It was objected, on their arrival in England, that two facts were also stated, irreconcilable with such an hypothesis; namely, that while, on the one hand, the periodical rains fell heavily and continuously during half the year, when no evaporation took place, so, on the other hand, there was no variation in the level of the lake, as ascertained at the wharves of the fishermen. It was wholly impossible that a half-yearly supply and loss of water should be accompanied by an unvarying level. The statement now brought back by Speke is in accordance with physical science, as well as the maps of Cooley and of the missionaries.

We have thus far arrived at the fact, that the high table-land, one hundred and twenty miles across, of which M'fumbiro is the centre, is drained on the east by the tributaries of the Nyanza, and therefore of the Nile, and on the south-south-west by those of the Tanganyika, and therefore of the Zambesi. There is also strong reason to believe, from the information brought by Speke, as well as from the appearance of the map and the conclusions of previous African geographers, that the sources of the Congo are to be found there also. Hence we may conclude that from this circumscribed district the waters drain into the Mediterranean, the Indian Ocean, and the Atlantic, and that the M'fumbiro plateau is the key-stone, the *omphelos*, of African geography. We consider this fact, if fact it be, as the greatest discovery made by Speke and Grant.*

The theory of Sir Roderick Murchison, that the interior of Africa is an elevated watery plateau, whence rivers escape by bursting, through a circumscribing mountainous boundary, must now be received with *some* limitation. It was literally true in the case of the Zambesi, but facts are still wanting to test its strict applicability to the Congo; and, as to the Nile, the following remarks were made by Sir Roderick in his Anniversary Address to the Royal Geographical Society:—

* It deserves observation that De Barros, one of the best informed of the Portuguese geographers, whose work was published in 1591, and is quoted by Dr. Beke in his "Essay on the Sources of the Nile," (p. 40.), speaks of a great lake in the interior as sending forth three rivers, namely, the Tacuy or Nile, the Zaire or Congo, and the Zambesi or Cuama. He says, "The Nile truly has its origin in this first lake, which is in 12 degs. S. latitude, and it runs four hundred miles due north, and enters another very large lake, which is called by the natives a sea, because it is two hundred and twenty miles in extent, and it lies under the equator." The people on this lake are described as more civilized than the people of Congo. Though not strictly accurate, this ancient statement is an approach to what has now been ascertained to be the truth.

"Modern discovery has indeed proved the truth of the hypothesis, which I ventured to suggest to you eleven years ago, that the true centre of Africa is a great elevated watery basin, often abounding in rich lands, its large lakes being fed by numerous streams from adjacent ridges, and its waters escaping to the sea by fissures and depressions in the higher surrounding lands. It was at our anniversary of 1852, when many *data* that have since been accumulated were unknown to us, that, in my comparative view of Africa in primeval and modern times, I ventured to suggest that the interior of Africa would be found to be such an unequally elevated basin, occupied now, as it was in ancient geological periods, by fresh-water lakes, the outflow of which would be to the east and to the west, through fissures in subtending ranges of higher mountains near the coast. While this theory was clearly verified in Southern Africa by Livingstone in the escape of the Zambesi, as narrated by himself, and is well known to be true in the case of the Niger, so does it apply to the Nile, in as far as the great central lake, Victoria Nyanza, occupies a lofty plateau of 3,500 feet above the level of the sea. In this example, as the waters flow from a southern watershed, and cannot escape to the east or the west, there being no great transversal valleys in the flanking higher grounds, they necessarily issue from the northern end of the Lake Victoria Nyanza, and, forming the White Nile, take advantage of a succession of depressions, through which they flow and cascade."

We. therefore, see that the watery plateau which was described as extending to the Niger, in western longitudes, is terminated by the equator in the eastern portion of Africa.

We learn, in addition, that the exceptional character of the Nile is shared in a very much more remarkable degree by the Tanganyika, Niassa, and Shiré valleys. The Tanganyika occupies a crevasse of some three hundred miles in length, comparable in its narrowness and abruptness to the Valley of the Dead Sea. In exactly a similar way, the Niassa and the Shiré, occupy a continuous north and south chasm, that has already been traced by Livingstone to a distance of four hundred and fifty miles. Now that we hear of a connection existing between the Tanganyika and Niassa, we may reasonably suppose that its channel runs through a similar fissure. The length of the entire series, from the Rusizi to the Zambesi, is nearly 1,400 miles in a direct line.

Bearing these extraordinary facts in mind, the great feature of Eastern Africa consists in a more or less marked groove, occupied by water-channels. It runs right through the continent from north to south, beginning at Alexandria and ending where the land narrows into the promontory that terminates with the Cape Colonies. It cleaves the eastern shoulder of Africa from the rest of the continent, much as Arabia is cleft from Africa by the long and narrow Red Sea. So, again, to adduce another example from a neighboring country, the deep and continuous Valley of the Jordan, Dead Sea, Wady Araba, and the Gulf of Akaba, is formed by an abrupt fissure possessing no less than three watersheds,—that of the sources of the Jordan in the north, and those of the Wady Araba, whence the drainage is to the Dead Sea on the one hand, and to the Gulf of Akaba on the other. It is remarkable that our globe presents so close a repetition of the same peculiar fissures in several neighboring places, and it strongly tempts us to refer their production to the same class of physical agencies.

Another important acquisition in geography, for which we are indebted to this and the previous expedition, consists in a greatly improved knowledge of the water-supply to Central Africa. It is undeniable that, owing to the great majority of travels, in recent years, having been confined to the Sahara, the Karoos, and the Kaliharri, an impression has forced itself on the popular mind that the whole interior of Africa is arid. But it is an error to suppose that this opinion was current among educated geographers; their fault lay in the opposite direction. The only approach, in recent times, to a belief in the aridity of any part of Africa, which subsequent facts disproved, lay in the question of the northern boundary of the Kaliharri Desert. It was a surprise to geographers when Livingstone showed to them that it was *abruptly* bounded by a swampy land, full of large rivers; but in reference to the general question of the moisture or drought of equatorial Africa, the exceeding humidity of its coasts has unduly influenced opinion, as to the character of its more distant interior.

To take a single example, we will quote a few lines from a masterly sketch of African geography in the first volume of Bruce's "Travels," which appeared at the beginning of this century. It was written by his editor,

Dr. Murray, and will be found in the appendix on the Galla races—those people from whom Speke theoretically derives the Wahumas:—

"The scanty knowledge we possess of the eastern and western shores of Africa, in the region of the Line, would lead us to suppose that the central country is mountainous, intersected with deep and extensive valleys and large streams, whose banks have all the wild luxuriance of warm rainy climates. All the kingdoms that lie round the Gulf of Guinea are well watered, and, consequently, fertile in a high degree. South of these, the countries of Loando, Congo, Ngolo, and Benguela, where the Portuguese have settled, merit a similar character, which undoubtedly may be extended across the interior to the countries of Mozambico, Querimba, and Zanzibar, on the opposite eastern shore. . . . All the interior of Africa between the tropics must be full of rivers, woods, and ravines, on account of the rains which inundate it during the winter season. Accordingly, we observe abundance of streams in these latitudes, which enter the ocean on either side."

The error of more recent geographers has lain in the same direction. Thus, in Keith Johnston's "Physical Atlas," the chart of the distribution of rain ascribes an amount of precipitation in equatorial Africa, little inferior to that observed in similar latitudes elsewhere in the world. The humidity of the coasts of Africa corroborated this view, and the outpour of water from its interior did not disprove it. The river drainage of Africa was known to be large, while our imperfect knowledge of the river mouths along its coasts, made it probable that the outpour was still greater than had actually been ascertained. Africa used to be described as a land in which we knew of the existence of vast rivers, but were ignorant of their embouchures. The Niger of a generation back, the Zambesi, the Limpopo, and the great river of Du Chaillu, are all instances where the streams were known by exaggerated reports, but their mouths, where nautical surveyors might guage the water they poured into the sea, were undiscovered.

The hydrology of Eastern Africa is now pretty well understood; it depends upon well-marked geographical features. A narrow coast-line is bounded by the rampart-like edge of a high plateau: the rain-bearing monsoons blow parallel to this ridge, and not across it; consequently there are heavy rains on the coast-line, and a comparative drought to a considerable space beyond. On passing about a quarter of the distance across Africa, and on arriving at the meridian of the lakes, rain again begins to fall freely, but its amount, as measured by Grant's rain-guage, bears no comparison to the deluge that descends in similar parallels, either on the great oceans, or on the islands that lie within them, elsewhere in the world.

Whatever water the rivers of a country may pour year by year into the sea, must have been derived from it, on the average, within the same periods. Now it is clear, from geographical considerations, that Africa is unfavorably disposed to receiving rain-bearing currents from the ocean. The existence of the Sahara to the north, and the Kaliharri Desert to the south, makes it impossible that vapor supplies should reach the interior in a straight line from the sea in either of those directions. Again, we have already said that the monsoons blow parallel to the east coast, and we should add, that the trade winds blow parallel to the west coast; consequently, the vapor that reaches the interior must be derived from limited directions, and can only be conveyed by the comparatively insignificant channel of upper atmospheric currents. We consequently find that the vegetation of Central Equatorial Africa is, on the whole, not so moist and steaming as that of its coasts, but that it is largely characterized by open plains and scraggy mimosa trees; and though the flatness of large portions of its surface admits of the ready formation of great lakes and reedy plains, there is an absence of that vast amount of suspended vapor which would ensue from African temperatures, if the air were saturated with moisture. The chief cause of the rise of the White Nile must not be looked for in the swelling of the Nyanza Lake. The rain-fall was found to be too continuous throughout the year to make any very marked alteration of its level; but south of the latitude of Gondakoro, the division of the rainy and dry season begins to be sharply defined. We should therefore mainly ascribe the rise of the White Nile to the rain-fall north of about 3 degs. N. lat.

We will now turn from considerations of physical geography to the history and character of the races among whom Speke and Grant have been so long familiar. It seems

clear to us that in no part of Africa do the negroes present so few points of interest, as in the country which stretches between the lakes Tanganyika and Nyanza and the eastern coast. But on arriving at the three Wahuma kingdoms, which enclose the western and north-western shores of the latter lake, a remarkable state of social and political life arrests the attention. Two at least of these Wahuma kingdoms have the advantage of being ruled with a firm hand, and, as we have already stated, the three are governed by a stranger dynasty, of a higher race than the people who compose the bulk of their respective nations. This is no exceptional occurrence in Africa: the great kingdoms of North African negroland which now, or formerly, stretch in a succession of blocks below the Sahara, from the Niger to the Nile, have been for the most part founded by alien races. It is hard to overrate the value of such a political condition to a negro population, who are servile, susceptible, and little able to rule themselves. The negro is plastic under the influence of a strong, if it be a sympathetic, government, to an extent of which our northern experiences can afford no instance. The recent growth of national dignity among the Italians is a feeble parallel to what may be effected, in the same time, by the conversion of a barbarian chief to the Mahometan creed. The impressionable character of the negroes is such as may be seen in a school of European boys, which is immediately infected by bad example and negligent discipline, and almost as rapidly raised in moral tone by the influence of a capable master. We Anglo-Saxons stand too far from the negroes, socially, morally, and intellectually, to be able to influence them like the Arabs, the Tawareks, or these Wahumas.

The eagerness of the African to be led, and his incapacity to lead, is such that any able and energetic man, who can hold his own for a few years, appears to have a good chance of founding a kingdom and originating new customs and names. The political state of the African negroland seeths with continual agitation. The Niger countries have been known to us little more than forty years, yet that short space of time has witnessed the introduction of an entirely new race, the Fellatahs, and the construction of an enormous aggregate of Fellatah kingdoms, not only on the foundation of previously existing governments, but also by the annexation of barbarian races. So in South Africa, the Kaffir tribes of the earlier travellers, have changed their names; they and their Hottentot, Negro, and Negroid neighbors dwell within largely modified frontiers; half-caste breeds of the Hottentots have flourished and become absorbed, while another somewhat adulterated Hottentot race, the Namaquas, are become the most powerful of any native race. The remainder of Africa is known to us so lately, that we have nothing but recent tradition and circumstantial evidence to guide us; these, however, suffice to confirm our assertion. The negroes are continually grouping themselves in fresh combinations, to an extent that may remind us of a pack of cards, variously dealt over and over again into different hands. The story of the Wahuma nations is quaint and characteristic; we will describe that of Uganda.

Many generations ago, a great kingdom of negroes, ruled by Wahuma chiefs, was established in the country now divided among Karagwé, Uganda, and Unyoro. That portion which bordered the lake, and is now called Uganda, was considered as the garden of the whole, and the agriculturists who tilled it, were treated as slaves. Then a man named Kiméra, himself a Wahuma, who was also a great hunter, happened to frequent for his sport, the Nile near its outflow from the Nyanza. The negro natives flocked to him in crowds, to share the game he killed, and he became so popular that they ended by making him their king. They said their own sovereign lived far off and was of no use to them. If any one sent him a cow as a tributary present, the way to his palace was so long that the cow had time to have a calf on the road, and the calf had time to grow into a cow and to have a calf of its own. They were therefore determined to establish a separate kingdom. Kiméra became a powerful and magnificent king, and formed the kingdom of Uganda. He built himself a vast enclosure of large huts, as a palace; he collected an enormous harem to fill them. He made highways across the country, built boats for war purposes on the lake, organized an army, legislated on ceremonies, behavior, and dress, and superintended *hygiène* so closely, that no house could be built in his country without its necessary appendages for cleanliness. In short, he was a model king,

and established an order of things which has continued to the present day, through seven generations of successors, with little change. He was embalmed when he died, his memory is venerated, and his hunting outfit, the dog and the spear, continue to be the armorial insignia of Uganda.

Kiméra left at his death an enormous progeny, to whom his people behaved as ruthlessly as if they had been disciples of Mr. Carlyle, or as a hive of some imaginary species of bees might be supposed to treat their too numerous royal grubs. We do not learn what became of the girls, but the boys were sumptuously housed and fed, and when they grew up were royally wived; but they were strictly watched and kept asunder, lest they should intrigue. The most promising youth of the lot was elected king; the two *proxime accesserunt* were set aside as a reserve in case of accident, and then the people burnt to death, without compunction, every one of the remaining princes. The people have certainly been well ruled under this strict system of artificial selection, and the three Wahuma kings are every one of them more than six feet high.

Uganda is described as a most surprising country, in the order, neatness, civility, and politeness of its inhabitants. It would be a pattern even for Zanzibar; but M'tése's reign is a reign of terror. It is an established custom that there should be one execution daily. The ceremonies and rules of precedence of the Court of Uganda, as in that of the other Wahuma courts, are minutely defined, and are exacted under penalty of death. The first among the dignitaries of state is the lady who had the good fortune to have acted as monthly nurse to the sovereign's mother. After this Mrs. Gamp, follow the queen's sister and the king's barber. Then come governors of provinces and naval and military commanders; then the executioners (who are busy men in Uganda), and the superintendent of tombs; lastly the cook.

In a lower grade are juvenile pages to look after the women, and to run upon errands; they are killed if they dare to walk. In addition to these is an effective band of musicians, who drum, rattle gourds with dry peas inside them, play flutes, clarionettes, wooden harmoniums, and harps, besides others who sing and whistle on their fingers. Every person of distinction must constantly attend on his sovereign, or his estates are liable to be utterly confiscated. He must be decorously dressed in a sort of toga, made from the pounded bark of the fig-tree, for he is fined heavily or killed outright if he exhibits even a patch of bare leg. What a blessing trousers would be to them! These bark cloaks are beautifully made, and look like the best corduroy; they are worn over robes of small antelope skins sewn together with the utmost furrier's art. Every courtier's language must be elegant, and his deportment modelled upon established custom. Even the king is not free; Wahuma taste exacts that whenever he walks he should imitate the gait of a vigilant lion, by ramping with his legs and turning from side to side. When he accepts a present from a man, or orders a man a whipping, the favored individual must return thanks for the condescending attention, by floundering flat on the ground and whining like a happy dog. Levees are held on most days in the palace, which is a vast enclosure full of life. It occupies the brow of a hill, and consists of gigantic grass huts, beautifully thatched. The ground is strown with mats and with rushes in patterns, and is kept with scrupulous care. Half-gorged vultures wheel over it, looking out for victims hurried aside to execution. The three or four thousand wives of the king inhabit the huts and quizzed Speke's party. There is a plenty to do at these levees, both in real work and in ceremony. Orders are given, punishments adjudged, presents received. Military commanders bring in the cattle and plunder they have taken; artisans bring their *chefs d'œuvre;* hunters produce rare animals, dead and alive, Kiméra, the first king, having established a managerie. Pages are running about, literally for their lives, and the band of drummers and pea-gourd rattlers, and artistes whistling on their fingers, with the other accompaniments, never ceases to play. The king has, however, some peace. He sets aside three days a month to attend to his religious ceremonies. He possesses a collection of magic horns, which he arranges and contemplates, and thereby communicates with a spirit who lives deep in the waters of the Nyanza. He also indulges in the interpretation of dreams. At other times he makes pilgrimages, dragging his wives after him; on which occasions no common man dare look at the royal procession. If any peeping Tom be seen, the inevitable

pages hunt him down and rob him of everything. Occasionally the king spends a fortnight yachting on the lake, and Speke was his companion on one of these occasions. M'tése, the king, is a young man of twenty-five, who dresses scrupulously well, and uses a pocket-handkerchief. He is a keen sportsman, and became a capital shot at flying game, under Speke's tuition. He told Speke that Uganda was his garden, and that no one might say nay to him. Grant, we may mention, had been ill, and remained five months at Karagwé, while his colleague had gone forwards to feel the way.

Speke established his position at the court of Uganda by judicious self-assertion and happy audacity. He would not flounder on his belly, nor whine like a happy dog. He would not even consent to stand in the sun awaiting the king's leisure at the first interview, but insisted on sitting in his own chair with an umbrella over his head. The courtiers must have expected the heavens to fall upon such a man, but they did not; and, in the end, M'tése treated him like a brother, and the two were always together. Savage despots have to be managed like wild beasts. If the traveller is too compliant, he is oppressed, thwarted, and ruined; if he is too audacious, the autocrat becomes furious, and the traveller is murdered, like Vogel in Wadai.

Though Speke was treated with the utmost friendliness at Uganda, living entirely at the king's expense, his movements were narrowly constrained, and he never seems to have left the immediate neighborhood of the palace, except on the one occasion when he was yachting with M'tése, who would not allow him to explore the lake more thoroughly. He was detained month after month, according to the usual fate of African travellers, and finally effected his departure with difficulty. Other reported facts on the geography of the land had now transpired. The southern end of the Lake Luta Nzigé was one hundred or one hundred and fifty miles due west of the northern end of the Nyanza, and therefore on the equator; and another small lake, the Baringo, was described due east of the Nyanza, and so far connected with it that the canoes of the Uganda people sailed there for salt. Its outlet was said to be the Asua, a small river which joins the Nile above Gondakoro, near the farthest point reached by Miani. It would appear from the map, that if Kenia and Kilimandjaro send any of their drainage waters to the White Nile, it must be by way of the Baringo. Hence, whatever snow-water may be contributed to the White Nile must be poured into it through the Asua River.

After Speke and Grant had left the capital of Uganda, they travelled with an escort; Speke diverged directly to the Nile, which he struck fifty miles from the lake. Speke then ascended the river, and traced it to its exit from the Nyanza, and afterwards returned down its stream in canoes. We pass over the particulars of his journey, though it was, personally, eventful to him. His boats were unexpectedly attacked, while he was still in Uganda, and he forced his way through considerable dangers. Finally, he reached the capital of Unyoro, the third and last of the great Wahuma kingdoms.

His reception by the king was unfriendly. The Unyoro people are sullen, cowardly, and disobliging, and their habits afford a disagreeable contrast to the sprightly ways and natty dress of their neighbors in Uganda, whom Speke compares to the French. He and Grant spent many dreary months at Unyoro, in lat. 1 deg. 40 min. N., before they were allowed to proceed. The king would never permit them even to enter his palace: he was always at his witchcrafts. They were first threatened by the Unyoro people and then by their Uganda escort, who endeavored to take them back. Half of their porters deserted them. It would weary the reader to follow the travellers' narrative of their truly African miseries in this inhospitable land. They were felt the more acutely because the bourne of their journey was close at hand, and many things denoted the neighborhood of the races and localities known to travellers from the north. Negroes were seen in Unyoro, speaking an entirely new class of languages, which Speke's own interpreters could make nothing of. One single language in modified dialects, had carried the travellers the whole way from Zanzibar to Unyoro; now they were on the frontier of the northern tongues. These new races were barbarians, absolutely naked in their own land, and wearing a mere scrap of clothing in Unyoro, out of deference to Wahuma habits. Rumors reached the travellers of white traders at no great distance from them, on the river, and they chafed at their detention. They sent forward the chief of their

Zanzibar men, Bombay by name, who has already figured in Burton's and Speke's writings. He returned firing his gun, frantic with delight, and dressed in new clothes. He said he had been to the Turks, who were encamped eight marches south of Gondakoro. At length, after daily anxieties and heart-sickness, a partial permission came for their departure, and the explorers made a joyful escape. It was impossible for them to follow the river, for a brother of the King of Unyoro occupied its banks, and was at war with him; they took a direct line, across country, to Gondakoro, which led them along the chord of that bend of the Nile, to which we have already alluded. When they again struck the river, they found themselves in a Turkish camp, at 3 degs. 10 min. N. lat. It was an ivory station, made by men in the employment of Debono, and established a short distance south of the farthest point reached by Miani. They were rapturously received, and Speke's men abandoned care and got drunk for a week. The Turks were preparing to start for Gondakoro, with the ivory they had bartered, and Speke waited till they were ready, for he was absolutely unable to get on without assistance. The Bari people among whom they were residing, are so disunited, that no village possesses a body of porters sufficient in number to travel securely by themselves; nor could they be spared to go, for if they attempted to do so, the comparative weakness of the villagers who staid at home would invite the attack of their neighbors. The Turks moved in a great caravan; they wanted some 2,000 porters, so they exacted a certain quota from every village, by which means they got their men, and the balance of power among the natives was not disturbed. In this despotic, effective way, Speke was enabled to reach Gondakoro. He was, however, thoroughly shocked by the recklessness with which stolen cattle and plundered ivory were bought, and with the exactions and terrorism that are made to administer to the demands of the Turkish ivory trade. The Arab traders of Uniamesi were perfect gentlemen compared to these Turks whose conduct was inhuman to the last degree. He thoroughly confirms what has been so often repeated of late by various travellers to Gondakoro.

The discovery of this great river springing from two lakes, does certainly confirm the belief that the ancient knowledge of the Nile was more advanced than that of recent times; but the want of circumstantial precision with which the ancient accounts are conveyed, left an impression adverse to their truth. They stride in one great leap from Khartûm to the sources, without any description of the intervening land, unless we except Strabo's, which is as follows, if we understand it aright. After clearly describing all the Nile, down to the Atbâra and Blue River, he says, "But the Astapus is said to be another river which issues out of some lakes in the South, and this river forms nearly the whole of the Nile; it flows in a straight line, and is filled by the summer rains." When we speak of geographical discovery, we rarely, if ever, mean the first sight of what no human eye had previously seen, but the visit of men who could observe geographically, and describe what they saw, so as to leave no obscurity as to their meaning. These conditions had never previously been satisfied as regards the Nile; for geographers, working with the fairest intentions upon the same data, came to diverse conclusions, and no map made by any one of them bore other than a rude and childish resemblance to what is now ascertained to be the truth.

The first person Speke saw when he reached Gondakoro was his old friend Baker, who had just arrived there, bound on a self-planned journey of exploration and of relief to Speke. The interview, to use Speke's own words, intoxicated them both with joy. Baker gave him his return boats, stored with corn, and supplied him with every delicacy he could think of, and thus the journey ended. Mr. Consul Petherick, who had been furnished with £1,000, the proceeds of a private subscription to bear relief to Speke, and who had undertaken to arrive at Gondakoro a year previously, had wholly failed in his mission. Strangely enough, he too arrived at Gondakoro, previous to Speke's departure from that place, but not in a condition to render that succor which Baker had so happily and gratuitously afforded.

Gondakoro does not seem to be quite such a desert as Petherick had represented, where Speke must necessarily have starved had no expedition been directed to meet him. On the contrary, a polished Circassian Turk, Koorschid Pasha, had been governor of the place for fourteen months: he instantly gave the travellers a dinner of a fat turkey, concluded with claret and cigars.

Thus closes the tale of a journey that involved a *walk* of 1,300 miles through the equatorial regions of Africa, and has solved almost the only remaining geographical problem of importance. It has been the Matterhorn of the Geographical Society, the grandest feat and the longest delayed. If Speke himself, or Baker, would cross from the Luta Nzigé to the Atlantic, and if some Gregory or Stuart would traverse Western Australia, the great secret chambers of the habitable earth would all be unlocked.

From The N. Y. Evening Post, 10 Nov.

UNITED WE STAND.

The political life of the Union has reached a crisis, the turn of which will soon indicate its fate. Are we to remain the American nation, or yield to rising powers and be shattered to fragments? If the result depended solely on the issue of a war between North and South it could be predicted with confidence; but other elements must be considered. Political dreams of dominion in Mexico become the basis of the American policy of the French emperor; they have led him to abandon the hereditary and friendly policy of France towards the United States, and to embark in schemes of conquest which he considers inimical to us. He believes that but for the rebellion in the United States his armies would not now be in Mexico, and that if the Union were restored they might not be able to remain there. The emperor, therefore, no longer desires the preservation of the Union which France helped to establish, but is willing to aid in its dissolution, that it may be neutralized and made powerless.

The growth of this new policy has been retarded by the slow progress of the French army; but now that the conquest of Mexico is accomplished (it is so considered), we may look for a rapid development of his new line of conduct toward us. Few men have been deceived by the repeated and strong denials of intention of permanent conquest and territorial aggrandizement which the French proclamations in Mexico have promulgated, but all may not have reflected on the magnitude of the designs intended to be concealed by these denials.

France was once enterprising and successful in colonies, and held vast territories with flourishing settlements in America. The arms of England deprived France of her colonies in the north, and she parted with those in the south and west for a sum of money, and to prevent their falling into English hands. Her fleets not long after were destroyed by her enemies and she was driven from the seas; the long wars of Napoleon I. exhausted her wealth and her people, and she was everywhere beaten in the field. Thus turned back on herself from all points, discouraged and feeble, she has lain for half a century dormant or convalescent. But she has recovered. The great lines of steamers recently established in the Indian Seas and the Atlantic, and the large additions, show signs of new life and strength, while the condition of England naturally suggests to France that all she wants to raise her commerce and maratime status to the first rank is colonies abroad or larger domain at home.

There is no room, however, for her expansion in Europe; Africa is uncongenial in soil and climate, and Asia is impracticable. America alone remains to tempt the revived ambition of power; internal strife always tempts the ambitious, while it destroys the power of defence and exposes the country to conquest. If the exigencies of the first Napoleon led to the loss of French possessions abroad, why should not the exigencies of others lead the third Napoleon to recover those possessions or their equivalent? Be that as it may, France has recovered her ancient strength, and now contemplates recovering her ancient dominion. Mexico by its geographical position commands two seas; it comprises fertility of soil, and climate and minerals that present the elements of infinite wealth; it is the natural seat of empire terrestrial, maratime and commercial, and, occupied by a military race intelligent and active, and skilled in the industrial arts, should fulfil that destiny. The rebel States of the Union are less favored by nature than Mexico, but absolute government based on slavery, which dishonors labor and drives the ruling race to idleness or to the service of the State, presents a condition of things that has always produced the elements of first-class military powers.

But what interest in common should create sympathy and alliance between the French emperor and the rebellious slaveowners? That question is readily answered. The course of the war in the valley of the Mississippi has resulted in the conquest of that river and its recovery to the Union; it cuts the rebel States in two; it is a line which can be held by gunboats and forts forever; and it is conceded that in a military sense the river commands the whole situation. If the rebel States cannot stand united there is no possibility of a government sustaining itself in either half. The rebel leaders perceive their desperate condition, and their last hope now is in obtaining foreign aid. If it be asked what they can offer in exchange for that aid, the reply is that, should the French emperor propose to recover (to himself) the

ancient boundaries of Mexico, and bring back Texas, New Mexico, and even California, the rebel leaders would not hesitate agreeing to aid in accomplishing it, in consideration of aid to retain or recover the Mississippi and to establish their independence in the large territory still left them? Would that scheme be impracticable? The alliance of ambition with despair is common; it is always formidable and often successful. That the rebel agents are now pressing this plan there is no room to doubt; it is openly spoken of in Paris, and even advocated by men in position whose language is often but the premonition of the coming imperial policy; and indeed the language of circumtances all around confirms this interpretation.

With such neighbors established on our southern and western borders, and others scarcely less sympathetic on the north, the preservation of the institutions we cherish would become impossible; the Union, with its great domain and small army, its large dependence and light taxes, its unequalled prosperity and just hopes, must pass away. We must shrink to small territorial limits and accept stringent institutions adapted for military defence; we must bear up with a load of debt and taxes, while deprived of the room for recovery and growth. The Republic would thus continue to exist, but only because it had been shattered by mutual jealousies or the contempt of powerful neighbors.

Even patriotic men who appreciate their country and desire to preserve it, persist in doing that which leads to sure destruction. In presence of the enemy and in the midst of a war to suppress the rebellion against the government, they insist on retaining their usual license in criticising and condemning the government in whose support lies their only chance of success. They do this hastily, and of necessity upon a one-sided and partial knowledge of facts which is incompatible with a sound and safe opinion. They appear to be frantic with fear that if for a moment they cease speaking they will lose their freedom of speech, and, rather than submit to a self-imposed and discreet silence for a time, they prefer to risk the permanent loss of the Union.

They do not so much charge the government with dishonesty, as incompetency. There is nothing novel or alarming in the discovery that a government appears unequal to its work—especially if it has something useful and important to do. It is rather a common spectacle at all times and in all countries, and the complaint need only excite a smile if the gravity of the occasion would admit of it. Was there ever, indeed, a government or cabinet, thwarted at every step by open and secret treason, while struggling with the fluctuating events of a rebellion, that was not pronounced by the hasty and impatient, incompetent?

There may, indeed, be indications of incompetence, but judgment which is formed after the events should be cautious and lenient, and before all, be careful not to be misled by illusive appearances. It is observable in these times that the results of industry, art, and genius have so augmented the elements of national power, both physical and moral, among the chief nations, that individual men are dwarfed by the contrast. No man and no cabinet, in any country, probably, is able at the present time to wield those vast elements so as to produce the utmost results of which they are capable. During the Crimean war the experienced and able government of England looked feeble in comparison with the magnitude of its task, and the enormous resources of the nation at the disposal of the government, in excess of its ability to manage them, ran to waste.

If the government of Mr. Lincoln, standing in the immediate presence of the great events it has to deal with and the great elements it has to wield, presents to the ardent and impatient the usual discouraging contrast, what is the remedy? Other men in their place would present the same contrast. There is but one remedy, and that is unity; the real power of the government is in proportion to the support of the people; the union of the nation with the executive is the only method of rendering the ability and capacity of the individual men composing the government equal to national emergencies. Let every man submit to the necessities of the occasion, suppress personal and party animosities, rebuke hostile criticism, accept the demands and policy of the government and yield it a cordial and generous support. Drive the enemy from the door, dispel the dreams of imperial ambition and re-affirm the boundaries of the republic; there will then be opportunity for the inferior work of discussing party policy and adjusting the distribution of place and power.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1004.—29 August, 1863.

CONTENTS:

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LITTELL, SON & CO., BOSTON.

"BURIED WITH HIS NIGGERS."*

Buried with a band of brothers
Who for him would fain have died;
Buried with the gallant fellows,
Who fell fighting by his side.

Buried with the men God gave him,
Those whom he was sent to save;
Buried with the martyred heroes,
He has found an honored grave.

Buried where his dust so precious
Makes the soil a hallowed spot;
Buried where, by Christian patriot,
He shall never be forgot.

Buried in the ground accursed,
Which man's fettered feet have trod;
Buried where his voice still speaketh,
Appealing for the slave to God.

Fare thee well, thou noble warrior,
Who in youthful beauty went
On a high and holy mission,
By the God of battles sent.

Chosen of Him, "elect and precious,"
Well didst thou fulfil thy part;
When thy country "counts her jewels,"
She shall wear thee on her heart.

E. B. S.

* When the body of Colonel Robert G. Shaw was asked of those rebels, in the midst of whom he fell, it was replied: "He is buried with his niggers."
—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

COLONEL ROBERT G. SHAW:

On hearing that the Rebels had buried his body in a trench, under a pile of twenty-five negroes.

Ignoble hate, defeating its own ends!
The act that meant dishonor, working glory!
Could any mausoleum built by hands
Lift his sweet memory nearer to the heavens,
Or give it such a precious consecration
In every heart which love has purified!
O young and sainted martyr! let them pile
Whole hecatombs of dead upon thy ashes:
They cannot bar God's angels from receiving
Thy radiant spirit with divinest welcomes;
They cannot cover from celestial eyes
The sacrifice that bears thee close to Christ!

Did I not see thee on that day in spring
Leading thy sable thousand through our streets?
Braving the scorn (and what was worse) the pity
Of many backward hearts—yet cheered with bravos
From those who scanned the great significance
Of thy devoted daring—saw the crown
Behind the cross—behind the shame the glory?
Behind the imminent death the life immortal!

Weep not, heroic parents! Be consoled!
Think of thy loved one's gain, lamenting wife,
And let a holy pride o'ermaster grief!
All that could perish of him—let it lie
There where the smoke from Sumter's bellowing guns
Curls o'er the grave which no commingled dust
Can make less sacred. Soon his monument
Shall be the old flag waving and proclaiming
To the whole world that the great cause he died for
Has nobly triumphed—that the hideous power,
Hell-born, that would disgrace him, has been hurled
Into the pit it hollowed for the nation;
That the Republic stands redeemed and pure;
Justice enthroned—and not one child of God
Robbed of his birthright—freedom!

—*Boston Transcript.* E. S.

TOGETHER.

"We have buried him with his niggers!"—*Rebel reply to the demand for Col. Shaw's body.*

Oh, fair-haired Northern hero!
With thy guard of dusky hue,
Up from the field of battle!
Rise to the last review!

Sweep downward, welcoming angels,
In legions dazzling bright!
Bear up these souls together,
Before Christ's throne of light.

The Master who remembers
The cross, the thorns, the spear,
Smiles on these risen freedmen,
As their ransomed souls appear.

And thou, young, generous spirit,
What shall thy greeting be?
"Thou hast aided the down-trodden;
Thou hast done it unto me,"

—*Anti-Slavery Standard.*

TILL HE COME.

"Till he come"—Oh! let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that—"Till He come."

When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb—
It is only—"Till He come."

Clouds and conflicts round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less;
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tell the world is loss,
Death and darkness and the tomb.
Only whisper—"Till He come."

See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and break the bread;
Sweet memorials—till the Lord
Call us round his heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only—"Till He come."

—"*The Blessed Dead,*" *by Rev. E. H. Bickersteth.*

From Frazer's Magazine.

MR. BUCKLE IN THE EAST.

BY HIS FELLOW-TRAVELLER.

It was at Assouan, the ancient Syené on the 9th of January, 1862, that I first met Mr. Buckle. He had just returned from Nubia to this the frontier town between Egypt and the country called by the Greeks Ethiopia. With the introduction of a mutual friend, I went to call in the afternoon to communicate both sad and exciting news, which we ourselves had but heard the previous evening—the death of the prince consort, and the threatened war with America. So, through the vendors of many wares and curiosities—Nubians from the opposite island of Elephantine, and from the upper country, with clubs, bows and arrows, ostrich-eggs, etc., dancing girls, Abyssinian, and Ghawázee—I made my way, and crossed the plank from the sands to the deck of his dahabéëh. After a long conversation, passing from the topics of the day to subjects which we were hereafter to discuss much more fully, he ended with a detailed account of what he had witnessed at a private exhibition of so-called "spiritual" phenomena, under the presidency of Mr. Home. But on this, as on many other subjects on which he has not fully, or at all, published his opinions, I do not think myself at liberty to give what may have been but the hasty conversational expression of immature views, and especially in this case, where his judgment may have been biassed by the most sacred feelings of his nature.

Before leaving, he asked me to join him in the journey through the Desert to Palestine; but as I rather thought of going direct to Jerusalem by Jaffa, it was left uncertain till we should meet at Cairo. He joined a party we gave that evening, and entered into a warm but friendly discussion with a German Protestant clergyman we had also invited. Next morning Mr. Buckle continued his voyage down, and we, after the excitement of the passage of the first cataract, sailed quietly up between the Nubian banks of the Nile.

Mr. Buckle had left England in October, advised to pass the winter in Egypt to recruit his overtasked energies. While abroad, the diary he kept was very meagre. His letters also were so few, and in matter of general interest so scanty, that his two principal correspondents have thought that extracts would most fitly be published, in the first instance at least, in the narrative of a fellow-traveller. He gives the following account of himself just before leaving home: "My head is still weak, but in other respects I am perfectly well. . . . . I do no work; and all the books I shall take with me are Shakspeare, Molière, and some of Schiller's poetry. I cannot tell you the intense pleasure with which I look forward to seeing Egypt, that strange, mutilated form of civilization. For years nothing has excited me so much."

In a letter from on board ship he somewhat characteristically says: "I had a little difficulty about getting the boys into my cabin, because I had to talk over the different gentlemen the inmates of it. But somehow or other I generally end by getting my own way, and we are now all together."

From Alexandria, on the 5th of November, he wrote: "I feel in better health and spirits than at any time during the last three years. Especially I am conscious of an immense increase of brain-power—grasping great problems with a firmness which at one time I feared had gone from me forever. I feel that there is yet much that I shall live to do. . . . Tobacco and pipes are very cheap, everything else is enormously dear: ale two shillings a bottle, soda-water one shilling, miserable carriages five shillings an hour, and so forth; and yet with all this, the labor market in such a state, that an unskilled laborer earns with difficulty twopence a day—wages low and profits high. . . . . Good-by. My thoughts are often with those I have left behind. Write to Mrs. G—— and Mrs. B——, and tell them that I asked you to let them know of our safe arrival."

Again from Cairo, on the 15th of November: . . . . . We hope to leave here for Thebes to-morrow, provided the boat can be provisioned by then. It is a first-rate boat, and as we shall be in it three months, I am doing what I know you would be doing if you were here, sparing no expense in laying in every comfort that can insure health. I feel the responsibility of your dear children perhaps more than I expected, but I am not anxious; for I am conscious of going to the full extent of my duty and neglecting nothing; and when a man does this, he must leave the unknown and invisible future to take care of itself. . . . . If the boys im-

prove still further in health, and if I find that they are reaping real intellectual benefit, I purpose taking them in February to Jerusalem, and thence making excursions in Palestine, explaining to them at the same time the essential points in Jewish history, and connecting it with the history of Egypt. The few books which I require can be got here, all except one, viz., Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine." This you will please to get, and send to Briggs at Cairo. . . . . I shall have the best escort that money can procure. My maxim is economy, not parsimony; and though I never throw away money, I never spare it on emergencies. If, in the spring, there are any disturbances in Arabia or Syria, be you well assured that I shall not set foot there. . . . . As I know some influential persons, and amongst them a pasha and a bey, I shall have the best information as to what is going on in the countries through which we are to pass. Full of life and thought. How this country makes me speculate! I am up at six o'clock every morning, and yet there seems no day, so much is there to see and to think of. I try to pour some of my overflowings into the little chaps (the sons of the friend to whom this letter was addressed). Beyond Thebes there is no post, and even from Thebes the post is precarious. Do not therefore be uneasy at not hearing from us. I know that you put some confidence in my judgment; and my judgment and whatever I know will be taxed to the utmost to preserve the health of your children."

In a letter dated the Nile, 14th December, Mr. Buckle writes: "We have been and still are quite well. The journey up the Nile, though slow, has not been dull, as we have plenty of occupation. . . . . Lest the long confinement should be injurious I stop the boat twice every day, and we walk with an escort on the shore. Then, and in the evening I talk to the boys about what they have seen and read, and having encouraged them to state their opinion, I give them mine, and explain how it is that we differ. . . . . We live in quiet comfort, and indeed luxury. An iron boat with good bedrooms, and a saloon that could dine eight persons—and we sail quicker than any other boat on the Nile. I have engaged the cook the Rothchilds had when they were in Egypt. He is really a first-rate cook, and makes I think the best bread I ever tasted. I shall take him on to Jerusalem, as I will not trust our digestion to common Arab cooking. At Cairo I shall buy pistols for him and the dragoman; and this, with our escort and my revolver, will enable us to set ordinary robbers at defiance. And as to *extraordinary* ones, I shall never enter any district where there is war between the tribes. Trust me yet a little, and you will not be disappointed."

As his iron boat could not be safely taken through the cataract, Mr. Buckle left it at Assouan, and took a timber-built boat to the second cataract, and back to Assouan. In reference to this voyage he thus writes on the 15th of January from Thebes; "The journey into Nubia, notwithstanding its many discomforts, was in the highest degree curious and instructive. . . . . The heat in Nubia was intense. On Christmas day, at 8.30 in the evening, it was in my cabin 81 degs. Fah., though the sun had been excluded all day. . . . . Now that we have been there, I would not have missed it for five hundred pounds. I feel very joyous, and altogether full of pugnacity, so that I wish some one would attack me. I mean attack me speculatively. I have no desire for a practical combat."

On the 19th of February, the day after my return to Cairo, I called on him, still on board his boat at Boudak. On the 5th of this month he had written to a friend: "I cannot understand how it is that you were so long in receiving the letter which I wrote from Thebes in the middle of December. On returning from Nubia, we wrote again from Thebes about the 17th January, and in these, as in every other instance, I have made a point of posting your letters myself. I do not wonder at your anxiety at being so long without intelligence; but I have done all in my power, and have never since we left England allowed a post to go by without writing. Your picture of your imagination of my hanging over the bed of a sick boy, and bringing you back a child the less, has gone to my very heart, and made me feel quite miserable, since I know what must have passed through your mind, and what you must have suffered before you could write thus. But why, dear Mrs. ——, why will you allow your judgment to be led captive by such dark imaginings? I never begin any considerable enterprise without well weighing the objec-

tions against it. In taking your children where I have taken them, and where they are about to go, I have estimated the difficulties, or if you will, the dangers. . . . Here, as elsewhere, some rare combination of events, or some insidious physical action creeping unobserved through the human frame, and stealthily coming on years before, may prostrate one of your boys, as it may prostrate you or your husband. This may happen in the healthiest climate, and in spite of the tenderest care. . . . . The excitement of the brain caused by travelling amid the scenes through which they pass is in itself a source of health; and though you of course love your children better than I do, and better indeed than any one does — for who knows so well as I that no love can equal the love of a mother? — still, even you could not watch them more carefully than I do; and, as you would be the first to acknowledge, you would watch them with less knowledge both of what should be guarded against and what should be done. . . . . We have anchored about a mile and a half from Cairo, as I think living on the Nile more healthy than being in an hotel. I shall therefore keep on the boat, and all my establishment, including my virtuous and noble-minded cook, until we start for the Desert. As to cookey, he and I will never part till the Asiatic part of the journey is ended."

In a letter to another friend, dated the 7th of February, Mr. Buckle writes: "We have returned to Cairo, all quite well, after a most interesting journey to the southern extremity of Egypt, and on into Nubia as far as the second cataract. I feel better and stronger than I have done for years. In about ten days we leave here for Mount Sinai, and intend proceeding through the Desert to Gaza, and then to Jerusalem, by way of Hebron. Fancy me travelling on the back of a camel seven or eight hours a day for from five to six weeks, and then travelling on horseback through Palestine and Southern Syria. That I have not already been thrown is a marvel, seeing that among other audacious feats I went from the Nile to Abydos on a donkey, with a cloth for a saddle and two pieces of rope for stirrups, and in this wretched plight had to rider for between eight and nine hours.

"To give you any, even the faintest, idea of what I have seen in this wonderful country is impossible. No art of writing can depict it. If I were to say that the temple of Karnak at Thebes can even now be ascertained to have measured a mile and a half in circumference, I should probably only tell you what you have read in books; but I should despair if I were obliged to describe what I felt when I was in the midst of it, and contemplated it as a living whole, while every part was covered with sculptures of exquisite finish, except where the hieroglyphics crowded on each other so thickly that it would require many volumes to copy them. Their stood their literature, in the midst of the most magnificent temple ever raised by the genius of man. I went twice to see it by moonlight, when the vast masses of light and shade rendered it absolutely appalling.

"But I fear to write like a guide-book, and had rather abstain from details till we meet. One effect, however, I must tell you which my journey has produced upon me. Perhaps you may remember how much I always preferred form to color; but now, owing to the magnificent effect of this the driest atmosphere in the world, I am getting to like color more than form. The endless variety of hues is extraordinary. Owing to the transparency of the air, objects are seen, as nearly as I can judge, more than twice the distance they can be seen in England under the most favorable circumstances. Until my eye became habituated to this, I often overfatigued myself by believing that I could reach a certain point in a certain time. The result is a wealth and exuberance of color which is hardly to be credited, and which I doubt if any painter would dare to represent.

"From Jerusalem I propose going to Jericho, the Dead Sea, and the Jordan; thence to the Sea of Galilee, and from thence to Damascus and Baalbec; afterwards to Constantinople, passing through Beyrout and Smyrna. What think you of this? If you were here, and felt as I do what it is to have the brain every day over-excited, and be constantly drunk with pleasure, you would easily understand how impossible much letter-writing becomes, and how impatient one grows in trying to fix on paper thoughts that burn; but, as you know of old, if my friends were to measure my friendship by the length and frequency of my letters, they would do me great injustice."

I myself found Mr. Buckle occupied packing the curiosities, of which he had made rather

a large collection. I began talking to him of the Bible of the Egyptians, the "Book of the Dead," as Lepsius calls it, or as it calls itself, "the Departure into (from?) Light." I had been much indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Edwin Smith, its American translator, for the perusal, while at Thebes, of his MS. And Bibles naturally led us to talk of religions. But, with Mr. Buckle, religion appeared rather to arise from the want of knowledge, than merely to have its form determined by the state of knowledge. Hence repugnance to the ignorant and fanatical form in which the professors of a religion might express themselves, extinguished sympathy with, and thus prevented insight into, the ideas struggling for expression.

So our views being somewhat different on this matter, the conversation changed. He was again kind enough to ask me join him on his further journey, and spoke so enthusiastically of the historical interest of the desert life, that I said I should give him an answer next day. Next day our dragoman's contract was signed at the Consulate, and the next I started for the Suez canal. But if Mr. Buckle interested himself comparatively but little in the hieroglyphics and ancient Egypt, still less did he care for modern Suez canals. He acknowledged the important political bearings of the scheme; but it was to him merely one of the proximate causes of the politician, and he, as a philosopher, desired to concern himself only with ultimate causes, such as economical and educational statistics, and manners and customs. Had he been able to write on Egypt, it would have been, he said, a statistical contribution to Political Economy. The week after I returned to Cairo, and in anticipation of our Desert journey, Mr. Buckle — as we one day inspected our tents in Uzbekeéh, our Arabs with their camels all under the trees before Shepherd's Hotel — said, pulling Alf's ear, "It is really quite exciting!"

At length, from the Wells of Moses, our desert journey, on the 6th of March, begins. Our people had left Cairo about a week before. But we had gone to Suez by rail, and stayed there a day or two at a good British-Indian hotel; conversing in the evening on the flat roof, under the stars, and strolling by day on the sands, enjoying the mixture of sea and desert air, which would have been most charming but that the atmosphere also contained camels denied their burial-rites. From Suez we dropped down the Red Sea in a boat to within an hour or two of Ayûn Mûsa, and thence we rode on to our encampment at the Wells.

Mr. Buckle mounted his dromedary once, but never again; and if there is not some little spring in one, the motion, as can easily be imagined, is not fatiguing only, but excruciating; otherwise, it is less tiring than horseback. The Arab ideal of dromedary-riding is fifty miles an hour, and so smoothly that the rider can hold a full cup of coffee in his hands unspilled. But Mr. Buckle's hatred of the animal he could never find words to express. One would have thought he believed them animated by the transmigrated souls of ideally ignorant and morose Scotch fanatics. He may, however, have been somewhat prejudiced in his opinion of camels, as well as of religious Scotchmen. Though Mr. Buckle had hoped, as in a letter above extracted, to do his seven or eight hours a day on camel-back, he had taken the precaution to have for himself a good Cairene donkey besides his dromedary. For the donkey had to be provided a camel to carry the water he needed. Mr. Buckle's stiffness was so great that it was with difficulty, and at first only with the assistance of three or four men —one helping him up, one on the other side keeping the saddle straight, one holding the animal in case of fright—that he mounted the donkey. For this donkey he conceived a great affection. And the mokes of Egypt are so superior to all other donkeys that they cannot justly be called by the name of "ass;" and it was by the more endearing name of "moke" they were celebrated in an Epinkian ode by a Pindar of my acquaintance.

Mr. Buckle's costume was an old black dress-coat his butler, he said, would not have worn, a double-breasted cloth waistcoat, and winter trousers, all over thick flannel undergarments; a wideawake, with an ample puggery, crowned his spare, stooping figure, covered his bald head, and shaded his unshaven face. He often further endeavored to protect himself from the sun in a black burnous. I hinted once that all this was rather warm clothing for the Arabian deserts. He replied that, though the commoner sort of Arabs certainly wore nothing but a short shirt, yet the great chiefs had several robes. Which was true, only they were of light

silk, and flowing round the person. Though, of course, a flannel shirt to prevent chills is a necessary precaution, it is to be regretted Mr. Buckle would never make any change in the above attire, as it induced the most excessive perspiration, and by thus weakening him prepared the end.

"Our day's routine," I quote from one of my own letters, "was—up at six o'clock; outside, in the shade of the largest tent, at half-past six o'clock, breakfast—tea, eggs, curry, and—what is particularly recommended, as making less meat the next worse thing to much wine and beer, necessary—rice with camel's milk, and Scotch marmalade; tents struck at seven o'clock, and we—Mr. Buckle, the two boys, and I—off on our dromedaries and donkey, with half a dozen Arabs and servants, leaving the rest to pack up and bring on the baggage. Mr. Buckle and I then walked for an hour or so, the conversation up to lunch being almost exclusively on philosophical subjects, and regularly continued from day to day; about eleven o'clock, rest in some shade if possible, have a glass of water and some of Carr's biscuits; about two o'clock, lunch in a tent which has been sent forward; after a chibouk Mr. Buckle sleeps, I write, and the boys read or play about; in the meantime, the baggage camels have passed and got ahead of us; we move again between three and four o'clock, have generally another walk, at length descry our encampment about six o'clock, ride up, dismount, find dinner just ready, wash, and sit down in the shade outside the tent, at table. Preserved soups, meats, and vegetables, with a joint of one of our own sheep, or a chicken or turkey out of the hencoop one of the camels carries, various sweets, light sherry or claret cooled in a tub in the shade, and actually cold water from the zimzimiehs, make up our desert fare; then creaming Turkish coffee, cigars, and pleasant talk. Between nine and ten o'clock he to his tent, and after a stroll through the camp-fires on the desert, under the stars, I to mine; and about eleven o'clock, to bed."

The general subject of our morning conversation was Logic and Method; but as I do not propose here to enter either on an exposition or criticism of Mr. Buckle's opinions, I shall content myself with referring to those "Additional Elucidations of the Science of History" in which Mr. J. Stuart Mill has, in the fith edition of his "System of Logic" considered the logical views of Mr. Buckle's "Historry."

Style also was an often recurring subject of conversation. He had studied rll its artifices, and chiefly in Hume, Berkeley and Burke. His remarks on his own style were so frank, and as they might appear to some so vain, that I hesitate to repeat them.

It might be interesting to point out how his opinions on every single subject we discussed—the styles of different authors, and Art generally; moral conduct and religious feeling; historical periods, such as the School of Alexandria, or the Middle Ages—were but new forms of expressing the fundamental ideas of his book. But I confine myself here to the narrator's task.

Incidents were few. One morning, deep in philosophic talk, I on my dromedary, Mr. Buckle on his donkey, the current of his thoughts was humorously changed—for I cried out "The cobra!" and by a tremendous double kick to his donkey, he just saved himself from the snake which, erect on its tail, and with inflated neck, was close to him, and in the very act to spring. Of an evening, under the bright stars, amid the camp-fires, we had once or twice some Arab dancing and singing. One day a beautiful gazelle was caught. Whenever there was an opportunity, in the Red Sea or Gulf of Akaba, one was tempted to have a swim; but Mr. Buckle said he had never bathed except at Brighton, and then carefully holding on by a rope.

But the three or four halts we made were of the greatest interest. The second day, in the midst of a sand-storm, we met a party of Arabs going with their camels to Cairo. They were some of the people of Major Mac ——, going to bring him back provisions. Some days after, down from the Pass of the Sword's Point, instead of going on through the Wady Mukatteb or Written Valley, we turned up, and came suddenly on Robinson Crusoe huts and tents in a little, cultivated glen completely shut in by the precipitious hills. The major—a tall, stout, gray-bearded, noble-looking man in the ordinary summer country costume—came forward to welcome us. Mr. Buckle was known by his books. As for myself, a Scotchman seldom needs any other introduction than his name to a countryman abroad. He led us up to the great new house he had just constructed instead of

the tents, which did not keep out the sun, and were apt to be swept away by the rains. This house had, according to old Highland fashion the side of the hill for its back wall—the three others, however, were of stone, and thick—one small window high up, and one door to the single room; the roof was formed of various odd planks and pieces of tarpauling. A Highland hut, but a Highland welcome. That we had already breakfasted could not be admitted as an excuse for not breakfasting again, as it was still hardly noon. Prepared by a fillip of whiskey, we sat down to a breakfast, of which the capricorn cutlets were a delicacy that Mr. Buckle, professed epicure as he was, never forgot. The rest of the day was spent in examining the caves, inscriptions, and ancient fortresses in, near, and overlooking the Wady Maghârah. It chanced that another party—of which also one was a Scotchman whom we shall call Hamilton—was passing that day the neighborhood of the major's glen. They were seized and brought in. And the dinner that evening in the hut, where the major presided at one table, and his nephew, the sole companion of his solitude, presided at the other, will not soon be forgotten. Capricorn soup and capricorn cutlets again; the liveliest conversation; and after the others had retired, the three Scotchmen took out their chairs to the open air under the stars. On the top of an old cask stood creature-comforts.

The old Persian mines of turquoises are, I believe, exhausted. The major many years ago making a pilgrimage to Sinai with his wife and family, discovered, and by his strong right arm—that is, by the influence he has acquired among the Tuwarah Arabs—holds possession of the Sinaitic mines. He made us most handsome presents of turquoises, and gave much information as to what might be made of the peninsula.

A very long day's march from the major's glen, with but one halt under a Mimosa-tree, brought us to the oasis of Wady Feirân; but not till looking up through its palms and tamarisks we could see the stars. Many and various matters do I find noted as the subjects of our conversation in the earlier part of that day; but Mr. Buckle could not even sit his donkey at last, and so had to walk, leaning on my arm, and hardly able to speak, much less converse. On the second day from this beautiful oasis, and most interesting seat of an early Christian bishopric, in the afternoon, we found ourselves suddenly at the foot of Mount Sinai.

Neither Mr. Buckle nor I had more than a general historical interest in this part of Arabia. The accuracy of the Biblical traditions, and the identification of the sites, appeared more than doubtful. It was therefore with the interest of surprise that we found, as it should seem nowhere else, the requirements of the tradition satisfied by so many of the physical conditions of Mount Sinai. Stand on the top of its granite dome. It is the northern summit (Jebel Sufsâfeh) of a long, steep, rocky bridge, of which the southern and higher peak (Jebel Mûsa) you may distinguish as Horeb. On the eastern hill-side, under that summit, though unseen from where we are, stands the convent founded by Justinian, A.D. 527, and its garden of fruit-trees and cypresses. Opposite the convent, and forming with the mountain we are standing on, a narrow glen, is the correspondingly long ridge of Jebel-ed-Deir, with its cross. Westward is the lofty summit of Mount St. Katharine. Stand now under Sinai. You feel yourself very small in a vast mountain-enclosed table-land, under the precipices of Sinai, towering some fifteen hundred feet up, and so sheer you can "touch the mount." The desolation of the scene, hardly increased by frequent hurricanes and thunderstorms, if it should happen to associate itself in your mind with other desolations, needs some strength to face.

I had hoped to achieve the hitherto inaccessible Um Shaumer; but filled as I was with Sinai, left the feat to be accomplished by pilgrims of another of the five parties which met here. They—Hamilton and an American—did it in a day, starting at two o'clock in the morning. Mr. Buckle also was a good deal occupied here, principally as I understood in working out some thoughts that had occurred to him concerning the influence of Northern Palestine on the rise of Christianity. It need hardly be said that Mr. Buckle's expressions of feeling and opinion in regard to the northern occupants of the convent were not flattering to these holy fathers; but they might be consoled to know that he as little appreciated the saintliness, ignorant of the laws of health, of the first hermit-tenants of these desolate rocks.

On the 17th of March, the fourth day of our stay here, Mr. Buckle writes: "The excitement and exquisite interest of the life we are leading are indescribable, but unfit me for every other exertion. . . . Our encampment here is fifty-five hundred feet above the level of the sea. The mid-day sun intensely hot, but the mornings bitterly cold."

Leaving Sinai we journeyed on through deserts still varying in the monotony of barrenness. At the mouth of Wady-el-Ain, as we were coming down to the gleaming sea —"good news!"—we were met by our Bedouin messenger, and he said we should be able to get on to Petra. Next day was Sunday, and we rested the whole day by the sea. With us were here encamped three other parties. The second day thereafter we rode on from where our tents had been pitched on the sands, opposite a rocky islet, with the ruins of a castle that had resisted the crusaders; and our disputation was more animated than usual, for it was of religion. So, along the sands, and round the head of the gulf, till we came, in the golden afternoon, to the palm-grove of Akaba.

In the palms by the sea were the tents of the three other parties, who had pushed on quicker than we. Here also ours were pitched. The Tuwarah could go no further with us; we must proceed with the 'Alawîn Arabs. When the former had left us, we were uncomfortably in the power of the latter savages. Parliaments of Westerns and Easterns, intrigues of sheiks, jealousies of dragomen, gossip and backbiting, civilized for nearly a week the palms by the shell-strewn sands. There was only one noteworthy adventure, when two of us, returning from the neighboring plateau of Tih, mounted on dromedaries, and armed with revolvers, came down on a marauding party of Arabs who were driving away half a dozen of our camels. Mr. Buckle busied himself here in collecting the wonderfully numerous and beautiful shells. I gathered nearly four hundred in an hour or two. Once or twice all hope of getting to Petra, where indeed no one had been able to proceed by this route for five years, was almost abandoned. The country, after a long war, had just been conquered by a new tribe; and the entrance of travellers raised so many points of honor in the band of superior, allied, or half-subject robbers, about the division of the plunder, that the swords were once or twice drawn with the intention of killing each other instead of plundering us. However they thought better of it.

At length, on the morning of Sunday the 30th of March—after sundry accidents, camels throwing their loads into the sea, and such pleasantries—we were off, thanks chiefly, it must be admitted, to the well-known dragoman Abd-el-Atee, then with an American party, and who had once stood surety for one of the principal sheiks who had got into trouble at Cairo, a service the chief did not forget. We and the other parties had thus very much to follow the lead of Abd-el-Atee's party, which was anything but relished by Mr. Buckle, who was inclined to attribute our getting to Petra entirely to his own precautions and suggestions. And it was necessary for us to keep together. No more luxurious sending on of the tents and baggage to have dinner all ready when we dismounted for the day; no more entire independence: all must march together in warlike array. So the long caravan moved up the 'Arabah; upwards of a hundred men, and sixty or seventy camels and dromedaries; scouts on the flanks; the great sheiks galloping on horseback to the rear or to the van; and Mr. Buckle on his donkey. The prospect of Petra again looked cloudy; but a further demand of a thousand piastres, the first night out on the 'Arabah, was successfully resisted. Again, and finally, we were brought to a standstill at the very foot of the mountains of Edom. More sheiks, more councils of war, more fears and hopes; but on the morning of Friday the 4th of April we entered the mountains. On the summit of the pass, more sheiks, but friendly, which was well, for there must have been nearly two miles between the foremost men and last stragglers of the caravan in its long-winding ascent. Then descend to the foot of Mount Hor, which stands isolated. On its pastures graze flocks of sheep and goats, tended by the wildest shepherds and shepherdesses, from one of whom I had my first draught of goat's milk as a preparative for the ascent. More opposition; but at length up we started on foot, each with a savage or two at his elbow. Just under the summit I saw an inhabited cave. At its threshold a broad, flat rock, whereon a kid had just been slain; in front a smooth, green, flowery lawn. A fierce dog

defended the mansion, but a wild young shepherdess bid him lie down. The sight of her made me thirst for some more goat's milk; so I went up to her; but a horrible old woman advanced, sent the young one to the right-about, and asked what I wanted. I sat down in the mouth of their cave, and again drank out of a skin handed to me by the hag. To the ascent once more; and after examining a remarkable, long, pillared vault, with a well at the end of it, the summit is achieved. Presently up was dragged Mr. Buckle, looking, by reason of the steep ascent, under an Arabian sun, in winter garments, as if he had just been pulled out of the above-mentioned well. "Where is there shade?" he gasped. "Give me an orange! No wonder Aaron died when they dragged him up here."

From the roof of the tomb—now only an ordinary square building, with a dome—northwards and southward a hilly desert; eastward the mountains of Edom, within which lies Petra hid; westward the desert of the 'Arabah; beyond that the desert of Tih; beyond that again, the hills we may believe that the eyes of the aged high-priest strained most to see—the blue-tinted hills of the land of promise in the far horizon.

Descending there was a little affray at the door of the tomb; but as the fanaticism of the ringleader was proof against money, I could not but respect it; so we did not get in.

Then down the side of the mountain towards Petra, and again among the shepherds. Here, on a beautiful green space among the rocks, I purchased the very primitive double flute a skin-clad Satyr was most musically playing, and had a third draught of goat's milk from the nymph he was playing to. Singling one out from the flock, off she bounded to catch the goat, and fill the can. Then, with the most amusingly savage suspiciousness, she held out her right hand for the money, while in her left she kept back the cup; and as I looked with some admiration into her wild black eyes, and thought I should like to become her fellow-savage on Mount Hor, she, with most civilized coquetry, made me pay very handsomely for my drink of milk. In the meantime the Satyr picked my pocket of a piece of string.

Here was a stage of savagery we had never before seen—living in caves, clad in skins, and withal whistling in the most gladsome way, through the glorious sunny air, on Pan's pipes. It looked more like the very beginning of man's history than anything either of us had ever seen. I had travelled in the Far West, and the Ojibbeways were hunters, and these Fellahîn were shepherds; a higher stage, it used to be said, of civilization; but the former had wigwams and canoes, and a gravity and dignity of aspect which raised them very high above the wild men (and women) of Mount Hor. The difference also between these savage shepherds and the aristocratic fighting Arabs was most marked. Still theirs also was life, and human life, and the sight of them was worth having one's pocket picked even of a useful piece of string by Caliban.

Mr. Buckle thus wrote of Petra, from Jerusalem: "The result is that we have seen Petra—as wonderful, and far more beautiful than anything in Egypt. Buckhardt, about forty years ago, was the first European who ever set foot there; and since then not more, probably, than a hundred persons have seen it—that is to say, have really seen it as we did, at leisure, and spending three whole days there. Occasionally gentlemen without tents, and with no food but what they can carry on their own horses, gallop from Hebron to Petra (about one hundred and twenty miles) in two days and a half, reaching Petra in the evening, seeing it by moonlight, and then gallop back before the Bedawîn and Fellahîn are aware of their presence. . . . At 3.30 P.M. the heat was on one occasion 119 degs. Fah.; and before sunrise the next morning the thermometer had fallen in the tent (and our tent was by far the thickest and warmest of all) to 42 degs."

I cannot agree with what Mr. Buckle says of Petra in comparison with Egypt; for there was not the mind here: therefore to me Petra was far less wonderful and of a far lower order of beauty than Egypt. Its beauty was truly infinite; but there are orders of infinitudes. Its beauty was the music of color. It was the grand finish of the symphony first burst upon us on the sands of the Gulf of Akaba. Not only was it that from the sandstone rocks, out of which the tombs, temples, and theaters are hewn, came in the glorious sunshine a vast harmony of the most various colors, but at the foot of the rocks, in retired nooks, was such luxuriance of wild flowers as could only be called visual music.

We had to go about armed; there were constant rumors of danger, but there was no actual annoyance of consequence. Some of our Egyptian servants, however, were most comically frightened, and gave up with the most amusingly unwilling generosity what ever the pettiest sheik might do them the honor to fancy.

With Hamilton Mr. Buckle had by this time got rather intimate. Nothing could have been finer than the contrast between the two. When Mr. Buckle had not my arm, he had Hamilton's. To Hamilton, who had a considerable touch of humor, what appeared to him the cowardice and effeminacy of Mr. Buckle, were a source of unconcealed and inextinguishable laughter. But then Hamilton was in the vigorous health of five-and-twenty, which will face anything, and eat anything; he had as a good Catholic, exorcised the fiends of doubt, and thus saved himself the conquests of the thinker; but he had led forlorn hopes to the deadly breach in the Indian rebellion. Each contemned the other for his want of that on which he prided himself. But Mr. Buckle liked Hamilton—because he confessed ignorance, and listened with deference, though without conviction; and Hamilton liked Mr. Buckle because—in the dreadful shock he described himself as having recently experienced on firing a pistol for the first time in his life; in his certainty of getting drowned or eaten by a shark if he ventured to bathe with us: in his terror of a dead snake; his fear and hatred of the savages around us, and his declaration that "vice is better than ignorance"—he showed himself so laughably different from Hamilton's self. Each was thus to the other an unconscious flattery.

But as to all this, it must be remarked that there was a certain humor in such confessions of fear and weakness, and still more undoubtedly great kindliness of nature in speaking of one who not only undisguisedly laughed at his weaknesses, but often frightened him with snakes and otherwise, as "My noble little Hamilton." And in the great scheme of travel all round the world which Mr. Buckle had in view, there was no one, he said, whom he should have liked better as a travelling companion than this very Hamilton, if he had had but some scientific education.

We left Petra on the 7th of April, and on the 10th crossed the great mountain pass between Arabia and Palestine. At lunch under the shittim-tree, at the northern foot of the pass, Mr. Buckle was particularly brilliant; joke and anecdote followed each other fast; Palestine was not to him a "holy land." We were out of the desert; before us were the green rolling plains of Judea; over all, the splendor of an Eastern sun; in the flowers, in the birds, in the flocks and herds at the wells, we should see the fulness of young life; and soon, at Hebron, we should hear again the much-loved din of civilization.

On Palm Sunday, as we approached Jerusalem, disputing about the *summun bonum*, which Mr. Buckle placed in the highest gratification of the intellect and senses consistent with the rights of others, we encountered a stream of bright-clothed peasants, with palm-branches, returning from the city. Through a crowd surrounding some dancers outside a coffee-shop, we passed under the archway of the Joppa Gate.

During the Holy Week, and throughout our stay at Jerusalem, there was not much sympathy in Mr. Buckle. He lagged behind near the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, as we were on our way by the Via Dolorosa and St. Stephen's Gate to the Garden of Gethsemane, and at length came up, apologizing for having kept me waiting, but elated with having, in bargaining with a Jew about some glass bracelets, beat him down from twopence to three halfpence. Sitting on the Mount of Olives, over against Jerusalem, the conversation, or rather talk, was on a point of political economy. At table in the inn, he launched what he called a thunderbolt among the reverend representatives of the apostles there present, and caused them to rise and flee suddenly.

As it is of Mr. Buckle in the East, I am writing, the solemn and affecting scenes of the Holy Week at Jerusalem are best passed over in silence. He saw in them nothing divine under what might be worthy of mockery. He did not even care to go to the celebration of Good Friday at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. But in the sacristy the next day, while we were waiting to be admitted into a gallery from whence to witness the wild scene of the distribution of the fire from heaven, he admitted that for the truly great historian the sympathetic insight of the poet was requisite, as well as the analytic power of the philosopher. But, however generously he might feel for the sufferers by fanaticism,

he did not even pretend to that higher power through which the divine impelling idea is seen through all the ignorance with which it may be clothed, and fanaticism with which it may be darkened, that sympathetic insight, which would clear the great historian of all one-sided bitterness, and give to the conflicts of mankind an aspect at once humorous and tragical.

From Jerusalem Mr. Buckle wrote: "I must tell you that I am stronger both in mind and body than I have ever been since you knew me, and I feel fit to go on at once with my work. But I neither read nor write —I think, I see, and I talk. Especially I study the state of society, and the habits of the people. We shall stay here to the end of this week, and then go to Jericho, the Jordan, Dead Sea, and Bethlehem,—and thence northward for Nazareth, the Sea of Galilee, Damascus, and Baalbec, etc. I feel boyish enough for anything, and fancy myself growing younger; yet I am old, very old—forty on the 24th of last November. It's a great age."

On Monday, the 22d of April, we rode out of Jerusalem to Bethlehem, on the summit of its curving terraced hill, amid the hills of the shepherds, and looking towards the far-distant ridgy mountains of Moab. We slept that night at the famously picturesque Greek Convent of Marsaba. Thence, next day, over the hill and down to the Dead Sea; at full gallop across to the Rapids of the Jordan, where all but Mr. Buckle bathe to wash off the Dead Sea salt; thence a splendid ride across the plain of Jericho, winding at length through shrubberies and cornfields, in the purpling sunset, past the Crusaders' Tower to the mounds, where, above the ruins, our tents were pitched; and next day, by Bethany, back to Jerusalem; thence, on the morrow, we began, through bleak, stony hills, our journey northward.

In Palestine our dromedaries were exchanged for horses, and baggage-camels for mules; and Mr. Buckle gave up his Cairene donkey to mount a Syrian Arab. He had not been on horseback for twenty years; yet the excitement of the scenes through which we passed, and their rushing historical associations made a tearing gallop on every tolerably level stretch irresistible. And many were the rows we consequently had with our master of the horse and escort, whose feelings needed no such vent. Whenever we were riding along more quietly together side by side, or in Indian file, in the narrow, rocky paths, or dismounted, walking arm in arm, constant bright and suggestive talk. I am endeavoring carefully, but with difficulty, to avoid entering on the subjects of our conversations, the results of our disputations; it would lead me, for the present, at least, too far.

But, as a fact, rather than an opinion, I may note that on riding out of Shechem (Nablous), where we had seen a good deal of the last of the Samaritans, and been fortunate in obtaining some of their MSS., our first remarks to each other were on the remarkable handsomeness of these men. We had been at the synagogue that morning. There were the heads of the seventy families. Every man of them was full six feet or upwards, erect, and well proportioned; with very fine, though, of course, Jewish features; beautifully clear, fair complexions, and dark, lustrous eyes. "But," said I, "these families are all close cousins, and intermarry but with each other." We had no gallop for a long time that morning; for the physiological laws of breeding in-and-in, the influence of race, the worth of phrenological indications, and related subjects, occupied us, and gave our horses rest.

The vast plain of Esdraelon, famous battlefield, and Armageddon, they say, of prophecy, I shall ever associate with the melancholy end of all Mr. Buckle's grand schemes. It was Sunday, the 27th of April. More exultingly than ever he expressed his feelings of health and hope. The conversation was on liberty; on the influence the new ideas had already had, and would still further have, in moulding law, national and international; on toleration, and on progress. But that day he was attacked with diarrhœa, the proximate cause of his death; and the cause of the diarrhœa was, doubtless, chiefly over-fatigue and over-excitement.

In the afternoon, up the hills of Galilee, and down into the glen of Nazareth. Passing through the town, we encamped under the trees, by Mary's Well. That night there was a thunder-storm; the rain soaked through the tents, notwithstanding their water-proof covering. Mr. Buckle caught cold, and a very bad sore throat imprisoned him in the convent for more than a week. I was thus

very much alone at Nazareth; in the convent most of the day, in case of Mr. Buckle's requiring anything—for he was too ill to make himself distinctly understood by the servants—and with a morning and afternoon walk. But though there was little sight-seeing, time was not perhaps lost in that little upland glen, like a compact Highland property. The recollection of the famously beautiful music in the church to the convent reminds me to note that Mr. Buckle cared nothing for music; and this may be found in harmony with his other characteristics.

Next week, thanks to, or notwithstanding, an Armenian physician and a Spanish doctor-monk, Mr. Buckle was sufficiently recovered to continue the journey to the Sea of Galilee. There he chiefly interested himself with the Jews of Tiberias, that ancient seat of Hebrew learning; not so much with the land of Genesareth and the Mount of Beatitudes; and I need not, therefore, here, of these Holy Places say anything. Thence we returned to Nazareth, encamping by the Fountain of the Virgin once more. Sitting at the door of the tent after dinner, with our coffee and chibouks, he capped a remark I made on the extremely pretty, erect, graceful, and picturesquely attired Marys passing us, with their pitchers, to and from the fountain, by quoting with characteristic aptitude Molière's "Fi, fi! n'as-tu pas honte d'être si belle?"

Over the circling hills of Nazareth; past a gathering-place of the Crusaders; and the ruins of a Roman capital; along a rich plain, its distance magnificent with mirage; through parklike, wooded hills; and down at length into the grand plain of Acre, covered with flocks and herds, or rich with crops. Riding into the town, we were conducted through the fortifications by the consul, and told the story of British victory. Would it were completer! We looked down into dark dungeons under our feet, where were two hundred wretches, chained two by two, hand and foot, and begging, like dogs, for something to be thrown them. "Les misérables!"

Next day, striking our tents on the glacis, we rode on over the magnificent plain, through the wealthiest crops, and most odorous orange groves, climbed the Scala Tyriorum, and looked down on the gleaming Bay of Acre and the Phœnician Landstrip, with Tyre in the distance. In the afternoon we encamped at Alexander's Fountain, by the Sea. On the morrow, surmounting the White Cape, we descended into Phœnicia; on the left, the sea; on the right, the hill villages of the Metawileh; high over these, in the far distance, White Lebanon.

As the boys and I were rushing at full gallop along the sands, close by the sea, we passed an English party riding from the direction of Tyre. Turning round, I saw Mr. Buckle, who was a little behind, speaking to one of the party. I rode back, and found he was a gentleman with whom I also was acquainted, and that we had just passed the Prince of Wales. Riding on, I turned round again, and behold Hassan, trying to overtake us, somehow unseated, slide suddenly over his horse's tail, falling on the sands. The horse, much relieved, turned round and neighed at his prostrate master And it was a fine thing to smile at among the various, unseated, and other royalties of the scene.

We rode on, and entered the famous city. We could not but be struck with the absence of that "desolation" we had heard preached about. Tyre is, in fact, a thriving town, with some sixty vessels usually in port. We lunched in a garden on the Mole of Alexander. Returning to complete our examination of the ruins, we found the prince had not only re-embarked, but that the squadron was already in the offing; and we remarked the rapid progress on the royal road to learning.

Next day we got into lodgings at Sidon; but the day after removed to the convent, for Mr. Buckle again found himself over-fatigued and ill; and, indeed, the state of his health made it necessary for us to give up, though with much regret, the proposed journey from Sidon to Damascus, and proceed direct to Beyrout. So, after three days' stay, we bade adieu to the courteous French consul and Padre Germano, and left Sidon between its beautiful gardens and the sea. For one day, along sand and across promontories; the next morning, over sandy downs, through olive and pine forests, orchards, and mulberry gardens; above, the snowy peaks of peopled Lebanon; below, the burning sands by the sea, till we entered Beyrout.

From Beyrout, 14th May, is dated Mr. Buckle's last letter: "We have arrived here to-day all well, after a journey from Jerusalem, interesting beyond all description. We diverged westward, after visiting the Sea of

Galilee, in order to travel through Phœnicia. We saw Tyre and Sidon, and got much valuable information respecting the excavations conducted there for the last eighteen months by the French Government. . . . To-morrow we shall see the Assyrian remains near here; and the next day start for Damascus, Baalbec, and return to Beyrout by the Cedars of Lebanon, the oldest and grandest trees in the world.

"I have most reluctantly abandoned Constantinople because—although we should be there and up the Danube long before the unhealthy season—I am advised that the nights on the river are occasionally damp and dangerous for weak eyes. And as I cannot quite satisfy myself about the protection which berths afford, I don't choose to risk my little Eddy boy to having inflamed conjunctiva, for he has now had nothing in the least the matter with his eyes for more than five months; and I intend to bring him back sound and invigorated in all respects. The only other route to Vienna is by Trieste. We must therefore take the steamer from here to Smyrna, Syria, and Athens; but shall see little or nothing of Greece, as the weather will be too hot. The journey is not very interesting, but we have had our fill of interest, and must think of health.

"I expect to be at Trieste about the middle of June; and as you said that the end of July would suit you to reach Vienna, this leaves me a clear month, which I purpose spending at Gratz or Grätz, in Styria, on the railroad between Trieste and Vienna. It is very healthy, has fine air, and is well known for masters and education."

Such, but a fortnight before his death, was Mr. Buckle's last letter.

At Beyrout the contract with our dragoman, who had latterly behaved exceedingly ill, terminated; and Mr. Buckle and I parted company; for he was uncertain whether he should be able to proceed, as he desired, from Damascus to Baalbec, and was unwilling to stand in the way of my visiting these renowned ruins. My dragoman's agreement mutually bound us to return from Baalbec and the Cedars. By Mr. Buckle's agreement he might return direct from Damascus. The former, as with certainty requiring a longer time, was of course at a lower rate.

We however proceeded to Damascus together, starting on the 16th of May, in a carriage and five (one of the animals a mule), on the French road. Thus ascending the steep terrace-cultivated Lebanon, looking down on the cloud-shadowed splendor of the sea, Mr. Buckle, much recruited by the couple of day's rest at Beyrout, was once more himself again. He talked of the views by which he had united the "Wealth of Nations" and the "Theory of Moral Sentiments;" of the effect of the gold discoveries on prices, and of the ultimate cause of the interest of money. It was our last conversation of any importance. We encamped that evening on the green base of Lebanon, overlooking Cœlesyria. Next day we had to mount our horses again to ride across the red and green plain, and up Antilebanon. Mr. Buckle came into camp that night, again over-fatigued and ill. Late on the evening of the next day we entered Damascus, but Mr. Buckle was almost dead with fatigue; yet we had rested for three hours during the overpowering heat of midday in an Arab hostelry at Dimas. Crossing the Sah'ra desert in the blinding glare, he had dismounted to walk, leaning heavily on my arm, and again, after descending into an exquisitely rich many-watered glen, fording its streams, and ascending through over-hanging trees, we rested at the roadside Café of the Fountain. It was quite open, and simple enough, but there was a hospitable shade, and a place to spread our carpets to lie down. Past him—lying there, worn with fatigue, and soothing over-excited nerves with the grateful fumes of a chibouk—rode a numerous Turkish hunting party; and as one after one the long cavalcade reined their horses at the fountain under the trees, you could look from a mind-worn body to wiry vigor and glowing health.

To the road again, and down to the green rushing Pharpar (Barada). As I was riding on a little in advance, by this winding, deep-channelled stream—here like a very torrent of life—I heard a cry behind me, and looking round, saw Mr. Buckle in an agony of fear clinging to the neck of his horse. A stirrup had suddenly given way, and he had been almost thrown. The effect of this on nerves so overworn by excitement as his now were can easily be imagined. He was now quite beyond concealing fear; and as I assisted him from his horse he said "a sweat of terror had burst over him." He lay down by the rushing Pharpar, and I gave him some

water from it to drink. It was very sad to see so bold a mind with a body which had so miserably fallen away from it. It was like the torrent by which he lay, losing itself, all stagnant, on a dead level.

On again; and when we left the river we were again on the desert uplands of Antilebanon. Slow was our progress, for Mr. Buckle could now only just support himself in the saddle. At length, riding wearily along, we entered a narrow, winding, rocky defile. Suddenly, at the mouth of the gorge, burst on us a wondrous scene. Below us, at the foot of the barren mountains, stretched far as the eye in the clear eastern air could see, a vast desert; but in its centre was a long strip, wide towards the north, tapering southwards, of the most gloriously rich vegetation; amid the trees and gardens countless domes and minarets, and a wide and beautiful meadow also, the famous Merj, in the midst of which gleamed a winding stream. Gazing on this, the most magnificent oasis of the East, Mr. Buckle forgot all his fatigue, and exclaimed, "It is worth all it has cost me to reach it!" And there was to be his grave.

One can seldom at the time truly say what is the cause of the pleasure or pain when one is very much affected. So, then, neither of us could analyze the sources of the pleasure we enjoyed. Not till a considerable time after, when standing with Mr. Buckle's great master near the base of the Asian Olympus, overlooking the Plain of Broussa, did I understand why the view of the Plain of Damascus had so much affected us. For, gazing from the ancient Turkish capital on a wide mountain-circled plain of unsurpassed wealth and beauty, green and golden all with trees and corn, sparkling with volcanic springs and winding streams. I saw that similar causes had affected Mr. Buckle when he looked on the Paradise of the Desert, and when, at the Temple of Karnak, under the moon of Egypt, "the vast masses of light and shade rendered it absolutely appalling." In both cases the effect was in the contrast. The Plain of Broussa has no such contrast, and the impression of its beauty is less.

But on again; and, it was now so late, in considerable anxiety lest we should find the gates of the city closed. So we descended the barren mountain side, and rode across what of the desert separated us from roads under overarching trees, dank with the dews of evening. Never, it seemed to Mr. Buckle, should we reach the gates. At length our horses' feet clattered on a stone pavement, and at length we entered the gates of Damascus. But the reality afforded no such fresh excitement to support Mr. Buckle as the distant view. Night had fallen; the streets were dark, narrow, winding, ill paved, infested with surly dogs, and absolutely interminable. Sinking with fatigue, Mr. Buckle had to dismount and walk, supported by my arm. Interminable, dark, winding streets, without interest—for the Oriental scenes revealed by the occasional lights were in general but an irritating contrast of unbought repose. At last we came to a little door in the side of a dark and little-promising house. We might have been inclined to object to being taken to such an inn as this. But now, anywhere for rest and food. So we descended some steps into a small and dark court; crossing it, we were led along a dark, winding, narrow passage, and then a scene burst upon us, the very realization of a dream of the East. It was a great quadrangle, paved with colored marbles; in the midst of it, sparkling waters, overhung by orange and other odoriferous trees; above, the fair blue heavens, and the golden stars; at the further end, a deep and lofty-vaulted alcove, bright with rich colors; a luxurious divan round its three sides; on its raised floor a long table covered with viands, and on the tables, lamps that shone on the faces of friends we had seen last in the shadow of Mount Sinai. The scene had a fitly magical effect on Mr. Buckle, and after having been conducted up an open staircase to one of the lower roofs, and thence to an open gallery into which opened the large and beautiful rooms reserved for us, and there having washed and dressed, he descended to dinner in the alcove, and was able to converse with our friends. How exquisite the chibouk on the divan after dinner, in such a scene, after such a day!

Next day, Monday, Mr. Buckle had so surprisingly recovered from his fatigue as to sally forth immediately after breakfast to wander through the famous bazaars. But in the evening at dinner he was unable to sit at table, where a party of Austrian nobles had taken the place of our friends, who had left that morning. On the divan behind he was having brought to him what food he could eat. Suddenly I heard a cry from him, and

springing up, saw him wild and delirious-looking; and when I went up to him, he said—"Oh, I am going mad!" I half carried him up-stairs to the little open gallery before his room door, and there set him on a chair. In bringing him up-stairs I had ordered one of our servants to go immediately for the French doctor Mr. Buckle had seen in the morning. His incoherent utterances were most painful to listen to; at one moment saying "How nice, very nice!" was the iced orangeade I had brought him, and thanking me, then telling me to go away; in the midst of all exclaiming "Oh, my book, my book! I shall never finish my book!" and after running on quite incoherently, crying, "I know I am talking nonsense, but I cannot help it!" and bursting into tears.

When the doctor arrived, it appeared that he had given his patient a dose of opium, and Mr. Buckle, on his recovery, attributed to this the temporary delirium. And certainly Mr. Buckle's constitution was, in its nervous sensibility, so very peculiar, that a physician might be readily excused if he chanced to err in his first prescription.

Next day Mr. Buckle was again better; and the next, Wednesday, before making final arrangements for my departure for Baalbec, I called on the doctor privately and begged him to tell me candidly what he thought of the state of Mr. Buckle. He assured me that there was no danger, but that he should advise Mr. Buckle to return to Beyrout by the shortest road; told me that, from his connection with the French Government, he should be able to procure the easiest possible means of conveyance; protested against my proposal to give up my projected, and indeed, contracted for, tour in the Lebanon, as entirely unnecessary; and expressed little doubt but that, on my return to Beyrout, I should find my friend quite recruited by a week of its bracing sea-breezes. I saw also the British consul and missionary, and could feel assured of their kind attention during the few days the doctor said it might still be necessary for Mr. Buckle to remain at Damascus.

On the afternoon of the 22d of May, I bade adieu to Mr. Buckle, who expressed himself as feeling better, and left him all that remained of the medicines I had had from the prescriptions of a London physician. I had remained to the very last day which would enable me still to be in time for the steamer by which it was necessary that I should leave Beyrout for Smyrna and Athens.

Riding through the long-winding streets towards the gate, I was suddenly oppressed with a strange presentiment of evil. And the thought occurred to me, Mr. Buckle may certainly be in no danger now, but what if, in his weak state, he should be attacked by fever, so fatal at this season in Damascus! I considered whether it would be possible still to turn back and remain with him. But not to speak of the contract which I should have to forfeit, my baggage and servants, except the dragoman with me, were a day's march ahead, where I was to meet them that evening; an escort of a couple of irregular cavalry had been specially granted me by the pasha; and if I turned back no reason could be given for such a change of plans but a "strange presentiment." And it seemed I could still effect the chief purpose I should have had in view in turning back. So, at a little roadside café outside the gate, I dismounted, wrote, and despatched a messenger with a note, urging Mr. Buckle, even if the diarrhœa were but partially stopped by the medicine I had left with him, to get out as soon as possible of the stifling air of Damascus, and down to the sea.

Ten days after, on the 31st of May, returning from a delightful and adventureful tour in the Lebanon, and with no expectation but that of finding Mr. Buckle at the Bellevue Hotel, and ready to leave by the next day's steamer, I rode into Beyrout. I went first to the consul's for letters and news. The consul said, "Have you heard nothing?" I said "No;" and remarking his agitated countenance, anxiously begged him to tell me to what he referred. He then gave me all the sad intelligence. But it seems unnecessary here to give the details of the consul's and the doctor's reports. Suffice it that Mr. Buckle, after I left, had been attacked by typhus fever, and had, after a three days' stupor, died. He had once risen and given orders for departure, but had fallen down exhausted. His last act was to beckon one of the boys to him, to take Alf's hand, and murmur "Poor little boys!" Everything was done for him that the skill of attending physicians and the kindness of an English nurse (the maid of Lady E——), of the missionary, and of our consul could suggest.

And passing through the ruins of the Christian quarter, he was buried in the Moslem-desecrated Protestant cemetery. Around him, intolerant only of intolerance, the marks of the fire and sword of the fiercest fanaticism and the cruellest bigotry.

Of all the melancholy things on earth, there seems none more melancholy than the death of genius, its work undone. Ward's picture of the "Death of Chatterton" is typical of but too many such tragedies. It is not the poison-vial that kills, but the ardent straining of the mind to do too much, to get too far, to climb too high.

I cannot here enter on any criticism of Mr. Buckle's work as it stands, and as it was meant to be, or on any discussion of his opinions. Yet so colored was the retrospect of our journey together with the atmosphere of thought in which we lived, that for long after my return it seemed impossible to give any account of that journey without entering upon those discussions which were the chief condition of its life. There was fundamental agreement between us in the general view of phenomena as naturally determined, and not by supernatural interferences; and also generally as to the method of scientific investigation. But there were withal important differences in our views, and I found that the discussion of these differences would have led to the enunciation of principles which would have ill fitted into an account of a journey in the East, or even into the last chapter of a life; principles, in a word, which could not be fitly treated incidentally. Neither the philosophical discussion nor the personal narrative seemed likely to gain anything by being united, whichever were subordinate to the other. Even his minor opinions I found I could not satisfactorily weave into a narrative, so closely did I feel them connected with those general views in which we differed. To giving, as in the foregoing pages, merely an account of our journey and sketch of personal characteristics, many things disinclined me. Among these, the fear that, if perfectly truthful, I might hurt the more devoted of Mr. Buckle's friends. At length I seemed to get a stand point, from which I could speak of him freely, and yet without just offence. A few words in conclusion, to endeavor to place my readers at that point of view.

It is a point of view from which one can see narrowness and yet be just to greatness. In whom is there not narrowness? Is there, then, presumption in my saying that there appeared to me to be narrowness in Mr. Buckle; yet he is not only worthily lamented by personal friends, but will, I believe, by those who clearest see the forces of the age, be most mourned as a national loss. Truth is only to be attained by conflict; and the establishment of true principles is hastened by the vigor, not only of those who proclaim, but of those also who oppose them. Mr. Buckle in this may be an illustration of the error of one of his own views, that, namely, as to the influence of individuals. They, at least, incalculably influence, if not the manner and order, the celerity of human progress. And in the words of Mr. John Stuart Mill, "Mr. Buckle, with characteristic energy, has flung down the great principle that the course of history is subject to general laws, together with many striking exemplifications of it, into the arena of popular discussion, to be fought over by a sort of combatants in the presence of a sort of spectators, who would never even have been aware that there existed such a principle if they had been left to learn its existence from the speculations of pure science. And hence has arisen a considerable amount of controversy, tending, not only to make the principle rapidly familiar to the majority of cultivated minds, but also to clear it from the confusions and misunderstandings by which it was but natural that it should for a time be clouded, and which impair the worth of the doctrine to those who accept it, and are the stumbling-block of many who do not."

Whether Mr. Buckle was justified in thinking he had other intellectual merits than that above ascribed to him I do not mean here to inquire. But whether his work was greater or less than he imagined, there is more than his work to set side by side with whatever may have been less worthy in Mr. Buckle. Truth, indeed, compels me to say that, during these months of intimate acquaintance as fellow-travellers, there were instances in which indignation was roused, not only against what appeared to me distorted moral views, but against acts wanting in generosity, if not in justice. Out of regard, not only to the feelings of his friends, but to the reticence which I conceive imposed on myself by the intimacy even of an accidental acquaintanceship, and still more by his death, I have in these pages

suppressed all allusion to those particular views and acts to which I thus generally refer. But with full remembrance of them all, I can still say that it was no selfish nature that could be so shaken by the death of another as his had been; that could so passionately cherish the hope of immortality; that could attach itself so much to children, so care for, and so affectionately write of, the friend's sons who accompanied him in the East; that could be so roused by wrong done to others; that could conceive and devote itself to the accomplishment of so great a purpose as the "History of Civilization in England." And as an illustration at once of his character and of how easily one may misjudge another, let me add that he told me he never subscribed a sixpence in charity; and yet I afterwards found that he personally visited the poor, and set apart a certain sum to supply their wants, not indeed in money, but in kind.

How much Mr. Buckle's intellectual views were influenced by his moral disposition, and how much the expression of that disposition was influenced by his intellectual views? that were a subtle question, not here to have its solution attempted. Was, for instance, the sharpness with which he sometimes carried his political economy into practice owing chiefly to the influence of the former, or of the latter?

But two remarks may under this head be made. What might be called the vicious extremes of some of Mr. Buckle's views might also be adduced in evidence of the virtue of intellectual enthusiasm, boldness, and thoroughness. On the other hand, however, it might be said that a finer moral instinct might have prevented the expression of views only logically justifiable; and in such an age as ours, there are probably many unhonored men who prefer obscurity to following against their instinct, what seems logic.

And the other remark I would here make is, that a man must ever be judged in relation to the intellectual condition of the age; and that which unfortunately chiefly distinguishes this age is the destructive criticism of hitherto accepted moral standards, and such progress only towards new moral standards as may have been affected by the Utilitarian Philosophy. In such an age of shipwreck we should be tender in our judgments of one another. Unfortunately for his insight, Mr. Buckle did not feel, and therefore hardly believed in the terrible moral, as well as intellectual struggles of this our transition age.

Further, in judging him is ever to be remembered the flow of energetic life in the man, tempting him often to too strong or untimely expression. And in case of the misunderstanding of any of the foregoing anecdotes of him, let me say that no serious charge of effeminacy or cowardice can be brought against one suffering from such physical weakness and nervous exhaustion as Mr. Buckle had gone to the East to recover from.

They call it bigotry when one cannot bear to hear anything against one's own opinion. And it is not love but narrowness of heart, that cannot, in thinking of a friend, set, if truth compels it, good and evil side by side. And he whom Mr. Buckle so constantly studied—Shakspeare—chiefly taught us to raise our hearts to take in such co-existence, to condemn if necessary, and yet by our condemnation not be made to forget to love. To what worthy end do we talk and write and act, but to raise ourselves and help to raise others to a nobler life with fellow-men? For that, breadth of sympathy, not the same as laxity of principle, is chiefly needed. And surely if what was great and little in this man has been even feebly presented from the point of view proposed, it should tend to breadthen our sympathies, to enable us to open our hearts to take in the little with the great, the great with the little. With the hope that the foregoing pages have in some degree fulfilled their purpose, I conclude; for those only ought to attempt to sum up and balance the characteristics of an eminent man who are greater than he, either themselves or in their time. No such judicial summing-up do I presume to give.

J. S. S. G.

From Good Words.

THE NARROW LOT.

A LITTLE flower so lowly grew,
So lonely was it left,
That heaven looked like an eye of blue
Down in its rocky cleft.

What could the little flower do
In such a darksome place,
But try to reach that eye of blue,
And climb to see heaven's face,

And there's no life so lone and low
But strength may still be given,
From narrowest lot on earth to grow
The straighter up to heaven.

THE TWO HEAVENS.

THERE are two heavens for natnres clear
And calm as thine, my gentle love!
One heaven but reflected here;
One heaven that waits above:

As yonder lake in evening's red,
Lies smiling with the smile of Rest;
One heaven glowing overhead;
One mirror'd in its breast.

SPRINGTIDE.

WHEN first spring-buds are starring the spring-blue,
And, leaf by leaf, Earth puts her glory on,
We feel a pensive longing to renew
The youthful splendor and the glory gone;
Wait but a few more years, OUR spring shall come
With *one* renewal, and eternal bloom.

HOW IT SEEMS.

STARS in the midnight's blue abyss
So closely smile, they seem to kiss;
But, Christie, they are far apart,
And close not beating heart to heart:

And high in glory many a star
Shines, lighting other worlds afar,
Whilst hiding in its breast the dearth,
The darkness of a fireless hearth.

All happy to the listener seems,
The singer, with his gracious gleams;
His music rings, his ardors glow
Divinely; all, we know, we know!

For all the beauty shed, we see
How bare his own poor life may be;
He gives ambrosia, wanting bread;
Makes balm for hearts, with ache of head.

He finds the laurel budding yet
From love transfigured and tear-wet;
They are his life-drops turned to flowers
That make so sweet this world of ours!

IN THE NIGHT.

DARK, dark the night, and fearfully I grope
Amidst the shadows, feeling for the way,
But cannot find it. Here's no help, no hope,
And God is very far off with his day!

Hush, hush, faint heart! Why, this may be thy chance,
When things are at their worst to prove thy faith;
Look up, and wait thy great deliverance
And trust Him at the darkest unto death.

What need of faith, if all were visibly clear!
'Tis for the trial time that this was given.
Though clouds be thick, its sun is just as near,
And faith will find Him in the heart of heaven.

'Tis often on the last grim ridge of war
God takes his stand to aid us in our fight;
He watched us while we rolled the tide afar;
And, beaten back, is near us in his might!

Under the wildest night, the heaviest woe,
When earth looks desolate — heaven dark with doom,
Faith has a fire-flash of the heart to show
The face of the Eternal in the gloom.

A MISSIONARY CHEER.

CHRIST be near thee! Christ up-bear thee,
Over waters wide and drear;
Though all dangers, amongst strangers,
With no friend or brother near!

Then the winds and waves may wrestle,
Skies may threaten, deeps may rave;
Safely rides the laboring vessel,
When the Saviour walks the wave.

Though thine earnest need be sternest,
And in darkness works the storm —
Drifting lonely, where One only
Can outstretch the saving arm;

On His breast, serenely nestle;
Winds nor waves can overwhelm;
Straight for haven goes the vessel,
When the Saviour's at the helm.

Clouds may lighten; lips may whiten;
Praying looks be dark with dread!
Sails may shiver; true hearts quiver
At Death going overhead!

Yet though winds and waters wrestle,
Masts may spring, and bulwarks dip,
Safely rides the laboring vessel,
When the Saviour's in the ship.

GERALD MASSEY.

PART III.—CHAPTER VIII.

It was the next morning after this when Mrs. Hadwin's strange lodger first appeared in the astonished house. He was the strangest lodger to be taken into a house of such perfect respectability, a house in Grange Lane; and it came to be currently reported in Carlingford after a time, when people knew more about it, that even the servants could not tell when or how he arrived, but had woke up one morning to find a pair of boots standing outside the closed door of the green room, which the good old lady kept for company, with sensations which it would be impossible to describe. Such a pair of boots they were too—muddy beyond expression, with old mud which had not been brushed off for days—worn shapeless, and patched at the sides; the strangest contrast to a handsome pair of Mr. Wentworth's, which he, contrary to his usual neat habits, had kicked off in his sitting-room, and which Sarah, the housemaid, had brought and set down on the landing, close by these mysterious and unaccountable articles. When the bell of the green room rang an hour or two later, Sarah and the cook, who happened to be standing together, jumped three yards apart and stared at each other; the sound gave them both "a turn." But they soon got perfectly well used to that bell from the green room. It rang very often in the day, for "the gentleman" chose to sit there more than half his time; and if other people were private about him, it was a great deal more than he was about himself. He even sent the boots to be mended, to Sarah's shame and confusion. For the credit of the house, the girl invented a story about them to calm the cobbler's suspicions. "They was the easiest boots the gentleman had, being troubled with tender feet; and he wasn't agoing to give them up because they was shabby," said Sarah. He sent down his shabby clothes to be brushed, and wore Mr. Wentworth's linen, to the indignation of the household. But he was not a man to be concealed in a corner. From where he sat in the green room, he whistled so beautifully that Mrs. Hadwin's own pet canary paused astonished to listen, and the butcher's boy stole into the kitchen surreptitiously to try if he could learn the art: and while he whistled, he filled the tidy room with parings and cuttings of wood, and carved out all kinds of pretty articles with his knife. But though he rang his bell so often, and was so tiresome with this litter, and gave so much trouble, Sarah's heart, after a while, melted to "the gentleman." He made her a present of a needlecase, and was very civil-spoken—more so a great deal than the Curate of St. Roque's; and such a subject of talk and curiosity had not been in Carlingford for a hundred years.

As for Mrs. Hadwin, she never gave any explanation at all on the subject, but accepted the fact of a new inmate cheerfully, as if she knew all about it. Of course she could not ask any of her nieces to visit her while the green room was occupied; and as they were all rather large, interfering, managing women, perhaps the old lady was not very sorry. Mr. Wentworth himself was still less explanatory. When Mr. Wodehouse said to him, "What is this I hear about a brother of yours?—they tell me you've got a brother staying with you. Well, that's what I hear. Why don't you bring him up to dinner? Come to-morrow;" the Perpetual Curate calmly answered, "Thank you; but there is no brother of mine in Carlingford," and took no further notice. Naturally, however, this strange apparition was much discussed in Grange Lane; the servants first and then the ladies, became curious about him. Sometimes, in the evenings, he might be seen coming out of Mrs. Hadwin's garden door—a shabby figure, walking softly in his patched boots. There never was light enough for any one to see him: but he had a great beard, and smoked a short little pipe, and had evidently no regard for appearances. It was a kind of thing which few people approved of. Mrs. Hadwin ought not to permit it, some ladies said; and a still greater number were of opinion that, rather than endure so strange a fellow-lodger, the curate ought to withdraw, and find fresh lodgings. This was before the time when the public began associate the stranger in a disagreeable way with Mr. Wentworth. Before they came to that, the people in Grange Lane bethought themselves of all Mrs. Hadwin's connections, to find out if there might not be some of them under hiding; and, of course, that excellent woman had a nephew or two whose conduct was not perfect; and then it came to be reported that it was Mr. Wentworth's brother—that it was an unfortunate college chum of his—that it was somebody who had

speculated, and whom the curate had gone shares with; but, in the meantime, no real information could be obtained about this mysterious stranger. The butcher's boy, whose senses were quickened by mingled admiration and envy, heard him whistling all day long, sometimes hidden among the trees in the garden, sometimes from the open window of the green room, where, indeed, Lady Western's page was ready to take his oath he had once seen the audacious unknown leaning out in the twilight, smoking a pipe. But no trap of conversation, however ingenious—and many traps were laid for Mr. Wentworth—ever elicited from the Perpetual curate any acknowledgment of the other lodger's existence. The young Anglican opened his fine eyes a little wider than usual when he was asked sympathetically whether so many people in the house did not interfere with his quiet. "Mrs. Hadwin's talk is very gentle," said the curate; she never disturbs me." And the mistress of the house was equally obtuse, and would not comprehend any allusion. The little household came to be very much talked of in Carlingford in consequence; and to meet that shabby figure in the evening when one chanced to be out for a walk, made one's company sought after in the best circles of society; though the fact is, that people began to be remiss in calling upon Mrs. Hadwin, and a great many only left their cards as soon at it became evident that she did not mean to give any explanation. To have the curate to stay with her was possible, without infringing upon her position; but matters became very different when she showed herself willing to take "any one" even when in equivocal apparel and patched boots.

Probably the curate had his own troubles during this period of his history. He was noticed to be a little quick and short in his temper for some time after Easter. For one thing, his aunts did not go away; they stayed in the Blue Boar, and sent for him to dinner, till the curate's impatience grew almost beyond bearing. It was a discipline upon which he had not calculated, and which exceeded the bounds of endurance, especially as Miss Leonora questioned him incessantly about his "work," and still dangled before him, like an unattainable sweetmeat before a child, the comforts and advantages of Skelmersdale, where poor old Mr. Shirley had rallied for the fiftieth time. The situation altogether was very tempting to Miss Leonora; she could not make up her mind to go away and leave such a very pretty quarrel in progress; and there can be no doubt that it would have been highly gratifying to her vanity as an evangelical woman to have had her nephew brought to task for missionary work carried on in another man's parish, even though that work was not conducted entirely on her own principles. She lingered, accordingly, with a great hankering after Wharfside, to which Mr. Wentworth steadily declined to afford her any access. She went to the afternoon service sometimes, it is true, but only to be afflicted in her soul by the sight of Miss Wodehouse and Lucy in their gray cloaks, not to speak of the rubric to which the curate was so faithful. It was a trying experience to his evangelical aunt; but at the same time it was "a great work;" and she could not give up the hope of being able one time or other to appropriate the credit of it, and win him over to her own "views." If that consummation could but be attained, everything would become simple; and Miss Leonora was a true Wentworth, and wanted to see her nephew in Skelmersdale: so it may easily be understood that, under present circumstances, there were great attractions for her in Carlingford.

It was, accordingly, with a beating heart that Miss Dora, feeling a little as she might have been supposed to feel thirty years before, had she ever stolen forth from the well-protected enclosure of Skelmersdale Park to see a lover, put on her bonnet in the early twilight, and escaping with difficulty the lively observations of her maid, went tremulously down Grange Lane to her nephew's house. She had never yet visited Frank, and this visit was unquestionably clandestine. But then the news with which her heart was beating were important enough to justify the step she was taking—at least so she whispered to herself; though whether dear Frank would be pleased, or whether he would still think it "my fault," poor Miss Dora could not make up her mind. Nothing happened in the quiet road, where there were scarcely any passengers, and the poor lady arrived with a trembling sense of escape from unknown perils at Mrs. Hadwin's garden door. For Miss Dora was of opinion, like some few other ladies, that to walk alone down the quietest of streets

was to lay herself open to unheard-of dangers. She put out her trembling hand to ring the bell, thinking her perils over — for of course Frank would walk home with her — when the door suddenly opened, and a terrible apparition, quite unconscious of anybody standing there, marched straight out upon Miss Dora, who gave a little scream, and staggered backwards, thinking the worst horrors she had dreamed of were about to be realized. They were so close together that the terrified lady took in every detail of his appearance. She saw the patched boots and that shabby coat which Sarah the housemaid felt that she rather demeaned herself by brushing. It looked too small for him, as coats will do when they get shabby; and, to complete the alarming appearance of the man, he had no hat, but only a little travelling-cap surmounting the redundancy of hair, mustache, and beard, which were enough of themselves to strike any nervous woman with terror. "Oh, I beg your pardon," cried poor Miss Dora, hysterically; "I wanted to see Mr. Wentworth;" and she stood, trembling and panting for breath, holding by the wall, not quite sure that this apparition could be appeased by any amount of apologies. It was a great comfort to her when the monster took off its cap, and when she perceived, by the undulations of the beard, something like a smile upon its hidden lips. "I believe Mr. Wentworth is at church," said the new lodger: "may I have the pleasure of seeing you safely across to St. Roque's?" At which speech Miss Dora trembled more and more, and said faintly, "No thank you" — for who could tell what the man's intentions might be? The result was, however, that he only took off his cap again, and went off like any other human creature in the other direction, and that slowly. With tremulous steps Miss Dora pursued her way to her nephew's pretty church. She could not have described, as she herself said, what a relief it was to her, after all this, to take Frank's arm, as she met him at the door of St. Roque's. He was coming out, and the young lady with the gray cloak had been one of the congregation; and, to tell the truth, Miss Dora was an unwelcome addition just then to the party. Lucy's coming had been accidental, and it was very sweet to Mr. Wentworth to be able to conclude that he was obliged to walk home with her. They were both coming out from their evening devotions into the tranquil spring twilight, very glad of the charmed quiet, and happy somehow to find themselves alone together. That had happened but seldom of late; and a certain expectation of something that might happen hovered over the heads of Lucy and the curate. It did not matter that he dared not say to her what was in his heart. Mr. Wentworth was only a young man after all, and the thrill of a possible revelation was upon him in that half-hour upon which he was entering with so profound a sense of happiness. And then it was an accidental meeting, and if anything did happen, they could not blame themselves as if they had sought this opportunity of being together. The circumstances were such that they might call it providential, if anything came of it. But just as the two had made their first step out of the church, where the organ was still murmuring low in the darkness, and where the music of the last amen, in which he had recognized Lucy's voice, had not quite died from the curate's ears, to meet Miss Dora, pale and fluttered, full of news and distress, with no other thought in her mind but to appropriate her dear Frank, and take his arm and gain his ear! It was very hard upon the Perpetual Curate. As for Lucy, she, of course, did not say anything, but merely arranged her veil and greeted Miss Wentworth sweetly. Lucy walked on the other side of the curate, saying little as Miss Dora's eager shower of questions and remarks ran on. Perhaps she had a little insight into Mr. Wentworth's feelings, and no doubt it was rather tantalizing. When they came to Mrs. Hadwin's door, the young Anglican made a spasmodic effort, which in his heart he felt to be unprincipled, and which, had it been successful, would have totally taken away the accidental and unpremeditated character of this walk with Lucy, which he could not find it in his heart to relinquish. He proposed that his aunt should go in and rest while he saw Miss Wodehouse safely home — he was sure she was tired, he said eagerly. "No, my dear, not at all," said Miss Dora; "It is such a pleasant evening, and I know Miss Wodehouse's is not very far off. I should like the walk, and, besides, it is too late, you know, to see Mrs. Hadwin, and I should not like to go in without calling on her; and besides ——"

Mr. Wentworth in his aggravation gave a

momentary sudden glance at Lucy when she had no expectation of it. That glance of disappointment—of disgust—of love and longing, was no more intentional than their meeting; could he help it, if it revealed that heart which was in such a state of commotion and impatience? Anyhow, the look gave Lucy sufficient occupation to keep her very quiet on the other side while Miss Dora maundered on.

"I met the strangest man coming out when I was going to ring your bell. You will think it very foolish, Frank, but he frightened me," she said. "A man with a terrible beard, and a—a shabby man, my dear. Who could it be? Not a person to be seen coming out of a house where a clergyman lives. He could not be any friend of yours?"

"The other lodger, I suppose," said the curate, briefly. "When are you going away?"

"O my dear boy, we are not going away; I came to tell you. But, Frank, you don't mean to say that such a man as that lodges in Mrs. Hadwin's house? I don't think it is safe for you—I don't think it is respectable. People might think he was a friend of yours. I wonder if Miss Wodehouse has ever seen him—a great man with a beard? To be sure, a man might have a beard and yet be respectable; but I am sure, if Miss Wodehouse saw him, she would agree with me in thinking—— Frank, my dear boy, what is the matter? Have I said anything wrong?"

"Nothing that I know of," said the curate, who had given her hand a little angry pressure to stop the stream of utterance—"only that I am not interested in the other lodger. Tell me about your going away."

"But I must appeal to Miss Wodehouse: it is for your own sake, my dear Frank," said Aunt Dora—"a clergyman should be so careful. I don't know what your Aunt Leonora would say. Don't you think to see a man like that coming out of Mr. Wentworth's house is not as it should be? I assure you he frightened me."

"I don't think I have seen him," said Lucy. "But shouldn't a clergyman's house be like the church, open to good and bad?—for it is to the wicked and the miserable you are sent," said the Sister of Mercy, lowering her voice and glancing up at the Perpetual Curate. They could have clasped each other's hands at the moment, almost without being aware that it was any personal feeling which made their agreement of sentiment so sweet. As for Miss Dora, she went on leaning on her nephew's arm, totally unconscious of the suppressed rapture and elevation in which the two were moving at the other side.

"That is very true. I am sure your Aunt Leonora would approve of that, dear," said Miss Dora, with a little answering pressure on her nephew's arm—"but still I have a feeling that a clergyman should always take care to be respectable. Not that he should neglect the wicked," continued the poor aunt, apologetically, "for a poor sinner turning from the evil of his ways is the—the most interesting—sight in the world, even to the angels, you know; but to *live* with them in the same house, my dear—I am sure it is what I never could advise, nor Leonora either; and Mrs. Hadwin ought to know better, and have him away. Don't you know who he is, Frank? I could not be content without finding out, if it was me."

"I have nothing to do with him," said the curate, hurriedly; "it is a subject I don't want to discuss. Never mind him. What do you mean by saying you are not going away?"

"My dear, Leonora has been thinking it all over," said Miss Dora, "and we are so anxious about you. Leonora is very fond of you, though she does not show it; and you know the Meritons have just come home from India, and have not a house to go to. So you see we thought, as you are not quite so comfortable as we could wish to see you, Frank—and perhaps we might be of some use—and Mr. Shirley is better again, and no immediate settlement has to be made about Skelmersdale;—and on the whole, if Leonora and you were to see more of each other—O my dear boy, don't be so hasty; it was all her own doing—it was not my fault."

"Fault! I am sorry to be the occasion of so many arrangements," said Mr. Wentworth, with his stiff manner; "but, of course, if you like to stay in Carlingford I shall be very happy—though there is not much preaching here that will suit my Aunt Leonora: as for Mr. Shirley, I hope he'll live forever. I was at No. 10 to-day," continued the curate, turning his head to the other side, and changing his tone in a manner marvellous to Miss Dora. "I don't think she can live much

longer. You have done a great deal to smooth her way in this last stage. Poor soul! she thinks she has been a great sinner," said the young man, with a kind of wondering pity. He had a great deal to vex him in his own person, and he knew of some skeletons very near at hand, but somehow at that moment it was hard to think of the extremities of mortal trouble, of death and anguish—those dark deeps of life by which Lucy and he sometimes stood together in their youth and happiness. A marvelling remorseful pity came to his heart. He could not believe in misery, with Lucy walking softly in the spring twilight by his side.

"But, Frank, you are not taking any notice of what I say," said Miss Dora, with something like a suppressed sob. "I don't doubt your sick people are very important, but I thought you would take *some* interest. I came down to tell you, all the way by myself."

"My sister would like to call on you, Miss Wentworth," said Lucy, interposing. "Gentlemen never understand what one says. Perhaps we could be of some use to you if you are going to settle in Carlingford. I think she has been a great deal better since she confessed," continued the charitable sister, looking up to the curate, and like him, dropping her voice. "The absolution was such a comfort. Now she seems to feel as if she could die. And she has so little to live for!" said Lucy, with a sigh of sympathetic feeling, remorseful too. Somehow it seemed cruel to feel so young, so hopeful, so capable of happiness, with such desolation close at hand.

"Not even duty," said the curate; "and to think that the Church should hesitate to remove the last barriers out of the way! I would not be a priest if I were debarred from the power of delivering such a poor soul."

"O Frank," said Miss Dora, with a long breath of fright and horror, "*what* are you saying? O my dear, don't say it over again, I don't want to hear it! I hope when we are dying we shall all feel what great great sinners we are," said the poor lady, who, between vexation and mortification, was ready to cry, "and not think that one is better than another. O my dear, there is that man again! Do you think it is safe to meet him in such a lonely road? If he comes across and speaks to me any more I shall faint," cried poor Miss Dora, whose opinions were not quite in accordance with her feelings. Mr. Wentworth did not say anything to soothe her, but with his unoccupied hand he made an involuntary movement towards Lucy's cloak, and plucked at it to bring her nearer, as the bearded stranger loomed dimly past, looking at the group. Lucy felt the touch, and wondered and looked up at him in the darkness. She could not comprehend the curate's face.

"Are *you* afraid of him?" she said, with a slight smile; "if it is only his beard I am not alarmed; and here is papa coming to meet me. I thought you would have come for me sooner, papa. Has anything happened?" said Lucy taking Mr. Wodehouse's arm, who had suddenly appeared from underneath the lamp, still unlighted, at Dr. Marjoribanks's door. She clung to her father with unusual eagerness, willing enough to escape from the darkness and the curate's side, and all the tremulous sensations of the hour.

"What could happen?" said Mr. Wodehouse, who still looked "limp" from his recent illness, though I hear there's doubtful people about; so they tell me—but you ought to know best, Wentworth. Who is that fellow in the beard that went by on the other side? Not little Lake the drawing-master. Fancied I had seen the build of the man before—eh?—a stranger? Well it's a mistake, perhaps. Can't be sure of anything now-a-days; memory failing. Well that's what the doctor says. Come in and rest and see Molly: as for me I'm not good for much, but you won't get better company than the girls, or else that's what folks tell me. Who did you say that fellow was? said the churchwarden, leaning across his daughter to see Mr. Wentworth's face.

"I don't know anything about him," said the Curate of St. Roque's.

And curiously enough silence fell upon the little party, nobody could tell how;—for two minutes, which looked like twenty, no one spoke. Then Lucy roused herself apparently with a little effort. "We seem to talk of nothing but the man with the beard to-night," she said. "Mary knows everything that goes on in Carlingford—she will tell us about him; and if Miss Wentworth thinks it too late to come in, we will say good-night," she continued, with a little decision of tone,

which was not incomprehensible to the Perpetual Curate. Perhaps she was a little provoked and troubled in her own person. To say so much in looks and so little in words, was a mode of procedure which puzzled Lucy. It fretted her, because it looked unworthy of her hero. She withdrew within the green door, holding her father's arm fast, and talking to him, while Mr. Wentworth strained his ears after the voice, which he thought he could have singled out from a thousand voices. Perhaps Lucy talked to drown her thoughts; and the curate went away dumb and abstracted, with his aunt leaning on his arm on the other side of the wall. He could not be interested, as Miss Dora expected him to be, in the Miss Wentworths' plans. He conducted her to the Blue Boar languidly, with an evident indifference to the fact that his Aunt Leonora was about to become a permanent resident in Carlingford. He said "good-night" kindly to little Rosa Elsworthy, looking out with bright eyes into the darkness at the door of her uncle's shop; but he said little to Miss Dora, who could not tell what to make of him, and swallowed her tears as quietly as possible under her veil. When he had deposited his aunt safely at the inn, the Perpetual Curate hastened down Grange Lane at a great pace. The first sound he heard on entering Mrs. Hadwin's garden was the clear notes of the stranger's whistle among the trees; and with an impatient exclamation Mr. Wentworth sought his fellow-lodger, who was smoking as usual, pacing up and down a shaded walk, where, even in daylight, he was pretty well concealed from observation. The curate looked as if he had a little discontent and repugnance to get over before he could address the anonymous individual who whistled so cheerily under the trees. When he did speak it was an embarrassed and not very intelligible call.

"I say—are you there? I want to speak to you," said Mr. Wentworth.

"Yes," said the stranger, turning sharply round. "I am here, a dog without a name. What have you got to say?"

"Only that you must be more careful," said Mr. Wentworth again with a little stiffness. "You will be recognized if you don't mind. I have just been asked who you were by—somebody who thought he had seen you before?"

"By whom?"

"Well, by Mr. Wodehouse," said the curate. "I may as well tell you; if you mean to keep up this concealment you must take care."

"By Jove!" said the stranger, and then he whistled a few bars of the air which Mr. Wentworth's arrival had interrupted. "What is a fellow to do?" he said after that interjection. "I sometimes think I had better risk it all—eh! don't you think so? I can't shut myself up forever here."

"That must be as you think best," said the Perpetual Curate, in whom there appeared no movement of sympathy; and he said no more, though the doubtful individual by his side lifted an undecided look to his face, and once more murmured in perplexed tones a troubled exclamation: "A man must have a little amusement somehow," the stranger said, with an aggrieved voice; and then abruptly left his unsociable companion, and went off to his room, where he summoned Sarah to bring lights, and tried to talk to her a little in utter dearth of society. Mr. Wentworth stayed behind, pacing up and down the darkening walk. The curate's thoughts were far from satisfactory. There was not much comfort anywhere, let him look where he pleased. When a man has no spot in all his horizon on which his eye can rest with comfort, there is something more discouraging in the prospect than a positive calamity. He could not take refuge even in the imagination of his love, for it was clear enough that already a sentiment of surprise had risen in Lucy's mind, and her tranquillity was shaken. And perhaps he had done rashly to plunge into other people's troubles—he upon whom a curious committee of aunts were now to sit *en permanence*. He went in to write his sermon far from being so assured of things in general as that discourse was when it was written, though it was a little relief to his mind to fall back upon an authority somewhere, and to refer, in terms which were perhaps too absolute to be altogether free of doubt, to the Church, which had arranged everything for her children in one department of their concerns at least. If it were only as easy to know what ought to be done in one's personal affairs as to decide what was the due state of mind expected by the Church on the second Sunday after Easter! But being under that guidance, at least he could not go wrong in his sermon, which was one point of ease amid

the many tribulations of the Curate of St. Roque's.

CHAPTER IX.

"If they are going to stay in Carlingford, perhaps we could be of use to them? Yes, Lucy, and I am sure anything we could do for Mr. Wentworth——" said Miss Wodehouse. "I wonder what house they will get. I am going to Elsworthy's about some paper, and we can ask him if he knows where they are going. That poor little Rosa should have some one to take care of her. I often wonder whether it would be kind to speak to Mrs. Elsworthy about it, Lucy; she is a sensible woman. The little thing stands at the door in the evening, and talks to people who are passing, and I am afraid there are some people who are unprincipled, and tell her she is pretty, and say things to her," said Miss Wodehouse, shaking her head; "it is a great pity. Even Mr. Wentworth is a great deal more civil to that little thing than he would be if she had not such a pretty face."

"I said you knew everything that went on in Carlingford," said Lucy, as they went out together from the green door, not in their gray cloaks this time; "but I forgot to ask you about one thing that puzzled us last night — who is the man in the beard who lives at Mrs. Hadwin's? Mr. Wentworth will not tell anybody about him, and I think he knows."

"Who is the man in the beard?" said Miss Wodehouse, with a gasp. She grew very pale, and turned away her head and shivered visibly. "How very cold it is!" she said, with her teeth chattering; "did you know it was so cold? I—I don't know any men with beards; and it is so strange of you to say I know everything that goes on in Carlingford. Don't stop to speak to the little girl just now. Did you say she came from Prickett's Lane? No. 10? It is very right to go to see the sick, but, indeed, I don't approve of your attendance upon that poor woman, Lucy. When I was a girl I dared not have gone away by myself as you do, and she might not be a proper person. There is a carriage that I don't know standing before Elsworthy's shop."

"But you have not told me yet about the man with the beard," said Lucy, whose curiosity was excited. She looked at her sister keenly with an investigating look, and poor Miss Wodehouse was fain to draw her shawl close round her, and complain again of the cold.

"I told you I did not know," she said, with a complaining tone in her voice. "It is strange you should think I knew; it looks as if you thought me a gossip, Lucy. I wonder who these people can be coming out of the carriage? My dear," said the elder sister, bethinking herself that an attack upon the enemy's country was the best means of meeting any sally—"I don't think you should go down to Prickett's Lane just now. I saw Mr. Wentworth pass a little while ago, and people might say you went to meet each other. I can't keep people from talking, Lucy, and you are both so young, and you know I spoke to you before about your meeting so often. It will be a great deal better for you to come with me to call on his aunts."

"Only that my poor patient wants me," said Lucy. "Must I not do my duty to a poor woman who is dying, because Mr. Wentworth is in Pricketts's Lane? There is no reason why I should be afraid of meeting Mr. Wentworth," said the young district-visitor, severely; and the elder sister saw that Lucy spoke in a different tone from that in which she had answered her before. She did not extinguish Miss Wodehouse by a reference to the great work. She treated the matter more as a personal one to-day; and a shadow—a very ghost of irritation—was in Lucy's voice. The two crossed the street silently after that to Elsworthy's, where a group of ladies were visible, who had come out of the strange carriage. One of them was seated in a chair by the counter, another was reading a list which Mr. Elsworthy had just presented to her, and the third, who was not so tall as her sister, was pressing up to it on tiptoe, trying to read it too. That is Miss Dora Wentworth," said Lucy, "and the other, I suppose, is Miss Leonora, who is so very Low-Church. I think I can see the Miss Hemmings coming down George Street. If I were to go in I should be in a dreadful minority; but you are Low-Church in your heart, too."

"No, dear; only reasonable," said Miss Wodehouse, apolegetically. "I don't go so far as you and Mr. Wentworth do, but I like the service to be nicely done, and the—the authority of the Church respected too. As I have never met Miss Wentworth, you had better come in and introduce me. There is

Rosa looking out of the front window, Lucy. I really must speak to Mrs. Elsworthy about that child. What a lovely old lady that is sitting by the counter! Say I am your sister, and then, if you are resolved upon Prickett's Lane, you can go away."

"They are the two who wear the gray cloaks," said Miss Leonora Wentworth to herself, as the introduction was effected. "I am glad to make your acquaintance, Miss Wodehouse. We are going to stay in Carlingford for a time, and to know a few pious families will be a great advantage. We don't go much into society, in the usual sense of the word—but, I am sure, to make the acquaintance of ladies who help my nephew so much in his work, is sure to be an advantage. I should like so much to hear from you how he gets on, for he does not say a great deal about it himself."

"He is so good and so nice," said kind Miss Wodehouse, "he never makes a fuss about anything he does. I am sure, to see such young creatures so pious and so devoted, always goes to my heart. When we were young it used to be so different—we took our own pleasure, and never thought of our fellow-creatures. And the young people are so good, now-a-days," said the gentle woman, falling instinctively into her favorite sentiment. Miss Leonora looked at her with critical eyes.

"We are none of us good," said that iron-gray woman, whose neutral tints were so different from the soft dove-color of her new acquaintance; "it does not become such sinful creatures to talk of anybody being good. Good works may only be beautiful sins, if they are not done in a true spirit," said Miss Leonora, turning to her list of furnished houses with a little contempt. But the Miss Hemmings had come in while she was speaking, and it was seldom such edifying talk was heard in Carlingford.

"That is such a beautiful sentiment—oh, if we only bore it always in mind!" murmured the eldest Miss Hemmings. "Mr. Elsworthy, I hope you have got the tracts I ordered. They are so much wanted here. Poor, dear Mr. Bury would not believe his eyes if he could see Carlingford now, given up to Puseyism and Ritualism — but good men are taken away from the evil to come. I will pay for them now, please."

"If you wish it, ma'am," said Mr. Elsworthy. The town *is* changed; I don't say nothing different; but being in the ritual line as you say, you wont find no church as it's better done than in St. Roque's. Mr. Wentworth never spares no pains, ma'am, on anything as he takes up. I've heard a deal of clergymen in my day, but *his* reading is beautiful; I can't say as I ever heard reading as could equal it;—and them choristers, though they're hawful to manage, is trained as I never see boys trained in *my* life afore. There's one of them houses, ma'am," continued the optimist, turning to Miss Wentworth, "as is a beauty. Miss Wodehouse can tell you what it is; no lady in the land could desire a handsomer drawin'-room; and as for the kitchings,—I don't pretend to be a judge up-stairs, but being brought up a blacksmith, I know what's what in a kitching-range. If you had all Grange Lane to dinner, there's a range as is equal to it," said Mr. Elsworthy, with enthusiasm—"and my wife will show you the 'ouse."

"I knew Mr. Bury," said Miss Leonora; "he was a precious man. Perhaps you have heard him mention the Miss Wentworths? I am very sorry to hear that there is no real work going on in the town. It is very sad that there should be nobody able to enter into the labors of such a saint."

"Indeed," said Miss Wodehouse, who was excited, in spite of herself, by this conversation, "I think the Carlingford people go quite as much to church as in Mr. Bury's days. I don't think there is less religion than there used to be: there are not so many prayer meetings, perhaps; but——"

"There is nothing the carnal mind dislikes so much as prayer meetings," said Miss Hemmings. "There is a house in Grove Street, if Miss Wentworth is looking for a house. I don't know much about the kitchen-range, but I know it belongs to a very pious family, and they wish so much to let it. My sister and I would be so glad to take you there. It is not in the gay world, like Grange Lane."

"But you might want to ask people to dinner; and then we should be so near Frank," said Miss Dora, whispering at her sister's elbow. As for the second Miss Hemmings, she was dull of comprehension, and did not quite make out who the strangers were.

"It is so sad to a feeling mind to see the mummeries that go on at St. Roque's," said

this obtuse sister; and I am afraid poor Mr. Wentworth must be in a bad way. They say there is the strangest man in his house—some relation of his—and he daren't be seen in the daylight; and people begin to think there must be something wrong, and that Mr. Wentworth himself is involved; but what can you expect when there is no true Christian principle? asked Miss Hemmings, triumphantly. It was a dreadful moment for the bystanders; for Miss Leonora turned round upon this new intelligence with keen eyes and attention; and Miss Dora interposed, weeping; and Miss Wodehouse grew so pale, that Mr. Elsworthy rushed for cold water, and thought she was going to faint. "Tell me all about this," said Miss Leonora, with peremptory and commanding tones. "Oh, Leonora, I am sure my dear Frank has nothing to do with it, if there is anything wrong" cried Miss Dora. Even Miss Wentworth herself was moved out of her habitual smile. She said, "He is my nephew"—an observation she had never been heard to make before, and which covered the second Miss Hemmings with confusion. As for Miss Wodehouse, she retreated very fast to a seat behind Miss Cecilia, and said nothing. The two who had arrived last slunk back upon each other with fiery glances of mutual reproach. The former three stood together in this emergency, full of curiosity, and perhaps a little anxiety. In this position of affairs, Mr. Elsworthy, being the only impartial person present, took the management of matters into his own hands.

"Miss Hemmings and ladies, if you'll allow *me*," said Mr. Elsworthy, "it ain't no more than a mistake. The new gentleman as is staying at Mrs. Hadwin's may be an unfortunate gentleman for anything as I can tell; but he ain't no relation of our clergyman. There ain't nobody belonging to Mr. Wentworth," said the clerk of St. Roque's, "but is a credit both to him and to Carlingford. There's his brother, the Rev. Mr. Wentworth, as is the finest-spoken man, to be a clergyman, as I ever set eyes on; and there's respected ladies, as needn't be named more particular. But the gentleman as is the subject of conversation, is no more like Mr. Wentworth, than—asking pardon for the liberty—I am. I may say as I have opportunities for knowing more than most," said Mr. Elsworthy, modestly, "me and Rosa; for if there's a thing Mr. Wentworth is particular about, it's having his papers the first moment; and ladies as knows me, knows as I am one that never says more nor the truth. Not saying a word against the gentleman as is a most respectable gentleman for anything I can tell against him, he ain't no connection of Mr. Wentworth. He's Mrs. Hadwin's lodger; and I wouldn't say as he isn't a relation there; but our clergyman has got no more to do with him than the babe unborn."

Mr. Elsworthy wiped his forehead after he had made this speech, and looked round for the approbation which he was aware he had deserved; and Miss Leonora Wentworth threw a glance of disdainful observation upon the unhappy lady who had caused this disturbance. "If your wife will come with us, we will go and look at the house, she said, graciously. "I dare say if it is in Grange Lane it will suit us very well. My nephew is a very young man, Miss Wodehouse," said Miss Leonora, who had not passed over the agitation of that gentle woman without some secret comments; "he does not take advice in his work, though it might be of great assistance to him; but I hope he'll grow older and wiser, as indeed he cannot help doing if he lives. I hope you and your pretty sister will come to see us when we're settled;—I don't see any sense, you know, in your gray cloaks—I'm old, and you won't mind me saying so; but I know what Frank Wentworth is," said the indignant aunt, making a severe courtesy, accompanied by lightning glances at the shrinking background of female figures, as she went out of the shop.

"O Leonora! I always said you were fond of him though you never would show it," cried poor Miss Dora. "She is a great deal more affectionate than she will let anybody believe; and my dear Frank means nothing but good," cried the too zealous champion. Miss Leonora turned back upon the threshold of the shop.

"You will please to let me know what Dissenting chapels there are in the town, and what are the hours of the services," she said. "There must surely be a Bethesda, or Zion, or something—Salem? yes, to be sure;—perhaps there's somebody there that preaches the gospel. Send me word," said the peremptory woman; and poor Miss Dora relapsed into her usual melancholy condition,

and stole into the carriage in a broken-hearted manner, weeping under her veil.

After which Miss Wodehouse went home, not having much heart for further visits. That is to say, she went all the way down Grange Lane, somewhat tremulous and uncertain in her steps, and went as far as Mrs. Hadwin's, and hesitated at the door as if she meant to call there; but thinking better of it, went on a little farther with very lingering steps, as if she did not know what she wanted. When she came back again, the door of Mrs. Hadwin's garden was open, and the butcher's boy stood blocking up the way, listening with all his ears to the notes of the whistle, soft and high and clear like the notes of a bird, which came audibly from among the trees. Miss Wodehouse gave a little start when she heard it; again she hesitated and looked in with such a wistful face, that Sarah, the house-maid, who had been about to slam the door hastily upon the too tender butcher, involuntarily held it wide open for the expected visitor. "No, not to-day, thank you," said Miss Wodehouse, "I hope your mistress is quite well; give her my love, and say I meant to come in, but I have a bad headache. No, thank you, not to-day." She went away after that with a wonderful expression of face, and reached home long before Lucy had come back from Prickett's Lane. Miss Wodehouse was not good for much in the house. She went to the little boudoir up stairs, and lay down on the sofa, and had some tea brought her by an anxious maid. She was very nervous, trembling she could not say why, and took up a novel which was lying on the sofa, and read the most affecting scene, and cried over it; and then her sweet old face cleared, and she felt better. When Lucy came in she kissed her sister, and drew down the blinds, and brought her the third volume, and then went away herself to arrange the dessert, and see that everything was in order for one of Mr. Wodehouse's little parties. These were their respective parts in the house; and surely a more peaceful and orderly and affectionate house, was not to be found that spring evening, either in England or Grange Lane.

CHAPTER X.

It may be easily supposed after this that Mr. Wentworth and his proceedings were sufficiently overlooked and commented upon in Carlingford. The Miss Wentworths took old Major Brown's house for six months, which, as everybody knows, is next door to Dr. Marjoribanks. It was just after Letty Brown's marriage, and the poor old major was very glad to go away and pay a round of visits, and try to forget that his last daughter had gone the way of all the rest. There was a summer-house built in the corner of the garden, with a window in the outer wall looking on to Grange Lane, from which everything that happened could be inspected; and there was always somebody at that window when the Perpetual Curate passed by. Then he began to have a strange painful feeling that Lucy watched too, and was observing all his looks and ways, and what he did and said in these changed times. It was a strange difference from the sweet half-conscious bond between them which existed of old, when they walked home together from Wharfside, talking of the district and the people, in the tender union of unspoken love and fellowship. Not that they were altogether parted now; but Lucy contrived to leave the schoolroom most days before the young priest could manage to disrobe himself, and was seldom to be seen on the road lingering on her errands of kindness as she used to do. But still she knew all he was about, and watched, standing in doubt and wonder of him, which was at least a great deal better than indifference. On the whole, however, it was a cloudy world through which the Perpetual Curate passed as he went from his lodgings, where the whistle of the new lodger had become a great nuisance to him, past the long range of garden-walls, the sentinel window where Miss Dora looked out watching for him, and Mr. Wodehouse's green door which he no longer entered every day. Over the young man's mind, as he went out to his labors, there used to come that sensation of having nobody to fall back upon, which is of all feelings the most desolate. Amid all those people who were watching him, there was no one upon whom he could rest, secure of understanding and sympathy. They were all critical—examining, with more or less comprehension, what he did; and he could not think of anybody in the world just then who would be content with knowing that *he* did it, and take that as a warranty for the act, unless, perhaps, his poor Aunt Dora, whose opinion was not important to the young man. It was not a pleasant state

of mind into which these feelings threw him; and the natural result was, that he grew more and more careful about the rubric, and confined his sermons, with increasing precision, to the beautiful arrangements of the Church. They were very clever little sermons, even within these limitations, and an indifferent spectator would probably have been surprised to find how much he could make out of them; but still it is undeniable that a man has less scope, not only for oratory, but for all that is worthy of regard in human speech, when, instead of the everlasting reciprocations between heaven and earth, he occupies himself only with a set of ecclesiastical arrangements, however perfect. The people who went to St. Roque's found this out, and so did Mr. Wentworth; but it did not alter the system pursued by the troubled curate. Perhaps he gave himself some half-conscious credit for it, as being against his own interests; for there was no mistaking the countenance of Miss Leonora, when now and then, on rare occasions, she came to hear her nephew preach.

All this, however, was confined to St. Roque's, where there was a somewhat select audience, people who agreed in Mr. Wentworth's views; but things were entirely different at Wharfside, where the Perpetual Curate was not thinking about himself, but simply about his work, and how to do it best. The bargemen and their wives did not know much about the Christian Year; but they understood the greater matters which lay beneath: and the women said to each other, sometimes with tears in their eyes, that there was nothing that the clergyman didn't make plain; and that if the men didn't do what was right, it was none o' Mr. Wentworth's fault. The young priest indemnified himself in "the district" for much that vexed him elsewhere. There was no question of Skelmersdale, or of any moot point there, but only a quantity of primitive people under the original conditions of humanity, whose lives might be amended and consoled and elevated. That was a matter about which Mr. Wentworth had no doubt. He put on his surplice with the conviction that in that white ephod the truest embodiment of Christian purity was brought within sight of the darkened world. He was not himself, but a Christian priest, with power to deliver and to bless, when he went to Wharfside.

Easter had been early that year, and Ascension Day was in the beginning of May, one of those sweet days of early summer which still occur now and then to prove that the poets were right in all they say of the tenderest month of the year. Mr. Wentworth had done duty at St. Roque's, and afterwards at Wharfside. The sweet day and the sweet season had moved his heart. He was young, and it was hard to live shut up within himself without any sympathy either from man or woman. He had watched the gray cloak gliding out as his rude congregation dispersed, and went away quicker than was his wont, with a stronger longing than usual to overtake Lucy, and recover his place beside her. But she was not to be seen when he got into Prickett's Lane. He looked up the weary length of the street, and saw nothing but the children playing on the pavement, and some slovenly mothers at the doors. It was a very disenchanting prospect. He went on again in a kind of gloomy discontent, displeased with everything. What was the good of it all? he said to himself—weariness and toil and trouble and nothing ever to come of it. As for the little good he was doing in Wharfside, God did not need his poor exertions; and, to tell the truth, going on at St. Roque's, however perfect the rubric and pretty the church, was, without any personal stimulant of happiness, no great prospect for the Perpetual Curate. Such was the tenor of his thoughts, when he saw a black figure suddenly emerge out of one of the houses, and stand at the door, throwing a long shadow over the pavement. It was the rector who was standing there in Mr. Wentworth's favorite district, talking to a shopkeeper who had always been on the opposition side. The young Anglican raised his drooping head instantly, and recovered his interest in the general world.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Wentworth," said the rector. "I have been speaking to this worthy man about the necessities of the district. The statistics are far from being satisfactory. Five thousand souls, and no provision for their spiritual wants; it is a very sad state of affairs. I mean to take steps imdiately to remedy all that."

"A bit of a Methody chapel, that's all," said the opposition shop-keeper; "and the schoolroom, as Mr. Wentworth——"

"Yes, I have heard of that," said the

rector, blandly; —somebody had advised Mr. Morgan to change his tactics, and this was the first evidence of the new policy—"I hear you have been doing what little you could to mend matters. It is very laudable zeal in so young a man. But, of course, as you were without authority, and had so little in your power, it could only be a very temporary expedient. I am very much obliged to you for your good intentions."

"I beg your pardon," said the Perpetual Curate, rousing up as at the sound of the trumpet, "I don't care in the least about my good intentions; but you have been much deceived if you have not understood that there is a great work going on in Wharfside. I hope, Saunders, you have had no hand in deceiving Mr. Morgan. I shall be glad to show you my statistics, which are more satisfactory than the town lists," said Mr. Wentworth. "The schoolroom is consecrated; and, but that I thought we had better work slowly and steadily, there is many a district in worse condition which has its church and its incumbent. I shall be very happy to give you all possible information; it is best to go to the fountain-head."

"The fountain-head!" said the rector, who began not unnaturally to lose his temper. "Are you aware, sir, that Wharfside is in my parish?"

"And so is St. Roque's, I suppose," said the curate, affably. "I have no district, but I have my cure of souls all the same. As for Wharfside, the rector of Carlingford never has had anything to do with it. Mr. Bury and Mr. Proctor made it over to me. I act upon their authority; but I should like to prove to you it is something more than a temporary expedient," said the young Anglican, with a smile. Mr. Morgan was gradually getting very hot and flushed. His temper got the better of him; he could not tolerate to be thus bearded on his own ground.

"It appears to me the most extraordinary assumption," said the rector. "I can't fancy that you are ignorant of the law. I repeat, Wharfside is in my parish; and on what ground you can possibly justify such an incredible intrusion——"

"Perhaps we might find a fitter place to discuss the matter," said the curate, with suavity. "If you care to go to the schoolroom, we could be quiet there."

"No, sir. I don't care to go to the schoolroom. I decline to have anything to do with such an unwarrantable attempt to interfere with my rights," said Mr. Morgan. "I don't want to know what plausible arguments you may have to justify yourself. The fact remains, sir, that Wharfside is in my parish. If you have anything to say against that, I will listen to you," said the irascible rector. His Welsh blood was up; he even raised his voice a little, with a kind of half-feminine excitement, common to the Celtic race; and the consequence was that Mr. Wentworth, who stood perfectly calm to receive the storm, had all the advantage in the world over Mr. Morgan. The Perpetual Curate bowed with immovable composure, and felt himself master of the field. "In that case, it will perhaps be better not to say anything," he said; "but I think you will find difficulties in the way. Wharfside has some curious privileges, and pays no rates; but I have never taken up that ground. The two previous rectors made it over to me, and the work is too important to be ignored. I have had thoughts of applying to have it made into an ecclesiastical district," said the curate, with candor, "not thinking that the Rector of Carlingford, with so much to occupy him, would care to interfere with my labors; but, at all events, to begin another mission here would be folly—it would be copying the tactics of the Dissenters, if you will forgive me for saying so," said Mr. Wentworth, looking calmly in the rector's face.

It was all Mr. Morgan could do to restrain himself. "I am not in the habit of being schooled by my—juniors," said the rector, with suppressed fury. He meant to say inferiors, but the aspect of the Perpetual Curate checked him. Then the two stood gazing at each other for a minute in silence. "Anything further you may have to say, you will perhaps communicate to my solicitor," said the elder priest. "It is well known that some gentlemen of your views, Mr. Wentworth, think it safe to do evil that good may come;—that is not my opinion; and I don't mean to permit any invasion of my rights. I have the pleasure of wishing you good-morning."

Mr. Morgan took off his hat, and gave it a little angry flourish in the air before he put it on again. He had challenged his young brother to the only duel permitted by their

cloth, and he turned to the opposition tradesman with vehemence, and went in again to the dusty little shop, where an humble assortment of groceries was displayed for the consumption of Prickett's Lane. Mr. Wentworth remained standing outside in much amazement, not to say amusement, and a general sense of awakening and recovery. Next to happiness, perhaps enmity is the most healthful stimulant of the human mind. The Perpetual Curate woke up and realized his position with a sense of exhilaration, if the truth must be told. He muttered something to himself, uncomplimentary to Mr. Morgan's good sense, as he turned away; but it was astonishing to find how much more lively and interesting Prickett's Lane had become since that encounter. He went along cheerily, saying a word now and then to the people at the doors, every one of whom knew and recognized him, and acknowledged, in a lesser or greater degree, the sway of his bishopric. The groups he addressed made remarks after he had passed, which showed their sense of the improvement in his looks. "He's more like himsel' than he's been sin' Easter," said one woman, "and none o' that crossed look, as if things had gone contrairy; — Lord bless you, not cross — he's a deal too good a man for that — but crossed-looking; it might be crossed in love for what I can tell." "Them as is handsome like that seldom gets crossed in love," said another experienced observer; "but if it was fortin, or whatever it was, there's ne'er a one in Wharfside but wishes luck to the parson. It ain't much matter for us women. Them as won't strive to keep their children decent out o' their own heads, they won't do much for the clergyman; but, bless you, he can do a deal with the men, and it's them as wants looking after." "I'd like to go to his wedding," said another. "I'd give a deal to hear it was all settled;" and amid these affectionate comments, Mr. Wentworth issued out of Prickett's Lane. He went direct to Mr. Wodehouse's green door, without making any excuses to himself. For the first time for some weeks he went in upon the sisters and told them all that had happened as of old. Lucy was still in her gray cloak as she had returned from the district, and it was with a feeling more distinct than sympathy that she heard of this threatened attack. "It is terrible to think that he could interfere with such a work out of jealousy of *us*," said the Sister of Charity, with a wonderful light in her blue eyes; and she drew her low chair nearer, and listened with eloquent looks, which were balm to the soul of the Perpetual Curate. "But we are not to give up?" she said, giving him her hand, when he rose to go away. "Never!" said Mr. Wentworth; and if he held it more closely and longer than there was any particular occasion for, Lucy did not make any objection at that special moment. Then it turned out that he had business at the other end of the town, at the north end, where some trustee lived who had to do with the Orphan Schools, and whom the curate was obliged to see; and Miss Wodehouse gave him a timid invitation to come back to dinner. "But you are not to go home to dress; we shall be quite alone — and you must be so tired," said the elder sister, who for some reason or other was shy of Mr. Wentworth, and kept away from him whenever he called. So he went in on his way back, and dined in happiness and his morning coat, with a sweet conscious return to the familiar intercourse which these few disturbed weeks had interrupted. He was a different man when he went back again down Grange Lane. Once more the darkness was fragrant and musical about him. When he was tired thinkng of his affairs, he fell back upon the memories of the evening, and Lucy's looks and the "us" and "we," which were so sweet to his ears. To have somebody behind whom one can fall back upon to fill up the interstices of thought, — *that* makes all the difference, as Mr. Wentworth found out, between a bright and a heavy life.

When he opened the garden-door with his key, and went softly in in the darkness, the Perpetual Curate was much surprised to hear voices among the trees. He waited a little, wondering, to see who it was; and profound was his amazement when a minute after little Rosa Elsworthy, hastily tying her hat over her curls, came rapidly along the walk from under the big walnut tree, and essayed with rather a tremulous hand to open the door. Mr. Wentworth stepped forward suddenly and laid his hand on her arm. He was very angry and indignant, and no longer the benign superior being to whom Rosa was accustomed. "Whom have you been talking to?" said the curate; "why are you here alone so late? What does this

mean?" He held the door close and looked down upon her severely while he spoke. She made a frightened attempt to defend herself.

"Oh, please, I only came with the papers. I was talking to—Sarah," said the little girl, with a sob of shame and terror. "I will never do it again. Oh, please, *please*, let me go! Please, Mr. Wentworth, let me go!"

"How long have you been talking to—Sarah?" said the Curate. "Did you ever do it before? No, Rosa: I am going to take you home. This must not happen any more."

"I will run all the way. Oh, don't tell my aunt, Mr. Wentworth. I didn't mean any harm," said the frightened creature. "You are not really coming? O Mr. Wentworth, if you tell my aunt I shall die!" cried poor little Rosa. But she was hushed into awe and silence when the curate stalked forth, a grand, half-distinguishable figure by her side, keeping pace with her hasty, tremulous steps. She even stopped crying, in the whirlwind of her feelings. What did he mean? Was he going to say anything to her? Was it possible that he could like her, and be jealous of her talk with—Sarah? Poor little foolish Rosa did not know what to think. She had read a great many novels, and knew that it was quite usual for gentlemen to fall in love with pretty little girls who were not of their own station;—why not with her? So she went on, half running, keeping up with Mr. Wentworth, and sometimes stealing sly glances at him to see what intention was in his looks. But his looks were beyond Rosa's reading. He walked by her side, without speaking, and gave a glance up at the window of the summer-house as they passed. And strange enough, that evening of all others, Miss Dora, who had been the victim of some of Miss Leonora's caustic criticisms, had strayed forth, in melancholy mood, to repose herself at her favorite window, and look out at the faint stars, and comfort herself with a feeble repetition of her favorite plea, that it was not "my fault." The poor lady was startled out of her own troubles by the sight of her nephew's tall unmistakable figure; and, as bad luck would have it, Rosa's hat, tied insecurely by her agitated fingers, blew off at the moment, so that Mr. Wentworth's aunt became aware, to her inexpressible horror and astonishment, who his companion was.

The unhappy curate divined all the thoughts that would arise in her perturbed bosom, when he saw the indistinct figure at the window, and said something to himself about *espionage*, which was barely civil to Miss Dora, as he hurried along on his charitable errand. He was out of one trouble into another, this unlucky young man. He knocked sharply at Elsworthy's closed door, and gave up his charge without speaking to Rosa. "I brought her home because I thought it wrong to let her go up Grange Lane by herself," said the curate. "Don't thank me; but if you have any regard for the child, don't send her out at night again." He did not even bid Rosa good-night, or look back at her, as she stood blushing and sparkling in confused childish beauty, in the doorway; but turned his back like any savage, and hastened home again. Before he entered his own apartments, he knocked at the door of the green room, and said something to the inmate there which produced from that personage a growl of restrained defiance. And after all these fatigues, it was with a sense of relief that the curate threw himself upon his sofa, to think over the events of the afternoon, and to take a little rest. He was very tired, and the consolation he had experienced during the evening made him more disposed to yield to his fatigue. He threw himself upon the sofa, and stretched out his hand lazily for his letters, which evidently did not excite any special expectations in his mind. There was one from his sister, and one from an old university friend, full of the news of the season. Last of all, there was a neat little note, directed in a neat little hand, which anybody who received it would naturally have left to the last, as Mr. Wentworth did. He opened it quite deliberately, without any appearance of interest. But as he read the first lines, the curate gradually gathered himself up off the sofa, and stretched out his hand for his boots, which he had just taken off; and before he had finished it, had walked across the room and laid hold of the railway book in use at Carlingford, all the time reading and re-reading the important little epistle. It was not so neat inside as out, but blurred and blotted, and slightly illegible; and this is what the letter said:—

"O Frank, dear, I am so anxious and unhappy about Gerald, I can't tell what is the matter with him. Come directly, for heaven's sake, and tell me what you think, and try what you can do. Don't lose a train after

you get this, but come directly—oh, come if you ever loved any of us. I don't know what he means, but he says the most awful things; and if he is not *mad*, as I sometimes hope, he has forgotten his duty to his family and to me, which is far worse. I can't explain more; but if there is any chance of anybody doing him good, it is you. I beg you, on my knees, come directly, dear Frank. I never was in such a state in my life. I shall be left so that nobody will be able to tell what I am; and my heart is bursting. Never mind business or anything; but come, come directly, whether it is night or day, to your broken-hearted sister, LOUISA.

"*P.S.*—In great haste, and *so* anxious to see you."

Half an hour after, Mr. Wentworth, with a travelling-bag in his hand, was once more hastening up Grange Lane towards the railway station. His face was somewhat gray, as the lamps shone on it. He did not exactly know what he was anxious about, nor what might have happened at Wentworth Rectory before he could get there; but the express train felt slow to his anxious thoughts as it flashed out of the station. Mr. Morgan and his wife were in their garden, talking about the encounter in Prickett's Lane when the train plunged past, waking all the echoes; and Mrs. Morgan, by way of making a diversion, appealed to the rector about those creepers, with which she hoped in a year or two to shut out the sight of the railway. "The Virginian creeper would be the best," said the rector's wife; and they went in to calculate the expenses of bringing Mr. Wentworth before Dr. Lushington. Miss Dora, at very nearly the same moment, was confiding to her sister Cecilia, under vows of secrecy, the terrible sight she had seen from the summer-house window. They went to bed with very sad hearts in consequence, both these good women. In the meantime, leaving all these gathering clouds behind him, leaving his reputation and his work to be discussed and quarrelled over as they might, the Perpetual Curate rushed through the night, his heart aching with trouble and anxiety, to help, if he could—and if not, at least to stand by—Gerald in this unknown crisis of his brother's life.

PRINTING WITHOUT INK.—A gentleman, a capitalist, and one of the most successful inventors of the day, has succeeded in chemically treating the pulp, during the process of manufacturing paper, in such a manner that, when the paper is impressed upon the uninked types, the chemical particles are crushed, and a perfect black impression is the result. The advantage sought to be obtained is the discarding of ink and rollers; and by revolutionizing printing machinery, and printing from a continuous roll of paper, it is calculated that the time occupied in impressing large quantities of paper will be nominal in comparison to the requirements of the present day. Cleanliness in the printing office would thus become proverbial, and the time now wasted in making and distributing the rollers obviated. We have been assisting this gentleman in some parts of his experiment, and further information is withheld at his own request, until the letters patent shall be obtained.—*London Typographical Advertiser.*

THE elevation of Mr. Monckton Milnes to the peerage, with the title of Baron Houghton is an event of which literature, among other interests, has a right to take cognizance. Besides being a man of wealth, and of numerous social and political connections of the kind befitting a peer, Mr. Milnes has long had an honorable position as a real man of letters, interested in literary matters not merely as an amateur but as a working author. He has been a contributor to our periodicals; he has given to the world, at different times, several volumes of poems; and his "Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats," published in 1848, is the one recognized biography of the great poet.

MR. IRVING of Hyde Park Square, who amassed a splendid fortune in Australia, collected 237 specimens of birds, twelve of mammals, four boxes of insects, and thirty-five varieties of eggs. These he wished to present to his native city, Carlisle; but he made it a condition that the town should provide a museum to hold them. The council were wise enough not to accept an elephant without his keep, lest, like the poor man who won one in a raffle, they might find it a bad bargain. Other provincial towns treated the offer in the same way. "At length," says the *Guardian*, "Mr. Irving, tired out by the apathy of provincial corporations, determined to distribute his curiosities amongst his friends, who have been calling upon him for the last few days to make their selections. Some of the specimens are very valuable, and it is said that the British Museum offered fifty guineas for one pair of ducks."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

A PIECE OF PURPLE-PATCHWORK.

BY MONKSHOOD.

If a magazine article ventures on Greek quotation at all, and on only one, it may be pretty confidently assumed, on the strength of a thousand experiences, that the one selected will be πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης. Even the least cultivated of compositors must be tolerably familiar, one would imagine, with Greek to *that* extent;—which is perhaps as much as can be said for many of the purveyors of "copy" for the press, the (by convention and courtesy) learned authors themselves. It were out of all reason, then, and against all rule, by magazine law for all such cases made and provided, that in an article expressly devoted to the study of sea sounds, no mention of the resounding Homeric polysyllable should be found. But as the quotation has got to be rather a bore, we quote it at once; at once to make sure of, and have done with it—thereby honoring magazine tradition (or common law), satisfying conscience, and establishing an average credit of familiarity, in the original, with—

——"that blind bard, who on the Chian strand
By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssee
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea."*

Any further communication with Homer will be most conveniently carried on through a medium, such as Mr. Pope—declining as may be the credit of that great little man, as a loyal and efficient translator from the Greek. The dispersion of the malcontent and muttering troops, after Ulysses has partially appeased and effectively dismissed them, is described in imagery borrowed from the shore, whether Chian or whatever other strand, that Homer must have loved to haunt:—

"Murmuring they move, as when old Ocean roars,
And heaves huge surges to the trembling shores;
The groaning banks are burst with bellowing sound,
The rocks re-murmur, and the deeps resound."†

So, too, at the conclusion of one of Agamemnon's "first-chop" orations:—

"The Monarch spoke: and strait a murmur rose,
Loud as the surges when the tempest blows,
That dash'd on broken rocks tumultuous roar,
And foam and thunder on the stony shore."*

In the fourth Book, the thronging of battalions to the fight is compared, both in sight and sound, to billows that float in order to the shore, wave rolling behind wave, till, with growing storm of winds, "the deeps arise, foam o'er the rocks, and thunder to the skies."† And in the ninth it is that the host undertake a night march, and, as they tramp along in the stillness of the season, "hear the roar of murmuring billows on the sounding shore."‡ But enough even of Popish Greek, for the "general reader." Nor will we overwhelm him with the din of Latin billow-bluster, *percussa fluctu littora*, or nauseate him with marine stores of threadbare epithets, *Et gemitum ingentem pelagi pulsataque saxa . . . fractasque ad littora voces*, to be had in such plenty, for the asking, of Virgil and the rest.

Suffice it to take leave of the ancients, with the remark, that not to them, as to melancholy moderns, does the Sea appear to have uttered doleful sounds. Their epithets for wave-music, and ours, differ in this respect, almost as allegro from penseroso. For a later generation it was reserved to popularize a sentimental song about the Sad Sea Waves.

Grant him to have been not only stark blind, but a beggar withal, it may be doubted whether the bard on the Chian strand aforesaid, heard much sadness in the waves, or took their music to be set, as pervadingly and prevailingly as plaintively, in the minor key. Had he the means, as no doubt with his marine predilections he would have the will, to retire, like Lord Bute, to a marine villa, for the last lustre or decade of his life, he would not, like Lord Bute at *his* marine villa (on the edge of the cliff at Christchurch, overlooking the Needles and the Isle of Wight), have been absorbed, as Sir Egerton Brydges tells us that discarded statesman was, in "the *melancholy* roar of the sea." Homer would have detected, and delighted in, something more than a monotone, even though most musical most melancholy, in the voices of the deep.

We are about to collate, from all sorts of writers, a variety of allusions to, and as it were subjective translations, or private inter-

*S. T. Coleridge, "Fancy in Nubibus."
† Pope's Homer's Iliad, II. 249 *sq.*

* Pope's Homer's Iliad, 470–3.
† Ibid, IV. 479 *sq.*
‡ Ibid, IX. 237–8.

pretations, of the meanings of wave-music. What an eerie impressiveness there is in that stanza of the old ballad—needing no pictorial adjectives to bring out color and life:—

"Oh, they rode on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea." *

In another old ballad occurs an epithet that sounds oddly to modern ears, if conversant at least with the resources of modern slang: it is where the Lass of Lochroyan, in quest of Lord Gregory, sees the stately tower

"Shining sae clear and bright,
Whilk stood aboon the *jawing* wave,
Built on a rock of height." †

By "jawing" is meant "dashing"—though the adept in slang will peradventure prefer *his* interpretation of the phrase, as equally applicable, and a deal more graphic.

Spenser describes

"The surges hore
That 'gainst the craggy cliffs did loudly rore,
And in their raging surquedry ‡ disdaynd
That the fast earth affronted them so sore,
And their devouring covetize restraynd." §

Thomson is satisfied with a mere "nought was heard But the rough cadence of the dashing [i.e. jawing] wave." ‖ Beattie lets his lone enthusiast oft take his way, musing onward, to the sounding shore, and there listening with "pleasing dread, to the deep roar of the wide-weltering waves." ¶ But it is when we get among poets of the nineteenth century that we begin to feel the embarrassment of riches in *matériel pour servir*. Take Southey for instance. He compares a mystic murmur in one of his Odes to "the sound of the sea when it rakes on a stony shore." ** He makes Thalaba's brain, with busy workings, feel "the roar and raving of the restless sea [roll your r's well, r-r-reader!], the boundless waves that [double your r's again] rose and rolled and rocked: the everlasting sound Oppress him, and the heaving infinite." †† Let no reader attempt aloud the above passage, whose double *r*'s are liable to be taken for double *u*'s.

* Thomas the Rhymer,.
† The Lass of Lochroyen.
‡ Pride, presumption.
§ Faerie Queene, book iii. canto iv.
‖ Britannia.
¶ The Minstrel, book i.
** The Warning Voice, Ode ii.
†† Thalaba the Destroyer, book xii.

A few stanzas farther on, we are made to mark how "the dash of the outbreakers deadened," until, at their utmost bound, the waters "silently rippled on the rising rock."

Elsewhere Southey pictures some ancient temples, once resonant with instrument and song, and solemn dance of festive multitude, that now stand apart in stern loneliness, resisting the surf and surge that beat in vain on their deep foundations, and

"Now as the weary ages pass along
Hearing no voice save of the ocean flood,
Which roars forever on the restless shores;
Or visiting their solitary caves,
The lonely sound of winds, that moan around,
Accordant to the melancholy waves." *

And once more, the painful pilgrims in "Roderick" are cheered, towards the end of their course, by beholding the sea, "the aim and boundary of their toil," on either side "the white sand sparkling to the sun," and hearing "Great Ocean with its everlasting voice, as in perpetual jubilee proclaim the wonders of the Almighty," † filling thus the pauses of their fervent orisons.

Or take Wordsworth, and ask *him*, what are the wild waves saying? And he will tell you that not only do innumerable voices fill the heavens with everlasting harmony, but that

"The towering headlands, crowned with mist,
Their feet among the billows, know
That *Ocean is a mighty harmonist.*" ‡

Elsewhere, again (written on a calm evening, at Calais), that

"The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the sea:
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doeth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly." §

In some verses of his composed on the Easter Sunday which made his sixty-third birthday, on a high part of the coast of Cumberland, while on a visit to his son, then rector of Moresby, near Whitehaven, Wordsworth puts this characteristic question and answer—after first noticing that "silent, and steadfast as the vaulted sky, the boundless plain of waters seems to lie:"—

"Comes that low sound from breezes rustling o'er
The grass-crowned headland that conceals the shore?

* Curse of Kehama, book xv.
† Roderick, the Last of the Goths, book i.
‡ On the Power of Sound.
§ Miscellaneous Sonnets, XXX.

No, 'tis the earth-voice of the mighty sea,
Whispering how meek and gentle he *can* be!" *

Dorothy, the poet's sister—"such heart was in her, even then"—when, as a little child, she first heard the voice of the sea from this point, and beheld the scene outspread before her—including "the town and port of Whitehaven, and the white waves breaking against its quays and docks"—burst into tears. The Wordsworth family then lived at Cockermouth, and this fact was often † mentioned among them as indicating the sensibility for which she was so remarkable, and upon which Mr. de Quincey, in his "Lake Reminiscences," has commented with such feeling eloquence.

In 1811, Wordsworth seems to have had almost a sickness of sea sounds—during a too prolonged sojourn on the south-west coast of Cumberland:—

"Here on the bleakest point of Cumbria's shore
We sojourn, stunned by Ocean's ceaseless roar—"

so he writes to Sir George Beaumont, evidently out of humor with himself, with outward things in general, and with old Ocean in particular:—

"Tired of my books,—a scanty company!
And tired of listening to the boisterous sea." ‡

From Wordsworth turn to Coleridge, and *his* interpretation of marine melodies. From a retreat near Bridgewater he wrote, in 1795, in answer to a letter from Bristol, stanzas sixteen and sweet, of which this is the one to our purpose:—

"And hark, my Love! The sea-breeze moans
Throu h yon reft house! O'er rolling stones
In bold ambitious sweep,
The onward-surging tides supply
The silence of the cloudless sky
With mimic thunders deep." §

And here it is he describes himself "in black soul-jaundiced fit a sad gloom-pampered man to sit, and listen to the roar: when mountain surges bellowing deep, with an uncouth monster leap, plunge foaming on the shore." A bit of wave-painting, by the way, that shows how S. T. C. would have appreciated Mr. Ruskin's pictorial analysis of a composite wave, and his protest against the pretty platitudes that pass current on canvas for the real thing. We are to be reproached, who, familiar with the Atlantic, are yet, as the Oxford Graduate *does* reproach us, ready to accept with faith, as types of sea, what he calls the small waves *en papillote*, and peruke-like puffs of farinaceous foam, which were the delight of Backhuysen and his compeers. "If one could but arrest the connoisseurs in the fact of looking at them with belief, and magically introducing the image of a true sea-wave, let it roll up to them, through the room—one massive fathom's height and rood's breadth of brine, passing them by but once—dividing, Red Sea-like, on right hand and left—but, at least, setting close before their eyes for once, in inevitable truth, what a sea-wave really is; its green, mountainous giddiness of wrath, its overwhelming crest—heavy as iron, fitful as flame, clashing against the sky in long cloven edge—its furrowed flanks, all ghastly clear, deep in transparent death, but all laced across with lurid nets of spume, and tearing open into meshed interstices their churned veil of silver fury, showing still the calm gray abyss below, that has no fury *and no voice*, but is as a grave always open, which the green sighing mounds do but hide for an instant as they pass. Would they, shuddering back from this wave of the true, implacable sea, turn forthwith to the *papillotes?*" * It might be so, Mr. Ruskin is constrained to suppose; because that is what we are all doing more or less, continually.

But to Coleridge again. In serener style and happier mood is conceived and expressed his picture of the "pretty cot" he occupied a year later (1796), into whose chamber-window peeped his garden's tallest rose, and whence he could hear

"At silent noon and eve and early morn,
The sea's faint murmur." †

There it was, in that cot o'ergrown with white-flower'd jasmin and the broad-leaved myrtle, that, addressing his "pensive Sara," he could enter on its list of charms, this item,

"The stilly murmur of the distant sea
Tells us of silence." ‡

About Scott there is a much stronger spice of the Homeric spirit in every respect; and it shows itself in his sea similitudes *inter alia*. Quite Homer-like is the simile in his descrip-

* Evening Voluntaries.
† See Wordsworth's own Annotations on his Poems, ed. 1857.
‡ Epistle to Sir George Beaumont.
§ Lines written on Shurton Bars.

* Ruskin: The Harbors of England, 1856.
† Meditative Poems, I.
‡ The Eolian Harp.

tion of the Highland clansmen answering the appeal of the grisly priest, when he upsifted the yew Cross, with anathema on every recreant vassal—and *they*, in response, clattered their naked brands,—

> "And first in murmur low,
> Then, like the billow in his course,
> That far to seaward finds his source,
> And flings to shore his mustered force,
> Burst with loud roar, their answer hoarse,
> 'Woe to the traitor, woe!'" *

The dark seas that encircle "thy rugged walls, Artonish!" heave on the beach a softer wave,—

> "As mid the tuneful choir to keep
> The diapason of the Deep." †

But presently the same poem tosses us on "broken waves, where in white foam the ocean raves upon the shelving shore." ‡ And later again, "the short dark waves, heaved to the land, With ceaseless plash kissed cliff or sand:—It was a slumbrous sound." § Nor may we forget the sacred music of Nature's cathedral in the isle of Staffa—who se columns seem to rise, and arches to bend, as in a Minster erected to her Maker's praise:—

> "Nor of a theme less solemn tells
> That mighty surge, that ebbs and swells
> And still, between each awful pause,
> From the high vault an answer draws,
> In varied tone prolonged and high,
> That mocks the organ's melody." ‖

In Byron we have a "little billow crost By some low rock or shelve, that made it fret Against the boundary it scarcely wet." ¶ With Hartley Coleridge we hear "the many-sounding seas, and all their various harmonies:—

> "The tumbling tempest's dismal roar,
> On the waste and wreck-strewed shore—
> The howl and the wail of the prisoned waves,
> Clamoring in the ancient caves,
> Like a stifled pain that asks for pity:—"

and with him too we hear "the sea at peace,"—

> "Lost in one soft and multitudinous ditty,
> Most like the murmur of a far-off city." **

In *Delta* Moir, "Remotest Ocean's tongue is heard Declaiming to his Island shores;" and in *Festus* Bailey, "the low lispings of night's silvery seas." †† There is a fine scene in one

* The Lady of the Lake, canto iii.
† The Lord of the Isles, c. i.
‡ Ibid., I. 14.
§ The Lord of the Isles, c. iii. 28.
‖ Canto iv. 11.
¶ Don Juan, c. ii.
** Poems by Hartley Coleridge, I. 125-6.
†† Domestic Verses by Delta, p. 135: The Mystic, by P. J. Bailey, p. 115.

of Henry Taylor's poetical dramas, on the sea-shore near Hastings, where Leolf revists the rocks that beheld his boyhood—"Here again I stand, Again and on the solitary shore Old ocean plays as on an instrument, Making that ancient music, when not known!" Again upon his ear, "as in the season of susceptive youth, the mellow murmur falls"—but finds the sense dull by distemper; shall he say—by time? * Emma coming in, finds him discoursing to the sea of ebbs and flows; explaining to the rocks

> "How from the excavating tide they win
> A voice poetic, solacing, though sad,
> Which, when the passionate winds revisit them,
> Gives utterance to the injuries of time." †

Another character, in another mood, in another play, of the same author's,

> "Hears the low plash of wave o'erwhelming wave,
> The loving lullaby of mother Ocean." ‡

For mainly it is the mood of the man that makes or mars the music of the waters, and determines the key they are set in, major or minor, gladsome or drear.

When Forester and Anthelia meet at sunrise on the beach, in Mr. Peacock's quasi-Gorilla fiction,—she sitting on a rock, and listening to the dash of the waves, like a Nereid to Triton's shell—the gentleman remarks, "This morning is fine and clear, and the wind blows over the sea. Yet this, to me at least is not a cheerful scene." "Nor to me," Miss Melincourt replies. "But our long habits of association with the sound of the winds and the waters, have given them to us a voice of melancholy majesty: a voice not audible by those little children who are playing yonder on the shore. To them all scenes are cheerful. It is the morning of life; it is infancy that makes them so." §

This may serve to remind us of those exquisite four stanzas, a deed without a name of Mr. Tennyson's, in which we hear the fisherman's boy as he shouts with his sister at play, and the sailor lad singing merrily in his boat while the poet can but utter, in his bereavement and bewilderment of grief, the iterated burden, "Break, break, break, on thy cold gray stones, O Sea!" unable to, though yearning to, utter the thoughts that arise in him.

* Edwin the Fair, Act II. Sc. 2.
† Ibid.
‡ Isaac Comnenus, Act II. Sc. 1.
§ Melincourt, ch. xx.

Surely that is the murmur of the summer sea upon the summer sands in Devon far away, we overhear Mr. Kingsley saying, in a garden rhapsody of his. He shuts his eyes and listens. "I hear the innumerable wavelets spend themselves gently upon the shore, and die away to rise again. And with the innumerable wave-sighs come innumerable memories, and faces which I shall never see again upon this earth. I will not tell even *you*, of that, old friend." *

"I have a brilliant Scotch friend," wrote Thomas de Quincey, more than a quarter of a century since, "who cannot walk on the sea-shore—within sight of *ανηρι θμονγελασμα*, the multitudinous laughter of its waves, or within hearing of its resounding uproar, because they bring up, by links of old associations, too insupportably to his mind, the agitation of his glittering, but too fervid youth." † We have been accustomed to identify this friend with Professor Wilson, though there may be passages in the writings of Christopher North that may seem opposed to the identification. The following excerpt from the *Noctes*, however, has something of a corroborating character. The Ettrick Shepherd is the speaker. "I couldna thole," he says, "to leeve on the sea-shore." "And pray why not, James?" asks Sir Kit. James answers: "That everlasting thunner sae disturbs my imagination, that my soul has nae rest in its ain solitude, but becomes transfused as it were into the michty ocean, a' its thochts as wild as the waves that keep foamin awa into naething, and then breakin back again into transitory life—for ever and ever—as if neither in sunshine nor moonlicht, that multitudinous tumultuousness, frae the first creation o' the warld, had ever once been stilled in the blessedness o' perfect sleep." ‡

The sea drowns out humanity and time, says Dr. Oliver Holmes; it has no sympathy with either, for it belongs to eternity, and of that it sings its monotonous song for ever and ever.

Yet he owns his wish for "a little box by the sea-shore." For he should love to gaze out on what he calls the "wild feline element" from a front window of his own, just as he should love to look on a caged panther, and see it stretch its shining length, and then curl over and lap its smooth sides, and by-and-by begin to lash itself into rage and show its white teeth and spring at its bars, and howl the cry of its mad, but, to him, harmless fury. So should he love to "listen to the great liquid metronome as it beats its solemn measure, steadily swinging when the solo or duet of human life began, and to swing just as steadily after the human chorus has died out, and man is a fossil on its shores." *

Of the veritable enunciation of Ocean-speech, by the way, Dr. Holmes instructs us in a later work † — his physiological romance of a serpentine damosel — that it is with sharp, semivowel consonantal sounds—*frsh*" — that the sea talks; leaving all pure vowel sounds for the winds to breathe over it, and all mutes to the unyielding earth.

M. Michelet describes the earth listening, in silent repose, to the plaints and menaces, "les plaintes, les colères du vieil Océan qui frappe, recule et refrappe, avec des rimes solennelles." And these "solemn rhymes" he pitches in a deep bass,—"Basse profonde qu'on entend moins de l'oreille que de la poitrine, qui heurte moins le rivage encore que le cœur de l'homme. Avertissement mélancholique. C'est comme un appel régulier que fait le balancier du temps." ‡ This *balancier* answers to Dr. Holmes's liquid metronome. And the *basso profondo* suggests a passage in another popular American, — Mr. Herman Melville's picture of the coral reef belt off Tahiti, "thundering its distant *bass* upon the ear (to make a base pun, we might call it the Bass Rock), like the unbroken roar of a cataract. Dashing for ever against their coral rampart," § he compares them, in the distance, to a line of rearing white chargers, reined in, tossing their white manes, and bridling with foam.

While touching on American authorship, let us glance at a verse or two of Professor Longfellow's attuned to wave-harmonies. An awakened conscience he hexametrically compares to the sea when moaning and tossing, "beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of the sea-shore." ‖ At another time

* Kingsley's Miscellanies, vol. i. "My Winter-Garden."

† De Quincey's Autobiographic Sketches, vol. ii. ch. iv.

‡ Noctes Ambrosianæ, May, 1830.

* Autocrat of the Breakfast-table, ch. xi.

† Elsie Venner, ch. xix.

‡ L'Amour, par. J. Michelet, l. v. ch. v.

§ Omoo; or, Adventures in the South Seas, ch. lxxi.

‖ The Courtship of Miles Standish, IV.

we have this military metaphor: "Gleamed far off the crimson banners of morning;

"Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows, advancing,
Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated." *

In his Golden Legend again, Elsie, coming forth from her chamber upon the terrace, listens to the solemn litany that begins in rocky caverns, "as a voice that chants alone to the pedals of the organ, in monotonous undertone;

"And anon from shelving beaches
And shallow sands beyond,
In snow-white robes uprising
The ghostly choirs respond," —

or, as Prince Henry phrases it, the effect is that of "Cecilia's organ sounding in the seas." †

Warton pictures the "mother of musings, Contemplation sage," gazing steadfast on the spangled vault (her "grotto stands upon the topmost rock of Teneriffe"),—

"——— while murmurs indistinct
Of distant billows soothe her pensive ear
With hoarse and hollow sounds." ‡

The traveller in Cornwall may descend into into mines the ramifications of which extend for miles, and which, as in that of Botallack, run far and deep beneath the bed of the Atlantic. "He may there listen to the booming of the waves and the grating of the stones, as they are rolled too and fro over his head,"—sounds by which the miners themselves, we are told, § are at times appalled and driven from their work, and which they, almost as a matter of course, connect with quaint legends and wild superstitions.

In the lyrics of one who for a dozen years and more (1831 to 1842) was almost uniformly the successful candidate for the Seatonian prize, we listen to

"——— the great sea's eternal roar,
Advancing or retreating,
That seems, as on the ear afar,
It falls so deep and regular,
The pulse of nature beating." ‖

Barry Cornwall has a Salvator-like sketch of "white-browed cliffs that keep watch above the toiling Deep,"—

"Listening there, night and day,
What the troubled waters say;
For they often writhe and moan,
From the mid Atlantic blown,
And will tell you ghastly tales
Of what befalleth in the gales,
Till you steal unto your rest
With a pain upon your breast." *

Sir Walter Scott enhances the sombre effect of the catastrophe in his "Bride of Lammermoor" by the sound he makes us overhear from the projecting cliff, Wolf's Crag, that beetles on the German Ocean. "The roar of the sea had long announced their approach to the cliffs, on the summit of which, like the nest of some sea-eagle, the founder of the fortalice had perched his eyry. . . . A wilder, or more disconsolate dwelling, it was perhaps difficult to conceive. The sombrous and heavy sound of the billows, successively dashing against the rocky beach at a profound distance beneath, was to the ear what the landscape was to the eye—a symbol of unvaried and monotonous melancholy, not unmingled with horror." †

In his dreamy musings on the sea-shore, there comes a mood in which Nathaniel Hawthorne exclaims: "Get ye all gone, old friends, and let me listen to the murmur of the sea,—a melancholy voice, but less sad than yours. Of what mysteries is it telling? Of sunken ships, and whereabouts they lie? Of islands afar and undiscovered, whose tawny children are unconscious of other islands and continents, and deem the stars of heaven their nearest neighbors? Nothing of all this? What then? Has it talked for so many ages, and meant nothing all the while? No; for those ages find utterance in the sea's unchanging voice, and warn the listener to withdraw his interest from mortal vicissitudes, and let the infinite idea of eternity pervade his soul." ‡

At once the reader is reminded, no doubt, of little Paul Dombey waking, starting up, and sitting to listen. What at? His sister Florence asks him what he thought he heard. "I want to know what it says," he answered, looking steadily into her face. "The sea, Floy, what is it that it keeps on saying?" She told him that it was only the noise of the rolling waves. "Yes, yes," he said: "but I know that they are always say-

* The Courtship of Miles Standish, V.
† Golden Legend: The Inn at Genoa.
‡ Thomas Warton, Pleasures of Melancholy.
§ Biogr. and Criticism from the Times, First Series, p. 246.
‖ Poems by T. E. Hankinson, "St. Paul."

* Dramatic Scenes, by Barry Cornwall, pp. 336–7.
† Bride of Lammermoor, penultimate chapter.
‡ Twice-told Tales: Foot-prints on the Sea-shore.

ing something. Always the same thing. What place is over there?" He rose up, looking eagerly at the horizon. She told him that there was another country opposite, but he said he didn't mean that; he meant farther away—farther away! . . . And very often afterwards, in the midst of their talk, he would break off, to try to understand what it was that the waves were always saying; and would rise up in his couch to look towards that invisible region far away.*

And when the gentle child is dying,—sister's and brother's arms wound around each other, while the golden light comes streaming in, and falls upon them, locked together, he says: "How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so!" And presently he tells her that the motion of the (imaginary) boat upon the stream is lulling him to rest. Years after the little boy *is* at rest, forever, Florence finds herself, with a tender melancholy pleasure, again on the old ground so sadly trodden, yet so happily, and thinks of him in the quiet place, where he and she had many and many a time conversed together, "with the water welling up about his couch. And now as she sits pensive there, she hears in the wild low murmur of the sea, his little story told again, his very words repeated, and finds that all her life and hopes and griefs, since,—have a portion in the burden of the marvellous song."

And once again, in after days, she stands on deck by moonlight,—and her husband holds her to his heart, and they are very quiet, and the stately ship goes on serenely. "As I hear the sea," said Florence, "and sit watching it, it brings, so many days into my mind. It makes me think so much——" "Of Paul, my love. I know it does." "Of Paul and Walter." And the voices in the waves are always whispering to Florence, in their ceaseless murmuring, of love,—of love, eternal and illimitable, not bounded by the confines of the world, or by the end of time, but ranging still beyond the sea, beyond the sky, to the invisible country far away! †

The author of "The Portent"—since known to be Mr. G. Macdonald—describes the midnight sensations of his enamored tutor over whom, as he lay, the feeling came that he was in bed in a castle, on the sea-shore; that the wind was coming from the sea every now and then in chill eerie soughs; and that "the waves were falling with a kind of threatful tone upon the beach, murmuring many maledictions, and whispering many keen and cruel portents, as they drew back, hissing and gurgling, through the million narrow ways of the pebbly ramparts."*

A contemporary French poet, or playwright which you will, makes his very French Leandre remind Hero, that in their dainty dalliance under difficulties, they had nothing else to echo their *tendres sanglots*.

"Que les chuchotements de la mer aux grands flots.
Ils chantaient sur le bord, melant leurs rumeurs folles
Aux doux mots, aux baisers plus doux que les paroles." †

Mrs. Browning has a pretty conceit about these tranquil *chuchotements de la mér*:—

"One dove is answering in trust
The water every minute,
Thinking so soft a murmur must
Have her mate's cooing in it;
So softly doth earth's beauty round
Infuse itself in ocean's sound." ‡

In another poem she pictures a "cliff disrupt," disclosing the line where earth and ocean meet, "the solemn confluence of the two:"—

"You can hear them as they greet;
You can hear that evermore
Distance-softened noise, more old
Than Nereid's singing,—the tide spent
Joining soft issues with the shore
In harmony of discontent,—
And when you hearken to the grave
Lamenting of the underwave,
You must believe in earth's communion,
Albeit you witness not the union." §

Considering the family tragedy which overtook her, and in which the sea played so cruel a part,—devouring her brothers before her eyes,—this poetess must have had a profound and shrinking awe, an almost superstitious terror, of the varied voices as well as guileful aspects of the deep.

On the strength, and in the bitterness, of that baleful experience, might *she* have penned such a couplet as that of Owen Meredith's,

* Dombey and Son, ch. viii.
† Cf. Dombey and Son, pp. 79, 108, 144, 160, 409, 576.

* The Portent part iii., The Omen Fulfilled.
† Hero et Leandre, drame, par M. Louis Ratisbonne.
‡ E. Barrett Browning, An Island.
§ The Soul's Travelling.

"And the blear-eyed filmy sea did boom
With his old mysterious hungering sound." *

All sailors, it is notorious, as Mr. de Quincey remarks, are superstitious; partly, he supposes from looking out so much upon the wilderness of waves, empty of all human life,—for mighty solitudes are generally fear-haunted and fear-peopled. "Now the sea is often peopled, amidst its ravings, with what seem innumerable human voices—such voices, or as ominous, as what were heard by Kubla Khan—'ancestral voices prophesying war;' oftentimes laughter mixes, from a distance (seeming to come also from distant times, as well as distant places), with the uproar of waters."† Hood's Hero says to her Leander,—

"Or bid me speak, and I will tell thee tales
Which I have framed out of the noise of waves."

One other bit of marine word-painting, or word music, or both in one, we must give from Owen Meredith:—

"And when the dull sky darkened down to the edges,
And the keen frost kindled in star and spar,
The sea might be known by a noise on the ledges
Of the long crags, gathering power from afar
Through his roaring bays, and crawling back
Hissing as o'er the wet pebbles he dragg'd
His skirt of foam fray'd, dripping, and jagg'd,
And reluctantly fell down the smooth hollow shell
Of the night." ‡

For relief by contrast, glance at a fragment by the author of "Violenzia,"—in which we see him stand on the reedy margin of a waste and shallow shore, listening to "far Ocean's low continuous roar over the flats and sand."

"The wide, gray sky hangs low above the verge
No white-winged sea-bird flies;
No sound, save the eternal-sounding surge,
With equal fall and rise." §

From Thomas Hood the elder we might cite passages to the point more than we may. As where he describes a certain mystic and "hollow," hollow, hollow sound, as is that dreamy roar when distant billows boil and bound along a shingly shore."‖ Or where *his* Hero (italicised as a distinction with a difference from Mons. Rattisbonne's, in the *chuchotements de la mer* drame, previously quoted) thus importunes her dead Leander:—

"Now, lay thine ear against this golden sand,
And thou shalt hear the music of the sea,
Those hollow tunes it plays against the land,—
Is't not a rich and wonderous melody?
I have lain hours, and fancied in its tone
I heard the languages of ages gone." *

But how part with Thomas Hood, upon any subject, without a snatch of the grotesque? Be our last excerpt from him, then, that stanza which tells how his jolly mariner, the tallest man of the three, who stood away from land trusting to a charm, now

"——— heard, upon the sandy bank,
The distant breakers roaring,—
A groaning, intermitting sound,
Like Gog and Magog snoring!" †

Or how close even so fragmentary a cold collation as this, of scraps and sundries, all however with a flavor, more or less, of (as Godfrey Moss would say) the briny,—some of them possibly redolent, like Trinculo's monster, of a very ancient fishlike smell, stale and sickly,—how wind it up without a dip into Tennyson, already, but quite cursorily, used for the nonce? Roam through the picture-galleries of his Palace of Art, and one mystic picture in chiaro'scuro you will notice of, in strange lands, a traveller walking slow, in doubt and great perplexity, who, shortly before moonrise, hears the low moan of an unknown sea; and knows not if it be thunder, or a sound of rocks thrown down, or one deep cry of great wild beasts.‡ Around his Ulysses the deep moans "with many voices." His mad-lover in "Maud" is seen

"Listening now to the tide in its broad-flung ship-wrecking roar,
Now to the scream of a madden'd beach dragg'd down by the wave." §

Elsewhere, standing by Maud's garden-gate, he hears no sound but "the voice of the long sea-wave as it swell'd Now and then in the dim-gray dawn."‖ Or again he asks, "Is that enchanted moan only the swell Of the long waves that roll in yonder bay?" ¶ But turn rather to the "pleasant shore, and in the hearing of the wave," where they laid him of whom the poet *in memoriam*,—when the Danube to the Severn gave the darkened heart that beat no more:—

* The Earl's Return, 32.
† De Quincy, Autobiographic Sketches, vol. i. p. 333.
‡ The Earl's Return, IV.
§ Poems by W. C. Roscoe, I. 68.
‖ The Elm Tree.

* Hero and Leander, st. 68.
† The Sea-Spell.
‡ The Palace of Art.
§ Maud, III.
‖ Ibid, XIV. 4.
¶ Ibid., XVIII. 8.

"There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the bubbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills," *

And in the same pathetic strains it is that we hear "the moanings of the homeless sea." †

In Mr. Alexander Smith the stars in their courses seem to fight against the sea for redundancy in store of similitudes. Star-studded and bespangled, regardless of expense, was his earliest poem; nor is it quite certain that the Sea is distanced in the competition. When autumn nights are dark and moonless, to the level sands his hero betakes him, "there to hear, o'erawed,—

"The old Sea moaning like a monster pained,"

The lady had a cousin once, whom she describes as having been "unlanguaged."

"——like the earnest sea,
Which strives to gain an utterance on the shore,
But ne'er can shape unto the listening hills
The lore it gathered in its awful age;
The crime for which 'tis lashed by cruel winds,
To shrieks, mad spoomings to the frighted stars;
The thought, pain, grief, within its labouring heart."

* In Memorian, XIX.
† Ibid., XXXV.

Another *dramatis personâ* suggests, after a pause,

"The garrulous sea is talking to the shore
Let us go down and hear the graybeard's speech."

They go, accordingly. And presently one of the auditors remarks:

"——Our friend, the sea has left
His paramour the shore, ; naked she lies,
Ugly and black and bare. Hark how he moans!
The pain is in his heart. Inconstant fool!
He will ———" *

but what he will, is better left unquoted. In another poem of Mr. Smith's, a youth steps forth, bright-haired as a star, who recites the various places and objects in which he has seen beauty,—"and oft on moonless nights, has *heard* it in the white and wailing fringe that runs along the coast from end to end." † And in the first of his Sonnets the same poet has it, though more as man than poet,

"The Sea complains upon a thousand shores:
Sea-like we moan forever."

* A Life-Drama, by Alex. Smith, pp. 45, 62, 115, 120.
† An Evening at Home.

The perforation of the Mount Cenis Tunnel is progressing most vigorously. The new machines, first introduced in 1861, worked, in the month of March of that year, a distance of 9 mètres and 70 centimètres. In April the figures rose to 17 mètres, 50 centimètres. The result of the whole year 1861 was 170 mètres, 54 centimètres, in 209 work-days. In 1862 the engines were so far improved as to be able to be worked for 325 days, during which a progress of 380 mètres was achieved. It thus follows that the whole work, supposed at the outset to take five-and-twenty years, will be accomplished in much less than twelve. With respect to the cost, the mètre does not exceed an outlay of 4,000 lire, which, for the whole gallery—12,220 mètres long—will make about 50,000,000. At the end of last year the gallery had reached the length of 2199 mètres—*i. e.* 1,274 mètres, on the side of Bardonnèdre, and 925 on that of Mondane; but on the latter only the ordinary instruments had hitherto been employed.

The ninth volume of the "Monuments de l'Histoire de France: a Catalogue of Sculptures, Paintings, and Engravings, referring to the History of France and Frenchmen, from 1559–1589," has just left the press.

In an extraordinary general meeting of the Institute of France, held last week, M. Oppert has been declared the successful candidate for the great prize of the emperor, awarded to M. Thiers two years ago. His unsuccessful rival was M. Mariette.

Bulwer Lytton's "Strange Story," in French, forms the 580th to the 585th volumes of the "Bibliothèque Choisie," published at Naumburg.

The Prize Essay (Latin verse) for the Paris Lyceums will, we understand, have for its subject "Poland in the year 1863."

The director of Imperial Printing-office, Paris, has, through the intermission of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, been ordered to prepare a special printing-office for the use of the Abyssinian Missionaries; and the casting of new type for the new establishment—to be taken from the Imperial types—is vigorously proceeded with.

From the Saturday Review, 1 Aug.

AMERICA.

The ignorant and implacable animosity of the Northern Americans to England furnishes no excuse for corresponding injustice, or for misrepresentation of current history. The recent victories have occasioned, as might have been expected, a recrudescence of calumny and malignity; but nevertheless they are great, if not decisive victories. General Lee has recrossed the Potomac; Vicksburg and Port Hudson have surrendered unconditionally; Charleston is in danger of capture; and General Rosencranz has advanced into the heart of the Southern States. If the war were commencing, all the advantages which have accrued to the Federal armies might probably be reversed; but the significance of the recent successes consists in the proof that the Confederates are comparatively weak in numbers. Their wonderful energy and unanimous devotion to the national cause had almost taught bystanders to forget that four millions were engaged in a desperate contest with twenty millions. The inability of Johnstone to relieve Vicksburg showed that his department was almost denuded of troops; and the Confederates have since lost, at Gettysburg, at Vicksburg, and at Port Hudson, forty or fifty thousand trained soldiers. The continuance of the war has taught the Northern armies to fight, and a gradual process of elimination has brought forward more than one competent general. The rapid advance to Vicksburg, and the obstinate prosecution of the siege, prove Grant to be an able soldier. General Rosencranz seems to deserve the confidence of his troops; and General Meade is the first Federal general who has encountered Lee on equal terms without incurring disaster. If the occupation of the strongholds on the Mississippi cuts off the communication of the Confederacy with Texas and Arkansas, the proportions of the war will henceforth be largely curtailed. The possible capture of Charleston would relieve the blockading squadrons of a troublesome duty, and it would at the same time close to the Confederates one of their principal channels of supply. It remains to be seen whether Southern resolution will yield to accumulated misfortunes so far as to accept any terms of peace which involve a return to the Union. The proposed mission of Mr. Stephens, if it had any object beyond a negotiation on the treatment of prisoners, would indicate a disposition to negotiate; but the temper of the North is not at present favorable to any moderate arrangement. It is possible that General Lee's advance into Pennsylvania may have been a final effort to conquer an advantageous peace before the impending fall of Vicksburg revived Federal confidence; and Mr. Jefferson Davis might, perhaps, now be willing to accept fair conditions, while his Virginian army is still entire and formidable.

Notwithstanding the triumphs of the Northern arms, the maintenance of the war on its present scale depends entirely on the success of the conscription. Unless 300,000 men can be procured to fill up the ranks of the army, the South may once more find it possible to continue the contest with equal numbers. It is difficult to judge of the effect of the New York riots, which may either render the conscription impracticable or rally the enemies of mob-rule and disorder to its support. The outbreak was attended with all the melancholy circumstances which everywhere denote the ill-omened supremacy of the rabble. The mere opponents of the conscription found themselves reinforced by the malcontents who object to the institution of property, and by the theives who only make it their business partially to correct its unequal distribution. The draft raised a dangerous question of socialist policy, by providing for the personal exemption of those who could pay three hundred dollars for a substitute. It was easy for demagogues to persuade the lowest classes that the law had provided a special privilege for those who, according to the American doctrine, are not to be called their betters. One of the rioters wrote to a newspaper to complain that the poor rabble were oppressed by the rich rabble, and it was useless to explain that the right of purchasing a substitute is strictly analogous to the right of purchasing any other commodity which its owner is willing to exchange for money. It would be grossly unjust to fix the price of exemption below the sum for which the services of a competent volunteer can be secured; but if, on the other hand, a fit substitute is willing to take the place of a wealthy tradesman, the community would gain nothing by prohibiting the bargain. Unfortunately, the mob of New York is familiar with revolutionary theories, which are everywhere directed against property when there is no po-

litical inequality to attack. The Democrats, though they assume the title of Conservatives, have always allied themselves with the rabble of the city; and consequently they have found it convenient to flatter the vulgar prejudices against social distinctions.

Governor Seymour, who seems to hold that the conscription is illegal, endeavored in vain to persuade the populace into provisional acquiescence in the measure. He was perhaps justified by necessity in obtaining authority from Washington to suspend the draft; but it is not surprising that his enemies should suspect him of complicity with a movement which was probably organized by some of the subordinate agents of his party. The rioters placed their own interpretation on the legal scruples of the Government, and it was sufficient for their purpose to procure the admission that the conscription was possibly irregular. Their own objection was not founded on any interpretation of the Federal Constitution, but on the supposed injustice and inequality of the permission to pay for substitutes; and having compelled the local Government to submit to their dictation, they will be more than ever determined to enforce the supremacy which General Butler and politicians of his stamp are accustomed to claim for the poor over the rich. It remains to be seen whether painful experience of mob-rule will induce the respectable classes to combine for the vindication of order. Beyond the limits of the great cities, genuine Americans are reasonably proud of the national reverence for law.

The mob behaved, as mobs behave in all parts of the world, with the wisdom and conduct of wild beasts escaped from their cages. They burned offices, they plundered stores, they hung an obnoxious colonel to a lamp-post, and they took especial delight in hunting down unoffending negroes who had the misfortune of showing themselves in the streets. The colored race is guilty of having been used by politicians as a pretext for the war; and it is more directly obnoxious to the working classes, because its competition in the humbler forms of employment sometimes tends to reduce the rate of wages. Archbishop Hughes, who ought to be acquainted with his countrymen and co-religionists, assumed probably on sufficient grounds, that the Irish had taken a prominent part in the riots. Nothing could be more characteristic than the arguments which he addressed to an abnormal condition of understanding and of feeling. As his audience had been engaged in murdering unoffending negroes and in resisting the execution of Federal laws, the archbishop entertained them with a disquisition on the iniquities of England, while he carefully abstained from the unpopular topic of any immunities from slaughter which might be claimed for the colored population by enthusiastic advocates. If the archbishop had been a Republican Abolitionist instead of a Democrat, he could not have appealed more confidently to the hatred of England which is the common property of all American or semi-American demagogues. There can be no doubt that, in common with all but the lowest class of the community, he desired to put a stop to the disturbances, and perhaps he took the readiest course to obtain a favorable hearing. The commotion was, however, too serious to be ended by persuasion, and happily, in the long run, military force is almost always available in defence of property. The security of New York from plunder and anarchy will probably be increased by the forcible suppression of the riots, but it is still uncertain whether the conscription can be continued.

From the Economist, 1 Aug.

AMERICA.

The late news from America has been of a very mixed character, with respect both to what we expect to be the result of the American civil war, and what we wish to be the result of it. The end which has ever been wished for by us has been one singularly different from that desired by the zealots for the Federals, or the zealots for the Confederates. We could produce rather strong invectives from our contemporaries who entirely sympathize with the Federals, charging us with Confederate predilections, and equally strong invectives from our contemporaries on the opposite side charging us with Federal sympathies. What we have always wished is —

First. That the South should be independent. We desire that the unwilling people of the South should not be forced into a union with the North which they dislike and hate. We *know* that a restoration of real union, of voluntary union by arms is impos-

sible. We wish that the North should never be enabled by conquest to attempt a tyrannical, a forcible, an unreal reunion; we wish to save the North from the danger of military pre-eminence, as well as the South from the disgrace and pain of military subjugation.

Secondly. Though we wish the South to be independent, we wish it to be weak. We have no sympathy with, we most strongly condemn, the fanatics at the South who have hoped, and perhaps yet hope, to found a great empire on the basis of slavery. We do not believe that predial slavery such as exists in the Slave States is a possible basis for a good and enduring commonwealth; and we have no words to express our abhorrence of the notion which the advocates of the South, *in* the South, advance so freely — that it is the only good basis of a commonwealth. We wish that the area of slavery should be so small, that, by the sure operation of economical causes, and especially by the inevitable exhaustion of the soil which it always produces, slavery should, within a reasonable time, be gradually extinguished.

Thirdly. For obvious reasons, we wish that these results should be obtained as soon, and that civil war should cease as soon, as possible.

If we compare the recent news with these fixed wishes as with a sort of standard, the result is plain. First. We shall rejoice at the reduction of Vicksburg and Port Hudson by the Federal armies. The best mode of confining slavery within fixed limits is the conquest by the North of the line of the Mississippi. If that great river could bound slavery on the west, and sea on the east, its extinction could not be delayed for very many years — not longer, probably, than it would be desirable that so great and prevading a social change should be delayed. The gradual and felt approach of such an event is almost as great a benefit as the event itself.

But we must regret the defeat of General Lee's invasion of the North. If, as we not long since proved at some length, the South had been able to acquire and retain a considerable portion of Northern territory, the North *could* not have believed that it was possible for it to conquer the South. The war would have ceased for the simplest of all causes,—from the winning of such a success on the part of the weaker combatant as would have shown the arrogant aim of the stronger claimant to be untenable. But now every such hope is at an end. The victory of General Meade must tend to prolong the war for a considerable period. While Mr. Lincoln remains in office, as we have often shown, there was little hope for peace. Until there seems no longer any possibility of military success, until the people of the North in general, and by a great majority, admit the conquest of the South to be impossible, we do not believe that the Democratic party or any other party will stake their hopes of success upon an avowed and declared peace policy. They would incur a great and obvious risk of defeat if they did so. The mention of a peace, which is thought to be degrading during a war which is thought to be glorious, must always be unpopular, and is apt to be deemed a sort of treason. For a long period to come, the North will now have a sufficient store of plausible hope, and while that is the case in a country like America, where the spirit of electioneering is the spirit of politics, no great peace party will ever be possible.

We do not think that the riots at New York materially modify these conclusions. They show the extreme unpopularity of the conscription in that city, the weakness of the Municipal Government, the disposition of the Democratic State Governor to temporize with a Democratic mob rather than to support a Republic Federal Administration. But they hardly show more than this. They do not prove Mr. Lincoln to be unable to raise for a considerable time many men and some money. In New York he may not enforce the conscription, but elsewhere he can and will; and while a war Government has sufficient men, sufficient money, and plausible hope, any peace is beyond probability.

The feeling of a calm observer of these great events will, therefore, we believe, be a very mingled one. He will rejoice at the prospect of limiting the area of slavery, but he will regret the stimulus given to the warlike passion of the North, the prolongation of the civil war, the continuance also of suffering in Lancashire, and the opportunity which has been given to the people of New York to expose the weakness of their Municipal Government, their hatred of the Negro, and their turbulence.

OF AMERICA: A VOICE FROM THE CROWD.

TO CHARLES MACKAY, "TIMES" CORRESPONDENT FROM AMERICA.

I PRAISE your Jackson and your South!
No, I've no taste at all that way;
Those words are not sweet in my mouth,
Though dear they are to some, you say;
A trick of speech I've somehow caught
From Wilberforce's — Clarkson's graves;
I can't hate freedom as I ought;
Or love your barterers of slaves:
In fact, if I the truth must tell,
I think your Jackson and his crew
Accurst of God, are fit for hell,
Though they may fight, and conquer too.

Time was when nobly England rose,
And grandly told earth of man's rights;
Slavery and wrong her ancient foes,
In these, you say, she now delights.
Her voice that once so sternly spoke,
And, speaking, smote slaves' fetters off,
That antique utterance is your joke,
A grand-dame's tale at which you scoff.
Your Times has taught us what to say,
That years must change, and so must thought;
Jackson's your Cromwell of to-day:
Ah, ours for rights, not fetters, fought.

Clasp you the hands that wield the whip!
Press you the palms that rivet chains!
My curse will through my clenched teeth slip,
I'd brand your heroes all as Cains.
For cotton, and through envy, sell
Your nobler notions if you can;
I will not, and I hold it well,
I loathe these men who deal in man,
Scoff, sneer, or jest; let him who likes,
Prate of their courage and their worth,
Right and not Might my fancy strikes,
Though Might, not Right, may rule the earth.

At times, God, for his own good will,
Gives hell, o'er men and nations rule;
But Right, though crushed, I hold right still,
Though worldly-wise ones call me fool.
Brute force has Cossacked nations down,
Yet Cossacks I do not adore,
Than Poland's Bashkirs — nay, don't frown, —
I do not love your Jacksons more.
No, cavaliers that women sell,
To their great nobleness I'm blind:
Heroes who cash their children—well,
They're not exactly to my mind.

One's flesh and blood, you know, are here,
Dear to one, not as current gold;
I would not be a cavalier,
By whom his son or daughter's sold;
Curse those who sell their blood to lust,
Their very flesh to stripes and toil;
I spit at such — the thought I trust,
Of such should make my blood to boil.
The very meanest thing I see,
A cringing beggar whining here,
Rather a thousand times I'd be,
Than a girl-selling cavalier.

God wills, and darkly works his will, —
His wisdom's hidden from our eyes;
Yet my faith rests upon him still,
To judge and scourge he will arise.
Wrong seems to conquer often; — Right
Seems to be conquered; — watch and wait;
The years bring seeing to our sight,
Truth's triumph cometh soon or late.
Therefore success I seem to see
Makes me not in the evil trust,
Nor seems its triumphs sure to me,
Rather its failure. God is just.

W. C. BENNETT.

Blackheath. —*London Star.*

FIFTY YEARS.

For the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Class of Williams College which was graduated in 1813.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

LONG since a gallant, youthful company
Went from these learned shades. The hand of Time
Hath scored upon the perishing works of man
The years of half a century since that day.
Forth to the world they went in hope, but some
Fell at the threshold, some in mid-career
Sank down, and some who bring their frosty brows,
A living register of change, are here,
And from the spot where once they conned the words
Written by sages of the elder time
Look back on fifty years. Large space are they
Of man's brief life, those fifty years; they join
Its ruddy morning to the paler light
Of its declining hours. In fifty years
As many generations of earth's flowers
Have sweetened the soft air of spring, and died.
As many harvests have, in turn, made green
The hills, and ripened into gold, and fallen
Before the sickle's edge. The sapling tree
Which then was planted stands a shaggy trunk,
Moss-grown, the centre of a mighty shade.
In fifty years the pasture grounds have oft
Renewed their herds and flocks, and from the stalls
New races of the generous steed have neighed
Or pranced in the smooth roads. In fifty years
Ancestral crowns have fallen from kingly brows
For clownish heels to crush; new dynasties
Have climbed to empire, and new commonwealths
Have formed and fallen again to wreck, liks clouds
Which the wind tears and scatters. Mighty names
Have blazed upon the world and passed away,
Their lustre lessening, like the faded train
Of a receding comet. Fifty years
Have given the mariner to outstrip the wind
With engines churning the black deep to foam,
And tamed the nimble lightnings, sending them
On messages for man, and forced the sun
To limn for man upon the snowy sheet
Whate'er he shines upon, and taught the art
To vex the pale dull clay beneath our feet
With chemic tortures, till the sullen mass

Flows in bright torrents from the furnace-mouth,
A shining metal, to be clay no more.
Oh, were our growth in goodness like our growth
In art, the thousand years of innocence
And peace, foretold by ancient prophecy,
Were here already, and the reign of Sin
Were ended o'er the earth on which we dwell.
In fifty years, the little commonwealth,
Our league of States, that, in its early day,
Skirted the long Atlantic coast, has grown
To a vast empire, filled with populous towns
Beside its midland rivers, and beyond
The snowy peaks that bound its midland plains
To where its rivulets, over sands of gold,
Seek the Pacific—till at length it stood
Great 'mid the greatest of the Powers of Earth,
And they who sat upon Earth's ancient thrones
Beheld its growth in wonder and in awe.
In fifty years, a deadlier foe than they—
The Wrong that scoffs at human brotherhood
And holds the lash o'er millions—has become
So mighty and so insolent in its might
That now it springs to fix on Liberty
The death-gripe, and o'erturn the glorious realm
Her children founded here. Fierce is the strife
As when of old the sinning angels strove
To whelm, beneath the uprooted hills of heaven,
The warriors of the Lord. Yet now, as then,
God and the Right shall give the victory.
For us, who fifty years ago went forth
Upon the world's great theatre, may we
Yet see the day of triumph, which the hours
On steady wing waft hither from the depths
Of a serener future; may we yet,
Beneath the reign of a new peace, behold
The shaken pillars of our commonwealth
Stand readjusted in their ancient poise,
And the great crime of which our strife was born
Perish with its accursed progeny.

SLEEP.

I came to waken thee, but Sleep
Hath breathed about thee such a calm,—
Hath wrapped thee up in spells so deep
And soft,—I dare not break the charm;

Thy breathings do not stir the folds
That lie unmoved around thee; Rest
Hath rocked thee gently—now she holds
Thy spirit lulled upon her breast;

An imaged Stillness, by Repose
Fast locked in an enduring clasp:
A marble Silence, with the rose
Just dropping from her languid grasp:

Yet never o'er the sculptured lid,
Did such a blissful slumber creep;
Its shade had ne'er such sweetness hid—
The statue smiles not in its sleep!

And dost *thou* smile? I know not! Night
To one serene abiding grace,
Hath wrought the quick and changeful light
That flitted o'er thy waking face:

It is not smiling, it is Peace—
All lovely things are thine at will;
Thy soul hath won a sweet release
From Earth; yet kept its gladness still?

For Sleep, a partial nurse, though kind
To all her children, yet hath pressed
Some to her heart more close—we find
She ever loves the youngest best;

Because they vex her not with aches
And fever pangs to hush to rest;
They need no soothing! She but takes
Them in her arms, and they are blessed!

The double portion there is given;
She binds two worlds within her chain;
And now, by golden light of heaven,
Thou livest o'er the day again:

My touch must bid those bright links start
And fly asunder; yet for thee
I may not mourn—not far apart
Thy dream and thy reality!

Soon shall I watch within thine eyes
The sweet light startle into morn,
And see upon thy cheek arise
The flushing of a rosy dawn:

The sunshine vainly round thee streams,
And I must rouse thee with a kiss—
Oh! may Life never break thy dreams
With harsher summoning than this!

—*Good Words.*

LOVE'S IMPRESS.

Her light foot on a noble heart she set,
And went again upon her heedless way,
Vain idol of so steadfast a regret
As never but with life could pass away.

Youth, and youth's easy virtues made her fair,
Triumphant through the sunny hours she ranged,
Then came the winter—bleak, unlovely, bare,
Still ruled her image over one unchanged.

So, where some trivial creature played of old,
The warm, soft clay received the tiny dint;
We cleave the deep rock's bosom, and behold,
Sapt in its core, the immemorial print.

Men marvel such frail record should outlive
The vanished forests and the hills o'er-hurled,
But high-souled Love can keep a type alive
Which has no living answer in the world,

E. Hinxman.

—*Frazer's Magazine.*

THE LIVING AGE.

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LENOX.

Soft summer sounds salute the air,
Cool country colors greet the eye;
Around my wide piazza chair
The hay-blown breezes lingering sigh.

The level lawn of gracious green,
The odorous line of gay parterre.
The clear cut paths that run between—
Content the claims of cultured care.

Near by, the neat New England town,
In latent strength of thrifty ease,
Scatters its squares of red and brown
Beneath the old familiar trees.

The white church gleaming on the hill
Beside its patch of village graves,
Lifts, like a light-house, calm and still,
Above the dark green swell of waves.

Beyond the vale the landscape looms
In mountain masses, crowned with firs,
Save where the golden chestnut blooms,
Or where the silver birch-tree stirs.

Low at their feet, in sweet surprise,
Repeating every varied hue,
The "mountain mirror" scoops the skies,
And laughs in sunshine and in blue.

And over all sublimely broods
The spirit, by Nature only taught;
And all is peace, save where intrudes
One dark, deep shade of human thought.

Embraced within her mountain arms,
Few fairer scenes the eye have met:
Would that the soul knew no alarms—
Would that the gazer could forget!

Forget the far-off strike, that shakes
His country's glory into shame;
Forget the misery that makes
A by-word of the nation's name!

Forget that she who, years ago,
Brought Freedom forth, in throes and tears,
Now lies in second labor low,
Convulsed in agony and fears.

God grant swift safety to the land:
God haste the peace-returning morn
When our great Mother yet shall stand
Triumphant with her second born!

Then, like this fair and favored place,
Shall the Republic's grandeur be;
For she shall look from heights of grace,
And undiminished glory see.

C. K. T.

—*New York Evening Post.*

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

A dreary place would be this earth
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms, like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender;
No little hands on breast and brow,
To keep the thrilling love-chords tender;

No babe within our arms to leap,
No little feet toward slumber tending;
No little knee in prayer to bend,
Our lips the sweet words lending.

What would the ladies do for work,
Were there no pants nor jackets tearing?
No tiny dresses to embroider?
No cradle for their watchful caring?

No rosy boys at wintry morn,
With satchel to the school-house hasting;
No merry shouts as home they rush;
No precious morsel for their tasting.

Tall, grave, grown people at the door,
Tall, grave, grown people at the table;
The men on business all intent,
The dames lugubrious as they're able.

The sterner souls would get more stern,
Unfeeling natures more inhuman,
And man to stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

For in that clime toward which we reach,
Through Time's mysterious, dim unfolding,
The little ones with cherub smile
Are still our Father's face beholding. *

So said His voice in whom we trust,
When in Juda's realm a preacher,
He made a child confront the proud,
And be in simple guise their teacher.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,
Were there no babies to begin it;
A doleful place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it.

* There angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.—*Matt.* xviii. 10.

From The Westminster Review.

MARRIAGES OF CONSANGUINITY.

1. *On Marriages of Consanguinity.* Dr. Bemiss. *Journal of Psychological Medicine* for April, 1857.
2. *Hygiene de Famille.* Dr. Devay. Second Edition.
3. *Comptes Rendus*, 1852–3, *passim.* Papers by MM. Boudin, Sanson, Beaudouin, Gourdon, etc.
4. *On Marriages of Consanguinity.* Dr. Child, in *Medico-Chir. Review*, April, 1862; and *Medical Times*, April 25th, 1863.
5. *On the Fertilization of Orchids.* Mr. Darwin. London. 1862.

If we had to point out the tendency or habit of mind which, more than any other, has served, in modern times, to hinder the progress of real knowledge, we should fix upon that which impels not a few really able and competent persons, when undertaking an investigation, first of all to adopt a theory, and then to look at the facts which nature presents to them by its light exclusively. Such persons do not take up a hypothesis for its legitimate use, as a guide in experimentation, as any one pursuing an investigation in the science of light would in these days start upon the undulatory theory, but adopt it with a confidence in its absolute truth which renders them utterly blind to all facts which cannot be reconciled with it, and by consequence exaggerates out of all due proportion the importance of those which really make in its favor. Of the many inconveniences attendant upon the state of mind of which we speak, one of the gravest and quite the most paradoxacal is to be found in the fact that its mischievous results always bear a direct ratio to the ability and industry of the person whom it affects. A man of real power who sets out upon a research into a complicated subject under such conditions as we have indicated, is sure to make out a good case in favor of his own preconceived view, and by so doing he will mislead others and hinder the advance of knowledge in a degree exactly proportioned to his own ability and reputation. Instances of the kind to which we refer will occur to any reader familiar with the history of almost any scientific question. But there is one feature in such cases which is especially worthy of remark; it is, that a man's preconceived notions upon any subject may take their rise from something quite distinct from, and external to, the subject itself; a religious opinion, a moral theory, a social predilection, a fact in his own family or personal history—any or all of these may, consciously or unconsciously, so modify his view of what ought to be a mere question of fact, as to render him a totally unsafe guide in any subject-matter which he has undertaken to examine and explain. The history of the scientific question forming the subject of this article will be found to illustrate these remarks even better than most others.

That there has existed, at least in all modern times, what is called a "feeling" against the intermarriage of blood relations, is a fact that cannot be denied, but of which the scientific value cannot be rated very high. Before we admit the existence of such a feeling as even *primâ facie* evidence, we should remember how often such have been found to rest either upon no ground at all, or upon an entirely mistaken one. The biting cold of the winter months in England used to be called proverbially "fine, seasonable, healthy weather," until the Registrar-General's statistics had proved to the apprehension almost of the dullest, that mortality in our climate rises *pari passu* with the fall of the thermometer. In this case, doubtless the popular delusion took its rise from the sense of exhilaration and buoyancy felt by healthy, strong, and youthful persons on a bright frosty day, as compared with the dulness and languor experienced on a damp and warm one; but it entirely left out of the account the less obvious but more really potent influence of cold upon the old, the feeble, and the ill-provided. In the case before us, the following has been suggested by Dr. Child as the not improbable history of the prevailing opinion * :—

"It should be remembered that all such marriages as those under discussion, were and are strictly prohibited in the Church of Rome. This prohibition was first removed in England by the Marriage Act of 1540, in the reign of Henry VIII. It is natural, therefore, that many people at the time should have looked upon this removal of restrictions as a somewhat questionable concession to human weakness, and upon the marriages made in consequence of it, as merely not illegal, rather than in themselves unobjectionable; just as, should the Marriage Law Amendment Bill pass into law, their can be no doubt that many would now look upon marriage with a sister-in-law as a very questionable proceeding in a social

* "Med. Chir. Review." Vol. xxix. p. 469.

and religious point of, view, although they might possibly be unable to impugn its strict legality. Under such circumstances nothing is more natural, especially in an age when men were much more open to theological than physiological considerations, than that they should attribute any ill effect which might seem to follow from such unions to the special intervention of Providence. Such ill effects would be marked and noticed whenever they occurred, and would soon become proverbial; and when, in a later age, men began to pay more attention to the breeding of animals, and found that excessively close breeding seemed, in some cases, to produce similar results, they would be led to establish a false analogy between the two cases, and to infer the existence of a law of nature which close breeding and consanguineous marriages equally infringed.

"Something like this I conceive to be the true history of the common opinion upon this subject, an opinion, which, as far as I can discover, rests on no satisfactory record of observed facts."

We are induced to insist the more strongly upon this aspect of the question because the works even of modern and professedly scientific writers bear witness both to the universality of this popular prejudice, and to the probability of its theological or rather ecclesiastical origin. Thus Niebuhr * speaks of the Ptolemies, whose history certainly affords the most striking instance on record of close breeding in the human race, as degenerate both in body and soul. He seems to forget that their dynasty continued for some three hundred years, and that the history of Cleopatra, the last sovereign, though not the last descendant of their line, is certainly not that of a person, in any intelligible sense of the words, degenerate both in body and mind. But the most remarkable instance is afforded by Dr. Devay, who, while writing especially on this subject in his work on Hygiene, which he professes to treat scientifically, occupies no small portion of the two chapters devoted to it with a long citation of fathers and doctors of the Church, from St. Augustine down to the contemporary Archbishop of Tours. Truly it might be considered a rare treat for orthodox Frenchmen in these skeptical days to find such authorities polled to settle a scientific question, were it not that a few recent events, such as the late rejection of M. Littré by the Institute, threaten to make such triumphs commonplace.

* "Lectures on Ancient History." Vol. iii. p. 471.

We turn now from the consideration of the spirit in which inquiries into our present subject have been undertaken, and proceed to give a succinct account of the facts and arguments which have been brought forward on both sides of the question, that our reader may have an opportunity of seeing what real value belongs to them, and to which side the balance of the evidence inclines. This evidence is derived from two distinct sources, which differ in their subject-matter, in the method by which they can be investigated, and in the degree of certitude which attaches to them as far as they severally go, no less than in the conclusion to which they lead. These are, 1, experience derived from the study of mankind by means of recorded observation and statistics; and 2, that drawn from the study of the lower animals and even of plants, which admits of being brought to the test of strict experiment as well as of observation. The former of these methods has been pursued with much diligence by Dr. Bemiss, MM. Boudin, Devay, and others. We give a short summary of the results arrived at by these observers, in order that our readers may be able at a glance to comprehend the several points to which we shall have to direct their attention.

	Dr. Bemiss.	Dr. Howe.	Dr. Devay.
Marriage	34	17	121
Fruitful	27	Not stated	99
Sterile	7	Not stated	22
Total Children	192	95	Not stated.

This gives in Dr. Bemiss's cases an average number of 5·6 children to each marriage; in Dr. Howe's 5·58 to each. The average number of births to each marriage in England was recently 4·5. Of the 192 children born, 58 died in early life, and 134 reached "maturity;" i.e., the number of early deaths was as 1 to 3·3. The average of deaths under 5 years old, as stated by Dr. West, is 1 to 3. It is thus clear that while the fertility of these marriages was much above the average, the infant mortality in their offspring was slightly below. In Dr. Devay's cases the total number of children is not given, and therefore no calculation on the point can be made.

In consequence of the different principles upon which these authors have arranged their statistics, it is impossible to exhibit

them at length in a tabular form, or indeed to contrast them at all in detail; we must therefore content ourselves with stating that the relation of the principal forms of disease or defects mentioned by them varies as follows:—

	Dr. Bemiss. In 75 Cases of Disease.	Dr. Howe. In 58 Cases of Dis.
Scrofula and Consumption	38 or ·506	12 or ·207
Epilepsy and Spasmodic Dis.	12 or ·16	0 ——
Deafness	2 or ·026	1 or ·017
Idiotcy	4 or ·053	44 or ·758
Deformity	2 or ·026	0 ——

From the loose form in which Dr. Devay's results are stated, we are able to contrast his statement with the above in one point only, namely, that of deformity, which appears in 27 out of 52 cases, or ·519 as against ·026 in one of the other cases, and 0 in the other.

M. Boudin's statistics are of a different character and on a much larger scale. He takes merely the one defect of deaf-mutism, and finds 1st, That while consanguineous marriages are 2 per cent. of all marriages in France, the number of deaf-mutes born of such marriages are, to all deaf-mutes,—

In Lyons	25 per cent.
In Paris	28 per cent.
In Bordeaux . . .	30 per cent.

He finds further: 2d, that the danger of deaf and dumb offspring increases with the nearness of kinship between the parents; 3d, That parents themselves deaf and dumb, do not, as a rule, produce deaf and dumb offspring, and that the defect is therefore not hereditary; 4th, That the number of deaf-mutes increases in proportion to the local difficulties to freedom of cross-marrying: thus it is in—

France	6 in 10,000.
Corsica	14 in 10,000.
Alps	23 in 10,000.
Canton Berne . .	28 in 10,000.

Before entering upon any examination of these particular statistics, it is necessary to say a few words upon the application of the statistical method to subjects of this kind. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the advantages which science, and especially biological science, has derived from the use of this method; but just in proportion to the benefit which accrues from the right use of any method, and to the consequent confidence which its application inspires, is the mischief which it can produce if misapplied, and the obstruction which it is capable of throwing in the way of the progress of knowledge when used upon a subject-matter to which it is unsuited. It may be applied, with every prospect of a successful result, in cases with which human volition has nothing to do, as it has been so applied to elucidate facts in pathology, such as the probability of death from a particular disease at a particular time of life.

Often, too, when the will of man is an element in the calculation, but when that will can be shown to be swayed by conflicting motives, the comparative power of which it is impossible to guage, a judicious application of the statistical method, if only the number of instances collected be sufficiently large, may enable us to arrive at a conclusion at least approximately true. But it does not follow from the full admission of all this, that the same method can be followed in cases such as that before us, and with a view to ascertain the causes as well as the circumstances of the phenomena to which it is applied. Thus, it may be true that we can arrive at the number of murders which will be committed in a population of a certain extent in a given time, but it does not follow that we can also tell what is the cause of all these murders, or that they all depend upon the same cause. Moreover, a murder is a fact which is usually discovered, quite independently of human testimony as to its mere occurrence; and if it is the interest of the perpetrator and his friends to conceal it, it is equally that of the friends of the victim to make it known. On the other hand, it is obvious that the value of statistics such as those the results of which we have just given depends upon the truth of a number of family histories. These are all matters of testimony, and the motives to falsification thereof lie all on the same side. There is, perhaps, as most lawyers and physicians are well aware, no point in which men are so morbidly sensitive and suspicious as one which touches a family secret, a family misfortune, or an hereditary disease. If a criminal could be convicted only upon the evidence of himself or his nearest relations, what would be the value of the statistics of crime?

These would form grave objections to any argument from statistics in a case such as that before us, and would justify us in questioning a conclusion founded exclusively upon them, even if the statistics themselves were

irreproachable. Whether they are so or not in the present instance, we shall proceed next to inquire. In so doing we must beg our readers to bear in mind the purpose for which the statistics are brought forward. Their authors are all agreed that close breeding whether in man or beast, tends of necessity to produce "degeneracy" in some form or another: and this by some unexplained and apparently inexplicable law, quite apart from and independent of those ordinary laws of inheritance, by the experience of whose action we are made aware that the diseases and peculiarities of the parent descend to his offspring, and this the more certainly if both the parents are similarly affected; and they present their several sets of statistics with the object of substantiating this view.

It is impossible not to be struck with the vague use of terms by all writers who support this side of the question. They never seem able to escape as it were from the tyranny of their own phraseology, and appear to suppose that when they have introduced a long Latin word, with a perfectly indefinite meaning, they have gone a long way towards explaining a complicated series of facts. What is really meant by "deterioration" or "degeneracy"? Every variation from an original type, not to mention every disease, might, we suppose, be spoken of as degeneracy. Thus adopting the hypothesis of the unity of the human race, if the first man was white, the black races would be degenerate, and *vice versâ;* and if he was intermediate in color, like the Arab or the Brahmin, then would black and white both equally be degenerate. No one ever doubted the potent influence of close breeding in developing and perpetuating an accidental variety—it is indeed the one only means by which this can be done; and similarly, no one doubts that, given a degeneracy of any kind—a disease or a morbid tendency, already existing, close breeding will tend to develop and perpetuate it in exact proportion to the degree in which it is close. These are merely instances of the operation of the ordinary and well-known laws of inheritance, simple deductions from the time-honored generalization expressed in homely phrase "like breeds like;" and they are intelligible just in the same degree as are any other phenomena of nature which are referred to a general expression, which is for the existing state of science an ultimate fact. Breeders know well enough that the produce of two thoroughbred shorthorns, with whose pedigree they are well acquainted, will neither be a half-bred Alderny calf nor any other mongrel. But such facts as these are far too simple and well established to satisfy those writers who wish us to believe that if only the progenitors in this example be brother and sister, the produce might vary in the remarkable manner suggested. In the case before us, moreover, the most various and apparently unconnected forms of degeneracy are all attributed to the same cause. Exactly as a Scotch peasant puts every phenomenon of nature for which he is unable to render a reason, to the account of Sir William Wallace or the devil, so do these writers attribute every conceivable imperfection existing in the offspring of parents related in blood to the fact of consanguinity alone. Each observer, it is true, puts some one defect prominently forward, but in each case it is a different one.

The qualities of offspring at birth may be said to be the resultant of the reaction of the sum of those of the two parents upon one another, together with the modifications superinduced upon them by external circumstances. Now, as the antecedents upon which the condition of any offspring depends are thus extremely complicated, it is clear that nothing less than a very large and very unequivocal experience can justify us in asserting that, in a particular case, this, that, or the other phenomenon in the offspring is the result of this, that, or the other individual antecedent in the parents. Such experience in many instances we do possess. Hereditary gout and hereditary insanity are as clearly traceable through many generations in the families in which they are inherent as is the succession to the family estate, and very often much more so. They do not pass upon every member of such families for many reasons, some of which we know, or are apt to think we know—such as emigration, change of external circumstances, habits of life, or even social position, and still more, the influence of successive intermarriages; but all this notwithstanding, the fact remains, that such defects or peculiarities, once acquired, are, as a rule, transmitted to the offspring; and if the writers of whom we are speaking had contented themselves with showing that the marriages of blood relations

are more likely, *cæteris paribus*, to produce unhealthy offspring than others where an hereditary taint exists, they would have made an assertion which, though neither very novel nor very interesting, could not well have been disputed. But what they really have asserted is something far different from this. It is substantially, that if two persons marry, being related in blood, even at so distant a degree as that of second cousins, their offspring will, as a rule, be degenerate, or will themselves produce degenerate descendants. The following remarks by another writer are quoted by Dr. Devay, and adopted by him as accurately representing his own view. (Devay, 2d ed., p. 246.)

"Ce qu'on reproche aux mariages consanguines ce n'est pas, dit le docteur Dechambre, de perpetuer dans les familles, par le moyen des alliances, les maladies susceptibles de transmission héréditaire, en certaines formes de tempérament, en certaines prédispositions organiques, comme l'étroitesse de la poitrine, ou quelque autre vice de conformation. *Il est manifeste que le condition de la consanguinité en soi n'ajoute rien aux chances d'hérédité morbide*, lesquelles dépendant de la santé des conjoints et de celle de leurs ascendants reciproques, ont la même source dans toute espèce de mariage. On accuse les alliances entre parents de même souche *d'amener de créer par le seul fait de non renouvellement de sang*, une cause spécial de dégradation organique, fatale à la propagation de l'espèce."

The questions, then, which we have to examine are as follows: 1. Is such a view as the above borne out by the facts which these writers have adduced in support of it? 2. Cannot these facts be equally well explained by the action of the ordinary laws of inheritance? and 3, Are there not other facts left out of view by these writers, which are not only left unexplained by their doctrine, but are quite irreconcilable with it? 1. The first reflection which occurs to a reader on looking at the statistics we have quoted, is, as we noticed above, the extreme diversity of the effects which are in them assigned to one and the same cause, and that, too, in cases in which the antecedents and consequents are many in number, and consist of various elements, some known and more unknown, complicated and involved among themselves in every variety of combination. The old school definition of an efficient cause, "*præsens effectum facit, mutatum mutat, sublatum tollit*," is doubtless far too narrow to be rigidly applied in investigations into the phenomena of nature; yet we cannot but look suspiciously at an alleged cause which fails to conform to the definition in every single particular. In the case before us we all know perfectly well that the five principal consequences here alleged to follow upon consanguineous marriages—viz., sterility, mutism, idiocy, deformity, and scrofula—all occur in children when no such marriage has been contracted by the parents, and are all absent far more often than present when it has. The attempt to account for them all by the same cause reminds us of nothing so much as the similar attempt to explain all geological phenomena as the effects of the Noachian deluge, and can only lead to physiological absurdities, as that unlucky hypothesis did to geological. Moreover, in all but one of these cases we know of other well-established causes upon which the unhappy results are often found to depend, and unless it can be shown that these are excluded in the instance before us, we are not at liberty to introduce a new cause of which nothing is certainly known. This brings us (2) in the second place to the consideration of how far the facts adduced can be explained by the known laws of inheritance. There is a phenomenon well known to breeders of animals, and frequently observed also among mankind, which has been recognized by physiologists under the name of atavism. By atavism is meant a tendency, the laws of whose action are at present quite unknown to us, on the part of offspring, to revert to some more or less ancestral type. Instances are not far to seek, and are familiar to many even who have not gone further than to remark the phenomenon itself. It is no uncommon thing to find a child born who grows up with but little resemblance to his immediate parents, but bearing a strong and remarkable likeness to some grandfather, or great-uncle, or other even more distant ancestor. This is a fact of common experience, nor is the likeness confined to figure or features, for similarities of disposition and temper, peculiarities both of mind and body, and even diseases, are found to descend in the same irregular and apparently unaccountable manner. Gout, one of the most hereditary maladies, has even been supposed habitually to miss each alternate generation, and fall upon the next beyond. These things,

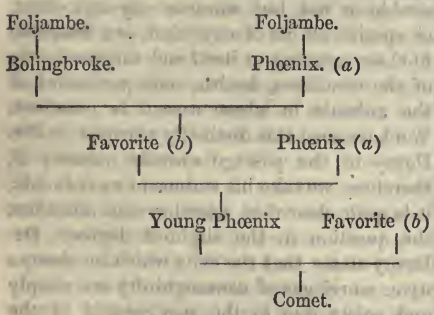
we repeat, are known to happen among mankind, but from the length of human life, as compared with that of the domestic animals, it is among the latter that we find, as we might expect, that they have been most frequently observed, and in fact, the tendency to atavism is, we believe, habitually recognized and allowed for by the breeders of cattle. But though the fact is undoubted, no man can point out beforehand the individual case in which this reversion to the old type, this relapse, as we may call it, will take place, and many a time, doubtless, has its sudden occurrence frustrated the hopes of the breeder and wasted his labor and care. Now, if the known fact of atavism is fairly considered, it at once affords an answer to the objection of M. Boudin and Dr. Devay, that the various defects and diseases, the statistics of which they have collected, cannot be traced to the parents of those subject to them, and cannot therefore be looked upon as hereditary. The commonest acquaintance with the ordinary conditions of human life will enable any one to see that it is impossible for a medical man to investigate the family histories of any fifty of his patients, so far as to arrive at a clear notion of what has been the condition of health of even the four grandparents whom nature apportions to us all; and yet, without this, how can he pronounce with any certainty that a particular disease or infirmity is not inherited? It may be urged, no doubt with some force, that to bring into the discussion a phenomenon of which we know so little as we do of atavism is to appeal not to our knowledge, but to our ignorance; but the same is true, and true in a far higher degree, of consanguinity itself.

So far as we have gone at present, it may be said that the two sides of the argument are on the whole pretty evenly balanced. The statistics of MM. Bemiss, Home, and Devay may be left to answer one another, and even if they be considered to fail in doing so, the number of instances collected by these gentlemen is insufficient to afford more than the feeblest presumption in favor of their conclusion. But when M. Boudin comes forward, counting his instances by thousands, and tells us that in France the number of deaf-mutes who are descendants of consanguineous marriages is from ten to fifteen times what it ought to be when compared with the proportion which such unions bear to the whole number of marriages, we feel that we are on different ground. Such announcements cannot fail to produce in most men's minds a strong apprehension, at the very least, that the two phenomena which he is laboring to connect have, after all, some close mutual interdependence. On the other hand, when we fairly consider the difficulties, some of which we have just seen, which lie in the way of demonstrating that the defect is not in many cases inherited, the extremely complicated character of the phenomena with which we have to deal, and, above all, the fact that on M. Boudin's own showing, the alleged cause is absent in an absolute majority of the cases in which the effect is seen to follow, we are once again compelled to suspend our judgment, and to look further for new facts before we can arrive at a conclusion.

So far, then, we might conclude that the imperfect condition of our knowledge of the phenomena of inheritance, including in that term variation and atavism, precludes our coming to any decision upon the subject, but that the general consent of mankind, together with the positive evidence which has been given, is sufficient at any rate to arouse in our minds some misgivings lest the "law of nature" which Dr. Devay and others contend for, should really be found to exist: but before we can fairly yield, even to this extent, to the arguments of these authors, we must provide an answer to the third query, viz., (3) Whether there are not some facts which are quite irreconcilable with the theory in question? Now, in the case of the human race, the difficulty of obtaining trustworthy evidence is so great, that we should despair of ever attaining even to an approximation to the truth, did we depend on it alone. It consists almost exclusively of the published opinions of certain observers, more or less competent, as to the hygienic condition of certain small communities who from their isolated position are either supposed or known to intermarry frequently among themselves; and their opinions are found to be as contradictory in character as they are scanty in number. Fortunately, however, the evidence derived from the breeding of animals, and the record of that evidence preserved in the "Herd-book" and the "Stud-book," is clear and decisive upon this point. Mr. J. H. Walsh, well known, under the *nom-de-*

plume of Stonehenge, as an authority upon sporting matters, says distinctly in his recent work, that nearly all our thorough-bred horses are bred inand in. M. Beaudouin also, in a memoir to be found in the *Comptes Rendus* of Aug. 5, 1862, gives some very interesting particulars of a flock of Merino sheep bred in and in, for a period of two-and-twenty years, without a single cross, and with perfectly successful results, there being no sign of decreased fertility, and the breed having in other respects improved.

Dr. Child, in the first of his two papers on this subject, gives the pedigree of the celebrated bull "Comet," and of some other animals bred with a degree of closeness such as no one who has not studied the subject would believe possible, and any approach to which in the human race would be quite impossible. In one of these cases the same animal appears as the sire in *four* successive generations. The pedigree of "Comet" is so striking that we are induced to insert it.



Now, bearing in mind the argument of MM. Boudin, Devay, etc., that it is nothing but the mere nearness of blood relationship, and not any ordinary inheritance of parental defects, which produces the ill-effects which they trace to consanguinity, such examples as these ought surely to have great weight. On the other hand, it is clear that even if it were established that such breeding as that from which "Comet" was descended had invariably led to degeneracy and disease, we should not be thereby warranted in arguing from it that an occasional marriage of cousins among mankind had even the slightest tendency to produce similar results. But, on the other hand, we may certainly allege with some fairness, that if at the end of such a pedigree there is produced a remarkably fine specimen of the species to which it belongs, mere close breeding, independently of the qualities of the animals bred from, can have no ill tendency at all. At once so obvious and so forcible has this argument been felt to be, that the supporters of the opposite view have been at considerable pains to evade or destroy it. Four principal objections have been laid against either the admissibility or the value of the evidence derived from the lower animals. (1.) It has been said that prize-animals are not in fact perfect animals, but monsters, i.e., deviations from, or modifications of, the natural type of the species, induced by man with the object of fitting them for special purposes of his own. (2.) That pigs and other animals have been known to die out altogether after being bred in and in for several generations. (3.) That the evidence is valueless as applied to mankind, inasmuch as when animals are closely bred with success, the progenitors in such cases are carefully selected from among the stoutest and most healthy that the breeder can obtain. (4.) The last objection applies especially, or indeed, exclusively, to M. Boudin's attempt to prove the prevalence of deaf-mutism in the offspring of consanguineous marriages; it is that the defect is one from which man, "the talking animal," alone can suffer, and one therefore expressly designed by Providence to punish man for a breach of nature's law. The special ingenuity of this objection lies in the attempt which it makes to draw a broad distinction between man and the lower animals, and thus to discredit the evidence derived from the latter in its application to the former. Dr. Child meets it in his second paper with the remark "that deaf-dumbness means, as a rule, congenital deafness, and such a defect is almost as serious where it exists in the lower animals as in man."

As the settlement of this question of the applicability to man of the evidence derived from the lower animals, seems to be of great importance to the thorough understanding of the whole subject before us, we will examine the above objections somewhat in detail.

(1.) The statement that prize animals are unnatural, and therefore not perfect animals, nor fair types of their several races, contains undeniably a certain amount of truth. Those mere quivering masses of fat which appear from time to time in Baker Street, under the title of prize-pigs, are doubtless no nearer an approach to the perfection of pig-nature than

was the celebrated Daniel Lambert to the noblest standard of corporeal humanity; but it is nowise proved that they are in any intelligible sense degenerate. They are not only carefully bred, but also artificially fattened for a special purpose; and there is no more reason to doubt that they would have been quite different animals had they been differently treated, than there is that the same man who is hard and active as a Newmarket jockey, might become corpulent, pursy, and dyspeptic, if he entered on "the public line" and spent his time dozing in his bar over rum-and-water and a pipe. This objection is therefore not proven even when most strongly put, and when a fairer instance is taken will be found to break down utterly. Such an instance is to be found in the English thorough-bred horse. Writers upon sporting matters are pretty generally agreed that no horse either bears fatigue so well or recovers from its effects so soon as the thorough-bred, and it is a subject upon which such writers are the best of all authorities. Thus "Nimrod" concludes a comparison between the thorough-bred and the half-bred hunter in the following words: "As for his powers of endurance under equal sufferings, they doubtless would exceed those of the 'cocktail,' and being by his nature what is termed a better doer in the stable, he is sooner at his work again than the other. *Indeed, there is scarcely a limit to the work of full-bred hunters* of good form and constitution and temper;" and yet these, as we have seen, are almost all close-bred.

(2.) With regard to the allegation that some animals have been known to die out after being closely interbred through a long series of generations, while we do not dispute the fact that such may have been the case, we are not aware of any instance of which the particulars have been noted in a satisfactory or really scientific form. We know neither after how many generations this result was produced, what was the degree of close breeding, nor what were the other conditions under which the animals were placed. All these particulars it is necessary to know before we admit the efficiency of *mere* close breeding as a cause of degeneracy, in the face of the evidence above adduced. The last, viz., the conditions under which the creatures were placed, is a matter of the greatest importance, inasmuch as if once any particular disease or defect be induced upon a stock, there is no doubt that it can be transmitted and intensified to an indefinite degree by close breeding. Just as a careful breeder can take advantage of any accidental variety produced in his stock, and perpetuate it, if it be desirable to do so, so, by careless close breeding, may a disease be perpetuated, however undesirable or mischievous it be.

(3.) That the selection which is always practised in the close breeding of animals should ever have been brought forward at all, as against the applicability of evidence thence derived to the case of the human race, is a fact both curious and significant. It is so inasmuch as it shows at once how completely the few persons who have been at the pains to consider this subject at all have looked upon it not as a question of scientific physiology, but merely from a practical point of view. The question which really has to be decided is not whether under any particular circumstances close breeding is desirable or not, but whether any evil effect, or specific effects of any kind, are traceable to close breeding in itself and independently of the condition, health, and perfection of the animals in whose case it is practised. We have seen this distinctly affirmed by Dr. Devay in the passage already quoted; if, therefore, we take his statement as it stands, it is quite clear that selection does not affect the question in the slightest degree. Dr. Devay states that the evils which he charges upon marriages of consanguinity are simply and solely due to the *non-renewal* of the blood, as he terms it, independently of any previous taint in the progenitors, which, he even ventures to assert, where it exists adds nothing to the chances of degeneration in the offspring. Now the non-renewal of the blood is manifestly just as complete, if the degree of close breeding be the same, when the most careful selection has been exercised, as where none has, and if, as in some of the instances which we have cited (the bull "Comet," for example), close breeding, with selection, has been carried to an extent inconceivably greater than is possible in the human race, with no ill-consequences whatever, this constitutes a simple demonstration that mere non-renewal of the blood does not necessarily cause degeneracy, and that Dr. Devay's theory is therefore utterly untenable. In point of fact, what we may really learn by

studying the effect of selection is that no law of nature, whatever, is infringed by close breeding, to whatever extent it be carried, but that precisely the same laws of inheritance obtain in it as in other cases.

The distinction which is now drawn between the study of this subject as a question of scientific physiology, and as a matter affecting practical life, is one of some importance. The consideration of it from the latter point of view might, if a sufficient number of trustworthy facts could be collected, be of some value, at least as a guide to indicate the direction in which investigation of a more scientific character could be carried on with the best prospect of success. Thus, the fact which M. Boudin has brought forward might profitably induce any one who should have the means of doing it, to investigate what are really the causes of congenital deafness. It is impossible to believe that mere non-renewal of blood is the cause, since the phenomenon is met with where the supposed cause is absent, and is itself absent in the great majority of cases in which it is in operation. The next step, therefore, should be to endeavor to learn what are all the antecedents in a mass of cases of deaf-mutism, with the view of discovering any one which is common to them all. When this is carefully done, it may not improbably be found that some other and quite dissimilar phenomenon has existed in the progenitors, having a tendency to bring about deafness in their offspring, and that this tendency has been developed with additional force by the marriage with the same family, exactly as is the case with other taints of disease. In order to illustrate our meaning, let us take, for example, one of those cases of correlation of growth brought forward by Mr. Darwin. He finds that all cats having blue eyes are deaf. Now, it has been found, and cases in proof of it have been published, that this is not absolutely true, though approximately so. It is evident that there is some casual connection between these two phenomena, though which it may be is entirely unknown. Let us suppose, then, that previously to the announcement of this fact by Mr. Darwin, any one holding Dr. Devay's views on consanguinity had been making observations upon it on certain cats. He chances to have two cats with blue eyes, but not deaf, brother and sister we will suppose: upon these two breeding together the progeny produced are deaf. The observer in this case would almost certainly conclude that the deafness was a result of the consanguinity of the parents, whereas, had he known more of the antecedents of the case, he would have seen that the blue, eyes of the parents indicated a strong tendency to deafness, and that this being the case in both, deafness had actually resulted in the offspring by the action of the ordinary laws of inheritance. Or, to give another example, which will be unhappily more familiar to many of our readers, and which deals more with actual and less with hypothetical facts than the above, let us take the case of hydrocephalus, or water on the brain, as it occurs in infants. This disease is now well known to be in one of its two forms a manifestation of the same constitutional disorder which produces consumption and other forms of scrofula; but this knowledge is a comparatively recent acquisition of pathological science. Had Dr. Devay then been conducting researches into the question of consanguinity, he might doubtless have discovered in certain regions where consumption was very prevalent, that the children of cousins were unusually subject to hydrocephalus, and not knowing of any connection between two diseases superficially so different, would doubtless have announced that this was a special provision of Providence to restrain mankind from consanguineous marriages, with as much confidence as he has now declared the same of deaf-dumbness, deformity, etc.

It is only by some really scientific investigation of the facts, some investigation, that is, which shall reduce them under the operation of a recognized, or at least recognizable law, that we can hope to obtain even such a knowledge of this subject as shall serve for a guide in practical life; and mere empirical generalization such as those of Dr. Devay and M. Boudin, are of little or no value even for this purpose, so long at least as the exceptional cases continue far more numerous than those which can be brought under the law. Such generalizations act more often than not as mere hindrances to the progress of science, or help it on only in so far as they provoke discussion, and thus, in the very process of being themselves overthrown, contribute to increase or correct our knowledge of the facts upon which they profess to be founded.

We have now then arrived at the end of an-

other stage of our inquiry, and must consider that the question which was left in doubt by the near balance of the evidence obtained from the study of mankind, is settled decisively against the theory which attributes ill effects to the mere non-renewal of the blood by the much more extensive and less equivocal evidence which we derive from experiment upon the lower animals. And in this position we might have been content to leave the subject, had not Mr. Darwin recently entered arena as a champion in the same cause as Dr. Devay. The whole of Mr. Darwin's most interesting and valuable volume upon the "Fertilization of Orchids" was written, as he tells us at the outset, in order to substantiate the assertion that "it is apparently a universal law of nature that organic beings require an occasional cross with another individual." This supposed law of nature is very ingeniously used in Mr. Darwin's previous work to serve as a support to the theory there advanced as to the origin of species, and at the end of the volume from which we quote, the author sums up his views upon the point in the following words, which will no doubt be fresh in the memory of many of our readers:—

"Considering how precious the pollen of orchids evidently is, and what care has been bestowed on its organization, and on the accessory parts; considering that the anther always stands close behind or above the stigma, self-fertilization, would have been an incomparably safer process, than the transportal of the pollen from flower to flower. It is an astonishing fact that self-fertalization should not have been an habitual occurrence. It apparently demonstrates to us, that there must be something injurious in the process. Nature thus tells us, in the most emphatic manner, that she abhors perpetual self-fertilization. This conclusion seems to be of high importance, and perhaps justifies the lengthy details given in this volume. For may we not further infer as probable, in accordance with the belief of the vast majority of the breeders of our domestic productions, that marriage between near relations is likewise in some way injurious—that some unknown great good is derived from the union of individuals which have been kept distinct for many generations?"—pp. 259, 60.

It is not our present purpose to enter into any general discussion of the theory popularly known as Darwinism, nor do we for one moment wish to withhold from its author his well-deserved tribute of praise and admiration for the marvellous diligence with which he has observed and recorded the phenomena of nature, the clearness of his descriptions, and above all, the admirable candor with which he has admitted the full force and cogency of some of the objections, which lie against his views. We confine ourselves at present to the very much narrower consideration of how far the inferences which he has drawn, in the very small portion of his subject which affects the question before us, are really borne out by the facts which he has adduced in their support, and whether there are not other facts of a precisely similar character which cannot be reconciled with them.

Mr. Darwin's argument, stated in a succinct form, appears to be as follows. If we examine the class of orchids, we find that the stigma and the pollinia, in most cases, exist in the same flower, and are in very close juxtaposition. We find also various indications that the pollen of orchids is precious, that is to say, it exists in small quantities, and various precautions, as we may call them, are taken by nature to prevent its waste. These facts, taken together, would naturally lead us to suppose that orchids would be self-fertilizing, but we find, on the contrary, that in by far the greater number of species the most curious and elaborate contrivances exist, whereby the fertilization of one flower by the pollen of another almost invariably occurs, through the medium of insects, and that if the visits of insects are artificially prevented, no fertilization takes place. We may hence conclude that some evil must result to the species from the perpetual recurrence of self-fertilization, and may extend our inference so far as to suppose that close breeding of any kind, even in so diluted a form as that practised among civilized mankind by the marriage of cousins, is in some unknown way injurious, and, in fact, that within certain limits, the more remote is the connection between two individuals who are to breed together, the better will it be for their offspring.

It is certainly curious that this should be the doctrine of one whose main theory leads directly to the conclusion that all organic beings are the lineal descendants of some one primeval monad. We do not mean for a moment to say that more than a mere apparent and superficial contradiction is here suggested, for intercrossing is merely one among

many of the forces to which Mr. Darwin refers the gradual evolution of new forms of life, and it is one which we may easily suppose to have come into action at a period comparatively recent. But when we come to look into the argument more closely, the first tincture of distrust is imparted to our minds by the fact that, after all, it is but an argument from "final causes."

Now, final causes have been looked upon with some suspicion ever since the time of Bacon; and it has certainly not been by the investigation of them that the chief discoveries of modern days have been made. In point of fact, in making use of an argument of this kind a man leaves everything like firm ground behind him, and sails out upon an ocean of uncertainties in which he has neither chart nor compass by which to steer. When he argues that such a phenomenon must exist for such a purpose, because there is no other purpose for which it can exist, it is obvious that his real meaning is,—because I don't know of any other purpose which it can subserve. But since the facts of nature which we understand, bear no very large proportion to those of which we are ignorant, these two propositions do not seem to bear any very necessary relation to each other. And after all, what has Mr. Darwin really proved? He has shown us that in the greater number of species of one class of plants certain arrangements which, on a superficial view, would seem intended to bring about constant self-fertilization, are found, when more closely looked into, to conduce to exactly the contrary result; but it remains upon his own showing that there are, at least in one species, the bee-ophrys, equally elaborate contrivances for production of self-fertilization, as exist in the others for the prevention of it. If there were anything necessarily pernicious in the process itself, how is it that this exceptional case does not become extinct in time, instead of being, as Mr. Darwin admits that it is, the most prolific of our native orchids? We may admit what he also shows, viz., that *occasional* intercrosses are also brought about even in this case; but if we take the fact of the rarity of this event, together with that of the prolific character of the plant, it will be hard to arrive at a conclusion therefrom which will satisfy the requirements of Mr. Darwin's theory.

If we find that in the bee-orphyrs, for instance, self-fertilization takes place fifty times while a cross occurs once, we are quite as well justified, to say the least, in arguing that it is a beneficial process because it is the rule, as that it is a pernicious one because it is a rule which admits of some few exceptions. Now, in point of fact, if we take the whole vegetable kingdom, instead of the one order of orchids, we shall find that the latter are almost as exceptional in their mode of fertilization, as compared with other plants, as is the bee-ophrys when compared with other orchids. In some cases, as that of the barberry, contrivances very much similar to those described in the orchids exist for the very purpose of convenient self-fertilization; but such instances Mr. Darwin meets by the statement, that if several varieties of barberry are growing together, it is found that intermediate forms do in fact spring up, thus proving that mutual fertilization frequently occurs. Here, again, the same objection seems to lie, namely, that his inference is drawn not from the rule but from the exception. In the instance both of the bee-ophrys and of the barberry, self-fertilization is the ordinary mode of propogation, and it is therefore difficult to believe that in the vast series of past generations from which every existing plant has sprung, there have been any appreciable proportion of crosses. We are not here concerned to discuss the bearing of this matter upon Mr. Darwin's main argument, viz., the origin of species. It is, perhaps, possible that the supposition of a cross taking place once in fifty, or once in two hundred times, might satisfy the requirements of his theory. All which we have to do is to examine its bearing upon the questions which he has connected with it in the passage we have cited, and this certainly seems sufficiently remote. It is surely somewhat unsatisfactory reasoning to say, "It appears necessary in all cases that there should be an occasional interruption to the perpetual series of self-fertilization, in all organic beings, *therefore* we may believe that a similar occasional intercross is necessary where breeding takes place between two individuals of very near blood relationship, hence we may further infer that such intercrosses should be the rule; and finally, that even an occasional instance of interbreeding between two individuals very slightly related in blood is likely to be productive of serious

degeneration in the offspring." Yet this is really but a pharaphrase of Mr. Darwin's reasoning in the above passage of his work. The difference of degree between the cases is so great as to destroy all analogy between them, and render the reasoning which might be sound in the one case totally inapplicable to the other. So great is it, that if, from the mere non-renewal of the blood, any appreciable degeneration took place in the offspring of a marriage of cousins, our finest breeds of sheep and cattle and horses would have long since become the most miserably degenerate beings on the face of the earth, if indeed any of them still remained upon it.

In conclusion, we will inquire shortly into the evidence which has been afforded by certain experiments recently made upon the growth of wheat, having for their object its improvement for agricultural purposes, and made, therefore, without any previous bias in favor either of close breeding or of crossing.

In pacing through the Great Exhibition of last summer, many of our readers may have noticed among the agricultural products in the Eastern Annexe some magnificent ears of corn, bearing the somewhat novel title of "pedigree wheat," which excited the admiration of all those interested in such matters —except, indeed, the jurors, who left them unnoticed. This wheat was exhibited by Mr. Hallet, of Brighton, who has given its history in the Royal Agricultural Society's Journal, vol. xxii. Part 2. It appears that this gentleman having conceived the notion that careful breeding might produce some of the same advantages in cereals which it has been found to do in cattle and horses, commenced some years ago a series of experiments with the view of carrying out his idea. Having selected one ear of wheat of remarkably fine quality, he sowed the grains separately, at a distance of twelve inches apart. The next year he further selected the one finest ear produced from the former, and treated that in a similar way. The following table gives the result at the end of the fifth year from the original sowing:—

Year.		Length.	Containing,	Number of ears on Stool.
		Inches.	Grains.	
1857	Original ear	4 3-8	45	...
1858	Finest ear	6 1-4	79	10
1859	Ditto	7 3-4	91	22
1860	Ears imperfect from wet season	. . .	...	39
1861	Finest ear	8 3-4	123	52

"Thus," says Mr. Hallett, "by means of repeated selection alone, the length of the ears has been doubled, their contents nearly trebled, and the tillering power of the seed increased five-fold." By "tillering," we should perhaps mention, is meant the horizontal growth of the wheat-plant, which takes place before the vertical stems are thrown up, and upon the extent of which, therefore, depends in a great degree the number of ears which the single plant produces. Now, there can be no doubt that a great deal of the marvellous improvement shown in the above table is due to the treatment to which Mr. Hallet subjected his wheat; that is to say, to the fact of its being sown singly and apart, so that each plant has been allowed to develop itself fully; but we cannot attribute the whole to this cause.

The point in which we are especially interested is the fact that this wheat was, without any reasonable doubt, close bred throughout the whole of these five generations; and the result has been not deterioration, but most marked improvement. If we consider the structure of the wheat-flower, and the conditions under which it grew in these cases, we cannot entertain a doubt upon this questions. Each individual flower is hermaphrodite, the flowers grow close together in a spike, and the number of stems thrown up from one seed all stand in a mass together. Hence it is hardly possible that the stigma of any one flower should receive pollen from any but either its own anthers or those of another flower on the same plant, which even Mr. Darwin himself admits can hardly be considered as a distinct individual. That Mr. Hallet himself has no doubt upon this point is proved by the following extract from a

private letter of his, which we have seen, in which he thus answers a question upon this subject. "As to crossing, I must in theory admit the *possibility* of its taking place, but have the fullest conviction that practically it has not taken place in my wheat and other cereals."

Mr. Hallet had also found that the improvement in the sixth generation has been even greater than in any of the others. Now, though it is true that the result of a trial of six generations does not vouch for that of one of sixty or six hundred, it is still good as far as it goes, and since it has led to a marked and unprecedented improvement in the original stock, it certainly tends to throw doubt upon the opinion that mere close breeding is of itself productive of degeneration.

On the whole evidence before us, then, we cannot conclude otherwise than that the very general opinion, that there is some special law of nature which close breeding infringes, is founded rather on a kind of superstition than on any really scientific considerations. If we look upon the question as one of science, we find that the facts given as evidence in favor of this opinion, all except those adduced by Mr. Boudin, can, without difficulty, be reduced under the ordinary laws of inheritance; and even those which he has brought forward, though at present not accounted for by the same laws, cannot be shown to be exemptions to their action, and remain quite equally unaccounted for by the introduction of the hypothesis under discussion. On the other hand, the known facts brought to light by investigation among the lower animals and plants, are such as positively to disprove this hypothesis, as regards them; and it would require much more stringent proof than any one has ever yet attempted to bring forward, in order to justify us in believing that man is under the action of physiological laws differing from those which obtain in the rest of the animal kingdom. The aspect of the question before us from the practical point of view is, however, somewhat different. Here further evidence is still required, and will, no doubt, be collected. It is, of course, conceivable, whether probable or not, that there may exist at the present time in civilized communities, so few families really free from all taint of disease or imperfection, as to render intermarriage of blood relations unsafe by the action of the ordinary laws of inheritance. We are ourselves strongly disposed to disbelieve, in the absence of strict evidence, in any such degenerate condition as the normal state of modern humanity; but it is this point, and nothing further, which observation and statistics are capable of deciding; and in order even to do this, the observations must be more careful and the statistics far more extensive, than any which have yet been recorded.

THE *Journal de Geneve* contains the following from a Paris correspondent: "'La Vie de César, par Louis Napoleon,' is printing at this moment. There can be no further doubt about it; and I am in possession of information from the imperial printing-office to the effect that a first impression, consisting of one hundred copies, has been struck off, in which the necessary alterations are being made at this time. Workmen have been selected for this purpose who have been employed in the office for many years; and they have been told that on the slightest indiscretion on their part they will lose their places. After the printing of each leaf in quarto every form is secured with three chains and three locks, the keys of which M. Petitin, the director of the printing-office, takes with him. As soon as the printing is completed, the sheets are taken into the emperor's cabinet; then the *collaborateurs* set to work correcting the press, or altering such passages as the emperor wishes to see re-done. You see that measures are pretty well taken against any information reaching foreign papers—a subject of great dread with the author. The work, it is further said, will appear in a few months, and in two editions—one printed at the imperial printing-office, the other at Plon."

THOMAS CARLYLE ON THE AMERICAN QUESTION. *Illiad (Americana) in nuce.*—PETER *of the North (to* PAUL *of the South)*—"Paul, you unaccountable scoundrel, I find you hire your servants for life, not by the month or year as I do! You are going straight to hell, you ——?"

PAUL—"Good words, Peter! The risk is my own; I am willing to take the risk. Hire your servants by the month or day, and get straight to heaven; leave me to my own method."

PETER—"No, I won't. I will beat your brains out first!" (*And is trying dreadfully ever since, but cannot yet manage it.*) T. C.

May, 1863. —*Macmillan's Magazine.*

From The British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review.

Les Médecins au Temps de Molière—Mœurs, Institutions, Doctrines. Par Maurice Raynaud, Docteur en Médecine ès Lettres. Paris. 1862. 8vo.

The Physicians of the Time of Molière; their Manners, Institutions, Doctrines, etc. By Dr. Maurice Raynaud.

They say in France that there are certain people who affect to execrate the medical profession, in order to make believe that they have read Molière.

It has certainly been a generally accepted belief that the author of "Le Malade imaginaire" and "L'Amour Médecin" was at bitter feud with the Paris Faculty of Medicine, and that his sharp sallies of wit against the absurdities once common, but now rare, among professors of the art of healing, sprang from motives of personal hostility to his medical contemporaries. Better knowledge of the time and circumstances has long convinced all who have examined the matter closely, that such was not the case, and we deem the publication of M. Raynaud's interesting book a favorable opportunity of ventilating a question of some interest in medical literature.

It must be taken for granted that Molière's vocation was that of a satirist. Son of an upholsterer, and valet to a king who could not but regard with favor so witty and pleasant a servant, the dramatist, while conscious of the inferiority of his position and the superiority of his genius, possessed unusual opportunities of observing men as they are in the artificial region of a court. The king was not above enjoying the fun of seeing his courtiers and nobles pelted with Molière's ridicule, and even condescended occasionally to suggest to him new victims. This was notoriously the case with the Marquis de Soyecourt, for the display of whose oddity and passion for the chase, Molière, at his majesty's desire, added a scene to "Les Fâcheux." Unable, at the very short notice he had received from the king, to get up all the hunting terms necessary for the new scene, the unabashed wit adroitly extracted them from the marquis himself, who was Grand Veneur.

Called upon to provide amusement for his royal master, Molière composed the greater number of his plays to set off the splendid fêtes which Louis delighted in giving at Versailles, Fontainbleau, and elsewhere. The introduction of a character well known to all the audience gave piquancy to these plays. Authors cannot take liberties of this kind without incurring peril; and Molière, notwithstanding the august protection he enjoyed, occasionally suffered for his impudence. The Duc de Feuillade, being generally pointed at as the original of Molière's "Marquis de Tarte à la Crême," avenged himself in a sorry way. Meeting the poet in one of the royal apartments, he saluted him amicably; as Molière bowed in return, the duke seized him by the head, and violently rubbed his fair effeminate face against the metal buttons of the ducal coat, exclaiming, "Tarte à la crême, Molière! Tarte à la crême!"

A writer who did not fear to incense dukes and marquises; who braved the wrath of the theological world by his "Tartuffe;" who incurred the anger of the women by "Les Précieuses ridicules," "L'Ecole des Femmes," and "Les Femmes savantes," was not the man to pause in the pursuit of medical men whenever they offered him fair game. Absurdities certainly were not wanting in the profession. Dogmatism in medical science was rampant. The scholastic glosses upon Hippocrates and Galen had accumulated into a vast mass of abstractions, which still held sway among the faculty. The four elements—earth, air, fire, and water; the dry, the damp, the hot, and the cold; the four humors, the nine temperaments—were manipulated in syllogisms with a vain, profitless subtlety that resulted in mere word-puzzles, more like a complicated algebraical problem than a serious inquiry into matters of life and death.

Molière was no indifferent observer of this state of things. For the greater part of his life he was a martyr to disease. The striking portrait of him hung in the gallery at Dulwich, is expressive of physical pain. He was subject to a convulsive cough, or hiccough, from which nothing but the strictest diet could keep him free. Being a self-indulgent man (a characteristic also expressed in the portrait), and living in the midst of a luxurious court, the restraint imposed upon his appetite is said to have irritated him against the art which was called curative yet failed to cure him. Higher reasons, doubtless, cooperated in urging him to the onslaught he made on the prevailing system. His keen intellect, which, be it remembered, had been

exercised under the tutorship of the learned Gassendi, fully sympathized with men who —like Guy Patin, for instance—led the reaction which had already commenced against scholastic pedantry. The force and perennial freshness of his wit arises in no small measure from the profound insight into the nature and fitness of things which they exhibit. This truism, which applies to all writers of real genius, it is needful to keep before us distinctly when we hear Molière described as a mere writer of farces. M. Raynaud has given a very able, learned, and dispassionate chapter on the medical doctrines of the period which his book embraces. He points out specifically what Gassendi did to break through the spider's web of pedantry with which the schools had obscured the really great merits of the physicians of antiquity; and he then proceeds to indicate how, and in what plays, Molière reflects the teaching of his master in philosophy. As sincere in his hatred of dead formulas, shams, pedantry, and all that belongs to the Tartuffes of science, as any man in our own day, Molière contributed in no inconsiderable degree to the demolition of those *idola* which stood in the way of the new philosophy. His earliest pieces, performed while he was still roaming the provinces—pieces of which little more than the titles remain to us—show that his mind was then directed to the abuses of science falsely so called.

In the "Three Rival Doctors," the "Schoolmaster," and the "Doctor in Love," the same peculiarities of contradiction and inconsistency prevailed which were afterwards elaborated in the character of Metaphrastes in the "Dépit amoureux," of Caritides in the "Facheux," of Pancrace in the "Mariage forcé," and of Vadius in the "Femmes savantes." The one, an outrageous talker proves in an harangue half an hour long, that he knows how to hold his tongue; another worries his interlocutor to death by a discussion on the shape of a hat; all of them are infatuated with their own accumulation of unprofitable knowledge, classified, divided, and subdivided, and are able on every question to quote the opinion of the ancients, whether in Latin, Greek, or Hebrew, yet they show themselves absolutely ignorant of the practical point upon which their opinion is asked.

In dealing with the two vices of the then Faculty in France, pedantry and charlatanism, Molière seems to recognize the honesty that may accompany the former. Thus, in "Le Malade imaginaire," Beralde says to the infatuated Argan—

"Your M. Purgon, for example, has no pretence about him; he is a doctor all over, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot; a man that believes in his rules more than in all the demonstrations of mathematics, and who thinks a wish to examine them criminal. He sees nothing obscure, doubtful, or difficult in medicine, but with an impetuosity of prejudice, a rigidity of self-confidence, and a brutality of common sense and reason, prescribes his purges and his bleedings right and left without one moment's hesitation. You must not take it ill whatever he may do to you, for he will despatch you with the best intentions in the world, and in killing you he will only do what he has done for his wife and children, and what, if need were, he would do for himself."

Though Purgon is generally taken for the famous and able Dr. Fagon, the last stinging sentence of our quotation reflects an accusation which Guy Patin makes against Guenaut, physician to the king, of having put to death his wife, daughter, nephew, and two sons-in-law with his favorite remedy antimony. The amenities of social intercourse were not much observed in the terrible war between antimony and phlebotomy, by which the profession in the seventeenth century was riven asunder.

The letters of Guy Patin contain passages aimed at his brethren, compared with which the language of Molière is politeness itself. He seems to have been enchanted at the success of the latter, and on hearing of the performances in which the court physicians were ridiculed, he writes—"Thus people laugh at those who kill mankind with impunity." We remark that Guy Patin only heard of the play. Etiquette did not then permit grave persons, such as physicians, judges, bishops, to indulge in so frivolous an entertainment as a comedy.

As a pendant to the dramatized pedant Purgon, we may here refer to a good example of Molière's treatment of the species quack in the consultation scene of "Monsieur de Pourceaugnac," where the unfortunate hero of the play, being in perfect health, is entrapped into the hands of two practitioners, between whom, once safely seated, he cannot

escape until he has heard an exposition of his melancholy condition enough to drive him mad.

In September, 1665, appeared that play which has been called the dramatists' declaration of war against the faculty, "L'Amour Médecin." The plot of this comedy is extremely simple. Sganarelle, Molière's type of the bourgeois, is a widower with an only daughter, Lucinda, whom he is very desirous to keep at home, and unmarried, for the sake of his own comfort, not only that he may be spared the cost of a housekeeper, but also that he may escape the necessity of providing his daughter with a dowry. Lucinda has contrived to fall in love with Clitander, and by pining after him she is reduced to a very low condition of melancholy. The father seeks his daughter's confidence, but when he finds himself on the point of discovering a love-affair he craftily flies off at a tangent, declares he can get nothing out of the girl, and that she is an obstinate child, upon whom reasoning is thrown away. Lucinda in vain tries to force her confessions upon him; he will not hear her, and spite of the loud reiteration in his ears of the word "husband," he persists in saying she is a bad girl who will not say what is the matter with her. The bold partisan who shouts to him that "'Tis a husband she wants," is Lisette, the servant, who resolves to obtain by intrigue what has not been ceded to persuasion. She easily contrives to alarm Sganarelle by announcing the dangerous illness of his daughter. The most eminent physicians are sent for post haste. Lisette is very sharp in her remarks upon those learned gentlemen, who, as if by way of contrast to the solemnity which kept them from visiting the theatre, are introduced upon the stage dancing and making their reverences to Sganarelle. They are four in number, and after a conversation with the master of the house and Lisette, being left to themselves they sit down, and with a cough all round, commence a consultation; or rather they seem to do so, for their talk is upon the mules they ride, the ground they have covered, and the disputes raging among the profession. Sganarelle comes back and presses for a decision. All four physicians begin to reply at once, and when the confusion of tongues has subsided, one is heard to assert that the patient must be bled immediately, the advantage of which is flatly denied by another, who recommends an emetic. A brief and hot dispute ensues between the two physicians, who are both extremely personal in their allusions to the deaths of former patients by bleeding and by antimony respectively. They each leave Sganarelle with the solemn assurance that the treatment prescribed by his rival will be the death of the girl. The perplexed father thereupon refers to the remaining two doctors, who bewilder him still more by their pedantic talk. This portion of the play was deemed by the faculty of that day the most offensive, being, we fear, for the time, at any rate, very true to nature. Sganarelle is about to try the effect of a quack medicine upon his daughter, when Clitander is introduced by Lisette as a doctor who cures by talismans. The father is hoodwinked, and the lovers adopt, in his presence and with his consent, the talismanic formula of marriage, which turns out to be marriage in sober earnest. So ends the play.

Much of the point and severity of this satirical comedy lay in the counterfeiting of living men, whose peculiarities were closely imitated by the actors, even to the drawl of one and the stutter of another. Guy Patin says that masks indicative of the features of the ridiculed physicians were worn by the actors, but this could hardly have been necessary, and would have been needlessly offensive. As Guy Patin only wrote from hearsay, his authority for the statement is by no means conclusive. Molière was assisted by Boileau in inventing Greek names for his victims, who, be it remembered though they were attached to the court, were not necessarily the heads of the profession.

It has generally been supposed that the original of the four doctors here put on the stage were MM. Daquin, Desfougerais, Guenaut, and Esprit. M. Raynaud gives very good reasons for substituting the names of Valot and Brayer for Daquin and Esprit, and thus brings together the very four men who were in attendance upon Cardinal Mazarin in his last moments (1661). An unseemly altercation took place on the occasion, according to Guy Patin, who writes—

"Yesterday, at two o'clock, in the Bois de Vincennes, four doctors—namely, Guenaut, Valot, Brayer, and Beda (Desfougerais), could not agree as to the kind of disease the patient died of. Brayer said the spleen was

ruined, Guenaut said it was the liver, Valot maintained it was the lungs, and that there was water on the chest, Desfougerais affirmed there was mesenteric disease. . . . There are four clever men!"

Valot, whom M. Raynaud assumes to be the original of Tomès (the incisor), succeeded Vautier as first court physician, in 1652, on paying thirty thousand crowns to the cardinal. Louis XIV., who was very methodical, made him keep a "journal of the king's health,"* which was continued by Daquin and Fagon. Who can say whether a page of that professional diary may not often explain the turns of policy pursued by the monarch, and reveal the momentous importance of a fit of indigestion in a king? Nothing was hid from the medical attendants, upon whom Louis relied implicitly. He liked to laugh at them, but he would not for the world have been without them. It was but a pleasant bit of malice that prompted him to say, "Surely we may laugh at the doctors a little, for they make us suffer enough."

A great cry was raised when Valot, not then of the court, was called in to advise about the illness of the king, who, in 1647, was seized with the small-pox. Valot recommended bleeding, to the horror of his colleagues, but the king recovered. For Anne of Austria, the queen-mother, and his early patroness, who died of cancer in the breast, Valot could do little, and he incurred the displeasure of his jealous contemporaries in consequence. He was already long past work when war with the Low Countries broke out, and being resolved to follow the king into Flanders, he succumbed to the fatigues of the campaign and died on the road.

Daquin, the other pretender to the character of Tomès, and who succeeded Valot, was a converted Jew. A man full of tact and adroitness, he endeavored to make the best of his position by asking for favors on every opportunity, until the king, wearied, it is said, of his pertinacity, suddenly dismissed him, in 1693, for having begged the archbishopric of Tours for his son. A more probable reason of his disgrace was the fall of Madame de Montespan, who had been his great patroness. The ready shrewdness of the man is illustrated by his retort upon the king, when Louis, referring once to an officer whose death was announced, fixed his eyes on Daquin, and said, "That was an old and faithful servant of mine: he had one quality very rare in courtiers—he never asked me for anything." Daquin understood the allusion, and without the slightest discomposure replied: "Dare one ask, sire, what your majesty gave him?" Louis had nothing to say, for the faithful old servant had never received a favor.

Daquin's partiality for the lancet was sufficiently notorious to justify the application to him of the name Tomès, in allusion to his incisive propensities. Another characteristic formalism would apply doubtless to either Valot or Daquin, as when Tomès says that "a man who dies is but a dead man, and a matter of no consequence; but a formality neglected brings a notable damage to the whole body of physicians;" and he relates that, being called to a consultation, "three of *nous autres*, with a country doctor, I stopped the business. The people of the house did what they could, and the disease was progressing rapidly; but I would not give way, and the patient died bravely during our dispute." The "dying bravely" is a touch of genuine humor.

M. Desfougerais, another court physician, appears on the stage as Desfonandrès the manslayer. He was the great partisan of antimony, with which, writes Guy Patin, "he kills more patients than three true men save by the ordinary remedies." His real name was Elié Beda, to which he tacked the designation of nobility when he had attained to wealth and honors. When Molière's play first appeared, Desfougerais must have been about seventy years old. He was distinguished for his courtly manners, which, together with his antimony powders and hatred of bloodletting, procured him a large practice. He had the misfortune to limp, a peculiarity which it is surmised would throw his part in the play upon the actor Béjart, who had a similar infirmity. Desfougerais was reckoned a charlatan by the Faculty, and is styled by Guy Patin, "venerable and detestable quack. . . . But," he adds, after a page of abuse, "he was a worthy man, who never changed his religion but to make his fortune and advance his children." This he said in allusion to Desfougerais' conversion, in 1648, from the Protestant to the Romish faith.

The great champion of antimony, however,

* This curious manuscript was published last year by M. Le Roi as a sequel to Dangeau's Memoires.

and the most celebrated French doctor of the time, was Guenaut, represented by Molière as Macroton, or the drawler, in allusion to his manner of speaking, which was very slow and solemn. If he was, as Guy Patin says, in person like a monkey, and a great dandy, he certainly offered a great temptation to the satirist, while at the same time his high position and great influence made an attack upon him dangerous. To him was addressed the rustic compliment of the carter who stopped the way to the Bois de Vincennes on occasion of the consultation already mentioned: "Let Sir Doctor pass; he will do us the favor to kill the cardinal." He appears to have been also the first physician in Paris that rode to his visits on a horse rather than on a mule. The circumstance which advanced his reputation more than any other was the cure of the young king in 1658. Louis had fallen seriously ill at Mardyck, whence he was transported to Calais. Doctors were summoned from all parts, Guenaut from Paris among the number. A council was held, at which Cardinal Mazarin presided; and as bleeding and other remedies had failed, a dose of antimony was resolved upon. The king recovered, and Guenaut gained great glory. The detractors of antimony were finally overcome, and the Faculty itself a few years later rescinded the decrees which they had fulminated against the hated remedy.

The history of the professional contest which was thus brought to a close forms an interesting chapter in M. Raynaud's book. Guy Patin was very bitter in his denunciations of the emetic, and hated Guenaut intensely as the great partisan of that specific. Patin's love for bleeding was excessive. He practised it upon old men of eighty (eleven times in six days on one occasion), and on children as young as three days. A child of seven he bled thirteen times in a fortnight. He was bled himself seven times for a simple cold, and a medical friend of his underwent the operation sixty-four times for rheumatism. Another member of the profession (M. Labrosse), who died refusing to be bled, is thus gibbeted in Patin's correspondence: "He did us the honor to call us sanguinary pedants, and said he would rather die than be bled. Die he did; the devil will bleed him in the next world, as a rascal and an atheist deserves." So much for not dying according to form, as Molière says.

Bahis is the stage name for M. Esprit, the fourth physician, whose stuttering speech is alluded to in the epithet. He it is who informs Sganarelle that "it is more worthy to die according to the rules than to recover in contradiction to them." M. Brayer, as we have said, is also put forth as the original of Bahis. There is a fifth medical personage, named Filerin, in the comedy, who seriously takes to task the two physicians who had quarrelled, and who is supposed to represent the entire Faculty, and to speak the general opinion in reproaching the offenders for their imprudence in letting the outer world know of their professional differences.

"For centuries," he says, "the world has been infatuated about us. Let us not disabuse the public mind. We are not the only ones who live by the weakness of mankind. There are flatterers, alchemists, and astrologers, who profit by the vanity and ambition of credulous minds. But the greatest weakness men have is their love of life, and that is the source of our gains."

"L'Amour médecin" is perhaps more tainted with personalities than any other of Molière's plays. It is that peculiarity indeed, which we must confess makes it an object of interest to us as offering much material for the history of medicine at that period. It must not, however, be forgotten that among French comedians, properly so called, Molière was almost the first in time as well as first in genius. His precursors were the mountebanks of the fairs and festival days, who employed the histrionic art as a means of vending quack medicines. In the case of these men, no fun was so telling or so appropriate to their purpose as vilification and ill-usage heaped upon the legitimate practitioners of medicine. The dramatist, we may easily imagine, often loitered through scenes of rustic or civic merriment, enjoying with a peculiar zest the broad farcical humor displayed in the booths of the charlatan. And as our own Shakspeare caught many a fruitful idea from the rude representations of his predecessors, and wrought the vulgar material into the noblest poetry, so Molière refined the clownish buffoonery of the quack into refined wit and sarcasm. Thus in bringing doctors so frequently on to his stage he seems but to have followed up the traditions of his dramatic progenitors.

"Monsieur de Pourceaugnac" would seem

to be a reminiscence of some scene witnessed at a booth. True it is a satire of higher quality than the common quack's, but its raillery is directed merely against the external absurdities of the profession—the wigs, the Latin, the pompous harangues. "L'Amour médecin" takes a wider range and strikes at nobler game. But highest of all Molière's pictures of man in relation to medicine is "Le Malade imaginaire." This play is not a mere caricature of members of the faculty, but a bitter protest of a dying man against the impotence of medical art.

The year 1673, when this his last comedy appeared, was the last year of Molière's life. The aneurysm which proved fatal to him had made a progress of which he could not be altogether unconscious. In spite of his ardent desire to live he could obtain no cure. Not long before, a literary enemy, Le Boullanger de Chabussay, who knew a good deal of Molière's life, had published a dramatic piece teeming with outrageous personalities, and entitled "Elomire the Hypochondriac," in which the poet's name is thinly disguised by an anagram. That the gay, witty, satirical Molière should be hypochondriacal would seem palpably absurd. Yet M. Raynaud points to a passage in Grimarest's eulogistic life of Molière, which would seem to admit that the accusation was just. It is to this effect: "Ten months after his reconciliation with his wife, he gave, on the 10th February, 1673, 'Le Malade imaginaire,' of which he is said to be the original." If we assume that Argan is the portrait of the author, with what a deep tragic interest is this celebrated comedy invested! A man to whom health was so important for the performance of his task in the royal revels found himself often taken off the boards by sickness, and his strength evidently failing him. He could understand the tortures of a mind like Argan's, longing for life and hating death, desperately clinging at every chance of cure and blindly confident for a time in those who promised him health. In bitterness of heart, Molière lays bare his secret thoughts to the public gaze. The imaginary nature of his Argan's sickness takes away from the play the painful feeling of reality which would otherwise be felt in the scenes of the sick man's self-inflicted torture. Viewed as the expression of genuine terror, what can be more tragic than Argan's words when about to simulate death, in order to sound his avaricious wife's disposition. He is dominated by the most tyrannical of passions, the fear of death, on which, as Filerin would say, is based his dependence on the physicians. Starting suddenly from his reclining position, "Is there really no danger in counterfeiting death?" One would think that Molière had recognized the force of the insinuation contained in the "Elomire," and had resolved to laugh at himself in public. As in the other plays which allude to his domestic troubles, the laughter excited by "Le Malade imaginaire" may well, to those who remember the author's life, be mingled with tears.

There is something almost awful in the contemplation of that sick man's room, heaped up with drugs, with the doctors moving round their subject like ghosts or like vampires watching their prey, and the greedy hypocrite of a wife counting the gains she is about to inherit. While we think that he who plays the dying man is himself struck with a mortal disease and cannot live long, the comic elements of the piece become grim and lugubrious in the extreme. Subsequent events gave a deeply tragic interest to this last work of the greatest master of the modern comic drama.

We must remind our readers of the plot of "Le Malade imaginaire." Sganarelle, the hypochondriac, has a daughter, Angelique, whom he proposes to give in marriage to Thomas Diafoirus, a medical student, son of a doctor, and nephew to the great practitioner Purgon. With one of the Faculty for a son-in-law, the inveterate patient looks forward to a paradise of bleeding, blistering, and purging. Angelique, however, has given her heart to Cleante, and is most decidedly averse from any match with the pedantic Thomas. Meanwhile Beline, her stepmother, whose hopes lie in the speedy death of the sick man and the possession of his fortune, discourages the notion of marriage, and coaxes her husband into the belief that his daughter ought to be placed in a convent. The intrigue of the play is carried forward by Toinette, the servant, who, when Purgon angrily quits his patient for delaying to obey his orders, assumes the garb of a physician, and pretends to the most extraordinary healing powers. She re-appears in her native character of servant so promptly as to disabuse her master

of the suspicion, engendered by the resemblance, that she and the doctor are one. Beralde, the brother of Sganarelle, has meanwhile been reasoning with the latter against his fancy for medicines, and his blind confidence in Beline, whom he knows to be selfish and cruel. Toinette pretends to uphold her mistress and to justify her master's fond delusions. "To convince him," she continues, "that she is the most virtuous of women, do you, master, fall back in your chair and pretend to be dead, when the mistress comes in M. Beralde will hear her grievous lamentations." Precisely what Beralde and Toinette anticipate takes place. Beline, on learning the joyful news of her husband's death, expresses herself with so much cruel candor as to delight the partisans of Angelique and her lover, and to rouse in Sganarelle no small degree of wrath against his wife. A similar test applied to the daughter draws forth marks of sincere affection, by which the father is moved to consent to her marrying Cleante, on condition that he becomes a doctor. Beralde catches at this idea to persuade Sganarelle himself to become one of the Faculty. This gives the opportunity for introducing the celebrated burlesque of the ceremony of installation, which Molière composed in Macoronic Latin, of an absurdly comical description.

"Chirurgiani et Apothicari
Atque totia compania aussi,
Salus honor et argentum
Atque bonum appetitum,"

is part of the president's opening address, and a fair specimen of the Latinity of the whole. Three times the baccalaureus Argan makes oath that he will keep the statutes of the Faculty, that he will keep to the old rules, and that he will employ the ancient remedies—

"Maladus dut il crevare
Et mori de suo malo."

The first draught of this burlesque was sketched after a merry supper at Madame de la Sablière's, where were assembled the wits of the day, including Molière, Boileau, Lafontaine, and the celebrated Ninon L'Enclos. Molière drew the outline, and the company, including probaly a few *esprits forts* of the Faculty, threw in the details, making in all a much longer and more diffuse composition than the one handed down to us. M. Raynaud gives in his first chapter some curious particulars of the original ceremony and of the burlesque, of the type and of the antitype.

The first representation of the play took place, as we have said, on the 10th of February, 1673, and its many sinister presentiments and passionate denunciations were but shadows of the approaching fate of the author. Moliere played Argan. The latter, when urged by Beralde to disabuse himself of his infatuation for doctors by going to see one of Moliere's comedies, bursts out into a bitter invective against the profane author. On the day of the fourth performance Moliere was more unwell than usual, and his friends entreated him not to go on the stage. "What would you have me do?" he replied, with characteristic generosity; "fifty workpeople depend on my playing for their day's bread. I should never forgive myself if I stayed away." He uttered the cruel words against himself which we extract:—

"*Argan.* That's a pretty impudent fellow, your Moliere, with his comedies; and I find it extremely funny to go and play honest men like the doctors!

"*Beralde.* It is not the physicians that he plays, but the absurdities of physic.

"*Argan.* He is a nice fellow to meddle with the management of physic! He is a blackguard and an impudent fellow to make fun of consultations and prescriptions, to attack medical corporations, and to go and put on his stage venerable persons like those gentlemen.

"*Beralde.* Whom but men of divers professions would you have him put there? Princes and kings, who are of as good a family as the doctors, are put on the stage every day.

"*Argan. Par la mort non de diable!* If I were the doctors I would be revenged for his impertinence; and when he falls ill, I would let him die unsuccored. He might do as he liked and talk as he liked then; I would not prescribe him the slightest little bleeding, the smallest little purge; and I would say to him, Burst, burst; that will teach thee how to play next time with the Faculty.

"*Beralde.* You are very angry with him.

"*Argan.* Ay, he is a foolish fellow; and if the doctors are wise, they will do what I say.

"*Beralde.* He will be wiser than your doctors, for he will seek none of their help.

"*Argan.* So much the worse for him if he does not have recourse to their remedies.

"*Beralde.* He has his reasons for not wish-

ing to take them, and maintains that only hearty, robust people are strong enough to support the disease and the remedies too; for his own part, he has only just force to bear the malady alone."

This grim pleasantry, which occurs in the third scene of Act iii., assumes a ghastly hue when read by the light of what occurred after the conclusion of the act and during the performance of the ceremonial ballet. As Moliere, in the character of the Bachelor of Medicine, was taking the oath and pronouncing the word *juro*, he was seized with a fit of coughing. He endeavored by a forced laugh to conceal the violence of the convulsion from the spectators, and remained in the theatre to the end of the representation. He was then carried to his house in the Rue Richelieu, where he expired soon afterwards, on the 17th February, 1673, suffocated in an attack of pulmonary hæmorrhage. He had literally fulfilled his gloomy prediction, and died without medical assistance.

Viewing him as a champion fighting against the pedantry and obstructiveness of the ancient Faculty, he merits all the glory of having died in the breach. His works undoubtedly exercised an influence which proved beneficial to medical science, in helping her to cast away many of the impediments that hindered her onward course.

We have yet a few words to say with regard to two of Molière's contemporaries who are brought prominently forward by M. Raynaud. We allude to the two physicians Fagon and Mauvillain. The former has been pointed at as the original of Purgon in "Le Malade imaginaire"—an imputation which we think, with M. Raynaud, is not well-founded. When the play appeared, he was not a man of mark enough to be worth the dramatist's public raillery. His reputation was at its height in the second half of Louis's reign. He was nephew to the celebrated Gay de la Brosse, the founder of the King's Garden; was admitted of the Faculty of Paris in 1664, and appointed Professor of Botany there by Valot. He spent some years in travelling and collecting specimens, and ever after, even when he became first court physician, he gave special attention to the botanical garden of which he was justly regarded as the second founder. When at the summit of his profession he enjoyed almost universal esteem, as much from the gentleness of his manners as from the extent of his learning. His disinterestedness was equal to his modesty, for he would take no money from his patients, and abolished the perquisites that accrued to his office on the appointment to medical professorships in the universities. He owed his rise at court to Madame de Maintenon, with whom he became acquainted during a journey she made to Spain in charge of one of the king's natural sons. Genuine love of talent drew the two together. While Daquin held first place, Fagon was but a humble subordinate; but Madame de Maintenon lost no opportunity of advancing her friend, to the prejudice of the nominee of Madame de Montespan. One evening the king being at Marly had an attack of fever, and was attended by his physicians. About midnight, Daquin perceiving the symptoms favorable, retired, saying he would go to bed. Fagon seeming to follow him, stopped short in the ante-room, and settled for the night in an arm-chair, which, owing to an asthma he suffered from, was his ordinary kind of bed. An hour later the king complained to his valet that the fever was no better. "Sire," was the reply, "M. Daquin has gone to bed, but M. Fagon is there—shall I call him in?" "What will he tell me?" said the king, who dreaded Daquin's hearing of this breach of etiquette. "Sire, he will perhaps tell you something to console you." Fagon entered, felt the royal pulse, administered a warm drink, had his majesty turned over on the other side, and for the first time in his life found himself alone with the king, who did not resist long the charms of his superior understanding and fascinating conversation. Three months after this incident Daquin was dismissed, and Fagon appointed to succeed him.

In reading Molière, a question often recurs as to the source from which he drew so copious a medical vocabulary, and other secrets of the mystery of healing. This problem is resolved by M. Raynaud on the assumption that his medical friends gave him assistance. With three physicians at least he was on terms of intimacy—Bernier, a fellow-student under Gassendi, Liénard, an extravagant Cartesian, who wished to adopt the physical principles of Descartes to the entire system of medicine, and Mauvillain, whose reputation is due to the great fame of his friend.

The introductory pages of "Tartufe" con-

tain the following lines addressed to the king:—

"SIRE,—a very honest doctor, whose patient I have the honor to be, promises and wishes to undertake before a notary that he will make me live thirty years longer, if I can procure him a favor from your majesty. As to his promise, I told him I did not ask for so much, and should be satisfied if he would undertake not to kill me. The favor, sire, is the canonry of your royal chapel of Vincennes, now vacant. Dare I ask this favor of your majesty the very day of the resurrection of 'Tartufe,' revived by your goodness? By the first favor I am reconciled to the devotees, and by the second I should make my peace with the doctors. For me these are doubtless too many favors at once, but perhaps not too many for your majesty, and I await with respectful hope the reply to my petition."

The canonry was given, and it is not a little singular in connection with our present subject that the only royal favor asked by Molière of which there is any record, was on behalf of the son of a medical man. "You have a doctor," said the king one day to Moliere; "what does he do for you?" "Sire," replied the wit, "we talk together; he prescribes remedies; I do not take them, and I get well."

Mauvillain enjoyed a fair reputation among the Faculty for ability, learning, and engaging manners. Once he incurred considerable professional disgrace with other antimonists by signing certificates favorable to a quack medicine, which crime of *lèse-faculté*, when proved, led to the expulsion of the offending doctors, who possibly had seen in the seller of powders a persecuted chemist. After being purged by a public humiliation and apology, Mauvillain and his friends were restored to the Faculty, "but the blot was not wiped away," says Guy Patin.

In conclusion, we heartily recommend M. Raynaud's book, which has already reached a second edition, to the lovers of medical literature, and accept it at the same time as a valuable addition to the literature concerning Molière. A history of the life of that distinguished dramatist is still a desideratum. The late Mr. Prescott, we are informed, had gathered materials for such a work, when his attention was diverted to Spanish subjects by the great success of his "Ferdinand and Isabella." He handed over his small Molière library to Mr. Ticknor, of Boston, who, having accumulated further materials, purposed carrying out the views of his friend. Advancing age, however, and the unhappy condition of his country, have combined to check Mr. Ticknor in the prosecution of his design, and quite recently he has abandoned the project altogether, and has given his curious collection of books on the subject to the Boston Athenæum.

UNDER the heading "Gedichte von Charles Kingsley, aus dem Englischen ubertragen von Karl Vollheim," a recent number of the *Deutsches Museum* contained a considerable number of the Rector of Eversley's poems in German, which, we presume, were given as specimens of a translation of his collected poetical works. We will quote the first and last stanzas of "The Sands of Dee," and the first of the "Three Fishermen":—

—*Reader.*

"O Mary geh' und treib' das Vieh nach Haus,
Und treib' das Vieh nach Haus,
Und treib' das Vieh nach Haus
Quer durch den Sand des Dee!"
Der Westwind, feucht von Schaum, blies wild und graus,
Und ganz allein ging sie.

. . . . . .

Sie ruderten durch den rollenden Gischt,
Den grausen kriechenden Gischt,
Den grausen kriechenden Gischt
In ihr Grab am Meere sie:
Doch hort mit ihrem Vieh sie noch wer fischt
Durchziehm den Sand des Dee.

Drei Fischer fuhren westwards ins Meer zum Zug,
Ins Meer zum Zug, als die Sonne schwand;
Jeder dachte der Frau deren Herz fur ihn schlug,
Und die Kinder sahen ihnen nach vom Strand,
Denn der Mann hat Last und die Frau hat Noth,
Und wenig verdient sich, und mancher will Brodt
Ob des Meeres Flut auch brandet.

AN International Bird-Show, "Exposition d'Oiseaux et Volatiles vivants de toutes Espèces, Francais Etrangers," will take place at Enghien, near Paris, from the 16th to the 31st of August next.

From The Quarterly Review.

The Life and Letters of Washington Irving. By his Nephew, Pierre E. Irving. 3 vols. London, 1862–3.

Of the three volumes as yet published of the "Life and Letters of Washington Irving," two only appear to have had the entire supervision of his nephew, whose name appears on the title-page. The third closes with a chapter containing some correspondence of the deceased author with an English family, introduced with the following note: "These original letters and anecdotes were received too late to be incorporated in their proper place in this work, but have been considered too interesting to be omitted. There has not been time to communicate with Mr. Pierre Irving, that he might insert them.—E. P." The reader is not informed on the title-page or elsewhere, so far as we have observed, to whom these initials belong, and the mystery of this kind of double editing must remain therefore for the present unsolved. In the meantime, as there are no indications that the work is about to be soon completed, and as, with the third volume, as much of the career of Washington Irving as is likely to have any special interest for English readers terminates, we have thought that our notice of the work before us should no longer be delayed.

Washington Irving was born at New York in 1783: the youngest of eight children (who grew up) of William Irving, an Orkney man, who settled in America in 1763. William Irving had served on board one of the English mail-packets between Falmouth and New York, during the war which ended in that year. He married a Falmouth girl, our hero's mother; and had it not been for the celebrity of his son, the world would probably have remained unenlightened as to his genealogy. But our author was pleased in after life at making the discovery that the Irvings of Orkney were a clan of very respectable antiquity: and after sundry investigations he obtained through Mr. Robertson, sheriff substitute at Kirkwall (who had made a contribution on the subject to Mr. Dennistoun's interesting "Memoirs of Sir Robert Strange"), "a symmetrical and regularly attested table of descent, carrying his lineage through the senior representatives of the name to Magnus, of 1608, the first Shapinsha Irving," through him "to the first Orkney Irvine and earliest cadet of Drum, William de Erwin, an inhabitant of Kirkwall in 1369, while the islands yet owned the sway of Magnus V., the last of the Norwegian Earls," and so ultimately, to the famous "secretary and armour-bearer of Robert Bruce." * The far descended Orcadian, however, was in an humble condition of life: took to trade, in which he ultimately throve, and became established in New York in the revolutionary time.

Throughout the War of Independence William Irving demeaned himself as "a true Whig;" and his wife shared his partisanship. The victorious American army entered New York just at the date of the birth of our author. "Washington's work is ended," said Mrs. Irving, "and the child shall be named after him." William was also attached to the religious persuasion of his old country, and became a deacon of the Presbyterian Church in New York. "A sedate, conscientious, God-fearing man," says his son's biographer, "with much of the strictness of the old Scotch Covenanter in his disposition." From which over-strictness followed the usual consequences. His children seem to have taken for the most part to something of Toryism in politics, and all but one strayed over to the Episcopalian fold in point of religion. Washington himself "signalized his abjuration at an early age, by going stealthily to Trinity Church, when the rite of confirmation was administered, and enrolling himself among its disciples by the laying on of hands, that he might thereafter, though still constrained to attend his father's church, feel that it could not challenge his allegiance." We must add, however, that this seems to have been a solitary instance of serious disobedience. The Irvings were, in truth, a most united and most loving family. As our concern with the distinguished writer relates chiefly to his literary history and English connection, we must needs omit the household details with which the pages of the biography before us are naturally filled. Suffice it to say, that they afford a simple picture of unpretending, honest, fam-

* Mr. Pierre Irving says that this genealogy was prepared by its learned compiler, Mr. George Petrie, "without a break, from the facility afforded by the Udal laws of Orkney, which required that lands, on the death of an owner, should be divided equally among the sons and daughters, a peculiarity which led, in the partition, to the mention of the names and the relationships of all the parties who were to draw a share."—P. 4.

ily affection, such as is not often witnessed in this selfish world: brothers and sisters mutually helping each other through their very checkered lives, rejoicing in each other's successes, and mingling sorrow and counsel in seasons of distress, with scarcely a shadow of selfishness, or reserve, or jealousy, such as are so constantly found to keep family sympathies apart, even where the hearts remain fundamentally sound. "Brotherhood," says Irving himself, "is a holy alliance made by God and imprinted in our hearts: and we should observe it with religious faith. The more kindly and scrupulously we obey its dictates, the happier we shall be." His whole life, adds his nephew, was an exemplification of this doctrine. His father died in 1807, at the age of seventy-six; his mother in 1817, after her son had emigrated to England.

Washington, as might be supposed from his after history, grew up an imaginative, impressible child, with quick tastes and ready sympathies, and a strong predilection for almost everything in turn except steady work, for which, throughout life, he retained the most unmitigated aversion. But his most real and most abiding passion was for travel and maritime adventure. The mingled blood of Orkney and Cornwall spoke out in his earliest years, and continued to impel him to restless locomotion at an age when most men have long ceased to travel except by their fireside. "How wistfully," he says in the Introduction to his Sketch-Book, "would I wander about the pier-head in fine weather, and watch the parting ships bound to distant climes! with what longing eyes would I gaze after their lessening sails, and waft myself in imagination to the ends of the earth!" At the age of fourteen, says his biographer, this desire

"had nearly ripened into a purpose to elope from home, and engage as a sailor. The idea of living on salt pork, which was his abhorrence, was, however, a great drawback to his resolution; but with the courage of a martyr he determined to overcome his dislike, and accordingly he made a practice of eating it at every opportunity. It was another part of his discipline, by way of preparing for a hard couch, to get up from his bed at night, and lie on the bare floor. But the discomforts of this regimen soon proved too much for his perseverance; with every new trial the pork grew less *appetitious*, and the bare floor more hard, until at length his faltering resolution came to a total collapse."—Vol. i., p. 14.

In early life this passion for travelling was only partially appeased by the imperfect solace of long wanderings in the forest world which in those days covered what are now the populous, in some instances the half-exhausted, fields of New York and its Border States. The following extract from a letter which he wrote at the age of seventy, strongly expresses the feeling produced on an American by revisiting, in old age, the scenes of his youth. One might almost fancy it dictated by Khizzer, the Oriental wandering Jew, after one of his recurring visits at intervals of five centuries—scarcely equivalent in the slow East to five decades of years in the West:—

"One of the most interesting circumstances of my tour (1853) was the sojourn of a day at Ogdensburg, at the mouth of the Oswegatchie River, where it empties itself into the St. Lawrence. I had not been there since I visited it fifty years since. . . . All the country was then a wilderness: we floated down the Black River in a scow; we toiled through forests in wagons drawn by oxen; we slept in hunter's cabins, and were once four-and-twenty hours without food; but all was romance to me. Well! here I was again, after the lapse of fifty years. I found a populous city occupying both banks of the Oswegatchie, connected by bridges. It was the Ogdensburg of which a village plot had been planned at the time of our visit. I sought the old French fort, where we had been quartered: not a trace of it was left. I sat under a tree on the site, and looked round upon what I had known as a wilderness, now teeming with life, crowded with habitations, the Oswegatchie River dammed up and encumbered by vast stone mills, the broad St. Lawrence ploughed by immense steamers.

"I walked to the point where, with the two girls, I used to launch forth in the canoe, while the rest of the party would wave handkerchiefs and cheer us from shore; it was now a bustling landing-place for steamers. There were still some rocks where I used to sit of an evening and accompany with my flute one of the ladies who sang. I sat for a long time on the rocks, summoning recollections of bygone days, and of the happy beings by whom I was then surrounded. All had passed away—all were dead and gone. Of that young and joyous party I was the sole survivor. They had all lived quietly at home out of the reach of mischance, yet had gone down to their graves; while I, who had

been wandering about the world, exposed to all hazards by land and sea, was yet alive. It seemed almost marvellous. I have often, in my shifting about the world, come upon the traces of former existence; but I do not think anything has made a stronger impression on me than this second visit to the banks of the Oswegatchie."—P. 30.

We copy another bit of American scenery from his journals, because, besides the beauty of the language, it illustrates two of his tastes—the pictorial (he wanted at one time to turn painter, and always made artists his favorite associates) and the dramatic—which, however, he never had the opportunity of indulging beyond the limits of social theatricals, wherein he considered himself by no means a contemptible performer.* He had got to the brink of one of the famous "terraces," sea margins, of undivinable antiquity, which skirt at some distance the southern shore of Lake Ontario:—

"I found myself on the brow of a hill, down which the road suddenly made a winding descent. The trees on each side of the road were like the side scenes of a theatre; while those which had hitherto bounded my view in front seemed to have sunk from before me, and I looked forth on a luxuriant and almost boundless expanse of country. The forest swept down from beneath my feet, and spread out into a vast ocean of foliage, tinted with all the brilliant dyes of autumn, and gilded by a setting sun. Here and there a column of smoke, curling its light blue volumes into the air, rose as a beacon to direct the eye to some infant settlement, as to some haven in this sylvan sea. As my eye ranged over the mellow landscape, I could perceive where the country dipped again into its second terrace, the foliage beyond being more and more blended in the purple mist of sunset; until a glittering line of gold, trembling along the horizon, showed the distant waters of Ontario."—P. 183.

These longings received early in life a full gratification. There was a consumptive tendency in the family, whether derived from the father's or mother's side, which cut short the lives of some, and rendered others subjects of great anxiety. Washington, at twenty-one, was extremely delicate, and it was judged advisable to send him to Europe, in order to try the effects of a long sea voyage and a milder climate than his own. He was at this time already embarked in life as "clerk" to Mr. Hoffman, "a distinguished advocate;" but in the young States—such was the happy security of the prospect of business for any one who turned his mind to it, and such the versatility of the community—an interruption of a year or two seems never to have been regarded as a matter of any consequence in a young man's professional or commercial career. His brothers shared the expense between them, the chief burden being borne by William, the eldest, "the man I most loved on earth," said Washington in after years. He was in such frail condition when he stepped on the deck of the vessel which was to carry him to Bordeaux, that the captain said to himself, "There's a chap who will go overboard before we get across." But every day of his much-loved travel seems to have removed the danger farther. His wanderings, though in the most frequented regions of Europe, were delightfully full of adventure. For an American to make his way through the imperial dominions at the outbreak of war with England, was a matter of difficulty and some danger. At Nice he was detained

* Irving was a constant votary of the theatre in England in his early days, and, when he could find the opportunity, in America. He used to describe with much humor a scene between the audience at New York and Cooke, in his tipsy days. "He was to play Shylock and Sir Archy MacSarcasm. He went through Shylock admirably, but had primed himself with drink to such a degree before the commencement of the afterpiece, that he was not himself. His condition was so apparent that they hurried through the piece, and skipped and curtailed, to have the curtain fall, when, lo! as it was descending, Cooke stepped out from under it, and presented himself before the footlights to make a speech. Instantly there were shouts from the pit, 'Go home, Cooke; go home; you're drunk.' Cooke kept his ground. 'Didn't I please you in Shylock?' 'Yes, yes; you played that nobly.' 'Well, then, the man who played Shylock well could not be drunk.' 'You weren't drunk then, but you are drunk now.' was the rejoinder; and they continued to roar, 'Go home; go home; go to bed.' Cooke, indignant, tapped the handle of his sword emphatically, 'Tis but a foil;' then, extending his right arm to the audience, 'Tis well for you it is;' and marched off amid roars of laughter" (vol. i. p. 161). In after-times he used to take off the stately ways of Mrs. Siddons. His first interview with her (after the appearance of the "Sketch-Book") "was characteristic. As he approached and was introduced, she looked at him for a moment, and then, in her clear and deep-toned voice, she slowly enunciated, 'You've made me weep.' Nothing could have been finer than such a compliment from such a source; but the 'accost' was so abrupt, and the manner so peculiar, that never was modest man so completely put out of countenance" (vol. i. p. 89). He felt so enthusiastic about Miss O'Neill, that he paid her the strange compliment of declining to be introduced to her, "unwilling to take the risk of a possible disenchantment."

five weeks as a suspected spy: once captured by pirates, or privateer's men (the distinction seems shadowy enough); saw Nelson's fleet pass in all its magnificence through the Faro of Messina, and the illuminations for Nelson's death-crowned victory in London. He visited Sicily, Rome,* Northern Italy, Paris, England, and returned to New York in 1806. with his health re-established, and destined to endure, with trifling interruption, the trials of a very long life, but all chance of devotion to a settled every-day life irrevocably gone, and the propensity to a wandering existence radically implanted.

Such a propensity could hardly flourish along with due devotion to the legal profession, to which he now returned in his own country. His letters and journals become filled with the usual *jèrèmiades* of men of his turn of mind over want of success, betraying at the same time something of internal satisfaction that business keeps aloof, and thereby furnishes an excuse for clinging to literary occupation and its accompanying amusements. For Washington had become a contributor to newspapers, even before he first left his country, and now made them a means of livelihood as well as pleasure. Students for admission to the bar had in New York the excellent habit of giving a supper to their examiners, at which the names of successful candidates were read over. Those who officiated at Irving's call boggled a little conscientiously, when they came to his name. "Martin," said one to the other, "I think he knows a little law." "Make it stronger, Joe," was the reply—"*damned* little:" with which compliment he passed. As he was not destined by nature to become a Story or a Kent, we may dismiss his connection with the law in a few words. The only occasion on which he ever seems to have caught a spark of enthusiasm for the sable profession was when he went to Richmond, in 1807, on what his biographer oddly calls an "informal retainer from some of Colonel Burr's friends," the said Colonel being then on his trial for high treason. Aaron Burr was one of those half-dreaming and half-knavish political plotters on a great scale, of whom Continental Europe has produced many, England and America but few; for the special vocation of such men does not thrive well in countries where the game of politics is played above-board. He had schemes for the disruption of the juvenile Union, and for establishing a new federation in the valley of the Mississippi. His mysterious and abrupt manners imposed much on his associates: we remember one who knew him on a visit to England describing him as having the habit, when he entered a room, of feeling the panels of the walls mechanically with his cane, to ascertain whether they were adapted for listeners posted behind. Irving made a hero of his romantic client, whom the lawyers, between them, contrived to extricate by plunging the court, not unwilling, in a quagmire of technical embarrassments.

Literary life, and the amusements attending it were his real passion. We must refer the reader to Mr. Pierre Irving's narrative for a detail of "life in New York," such as Irving and the "choice spirits" of the commonwealth found it fifty years ago: rejoicing—

"To riot at Dyde's on imperial Champagne,
And then scour our city, the peace to maintain,"

in company with Allston the artist, Paulding the writer, Longworth the bookseller, "commonly called the Dusky," whom it was their delight to circumvent, and Henry Ogden, of whom the following is the only memorial: he had left one of their meetings "with a brain half bewildered by the number of bumpers he had been compelled to drink. He told Irving the next day that in going home he had fallen through a grating which had been carelessly left open, into a vault beneath. The solitude, he said, was rather dismal at first, but several other of the guests fell in in the course of the evening, and they had on the whole quite a pleasant night of it." We cannot but conceive the gayety of those primitive days as rather of a drab-colored order, and doubt whether the title of "Lads of Kilkenny," which the most daring leaders of New York life then gave themselves, would have been recognized as appropriate by its proper owners: but they were sufficient to leave a very pleasant memory in Irving's

* It was at Rome that the desire to become a painter took strong but temporary possession of his mind. To a genuine American, like himself, it does not seem to have occurred as an objection that he had never tried his hand at art at all. "I believe it owed its main force to the lovely evening ramble in which I first conceived it, and to the romantic friendship I had formed with Allston (the American artist). Whenever it recurred to my mind, it was always connected with Italian scenery, palaces and statues and fountains and terraced gardens, and Allston as the companion of my studio."

mind, and often, in times of depression, to provoke comparison with the enjoyments of London "society," to which he was afterwards introduced.

Meanwhile he seems to have eked out the little he derived from his parents, and the assistance of his family, chiefly by literary work. He began writing for the newspapers, as we have seen, even before his first visit to Europe. After his return, he soon attained a leading place among the rising literary men of his country, where however, there was as yet but little encouragement to afford substantial support to such a reputation. "Salmagundi," a miscellany in the essayist style, by himself, his brother Peter, and others, appeared in 1807, and was the first work through which he became known in London, where it was reprinted in 1811. Paulding, the editor, allotted the two brothers a hundred dollars apiece as their ultimate share of profits, while he inhumanly (and as Irving believed falsely) boasted that he had himself realized ten or fifteen thousand by it. "The whirligig of Time brings about its revenges," and we shall see presently how Irving turned the tables on publishers in later days, when his celebrity led them into speculations which the public would not ratify. This finished, he and Peter immediately set about the more celebrated Knickerbocker's History of New York; "for my pocket," said Peter, "calls aloud, and will not brook delay." It was completed and produced, and at once achieved in America a high popularity; but saddened by the occurrence at the same time of the most melancholy event of Irving's life.

He had formed a strong attachment to a young lady named Matilda Hoffman, the daughter of the "advocate" in whose office he had commenced his clerkship. Irving's means were slender enough—little but the results of his pen, and a share in the kind of co-operative society which the brothers seem to have established. But his powers were great, his character most amiable; and in that happy region and time Cupid was not much in the habit of allowing Hymen to be embarrassed by chilling suggestions about future prospects. Everything went well with their loves, when they were interrupted by the rapid illness and death of the object of his affections. And his was one of the rarer cases in which such a wound never heals

"It is an indication," says his nephew, "of the depth of the author's feeling on this subject, that he never alluded to this part of his history, or mentioned the name of Matilda even to his most intimate friends; but after his death, in a repository of which he always kept the key, a package was found marked outside, 'Private Mems.,' from which he would seem to have at once unbosomed himself. This memorial was a fragment of sixteen consecutive pages, of which the beginning and end were missing. . . . It carried internal evidence of having been written to a married lady, with whose family he was on the most intimate terms, and who had wondered at his celibacy, and invited a disclosure of his early history. With these private memorandums were found a miniature of great beauty, enclosed in a case, and in it a braid of fair hair, on which was written in his own hand, Matilda Hoffman."

It adds something more to the touching interest of this sad little history, that at the time of Matilda's last illness and death, poor Irving was actually engaged, as we have seen, in finishing and preparing for the press his "History of New York;" the well-known work of humor on which his reputation in America first rose, and of which the genial, though somewhat wire-drawn, tone of mock-heroic fun must have jarred strangely on the feelings of the broken-hearted man:—

"I brought it to a close," he says, in the memorial in question, "as well as I could; and published; it but the time and circumstances in which it was produced rendered me always unable to look upon it with satisfaction. Still it took with the public, and gave me celebrity, as an original work was something remarkable and uncommon in America. I was noticed, caressed, and for a time elevated by the popularity I had gained. I found myself uncomfortable in my feelings at New York, and travelled about a little. Wherever I went I was overwhelmed with attentions. I was full of youth and animation, far different from the being I am now, and was quite flushed with this early taste of public favor. Still, however, the career of gayety and notoriety soon palled upon me; I seemed to drift about without aim or object, at the mercy of every breeze; my heart wanted anchorage. I was naturally susceptible, and tried to form other attachments: but my heart would not hold on: it would continually recur to what it had lost: and whenever there was a pause in the hurry of novelty and excitement, I would sink into dismal dejection. For years I could not talk on the subject of this hopeless regret: I could

not even mention her name: but her image was continually before me, and I dreamt of her incessantly."—Vol. i., p. 129."

According to his biographer,—

"He never alluded to this event of his life, nor did any of his relatives ever venture in his presence to introduce the name of Matilda. I have heard of but one instance in which it was ever obtruded upon him; and that was by her father, Mr. Hoffman, nearly thirty years after her death, and at his own house. A grand-daughter had been requested to play for him some favorite piece on the piano; and in extracting her music from the drawer, had accidentally brought forth a piece of embroidery with it. 'Washington,' said Mr. Hoffman, picking up the faded relic, 'This is a piece of poor Matilda's workmanship.' The effect was electric. He had been conversing in the sprightliest mood before, and he sank at once into utter silence, and in a few minutes got up and left the house. . . . It is in the light of this event of Mr. Irving's history, that we must interpret portions of his article on 'Rural Funerals' in the 'Sketch-Book,' and also that solemn passage in 'St. Mark's Eve,' in 'Bracebridge Hall,' beginning 'I have loved as I never again shall love in this world. I have been loved as I never shall be loved.' To this sacred recollection also I ascribe this brief record, in a note-book of 1822, kept only for his own eye: 'She died in the beauty of her youth, and in my memory she will be young and beautiful forever.'"—P. 131.

Thus speaks the editor in his first volume: but there is considerable danger incurred in thus publishing biography by instalments. Before the third volume was through the press, a little correspondence has been brought to light which shows that the hero's heart did not remain so absolutely true to its first impression as had been supposed—that, in point of prosaic fact, he did fall in love some fifteen years later with a fair English girl into whose society he had been thrown in Germany, quite seriously enough to be made very uneasy by Miss Emily Foster's friendly, but decided rejection of his addresses. Still, this early attachment, if not quite so exclusive as romance would fain have pictured, exercised, no doubt, a lifelong influence on his character.

We have dwelt the rather on this episode in Irving's life—the permanent impression made by the passing away of an unknown and short-lived girl on the character and genius of a man whose fate was to mix largely in society, and acquire literary pre-eminence—because it seems to us to furnish also the real keynote of one of the most beautiful and popular passages in the "Sketch-Book." The "Broken Heart," suggested by the well-known story of Miss Curran and Robert Emmett, tells in part his own tale also. It is true that he attributes the faculty of nourishing those inveterate memories of the heart to women only; but Irving's was in many respects a feminine, not effeminate, disposition, and no doubt he sate to himself for some traits in the picture.

"It is a common practice with those who have outlived the susceptibility of early feeling, or have been brought up in the gay heartlessness of dissipated life, to laugh at all love stories, and to treat the tales of romantic passion as mere fictions of novelists and poets. My observations on human nature have induced me to think otherwise. They have convinced me, that however the surface of the character may be chilled and frozen by the cares of the world, or cultivated into mere smiles by the arts of society, still there are dormant fires lurking in the depths of the coldest bosom, which, when once enkindled, become impetuous, and are sometimes desolating in their effects. Indeed, I am a true believer in the blind deity, and go to the full extent of his doctrines. Shall I confess it? I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointed love. I do not, however, consider it a malady often fatal to my own sex; but I firmly believe that it withers down many a lovely woman into an early grave.

"Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow-men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world: it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure: she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless—for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

"To a man the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs: it wounds some feelings of tenderness—it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being—he can dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or can plunge into the tide of pleasure; or if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he

can shift his abode at will, and taking as it were the wings of the morning, can 'fly to the uttermost parts of the earth and be at rest.'

"But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured and sacked and abandoned and left desolate."

We do not know whether the strange and suspicious resemblance between this passage and the well-known lines in "Don Juan,"—

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,"

and so forth, has ever been remarked on. It is so great that, on all ordinary calculation of probabilities, plagiarism would be supposed; and Lord Byron was of all converters to their own use of other men's intellectual goods, after Shakspeare, the most daringly unconcerned. Moore, in his edition of "Don Juan," quotes as a parallel passage a few sentences in "Corinne;" but they are not so near by an enormous distance. And yet it does so happen that the clearest possible case of literary alibi seems to be provable in favor of both writers. Lord Byron wrote the first canto of "Don Juan" in Italy, in the summer of 1818. It was privately printed early in 1819, and published in September of that year. Irving sent the MS. of No. 2 of the "Sketch-Book" (in which the "Broken Heart" occurs) from England, where he wrote it, to America, in April, 1819. It was printed in America that summer, and first appeared, in England, in the *Literary Gazette* in September that year, the same month with "Don Juan." It is all but mathematically impossible that either could have borrowed from the other. And yet many an author has been pilloried (metaphorically) on less cogent internal evidence, as a close comparison of the passages will show.

We have said that Matilda Hoffman's catastrophe decided Irving's destiny. He had, indeed, as we have seen, a natural predilection for the Gypsy or "Bohemian" mode of existence. But this might have been counteracted by strong domestic instinct and family affection. His whole life bears evidence to the conflict in his disposition between the two opposing tendencies. He never could remain long in any fixed condition. His life was a succession of varying schemes and shifting localities. And yet his works are full of passages evincing a passion for quiet homes and steady Penates. The best remembered and most picturesque portions of the "Sketch-Book" and its successors describe the habits and enjoyments of a stationary, old-fashioned, rustic population. And it is plain from his letters and journals how intensely he enjoyed the repose and warmth of the family circles in which he became at different times accidentally domesticated, and how highly his own presence in them was appreciated in return. But whenever he seems likely to take root in any spot, the whirlwind seizes on him as on Béranger's Wandering Jew, and drives him devious over the world.

In 1814 we find Washington Irving, notwithstanding his constitutional aversion to politics, inspired by the war with England with patriotic ardor. He served for some time on the staff of the civic army of those days, while his brother William represented New York in Congress. He does not appear, however, to have been engaged in actual fighting. Some years afterwards an endeavor was made to draw him into public service. His countrymen, however they may be chargeable with making official situations in general the mere prizes of party zeal, have never been wanting in affording this kind of encouragement to literary merit. His friend, the celebrated Commodore Decatur, now obtained for him the promise of the office of "First Clerk in the Navy Department, which is similar to that of Under-Secretary in England. The salary" (adds his informant) "is equal to 2,400 dollars per annum, which, as the commodore says, is sufficient to enable you to live in Washington like a prince." "To the great chagrin of his brothers, and contrary to their expectations" (says his biographer), "Washington declined this offer." The principal reason which he assigned was, "I do not wish to take any situation that must involve me in such a routine of duties as to prevent my attending to literary pursuits." He was so disturbed, however, "by the responsibility he had taken in refusing such a situation, and trusting to the uncertain chances of literary success, that for two months he could scarcely write a line." Probably the old wound—that inflicted by the death of Matilda Hoffman—was not yet

scarred over, and he shrank from the dreariness of steady routine employment in solitude as men so hit often do. In after life he chose to regard this as a mistake. The following letter, addressed in 1824 to his nephew, Pierre Paris Irving, seems like an unburdening of his conscience :—

"I hope your literary vein has been a transient one, and that you are preparing to establish your fortune and reputation on a better basis than literary success. I hope none of those whose interest and happiness are dear to me will be induced to follow my footsteps, and wander into the seductive but treacherous paths of literature. There is no life more precarious in its profits and fallacious in its enjoyments than that of an author. I speak from an experience which may be considered a favorable and prosperous one; and I would earnestly dissuade all those with whom my voice has any effect from trusting their fortunes to the pen: for my part, I look forward with impatience to the time when a moderate competency will place me above the necessity of writing for the press. I have long since discovered that it is indeed vanity and vexation of spirit. . . . I feel myself called upon to urge these matters: because, from passages in your letter, it would seem that some idle writing of mine had caught your fancy, and awakened a desire to follow my footsteps. If you think my path has been a flowery one, you are greatly mistaken; it has too often lain among thorns and brambles, and been darkened by care and despondency. Many and many a time have I regretted that at my early outset in life I had not been imperiously bound down to some regular and useful mode of life, and been thoroughly inured to habits of business; and I have a thousand times regretted with bitterness that I was ever led away by my imagination. Believe me, the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, eats often a sweeter morsel, however coarse, than he who procures it by the labor of his brains. . . . I am anxious to hear of your making a valuable practical man of business, whatever profession and mode of life you adopt. . . . Our country is a glorious one for merit to make its way in; and wherever talents are properly matured, and are supported by honorable principle and amiable manners, they are sure to succeed. As for the talk about modest merit being neglected, it is too often a cant, by which indolent and irresolute men seek to lay their want of success at the door of the public. Modest merit is too apt to be inactive, or negligent, or uninstructed merit. Well matured and well disciplined talent is always sure of a market, provided it exerts itself; but it must not cower at home and expect to be sought for. There is a good deal of cant too, in the whining about the success of forward and impudent men, while men of retiring worth are passed over with neglect. But it happens often that those forward men have that valuable quality of promptness and activity, without which worth is a mere inoperative property. A barking dog is often more useful than a sleeping lion."—Vol. ii., p. 393.

This is all very sound doctrine, and well preached, but if it had been acted on, the world would have lost an accomplished and agreeable author, and the author himself a life which seems on the whole to have been an enjoyable as well as a successful one; while the duties of "First Clerk in the Navy Board" were probably much better performed by some one else.

We are, however, anticipating, in carrying the reader forward to the circumstances of this offer. It was in 1815, immediately on the conclusion of peace between America and Great Britain, that Irving revisited the old world. No very special motive for this journey appears in his biography, beyond the ordinary desire for a temporary change of scene. But that change proved a protracted one. He "little dreamt that the ocean he was about to cross would roll its waters for seventeen years between him and his home," or that the close of those seventeen years would find him an adopted Englishman, familiar to the homes and hearts of his new countrymen as one of the most popular authors of his time.

At this period two of Washington's brothers, Ebenezer and Peter, were established in business at Birmingham, where his brother-in-law, Mr. Van Wart, was also a merchant. He made his home with them on his arrival, and was in course of time persuaded into joining them as a partner. As this constitutes a mere episode in Washington's life, it is sufficient here to say that the partnership was a constant source of anxiety; the house of the brothers Irving got into difficulties, owing to the commercial reaction which followed the peace of 1815, and become ultimately bankrupt in 1818. The matter was of little consequence to Washington—who had no capital to embark in the concern—except that it stimulated him to action, from the necessity of relying on his pen as a regular means of support. And the house of Van

Wart, compromised for a time in the failure, soon recovered its position.

Washington's intimacies, on his arrival in England were chiefly among Americans, and especially the artists, his old friends Allston, Leslie, and Newton. With Leslie in particular he lived on terms of brotherly affection; and there are abundant notices of their companionship in Mr. Tom Taylor's biography of the simple-minded painter. We extract one, though a little in anticipation of another portion of his career:—

"Towards the close of the summer of 1821," says Leslie, "I made a delightful excursion with Washington Irving to Birmingham, and thence into Derbyshire. We mounted the top of one of the Oxford coaches at three o'clock in the afternoon, intending only to go as far as Henley that night; but the evening was so fine, and the fields, filled with laborers gathering in the corn by the light of a full moon, presented so animated an appearance, that although we had not dined we determined to proceed to Oxford, which we reached about eleven o'clock, and then sat down to a hot supper. The next day it rained unceasingly, and we were confined to the inn, like the nervous traveller whom Irving has described as spending a day in endeavoring to penetrate the mystery of the 'Stout Gentleman.' This wet Sunday at Oxford did in fact suggest to him that capital story, if story it can be called. The next morning, as we mounted the coach I said something about a *stout gentleman* who had come from London with us the day before: and Irving remarked that 'the Stout Gentleman' would not be a bad title for a tale. As soon as the coach stopped he began writing with his pencil, and went on at every like opportunity. We visited Stratford-on-Avon, strolled about Charlecote Park and other places in the neighborhood, and while I was sketching, Irving, mounted on a stile or seated on a stone, was busily engaged with 'the Stout Gentleman.' He wrote with the greatest rapidity, often laughing to himself, and from time to time reading the manuscript to me. We loitered some days in this classic neighborhood, visiting Warwick and Kenilworth, and by the time we arrived at Birmingham the outline of the 'Stout Gentleman' was completed. The amusing account of 'The Modern Knights Errant' he added at Birmingham, and the inimitable picture of the inn yard on a rainy day was taken from an inn where we were afterwards quartered at Derby. *

"Nothing could be more agreeable,' pursues Leslie, "than my daily intercourse at this period with Irving and Newton (1820). We visited in the same families, chiefly Americans resident in London, and generally dined together at the York Chop-House, in Wardour Street. Irving's brother Peter, an amiable man, and not without a touch of Washington's humor, was always of our party. Delightful were our excursions to Richmond or Greenwich, or to some suburban fair on the top of a coach. The harmony that subsisted among us was uninterrupted; but Irving grew into fame as an author, and being, all at once, made a great lion of by fashionable people, he was much withdrawn from us."

His new occupation, however, as a professional author rendered it necessary that he should seek for advice and encouragement among more influential allies, already known to the literary public; and the first of these who befriended the young foreigner was Campbell. Peter Irving had done the poet some service in the way of obtaining for him an American copyright. Campbell, in return, introduced Washington both to the authors whom he loved, and the booksellers, whom he hated but dreaded. Campbell, it is said, once, at a dinner in the height of the war, gave "Napoleon" as a toast. Being asked the reason of so disloyal a proceeding, he replied, "because he once shot a bookseller." It was through Campbell, and as early as 1817, that Irving obtained his first introduction to Walter Scott, the origin of an acquaintance which proved to the American a source not only of pleasure, but of considerable advantage. Scott took to him at once. He not only felt for the Transatlantic stranger that kindly sympathy which he was always wont to extend to literary adventurers of merit, but he esteemed his character, enjoyed his easy flow of conversation, and his unobtrusive company. He calls him (in a letter published in Lockhart's life) "one of the best and pleasantest acquaintances I have made this many a day." Irving for his part repaid Scott's kindness by the most enthusiastic admiration:—

"I cannot express my delight at Scott's character and manners," he says in his first letter to his brother Peter Irving from Abbotsford; "he is a sterling, golden-hearted, old worthy, full of the joyousness of youth, with an imagination continually furnishing forth pictures, and a charming simplicity of manners that puts you at ease with him in a moment. It has been a constant source of

* "Autobiographical Sketches," vol. ii., p. 65.

pleasure to me to remark his deportment towards his family, his neighbors, his domestics, his very dogs and cats; everything that comes within his influence seems to catch a beam of that sunshine that plays round his heart; but I shall say more of him hereafter, for he is a theme on which I shall love to dwell."

"I am now pretty well acquainted with the luminaries of Edinburgh," he says elsewhere, "and confess that, among them all, Scott is the man of my choice. Neither the voice of fame nor the homage of the great has altered in the least the native simplicity of his heart. . . . Jeffrey excels him in brilliancy of conversation, but Jeffrey seems to be always acting a studied part; and although his social feelings may be no less warm than Scott's, yet they are more or less disguised under a species of affectation. His friends esteem him a miracle of perfection; and, in point of talent, none will be found to contradict them; but as for the *et ceteras*, I would not give the Minstrel for a wilderness of Jeffreys."—P. 221.

Perhaps, however, gratitude may have had some share in producing these enthusiastic feelings. The "Sketch-Book" appeared first in America, in numbers, in 1819, under the superintendence of his brother Ebenezer, and his friend Brevoort. It seized at once on the American mind—a rare event for a work of imagination, and what may be termed peculiarly English humor, in that uncongenial atmosphere; but "Rip van Winkle" and "Sleepy Hollow" seem to have carried everything before them. In the course of the year the London *Literary Gazette* commenced a reprint of the series. Irving appears really not to have contemplated publication in England, "conscious that much of the contents could be interesting only to American readers, and having a distrust of their being able to stand the severity of British criticism;" but this proceeding of the *Gazette* drove him into the field. He first applied to Murray, who declined the undertaking without having read the book. It then occurred to him to send the numbers to Walter Scott, on the strength of their as yet slight acquaintance, and ask him to negotiate with Constable, at Edinburgh. Scott entered at once on the business with all the heartiness inspired by good-will to the author and a real sense of the value of the book. "It is positively beautiful," he said; and evinced his appreciation of it in his own characteristic way, by offering Irving "the superintendence of an anti-Jacobin periodical publication which will appear weekly in Edinburgh, with £500 a year certain, and the reasonable prospect of future advantages." Irving declined the offer, not only on account of his general dislike to politics, but his special dislike of "any recurring task, any stipulated labor of body or mind," anything, in short, which would interfere with the unattached and discursive character of his existence. Irving then determined to publish on his own account, through Miller. "It is certainly not the very best way," observes Scott thereupon (March 1, 1820), "to publish on one's own account; for the booksellers set their faces against the circulation of such works as do not pay an amazing toll to themselves. But they have lost the art of altogether damming up the road in such cases between the author and the public, which they were once able to do as effectually as Diabolus, in John Bunyan's Holy War, closed up the windows of my Lord Understanding's mansion." Proceedings were interrupted by the failure of Miller. Ultimately, Scott induced Murray to complete them; and the great publisher bought the copywright of a second edition for £200. the success of the book was complete; and from that time Irving's modest literary fortune may be said to have been made.

The Sketch-Book remains the standard work by which Irving's title to a position among English writers was fixed. Nor did he ever rise above the height which he then attained. For our own parts we are inclined to think that "Bracebridge Hall" and the "Tales of a Traveller" contain some passages which excel in merit anything achieved in his earlier publication. But whether this be so or not, the "Sketch-Book" gave vent to the "first sprightly runnings" of his genius. Writings of this class must be of great excellence to retain their hold on the public for more than a few years. Newer and more fashionable candidates for popularity of the same order are daily arising to supplant them. Dickens and Thackeray, not to mention others of less name, have no doubt left but scanty room on our library shelves for Irving. His real defect is want of originality; or, to speak perhaps with more accuracy, such originality as he possesses is of manner, not of matter. He was not much of a observer at first hand either of nature or mankind. His talent lay rather in reproducing the impressions which he had

derived from books, than in creating from his own stores of perception or imagination. His England, with its pastoral, old-fashioned inhabitants, is the England of which an American reads or dreams, not our country of the nineteenth century. It has been not ill said of him, that he "brought us *rifacimentos* of our own thoughts, and copies of our favorite authors. We saw our self-admiration reflected in an accomplished stranger's eye."

There is a sameness, too, in the general run of his graceful little creations, which is not ill-characterized by the epithet which was applied to him of the "Wouvermans of Anglo-American literature." Still, his touch is often vigorous, sometimes picturesque, always pleasing; he possesses in great perfection that art of mingling pathos with humor, carrying neither beyond the point at which it will harmonize with the other, which is among the rarer gifts of authorship. In fact, we hardly know of any one since Addison, his model, who exhibits it in an equal degree. And these qualities have secured him a permanent place, if not one of the highest order, in the ranks of modern humorists. Notwithstanding all the vogue of later writers, Irving remains one of the most popular of our deceased authors, judging by the common-place but fair test of library circulation. And it is worthy of remark, that he occupies, and perhaps alone, a middle place between the literature of distinct generations or centuries. He is connected on the one hand with a series of bygone celebrities whose fashion is out of date: on the other, with some of those whose fashion is of the newest. As to a great portion of his writings, he is the successor of the early "British Essayists," particularly of Steele and Goldsmith, whose style and peculiarities he endeavored to adapt to his own generation. As to another portion, and perhaps that most peculiar to himself—the grotesque, or Hoffmanesque, or comic legendary style, exemplified in "Rip Van Winkle," the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and several more of his best-known productions—he is rather the predecessor of a newer school. He, De Quincey, and one or two more, may be said to be the original explorers, in English at least, of this particular vein, which has been subsequently followed up, even to our weariness, by so many more; which was peculiarly seductive to Dickens in his earlier days, until his fame became established on a firmer basis; and which seems still to furnish a large share of the material of some of our most popular periodicals. And we cannot close this short critical essay without adverting to one peculiarity in Irving's writings to which justice has scarcely been done—the exceedingly musical cadence of his prose. This is scarcely owing to labor; for he was a rapid and rather careless writer. It was, we imagine, the result of a natural gift. Its existence can easily be tested by reading aloud.

Having got the "Sketch-Book" and the fraternal bankruptcy fairly off his mind for the time, Irving proceeded to gratify his restless disposition by leaving England and setting up his bachelor tent in Paris, in company with faithful brother Peter. They started, after the fashion of their country, with a speculation for running steamers on the Seine, between Havre and Rouen, which scheme was before its age, and had little result beyond absorbing the profits of the "Sketch-Book." It would have been well if the national itch for "investments" had been cured in him by this uncomfortable experience: but within a few years we find the two brothers again engaged in the "Bolivar Copper Mine," and again running up a sad per contra in Washington's little account-book. He made the gay city his abode on this occasion for nearly a year and a half; from August, 1820, to the end of 1821.

The most noteworthy circumstance connected with his stay there was the intimacy which he formed with Moore the poet, whose residence in Paris was just then compulsory, owing to his Bermudian entanglements. Their slight acquaintance with each other soon ripened into familiar friendship. It is evident that Irving in reality liked Moore by far the best of the English literary men with whom he made friends, and Moore, on his part, cordially returned the compliment. There was something congenial in the social, impecunious, Bohemian habits of both, while, in conversation, Moore's brilliancy fitted in admirably well with Irving's more natural and simple style, which served the poet as a foil. Moore was seldom happier than in the intervals of his gay invitations (which were, nevertheless, so much to his taste), when he could get Irving alone, or with one or two more, to drop in for a "roast chicken with Bessy," probably finishing the evening at

some Parisian theatre. Irving had what was to Moore the merit of contrast. He was at bottom a man of melancholy temperament, rather dependent on others for excitement, and somewhat slow to draw out. The poet in his journals describes a scene at his own lodgings, when the floor gave way through some accident. "Irving's humor," he adds, "broke out as the floor broke in, and he was much more himself than ever I have seen him." More generally, Moore esteemed him "not strong as a lion, but delightful as a domestic animal." They were also of considerable service to each other as literary brothers. Irving doubtless supplied Moore with many a hint which expanded into verse: Moore, according to his own account, made a present to Irving of some of the best stories recounted in his work.*

Irving returned to London to find himself famous, and, in a certain degree, fashionable; as we have seen that his American friends greatly complained. We rather doubt, however, the extent of that initiation into good society, technically so called, for which Leslie in the simplicity of his heart gave him credit. To say the truth, Irving, though among his own associates the most natural and unpresuming of men, was not more proof than others of the same easy nature against the little bits of condescending flattery from fashionable folks with which he occasionally met. We English ought certainly to be the last people to satirize others for tuft-hunting; but it is amusing to perceive how very naturally our Republican cousins take the inoculation of that truly British disease. Lady Lyttelton had been pleased with the "Sketch-Book," and wrote to Mr. Rush, the American Minister in London, to ask whether there was any truth in the report that this work was really written by Walter Scott; or rather to apply to his Excellency for a triumphant proof of its falsehood, as it put her out of all patience to hear the surmise. The consequence was an introduction by Mr. Rush to the real author, who adroitly informed Lady Lyttelton that the article on "Rural Life," which had particularly taken her fancy, was "sketched in the vicinity of Hagley, just after he had been rambling about its grounds, and whilst its beautiful scenery, with that of the neighborhood, were fresh in his recollection;" and finally an invitation to Irving (1820) to pay her father, Lord Spencer, a visit to Althorp. This circumstance seems to have elevated the worthy author exceedingly, and is chronicled by his biographer with such solemnity as seems to indicate that he shares in a due susceptibility for such honors. Irving, being at Paris, was forced to decline the invitation, and in doing so, through the American Minister Rush, says, "I hardly know how to express myself as to the very flattering communication from Mr. Lyttleton. It is enough to excite the vanity of a soberer man than myself. . . . Will you be kind enough to convey," etc., etc., "but, above all, my heartfelt sense of the interest evinced in my behalf by Lady Lyttelton, which I frankly declare, is one of the most gratifying circumstances that have befallen me in the whole course of my literary errantry." His little knot of American associates were as charmed as himself. "We had heard a rumor of Earl Spencer's invitation to you," says Leslie, "and were very glad to hear it confirmed. Miller says Geoffry Crayon is the most fashionable fellow of the day!" It is almost a pity to quote, even in passing, these follies of the wise; and it is justice to add that, if Irving gave way on this occasion of the spell, such weakness was inconsistent with the general frankness of his disposition and independence of his character.

The "Sketch-Book" was followed in course of time by what may be termed its continua-

* The genealogy of good stories leads us back to periods of antiquity almost as bewildering as that of man in the hands of modern philosophers. Every one knows the tale of the student in Paris and the ghostly lady, whose head fell off as soon as her collar was untied. Alexander Dumas has only recently reproduced it as "La Femme au Collier de Velours," without the slightest hint of appropriation from Irving's Lady with the Black Collar ("Tales of a Traveller"). Moore says that *he* told the story to Irving, "having had it from Horace Smith" (Journals, iv. 208). But it will be found with very slight variation in old Sandys' commentary on Ovid's "Metamorphoses," published in 1640 (Book xi). "By a French gentleman I was told a strange accident which befel a brother of his, who saw on St. German's Bridge, by the Louvre (this was the official name, afterwards superseded by the popular appellation of the Pont-Neuf,) a gentlewoman of no meane beauty, sitting on the stones (there laid to finish that worke) and leaning with her elbow with a pensive aspect. According to the French freedome he began to court her, whom she entreated for that time to forbeare, yet told him 'if he would bestow a visit to her lodging about eleven of the clock he should finde entertainment agreeable to his quality.' He 'found her touch too colde for her youth.' The morning 'discovered unto him a corse by his side, forsaken by the soule the evening before.'"

tion, "Bracebridge Hall" (1822), and the "Tales of a Traveller" (1824), of which we have already spoken. For the former, Irving got 1000 guineas from Murray; for the latter, he asked 1500 and was offered 1200, but how the difference was settled does not appear. These sums, however, by no means represent his literary income for the year in question, which was swelled by many subsidiary operations in England, and contributions apparently from America. In fact, he was now enjoying affluence in an author's sense of the word, and laying by money for a rainy day. He was offered a hundred guineas an article, to write for the "Quarterly;" but, to his honor, even though we may deem the scruple unnecessary, he refused to be connected with a publication which he regarded as hostile to his country. He wandered about from Paris to London, and from one spot to another in England, without fixed place of residence. Perhaps the happiest little episode in his life, judging from the memorials preserved of it, was his sojourn at Dresden for six months of 1822–3; chiefly animated by his intimacy with a charming English family, that of Mrs. Foster, daughter of Lord Southampton, in which he became thoroughly domesticated. The beginning of this acquaintance was perhaps unique in its singularity.

"It appears" (says one of the ladies of the family) "that some time previously my mother had written to her eldest daughter in England a full and affectionate letter; in it, as was her custom, she enlarged on the works she was then reading. These works happened to be Mr. Irving's. With all the warmth and enthusiasm of her nature she had commented on and commended them, and finished her letter by transcribing a favorite passage from the Sketch-Book, at the bottom of which she wrote the author's name in full, "Washington Irving," not leaving room for her own signature. This letter miscarried, and the police opened it. They found no name but Washington Irving's, and not pushing their inquiries further, or not understanding English,—if they did, they took this name as clear testimony that he was the writer of the letter,—and knowing his whereabouts, returned it to him, as they supposed, in the usual course of business. . . . He told us afterwards that no praise had ever seemed to him so sweet, so genuine, as what he so unexpectedly found in those lines."—Vol. iii., p. 337.

It was impossible not to seek the acquaintance of the lady who had thus unconsciously opened her heart to him. And it was to a daughter of Mrs. Foster that he formed that attachment to which we alluded in a former part of this article—a short-lived dream of romance, born amidst the gayeties of the little German court; nourished by poetry and mutual flattery and the moon, and long summer rambles amidst the hills and forests and haunted castles of old Saxony: and extinguished by "conviction of its utter hopelessness" from want of requital. But the same lady (now Mrs. Fuller, the wife of a clergyman in Northamptonshire), on being applied to by Mr. Pierre Irving for his uncle's correspondence with the family, sent him the following graceful testimonial to the memory of her former admirer.

"The passages I have sent give an idea of his life in Dresden. Sought after by all in the best society, and mingling much in the gay life of a foreign city, and a court where the royal family were themselves sufficiently intellectual to appreciate genius, but really intimate with ourselves only, and to such a degree that it gives me a right to judge of some points in his character. He was thoroughly a gentleman, not merely externally in manners and look, but to the innermost fibre and core of his heart. Sweet-tempered, gentle, fastidious, sensitive, and gifted with the warmest affection; the most delightful and invariably interesting companion, gay and full of humor, even in spite of occasional fits of melancholy, which he was, however, seldom subject to when with those he liked; a gift of conversation that flowed like a full river in sunshine, bright, easy, and abundant."—Vol. ii. p. 340.

This was, however, in his happier moments. About this time, at the age of forty, that satiety of a life without definite objects, and vague fear of a more objectless future, which is the Nemesis of a Bohemian existence, seems to have fallen on him with painful acuteness. The symptoms were complicated in his case with those of temporary loss of health. He had the nightmare feeling of overtasking his powers, and struggling against diminishing popularity and decaying friendships for a hardly won existence.

"I have, in fact, at times" (he writes in 1823) a kind of horror on me, particularly when I wake in the mornings, that incapacitates me for almost anything. It is now passing away, and in a day or two I hope I shall be quite over it. It has prevented me from

pursuing anything like literary occupation. I am aware that this is all an affair of the nerves, a kind of reaction in consequence of coming to a state of repose after so long moving about, and produced also by the anxious feeling on resuming literary pursuits. I feel like a sailor who has once more to put to sea, and is reluctant to quit the quiet security of the shore. If I can only keep the public in good-humor with me until I have thrown off two or three things more, I shall be able to secure a comfortable little independence, and then bread and cheese is secure, and perhaps a seat in the pit into the bargain."—P. 362.

From the recurrence of these "ægri somnia," Irving was effectually relieved, after a hypochondriacal year or two, by the opening of a new career of interest. It is not very clear, from Mr. Pierre Irving's narrative, at what period of the author's life he first began to turn his attention to Spanish subjects and Spanish adventure. They have always had a peculiar and somewhat romantic attraction for American literary men, who trace back the first discovery and conquest of their continent to the subjects of Ferdinand and Isabella. We find Irving in 1825 busy acquiring the Spanish language at Paris: in the following year he starts for Bordeaux with brother Peter, evidently intent on Spanish adventure, and on making a book or two thereout; and the design finally culminates in the "Life of Columbus," in four volumes, undertaken at the end of 1826, and prosecuted with his usual rapidity of execution; which, considering the correctness of his style, was excessive: Moore says that he wrote about one hundred and thirty pages of the size of those of the "Sketch-Book" in ten days, which the poet terms "amazing rapidity." For two years he made Spain his home: wandered over the greater part of its provinces; fixed his bachelor abode for one winter in the old pile of the Alhambra, from which sojourn he derived some of his most picturesque and agreeable recollections; and ultimately abandoned his intention of returning to his native country, and came back to London at the end of 1828, on receiving the appointment of Secretary of Legation to the United States in England.

Besides the "Life of Columbus," the fruits of his activity during these years were the "Conquest of Granada," the "Tales of the Alhambra," and so forth. Notwithstanding Irving's charm of style, and occasional excellence as a narrator, it can hardly be said that this series of works have added to his fame, or achieved a permanent popularity. Their subjects, which were then fresh, have now become hackneyed—the Spain of Irving, Lockhart, and (greatest of all) of Ford, has become somewhat wearisome to us in the pages of countless imitation; and Irving's works are scarcely executed with sufficient research and depth to be of real historical value, independent of their amusing qualities. They savor too much of the bookmaker. He has been to a great extent superseded by countrymen of his own who have followed in the same track; by the more solid merits of Prescott, who has had in his turn to yield the palm to the energy of Mottley. But while falling off in substantial interest, these works were acquiring more and more of circulation and repaying their author more and more in the way of sterling retribution. It is a well-known phenomenon in the natural history of two remarkable species of men, that while the author is growing in bulk and vigor and approaching to his highest flavor, the bookseller makes prey of him: when the author is out of condition and in a declining state, he in turn feeds on the bookseller. Compare the modest earnings of Irving in his palmiest period, with the sums which he continued to extract from the publishing fraternity—until the mistake was found out—for the heavier productions of his age of exhaustion. They excited the envy of Moore to an almost unfriendly point.

"Left" (he says) "some of the printed sheets" (of Memoirs of Lord Byron) "with Irving, to be sent off to America, he having undertaken to make a bargain for me with the publishers there. If I but make a tenth of what he has done lately for himself in that quarter, I shall be satisfied. £3000 he received from Murray for his Columbus, and £2000 for his Chronicles of Granada; and on the same two works he has already got £3000 from the America market, with the, property of the copyright there still his own. It is true that for Murray (according to his own account) they have not been so fortunate, his *loss* on the two publications being (as he says) near £3000; which may not be far from the truth, as the Chronicles have not sold at all."*

Irving soon appears to have found his new office peculiarly incompatible with his impa-

*Journal, vi. 91.

tience of restraint; and in 1832, at the age of forty-nine (the culminating epoch of man's intellect, according to Aristotle), on Van Buren's arrival here as minister, he resigned, and returned to enjoy in his native country the fame which he had earned in the old world.

It was a period of trial for American institutions. South Carolina had just passed her "nullification ordinance;" President Andrew Jackson was preparing to enforce by arms, if need were, the maintenance of the Federal system; and Irving himself soon found occasion to say, "I confess I see so many elements of sectional prejudice, hostility, and selfishness stirring and increasing in activity and acrimony in this country, that I begin to doubt strongly of the long existence of the general union." He seems to have had just then the very rare visitation of a fit of interest in political matters. "The grave debates in the Senate," he says, shortly afterwards, "occupied my mind as intensely for three weeks as ever did a dramatic representation." But this fit was too alien from his natural disposition to last. He refused to stand for New York City on the "Jackson ticket," or even to give a vote. "The more I see of political life here," he says, "the more I am disgusted with it. There is such coarseness and vulgarity and dirty tricks mingled with the rough-and-tumble contest. I want no part or parcel in such warfares." He gave himself up with increased zest to his only favorite occupations—the perpetration of long rambling journeys, and the composition of books there anent. Already in the first months of his return he had performed a tour, gigantic by comparison with his European wanderings, over the western parts of the Union, including many hundred miles of ride through the regions beyond the Mississippi; adventures subsequently turned to account in his "Tour on the Prairies," "Astoria," and the "Adventures of Captain Bonneville."

In 1835, Washington Irving established himself at a cottage on the Hudson close to the legendary "Sleepy Hollow," and among the favorite scenes of his youth. This dwelling—an old mansion of the Van Tassel family, at first called "Wolfert's Roost," afterwards christened by the fancy name of "Sunnyside," was well known in after years as the resort of almost every distinguished visitor from Europe to America. "Here," says one of his biographers, "he passed his summers, and his winters he spent in New York, in the streets of which Knickerbocker omnibuses rattled by Knickerbocker halls, where Knickerbocker clubs held festivals, and at whose wharves magnificent ships and steamers, coming and going every day, also bore that immortal name." His bachelor home was enlivened by the presence and attentions of nephews and nieces in abundance, and here he continued his literary labors, but scarcely with the success of former years, and, unfortunately, under the pressure of similar pecuniary wants with those which had urged him on in the more elastic period of youth. For the genius of speculation was always besetting him, and his gains, whenever he made any, were pretty sure to be "locked up in unproductive land purchases," or some other equally unprofitable investment. "I cannot afford any more to travel," he writes in 1863; and about the same period the old despondency regarding literary success, thinking "the vein had entirely deserted him," was apt to beset his solitary hours. In one respect, however, he was fortunate. Very few literary men as sensitive as himself, have had so little to endure from hostile criticism, or from personal or party spite. His own inoffensive and genial nature, as well as his established reputation, seem to have secured him this unusual exemption in his own country as well as in England. We hardly trace in the pages of his American life any record of this kind of annoyance, except some very insignificant attacks on the ground of too great fondness for England, and one furious onslaught from a jealous North Carolinian for "having observed, incidentally, that the Virginians retain peculiarities characteristic of the times of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh,"—historical associations of which he deemed that his own State had the monopoly.

In 1842, Daniel Webster, under the presidency of Tyler, obtained for Washington Irving a nomination as American Minister to Spain: an unexpected but not ungrateful honor, as, like other men, he seems to have found the fascinations of that country, when once he had become familiar with it, irresistible. He remained there three years, during which he witnessed many a strange revolution in the politics of the Peninsula, includ-

ing the downfall of Espartero and the triumph of Maria Christina over the Constitutional party, the rise and the fall of Narvaez; of all which very graphic accounts are given in his correspondence contained in these volumes. The "consumption of ministers in this country," he says, "is appalling. To carry on a negotiation with such transient functionaries is like bargaining at the windows of a railway car: before you can get a reply to a proposition, the other party is out of sight." But it was scarcely a happy period of his life. He missed alike the domestic enjoyments of Sunnyside, and the sparkling society and agreeable flatteries of London and Paris. Spanish politics suited him no better than American:—

"I am wearied," he writes, "and at times heart-sick of the wretched politics of this country, where there is so much intrigue, falsehood, profligacy, and crime, and so little of high honor and pure patriotism in political affairs. The last ten or twelve years of my life have shown me so much of the dark side of human nature, that I began to have painful doubts of my fellow-men and look back with regret to the confiding period of my literary career, when, poor as a rat, but rich in dreams, I beheld the world through the medium of my imagination, and was apt to believe men as good as I wished them to be."

But these melancholy fits were counteracted by a full appreciation of what no man estimated better than himself—the rich substitute which Memory affords in advanced life for decayed Imagination:—

"I am now," he says, at sixty-two, "at that time of life when the mind has a stock of recollections on which to employ itself: and though these may sometimes be of a melancholy nature, yet it is a 'sweet-souled melancholy,' mellowed and softened by the operation of time, and has no bitterness in it. My life has been a checkered one, crowded with incidents and personages, and full of shifting scenes and sudden transitions. All these I can summon up and cause to pass before me, and in this way can pass hours together in a kind of reverie. When I was young my imagination was always in the advance, picturing out the future, and building castles in the air: now memory comes in the place of imagination, and I look back over the region I have travelled. Thank God! the same plastic feeling which used to deck all the future with the hues of fairy-land, throws a soft coloring on the past, until the very roughest places, through which I struggled with many a heart-ache, lose all their asperity in the distance. . . . Here my sixty-second birthday finds me in fine health, in the full enjoyment of all my faculties, with my sensibilities still fresh, and in such buxom activity that, on my return yesterday from the Prado, I caught myself bounding up-stairs three steps at a time, to the astonishment of the porter, and checked myself, recollecting that it was not the pace befitting a minister and a man of my years. If I could only retain such health and good spirits, I should be content to live on to the age of Methuselah."—Vol. iii., p. 307–8.

In consequence (we fancy) of the accession of President Polk and the Democratic party to power, he gave up his appointment in 1846, and Romulus M. Sanders, of North Carolina, reigned in his stead. In August that year he paid his last fleeting visit to England, and in September "bade adieu forever to European scenes."

With his return to his native country from Spain the present volumes end. The adventurous portion of his life had ceased. His later years were chiefly spent in executing the task of collecting and republishing his various works, and in the production of his "Life of Washington," which has no doubt its merits, but is not one of those compositions by which he will be ultimately remembered. He enjoyed to a very advanced age his quiet domestic happiness at Sunnyside, dying in 1859. His countrymen honored him in life, and are justly proud of the more cosmopolitan honors which he achieved in the general world of literature. We do not quarrel with Mr. Rufus William Griswold, author of "The Prose Writers of America," when he reminds us that "Irving's subjects are as three American and two Spanish to one English; the periods of his residence in America, Spain, and England, in the years of his literary activity, bear to each other about the same proportion; and the productions which have won for him the most reputation, even in Europe, are not only such as had no models in the literature of the Old World, but such as could only have been written by one intimately acquainted with the peculiar life and manners by which they were suggested;" nor even for informing us that "his style has the ease and purity and more than the grace and polish of Franklin; without the

intensity of Brown, the compactness of Calhoun, or the strength and splendor of Webster." But, leaving these special causes of admiration to his countrymen, and withdrawing, for our part, any claim to appropriate him on the ground of his intense fondness for the domestic life, the society, the traditions, the classical writers of our little England, we will assert for him rather a modest place in that great Parthenon of literary renown which will one day arise when the political distinctions which now divide the great British race are forgotten, or become of secondary import, in comparison with that pervading unity of language, usages, and associations which fuses it all in one.

GORTSCHAKOFF TO GREAT BRITAIN.

We have pleasure in observing that Lord Russell owns the fact
That a barren controversy it is idle to protract;
From unnecessary argument we're glad that he abstains.
And a practical solution of the question that remains
With us wishes to arrive at—much we thank him for his pains.

Every party to a treaty—let us grant what's very true—
Has a right that same to construe from that party's point of view;
That's to say, provided always its construction's so far fair
As to rest within the limits of the sense the text will bear.
Bootless is that right exerted; act upon't, for aught we care.

Of a government the basis, if the governors are wise,
In the confidence not only of the governed, mind you, lies;
But as much, and, I may rather say, in fact, a great deal more,
In respect for its authority, which force must first restore:
Then pacific moral virtues we may try, but not before.

Those demands which you invite us so politely to concede,
But express our august master's gracious will; they do, indeed.
They're ukases long ago decreed in his imperial brain:
That is where they are at present; that is where they must remain.
Ere we can say more about them order must in Warsaw reign.

You for Poland ask a charter, framed with points in number six,
Much his majesty thinks of them, but that they'll result in "nix,"
Wont restore the reign of order, wont appease unquiet souls,
Wont keep down a population, whom, save terror, naught controls,
For they don't express the wishes of the sanguinary Poles.

Whilst our emperor's intentions must in contemplation rest,
An armistice is, of all things, an impossible request,—
'Twould amount to a concession which we really couldn't stand;
Bayonet we cannot lay by, hold artillery and brand,
Drop the scourge, take down the gallows, stay the hangman's busy hand.

We can let no European Congress those six points discuss
With irrelevant palaver, most impertinent to us,
Dignity forbids us, too, with France and England to debate
On administrative details, special to the Russian State,
Ordered all by an omniscient autocratic potentate.

But two other States there are with us indissolubly bound,
In a solidarity so strict we share one common ground,
Since we three divide that kingdom which we three combined to seize;
Them we shall be very happy to accept as referees:
We'll arrangements make with Austria and with Prussia, if you please.

But, until the Polish rebels to submission shall return
We shall shoot them, hang them, flog their women, waste, destroy and burn.
So excuse us if we don't accept your liberal invitation;
To do nothing of the kind it is our fixed determination:
You may all accept the assurance of our high consideration.

Punch, 1 *Aug.*

The lava-stream from Etna has now reached the well-known Casino degli Inglesi, which it entirely destroyed, together with the materials for repairing it, lately conveyed thither.

"Les Amours de Mr. Gilfil, par George Eliot, traduit de l'Anglais par E. Pasquet," is among the recent announcements of Lacroix in Brussels.

From The Spectator, 8 Aug.

THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE NORTH.

The public mind is swinging round once more a little too fast. The Confederate loan, which just before Gettysburg was quoted at a fractional premium, has this week been sold as low as thirty-five discount, and the tremendous fall is a true index of the decline of confidence among the friends of the South. Observers, as usual, are watching events instead of studying the forces which produce them, and give to the capture of Vicksburg the importance which, with much less reason, they assigned to the rout of Bull Run. There seems to us, we confess, a dangerous exaggeration in this view. The special strength of American democracy—the lax organization which makes it, like other fluids, hardly compressible, has, indeed, preserved the North from a most serious danger. Imagine the result of a French encampment for three days in Kent, and contrast it with the result of Lee's weeks of unresisted invasion. The perseverance of the North, the dully grand persistence which is the attribute only of men who are at once Anglo-Saxon and free, has, it is true, at last asserted its superiority over the aristocratic coherence which is the strength of the South. While the latter is reeling with fatigue, feeling day by day the loss of the nervous force which has supplied the comparative deficiency of muscles, its rival is but gathering strength—only beginning to feel that heat of the blood which enables quiet men to display their full activity. The South is bleeding at every pore, while the North is only sweating; and if the contest continues under its present conditions, victory more or less complete is only a question of time. For the thousandth time in history observers will be compelled to acknowledge that when the contest is one between climates victory never remains with the children of the sun. But the time is not yet, and as yet there is no proof that the conditions of the contest will always remain the same. The triumph of the North is the more reasonable probability, but it is not as yet the fact.

What has been gained, as it seems to us, —who are friends of the North not for the cause they are striving to secure, but for the cause which is bound up in theirs,—is simply this. Amidst almost incessant defeat, and in spite of every adverse circumstance, of unlucky generals and incompetent statesmen, of the grossest treachery within and the most strenuous ability without, the incoherent but free society of the North has advanced thus far; it can dictate the permanent boundary between free and slave institutions, it can, as it were, chain up the South within limits in which its social system must rot. It can refuse with disdain to accept the oligarchy as its masters, decline without fear to take them back as equals, and impose a boundary on their action which will render the triumph of freedom ultimately secure. There can be no reasonable doubt that the North, if it pleases, may now secure the boundaries of the Potomac and Mississippi. The retreat of Lee renders another attempt at the offensive a most dangerous undertaking. The loss of Vicksburg and Port Hudson brings the line of blockade close to the very heart of the Confederacy, and releases 130,000 men, who, undoubtedly, if the Washington Cabinet please, can clear the western bank. They may do even more than that. If the President's proclamation is carried out steadily to its logical conclusion, i.e., the freedom of every black man, they may re-organize society from the Mississippi to the Rio Grande. They may so fill the country with free settlers, so ally themselves with the classes who dislike slavery as a competing form of labor —like the Germans of Texas—so completely beat down the power of the very small caste which is really devoted to the "institution," that they may turn the vast regions between the great river and the Pacific into sources of strength. We are not certain, the infinite contingencies of war being considered, that this would not be their wiser course. The North would possess a vast and coherent dominion large enough for all ambitions, and growing every day in the strength and the riches derived from immigration and toil. The South, always dangerous as a subjugated enemy, would as an independent State within those bounds be at worst but a weak foe, with its dreams all over, its leaders discredited, its society slowly disintegrating under the influence of the freedom hemming it all around. No fugitive slave law would be conceded in the treaty, and the North, without a Slave State within its limits, would soon learn to feel that pride in protecting a fugitive slave which it already feels in defending a fugitive Hungarian,—a pride of national strength wholly apart from philanthropy. Slavery might then be inserted, like hereditary titles or offices, among the institutions prohibited even to the individual States, and the extension of that great evil would be once for all forbidden. A powerful North, ruled by a completely free society, a weak South tending always towards freedom, slavery placed in bonds tightening with every succeeding year, free society enabled to extend itself south and west—this will seem to Englishmen, at least, no inglorious conclusion even to so vast a contest, and this may, we believe, be enforced. The South, it is true, asserts that rather than submit to such terms it will perish in the field; but it has little

option. If the North can once be persuaded to make up its mind to a defensive war, the South will but beat itself to death against the bars. The hope of foreign assistance will be at once at an end, for Europe will not interfere to defeat terms at once so liberal and so satisfactory. The fierce enthusiasm which has filled her armies will decline, for peace has its blessings even for slaveholders, and men with their independence secured will not fight on forever for a mere dream of empire. Guerilla bands, however powerful as a means of defence, are utterly useless as weapons for the invasion of a civilized State, and the North has only to wait patiently to compel the South into submission to terms like these. Thus much, we believe, the North could, without another battle, secure—an immense, indeed almost an incredible, advance on her position six months ago.

Beyond this, however, she is not, despite the recent successes, as yet in a position to go, and if, impatient of any terms except unconditional surrender, she clings to the project of effecting a complete and visible subjugation, she will once again be exposed to all the chances of war. Her position is, it is true, favorable on many points for the prosecution of the campaign. Mr. Lincoln need no longer divert one half his strength in order to secure the Mississippi, and with it the cordial adherence of the populous States of the West. Grant can now commence with a fair prospect an invasion of Alabama, and of the great section of the Confederacy hitherto exempt from most of the evils of war. Mobile can now be attacked with a reasonable chance of success, and the Charleston expedition will, in all probability succeed. At least, the Federal troops, unless disheartened by some overwhelming disaster at the commencement of their attack, have hitherto always succeeded. Rosecranz has a fair chance of driving General Bragg from Chattanooga, and with the Confederacy split in twain, Alabama entered by a successful army of a hundred thousand men, South Carolina paralyzed, North Carolina discontented, and the key of the last great delta safe in Northern hands, the war must perforce decline into an insurrection. Still, these are only the results which *may* in time occur, and when they have occurred an insurrection is still the second most dangerous evil that a republic can have to face. It is evident that Mr. Davis and the coherent body of slaveholders who are the support and the agents of his rule, have resolved on a last desperate effort. Relying, as he has always relied, on the fact that the poor population of the South is not also that which labors, the Southern President has ventured on the extreme step of calling out the levy *en masse*. The slaves are to be watched by the old, trades left to perform themselves, and the whole manhood of the country flung at once into the field. The order may not be obeyed, but if Mr. Davis can plead that the only alternative is submission the probability is that it will. There is no government on the earth so strong as an oligarchy backed by a mob, and that is the position of the Government of the South. The appeal, too, is made to men now thoroughly excited by the war, contemptuous of labor, and disinclined to strife only from a reluctance to accept the restraints of discipline. There is a powerful army to enforce the draft, unscrupulous leaders to direct its efforts, and the form of patriotism so carefully cultivated in the South, to give a sanction to *any* act which may seem expedient for the defence of "State rights." The draft, which English newspapers do not censure, though loud in their denunciation of the far lighter draft of the North, may be resisted in isolated districts, in places where Union feeling survives, in mountainous regions where resistance or evasion are comparatively easy; but the net will catch, we fear, the mass of the white population, and every man in the South will be, as Calhoun hoped, either a slaveholder or a soldier. At the same time the States are urged to increase President Davis's powers, to enable him to appoint and dismiss, to control all trade, to use all wealth, to make him, in fact, dictator throughout the South. Many of these powers will be refused, but many more will be taken, and it is a despot governing an armed nation that the North will have to meet. That they will defeat him is probable; but to be forced once more to crush armies as strong as those which the South arrayed in January of this year, and this after two years of bloodshed, expenditure, and exertion, is a frightful obligation. Moreover, the North, supreme in the west, and dangerous on the coast, is at one point still only on an equality, that point being the one which, in *prestige*, outweighs all. The story that General Lee is already threatening Maryland is, we think, visibly fabulous; but General Lee may be reinforced, may turn, and may once more remind the North that its best victories in the East have been gained upon its own ground. A defeat in Virginia would undo half the work of the year, bring every Southerner into the ranks, and enable every Democrat once more to clamor for peace. That the North amidst new defeats would still in the end prevail is, we think, the lesson taught by the history of the two years. But it is a matter of doubt whether the difference between the South held like a Poland, and a dependent South limited by the Mississippi, with its evil "institution" decaying, its dream of empire ended, its political weight

only so far perceptible as to act as a check on vain bragging, is worth the risks involved in a conscription, an expenditure of a hundred millions a year, and at least two desperate campaigns. The North went to war avowedly to forbid the extension of slavery, the single end for which Mr. Lincoln was elected, and the stern perseverance which has underlain its changes of surface opinion and its ridiculous brag has placed it in a position to secure that well defined end. It may be doubtful, even amidst the present torrent of good fortune, whether it is worth while to risk the success which is certain for the sake of a future which if not doubtful is at best extremely distant.

From The Spectator, 8 Aug.

"T. C." AND THE SLAVES.

"Plot, murder, and conflagration," writes the *Richmond Enquirer*, "have begun in New York. It is a world's wonder that this good work did not commence long ago; and this excellent outbreak may be the opening scene of the inevitable revolution which . . . is to leave the Northern half of the old American Union a desert of blood-soaked ashes. We bid it good speed!" An outbreak of singular brutality, though suppressed in three days, and "carried on principally by thieves" while it lasted, has been enough to call forth from Southern chivalry and refinement those philanthropic hopes and aspirations.

When her armies are being beaten back, and every mail tells of another fortress fallen, the South is ready to mistake a fire in her neighbor's chimney for a universal conflagration. The *Richmond Enquirer* exults over the New York riots in the strain of a Red Indian who anticipates the pleasure of wearing a fresh girdle of scalps. Our own *Times* receives the news of "this good work" in a spirit of more temperate but scarcely less decided complacency, and draws from it, in more civilized terms, the same conclusions; adding to these, however, another favorite conclusion, which is peculiar to the advocates of Southern independence on this side of the Atlantic. The Richmond press does not venture to tell us that, because the acts of the Northern Government have excited a riot against that class which those acts have been supposed to befriend, the North is, therefore, a friend of slavery. It is a waste of time and patience to argue with men whose reasonings and assertions are daily refuted and disavowed by those most closely concerned in the issue of the great conflict, and who are likely to be well informed regarding its motives. Why have the Government and the free negroes, and the respectable citizens of New York been simultaneously attacked, if not from the sense that their interests are likely to become identified? The prejudice that everywhere exists between one inferior grade of society and another derives intensity in America from the jealousies of race and competition. The mean whites in the South are warm supporters of slavery because they feel that slavery is the only barrier between themselves and the negroes; the mob Irish in the North dread the increase and elevation of a class likely to compete successfully with them in the lower forms of labor.

The *Times*, no longer able to discredit the capture of Vicksburg, or to claim for Lee the honor of a strategic victory at Gettysburg, again seeks aid of its oracle, and resummons Mr. Spence to make more false prophecies; but the organs of Confederate opinion have publicly taken from that gentleman his hardly earned diploma as their representative. Mr. Spence's opinions must henceforth be regarded as those of a private individual about which the mass of Englishmen need trouble themselves very little. The cause of the South has found a more formidable as well as a more consistent champion in the person of a writer whose greatness gives consequence even to his random words. "T. C.'s" dealings with the "Nigger Question" have not been fortunate. Some years have passed since he favored us with a pamphlet under that title, in which the most defective side of his philosophy came uppermost, asserting, under cover of questionable facts and theories, the inherent right of the white man to force from the black man an amount of work satisfactory to the white man's mind. He now professes to give in a nutshell the gist of the war which has for three years been rending the Western continent, and, according to his account, the gist of the whole matter is slavery. Peter of the North, who hires his servants by the week or the day, wishes forcibly to prevent Paul of the South from hiring them for life, which "T. C." evidently thinks the preferable method. It seems to us, too, as it seems to the leaders of the Southern Confederacy, that, making allowance for a verbal fallacy which lurks in the form of statement, this *is* the gist of the question; that whatever may be the various motives inspiring the Northern armies the tendency of their victories is to incline the balance towards the one, the tendency of their defeats to incline the balance towards the other, of two opposed civilizations. But we differ from "T. C." and the South in preferring freedom to slavery, in preferring a society which is in the main "for freedom of discussion;" to a society which "represses freedom of discussion with the tar-brush and the pine faggot." We prefer the clamor of a badly organized democracy to

the silence of a well-organized despotism, arguments in bad grammar to the argument of bowie-knives and loaded canes, a "national palaver" to bonfires of human beings; the things that the South hate to the things that the South love.

When "T. C." published his nigger pamphlet, the question of slavery seemed far from us, the West Indian struggle was fast becoming a tradition of an earlier generation; denunciations which had to travel 3,000 miles to find an object were naturally regarded as outlets for a cheap and somewhat tiresome philanthropy; everybody condemned that which nobody felt to be personally profitable. We prided ourselves on being a superabundantly anti-slavery nation; but our convictions passed, like old coins, without scrutiny. The crisis of the last three years has made it necessary to rub the rust off their surfaces. Even in politics those who can give no reason for their faith cannot carry it safely through a storm. Were it possible to accept "T. C.'s" last "authentic utterance" as altogether serious, we should be driven to conclude that there were some amongst us who had never very clearly realized the nature of the institution of which they are the modified apologists. It may be questioned whether hiring for life is in many cases to be recommended, whether the possibility of changing their relations is not generally desirable as a check and incentive to master and servant. But slavery is not hiring for life,—the first objection to it being that while the laborer is worthy of his hire the slave has no hire. In all cases of free service there is a compact voluntarily entered into on both sides, work to be performed and wages to be received. Now in slavery there is no voluntary compact, nor any wages to be received; the slave is merely kept in existence to perform the work, the amount and nature of which are defined solely by the master's will and the slave's physical powers. Waiving for the present all ideas of morality irrespective of results, all theories of inalienable rights, we are content to rest our condemnation of slavery on the ground that those two methods have been tried and the superiority of the former established by history. Slavery, only tolerable as a transition from barbarism, played out its true part in that old age which was the youth of the world; like other blots of civilization it has been compelled either to pass away by degrees or to assume at every stage a more repulsive form. American slavery is worse than classic slavery in almost the same measure as the slavery of Greece and Rome was worse than the mild and guarded form of slavery which existed among the Jews; and for this among other reasons, that an evil which is out of date is doubly an evil. The excuse of ancient is no excuse for modern times, when other forms of labor more noble and more lastingly productive have been discovered, and Christianity has taught that φύσει δούλος the Greek does not exist in the human family, that every man has been born to know and to think as well as to toil, that being as well as doing is a part of his destiny, and that no race has been brought upon the earth solely to minister to the luxury or to increase the wealth of another race. These are the fundamental facts which the Southern planters and "T. C." in his sullen moods seem to ignore, and which convert their speculations into anachronisms as glaring as the institution which they practically or theoretically uphold. In an age of the world which implicitly believed in slavery, Aristotle had the honor of being the first to rest its defence on what seemed to him philosophic grounds; let us hope that no Englishman will be its last defender in an age which believes in freedom.

From The Economist, 8 Aug.

THE FEDERAL PUBLIC DEBT AND THE COST OF THE WAR.

The following is a statement of the public debt of the Federal Government as it stood on 1st July last (charged at 4s. the dollar):—

INTEREST-BEARING DEBT.

4 per cent temp. loan—coin,	£1,007,207	
4 per cent temp. loan—coin,	4,604,652	
		£5,611,859
5 per cent temp. loan—coin,	14,161,637	
5 per cent temp. loan—coin,	1,290	
5 per cent bonds, due 1865,	692,200	
5 per cent bonds, due 1871,	1,404,400	
5 per cent bonds, due 1874,	4,000,000	
		20,259,527
6 per cent bonds, due 1868,	3,664,718	
6 per cent bonds, due 1881,	13,909,560	
6 per cent bonds, due 1882,	37,136,828	
6 per cent Treasury note,	143,420	
6 per cent certificates of indebtedness, ...	31,418,648	
		6,273,174
7.30 per cent bonds, due Aug. 19, 1864, ...	10,582,200	
7.30 per cent bonds, due Oct. 1, 1864, ...	17,397,900	
		27,984,100

DEBT NOT BEARING INTEREST.

Treasury notes past due, .	£7,820	
U. S. notes, . £77,529,317		
Less am't in Trs'y, 2,231,417		
	75,297,900	
Fractional currency,	4,038,491	
		£79,344,211

Total debt July 1, 1863, as exhibited by the books of the Treasury department, ...	219,454,873
Total debt July 1, 1863, as estimated by the Sec'y in report of Dec. 1862,	224,459,480
Actual debt less than the estimated debt,	5,004,607

RECAPITULATION.

Aggregate debt at 4 per cent. interest,	£5,611,859
Aggregate debt at 5 per cent. interest,	20,259,527
Aggregate debt at 6 per cent. interest,	86,255,174
Aggregate debt at 7.30 per cent. int.,	27,984,100
Aggregate debt without interest, . .	75,384,211
Total debt July 1, 1863, as exhibited by the books of the Treasury department, ...	219,454,873
Total debt as estimated by the Secretary in report of Dec., 1862 . .	224,459,480
Actual debt less than the estimated debt	5,004,601

Several facts of great interest appear in this table.

First. As the amount of the Federal debt on the 4th March, 1861, the date of Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, was only 74,985,299 dollars, or less than fifteen millions sterling at the same rate of exchange as that used in the table, it may be broadly stated that the increase of debt caused by the civil war is more than £200,000,000, independently of any minor amounts which may have been raised by taxation.

Secondly. Mr. Chase has been able to borrow about £125,000,000 from sources other than the currency, which is much more than most persons in Europe believed he would be able to borrow.

Thirdly. Mr. Chase has issued £79,344,000 of paper currency, which, considering the paper circulation of the Union at the same rate of exchange was little more than £40,000,000, is one of the most surprising facts ever added to our economical experience.

~~From The London Review.~~

APPARENT SIZE OF THE CELESTIAL BODIES.

The new experiments of Mr. Alvan Clark, on the photometrical comparison of the sun and stars, are very curious and interesting. If we place a convex lens of the known focal distance of one foot between the eye and a star of the first magnitude, and find, when the lens is removed to a distance of eleven feet, that the star is reduced in appearance to a sixth magnitude, or just visible, it is clear that as the star has undergone a reduction of ten diameters, it would be visible to the natural vision if removed in space to ten times its present distance, supposing no absorbing or extinguishing medium to exist there. A concave lens can be used for such experiments, the measurement commencing then at the lens itself. Reductions have been obtained in these ways of well-known stars, and give Castor as visible when reduced 10·3 times, Pollux eleven times, Procyon twelve, Sirius twenty times, the full moon three thousand, and the sun one million two hundred thousand times. Mr. Alvan Clark has actually seen the sun under such a reduction, attended by circumstances which lead him to believe that to be about the limit at which the human eye could ever perceive our great luminary. He has an underground dark chamber, two hundred and thirty feet in length, communicating at one end with the surface of the ground by an opening five feet deep, in which a lens of any required focal distance can be inserted,—one of a twentieth of an inch focus, with its flat side cemented to one face of a prism, has been employed by Mr. Clark. No light whatever can enter the chamber, except through the little lens. A common silvered mirror over the opening receives the direct rays of the sun, and sends them down the opening into the prism, by which they are directed through the little lens into the chamber. An observer at the opposite end of the cellar sees the sun reduced in apparent size 55,200 times, and its light, then, in amount, varies but little from that of Sirius. Upon a car moveable in either direction is mounted another lens, with a focal distance of six inches. The eye of the observer being brought in a line with the lenses, he sends the car by a cord into the chamber to the greatest distance that he can see the light through the six-inch lens.

At noon, with a perfectly clear sky, the sun is thus visible at twelve feet away from the eye. The distance between the two lenses being two hundred and eighteen feet, the reduction by the small lens, if viewed from the point occupied by the car-lens, would be 52,320 times, and that again is reduced by the six-inch lens twenty-three times, making the total reduction 1,203,360 times. There seems then no reason to doubt—setting aside the idea of an extinguishing medium in space

—that our sun would be only just visible to a human eye at 120,000 times the present distance; or at 100,000 times away it would rank only as a pretty bright star of the first magnitude, although its parallax would be double that imputed to any star in the whole heavens, or only half as far away as the nearest. Because the sun's intrinsic splendor proves to be less than that of those stars whose distances have been measured, Mr. Clarke does not think it necessarily follows that its light or size is less than the average of existing stars; for, in the case of there being a diversity in size or brilliancy amongst the stars in space—as is most likely—those that would be visible would, of course, be the largest and brightest, while, by the laws of perspective, the smaller ones would be lost to view. Such would be the case equally with telescopic stars as well as those evident to the naked eye. The number of stars visible within a given area of space, by the aid of the more powerful telescopes, is far less in proportion to the power of the instruments than those visible in like areas to the unassisted eye or with smaller telescopes; and this fact has given rise to the idea of an extinguishing medium to light in space; but upon the above hypothesis, the result might equally arise from the diminution in perspective, as in this way we should see the whole, both great and small, of the stars in the nearer distances with moderate powers; while, though great and small did exist in the far off regions bounding the remotest reach of our most powerful telescopes, it would be only the great stars that we could see, and those only as the most minute specks of light. A vast number of smaller or more moderate lights may then exist amongst those whose extraordinary splendor reaches us through the aid of our best instruments. Were all the stars in existence of one pattern and one uniform brightness, and scattered broadcast in space, our great telescopes would count up more nearly the numbers belonging theoretically to their magnifying powers than they now do, as will be readily understood by considering the ratio in which an increase of radius increases the cubic contents of a sphere. If the distances imputed to several of our stars from parallax be true, these photometrical researches show our glorious luminary to be a very small star indeed; "and to the human understanding thus enlightened, more than ever must the heavens declare the glory of God."

From The London Review.

HABITS OF THE MOLE.

"Recreative Science" for this month contains a short but entertaining account of the captivity and death of a mole. Professor Owen, at the British Association the year before last, showed, in an admirable paper on the anatomy of that animal, how much was yet to be learnt of the structures of our indigenous animals, and these "Notes on the Mole," by the Rev. J. G. Wood, in Messrs. Groombridge's entertaining magazine, show how well worthy, too, of accurate study by the naturalist our native animals are. Some young friends captured a mole, and brought it to that naturalist, secured in a large box. It ran about with great agility, thrusting its long and flexible snout into every crevice. A little earth was placed in the box, when the mole pushed its way through the loose soil, entering and re-entering the heap, and in a few moments scattering the earth tolerably evenly over the box, every now and then twitching with a quick, convulsive shaking the loose earth from its fur. At one moment the mole was grubbing away, hardly to be distinguished from the surrounding soil, completely covered with dust; the next instant the moving dust-heap had vanished, and in its place was a soft, velvety coat. The creature was unremitting in its attempts to get through the box, but the wood was too tough for it to make any impression, and after satisfying itself it could not get through a deal board, it took to attempts to scramble over the sides, ever slipping sideways, and coming on its forefeet. The rapid mobility of its snout was astonishing, but its senses of sight and smell seem to be practically obsolete, for a worm placed in its track within the tenth of an inch of its nose was not detected, although no sooner did its nose or foot touch one, than in a moment it flung itself upon its prey and shook the worm backwards and forwards and scratched it about until it got one end or other into its mouth, when it devoured it greedily, the crunching sound of its teeth behind audible two yards away. Worms it ate as fast as supplied—devouring fourteen in

thirteen minutes, after which it was supplied with a second batch of ten. It was then tried with millipedes, but invariably rejected them.

Having heard from popular report that a twelve hours' fast would kill a mole, Mr. Wood determined to give his captive a good supper at eight and an early breakfast the next morning at five or six. So he dug perseveringly a large handful of worms and put them in the box. As the mole went backwards and forwards it happened to touch one of the worms and immediately flew at it, and while trying to get it into his mouth the mole came upon the mass of worms and flung itself upon them in a paroxysm of excitement, pulling them about, too overjoyed with the treasure to settle on any individual in particular. At last, it caught one of them and began crunching, the rest making their escape in all directions and burrowing into the loose mould. Thinking the animal had now a good supply, two dozen worms having been put into the box, Mr. Wood shut it up with an easy conscience; but it happened, the following morning, that the rain fell in a perfect torrent, and, hoping for some remission, he waited until nine o'clock before he opened the box. Twelve hours had just elapsed since the mole had received its supply, and as it had taken probably another hour in hunting about the box before it had devoured them all, not more than eleven hours had probably elapsed since the last worm was consumed. But the mole was dead. "I forgot," Mr. Wood says, "to weigh the worms which he devoured, but as they would have filled my two hands held cupwise, I may infer that they weighed very little less than the animal who ate them." The extrme voracity and restless movements of the little creature here recorded, show its value to the agriculturist "as a subsoil drainer who works without wages," and its great usefulness in keeping the prolific race of worms—themselves useful in their way as forming in the main, the fertile soil itself.

Lond. Rev.

Great excitement prevails in Rome on account of an extempore visit paid by the Pope to Dr. Liszt, the composer. The latter, it seems, left town in the middle of last month, and went to reside at the now deserted Dominican Convent, near the church of the Madonna del Rosario, on the Monte Mario, from which there is a magnificent view of Rome below. He there lived hermit-like, entirely devoted to his art. Some prelates informed the Pope of his residence and mode of life; and on Sunday the 18th of July, he went, only accompanied by Mgr. de Merode, a Camerarie segreto, and some Guardi nobili, to the Madonna del Rosario, where he first said his prayers, and then suddenly appeared before the modern anachorite. Franz Liszt played him two sacred compositions, one on the harmonium, the other on the piano. When he had finished, his Holiness expressed his thanks in the most amiable manner, and concluded with the words, "It is a noble gift which has been bestowed upon you, to reproduce the songs of higher spheres — the finest harmonies, it is true, we shall only hear on high."

The National Museum at Naples has, within the last few days, been considerably enriched by new objects found in Pompeii, which are now, according to the recent regulations, publicly exhibited in the Greek and Roman Fresco-Rooms, before being placed among their respective collections. There are especially to be mentioned a head of Juno, in silver, of exquisite workmanship—the body, likewise of silver, being broken; a lantern of bronze, with its coverings, suspension-chains and extinguisher; a patera, a beautiful large vase with handles, ending in a winged genius with a cornucopia; several other small bronze vases, and bronze seal, bearing the name of the proprietor of the house where these objects were found. But the most magnificent of all these remnants is a grand crater in bronze—used for mixing wine and water, and handed round to the guests—with handles ending in a Medusa head, with silver eyes, and resting upon a movable foot, formed by three lions' paws.

The following is the programme for the International Statistical Congress to be held at Berlin from the 6th to the 12th of September: Section I. Questions of organization. Section II. Statistics of Landed Property. Section III. Statistics of Emoluments, Prices, and the Transport of Goods on Railways. Section IV. Comparative Statistics of Health and Mortality in the Civil and Military Classes. Section V. The Task of Statistics in the System of Social Self-Help; Statistics of Insurances. Section VI. On the Uniformity of Coins, Weights and Measures, as the most important aid for comparative International Statistics. All communications are to be addressed beforehand to the Director of the Royal Statistical Bureau Engel, at Berlin.

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1006.—12 September, 1863.

CONTENTS:

NEW BOOKS.

ADDRESS, delivered before the Homœopathic Medical Society, of the State of New York, at Albany, 10th February, 1863, by Carroll Dunham, M. D., New York. [Curious to know how a man of so much ability as Dr. Dunham would treat this subject, we have read this pamphlet with much interest. The writer claims great merit for his school, as discoverers of *specifics;* and adduces the eminent authority of Dr. Forbes in favor of some of his opinions. The speech is not controversial, and would be read with interest by all physicians.]

THE REBELLION RECORD, a Diary of American Events. Edited by Frank Moore. Parts 23 and 24. Published by G. P. Putnam, and Charles T. Evans, New York. Part 23 contains portraits of Brig. Gen. Barnard, and Admiral D. D. Porter. Part 24, Portraits of Maj. Gen. Sedgwick and Gen. Howard. A companion to the Rebellion Record is said to have reached three Parts.

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IN THE GARDEN.

GREEN grass beneath, green leaves above,
That rustle like a running stream,
And sunshine that with tender gleam
Touches the little heads I love—

The little heads, the dewey eyes,
That shine and smile through sun and shower,
That are my portion and my dower,
My sum of wealth beneath the skies.

The white doves flutter on the wall,
Amid the rose-tree's crimson pride;
The small house opes its windows wide,
Fearless, whatever may befall.

Whate'er befalls—oh, instinct strong
Of this strange life, so sad and dear,
That still foresees some coming tear,
And of its joy still asks—how long?

I sit and rest from all my woe,
Peace in the air, light in the sky;
Here let me rest until I die,
Nor further pain nor pleasure know.

Half on the tender greensward round,
And half on me, as here I rest,
My nestlings rustle in their nest,
With fitful arms about me wound.

The while I read—and smile to see
My boy's eye light with gleams of war—
How the plumed helmet of Navarre
Set bleeding France at Ivry free;

Or in my little maiden's face,
At hearing of Lord Burleigh's bride,
And how he loved, and how she died,
A glow of softer radiance trace:

While the small brother pauses oft
In babble half as sweet to hear,
The meaning lies beyond his ear,
But sweet the music chimes and soft.

If there be any cloud that glides
Unseen above this quiet spot,
Dear Lord, I thank thee I know not
What still in thy good hand abides.

But while the peaceful moments last,
I snatch this hour, unstained by tears,
Out of my stormy tale of years,
To charm the future and the past.

For grief dwells long, a lingering guest,
And writes her records full and plain;
But gladness comes and goes again,
With noiseless steps that will not rest.

And here memorial glad I raise,
How, on one joyous day of June,
Through all the sunny afternoon,
Sang birds and babes unconscious praise.

M. O. W. O.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S PATH.

I WALK as one who knows that he is treading
A stranger soil;
As one round whom the world is spreading
Its subtle coil.

I walk as one but yesterday delivered
From a sharp chain;
Who trembles lest the bonds so newly severed
Be bound again.

I walk as one who feels that he is breathing
Ungenial air;
For whom, as wiles, the tempter still is wreathing
The bright and fair.

My steps, I know, are on the plains of danger,
For sin is near;
But looking up, I pass along, a stranger,
In haste and fear.

This earth has lost its power to drag me downward;
Its spell is gone;
My course is now right upward and right onward,
To yonder throne.

Hour after hour of Time's dark night is stealing
In gloom away;
Speed Thy fair dawn of light and joy and healing
Thou Star of Day!

For Thee, its God, its King, the long-rejected,
Earth groans and cries;
For Thee, the long-beloved, the long expected,
Thy bride still sighs.

H. BONAR.

CHRISTIAN MUSINGS.

IN the still silence of the voiceless night,
When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers flee,
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,
O God, but thee?

And if there be a weight upon my breast,
Some vague impression of the day foregone,
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to thee,
And lay it down.

Or if it be the heaviness that comes
In token of anticipated ill,
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
Since 'tis thy will.

For oh, in spite of past and present care,
Or anything beside, how joyfully
Passes that almost solitary hour,
My God, with thee!

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the silence of that hour,
More blest than any thing my spirit lies
Beneath thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire
Of all that it can give or take from me,
Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,
O God, but thee?

From The Quarterly Review.

Roba di Roma. By William W. Story. Second Edition, 2 vols., post 8vo. London, 1863.

The author of this book is a son of the celebrated American Judge Story, and has risen to high eminence as a sculptor. His "Cleopatra" attracted much admiration in the International Exhibition of 1862, although open to the serious objection that, whereas the artist had labored to give beauty and refinement to the African type of face, the daughter of the Ptolemies was really of Greek descent; and among the most remarkable novelties of the Roman studios last winter was Mr. Story's model of "Saul tempted by the Evil Spirit"—a figure of extraordinary power, and, as we believe, thoroughly original, notwithstanding the remembrances which it almost inevitably suggested, of King Claudius in Maclise's "Hamlet," and of Scheffer's "König in Thule."

Mr. Story is not one of those Americans who, with the unfailing red book in hand, "do the whole Vaticán and Peter's easily in one day;" who in a few hours make up their minds that "Rome is a one-horse place," and will never allow us to enjoy anything there, or in any other part of Europe, without some disparaging comparison with things beyond the Atlantic. His knowledge of Rome is the result of long residence; he loves the place; he has gone among its people, and knows their ways; and when he draws a comparison with other nations, it is not for the sake of running down the Romans, but rather by way of vindicating them. How far he is disposed to carry this at times may appear from his plea for the stiletto, the use of which he attributes not merely to the passionate nature of the Italians, but also to their entire distrust of the possibility of legal redress in the courts. He observes, that

"in the half-organized society of the less civilized parts of the United States, the pistol and bowie-knife are as frequent arbiters of disputes as the stiletto is among the Italians. But it would be a gross error to argue from this, that the Americans are violent and passionate by nature; for, among the same people in the older States, where justice is cheaply and strictly administered, the pistol and bowie-knife are almost unknown."—i. 112-3.

The chief fault of the book is, that the author is not content with his proper work. In the opening chapter he professes to write for travellers, "to whom the common outdoor pictures of modern Roman life would have a charm as special as the galleries and antiquities, and to whom a sketch of many things, which wise and serious travellers have passed by as unworthy their notice, might be interesting. . . . The common life of the modern Romans, the games, customs, and habits of the people, the every-day of To-day . . . this (he says) is the subject which has specially interested me" (i. 7). We expect, therefore, to find in Mr. Story's volumes the result of his observation of actual Roman life—sketches of things which every traveller may see, but sketches drawn with an understanding which is beyond the reach of the mere passing traveller; and such is the best part of the book. But, unhappily, Mr. Story is not satisfied with the character of a skilful observer and sketcher, but is bent on showing us that he is a man of vast learning and profound research; and hence it has come to pass that by far too large a portion of his pages is occupied with matter fitter for the grave and sober treatises with which, in the passage just quoted, he disclaims all rivalry—fit for anything rather than for a work of light and agreeable gossip.

Nor can we say that the learning which is thus ostentatiously thrust on us is of any very satisfactory kind. There may be simple persons in the world who would look with awe on such a string of references as the following:—

"Tertullian de an., cap. 46; id., lib. i. cap. 82; lib. iii. cap. 28; lib. iv. cap. 25. Artemidorus de Somn., lib. xi. cap. 14 and 49. Fulgentius Mythol., lib. i. Cicero de Divinat., lib. i. See also Leopardi, Dei Sogni, p. 68."—i. 134.

But there is something about the physiognomy of this note which to any one who has had some experience of the artifices of literature, must suggest an uncomfortable suspicion; and, without having attempted to "see Leopardi," we are pretty certain that the other references are borrowed from him wholesale. And so it is with Mr. Story's learning throughout. It has a second-hand look; and, in proportion as his references become more plentiful, we find ourselves the less inclined to give him credit for acquaintance with the writings which he cites.

The continual blunders in Latin and other foreign words may be charitably accounted for by the supposition that Mr. Story was not in England while his book was in the press, and therefore had not the opportunity of correcting his proof-sheets. We cannot suppose that he wrote such things as "Circus Agonale" (ii. 113, 199); or "Suetonius in Vit. Titus" (i 227); or Vopiscus in Vit Probus" (*ib*); that it was he himself who repeatedly gave us *cloacina* for *cloaca* (i. 316–7), and Lepsius for Lipsius; who put "old Jason" for Æson (ii. 315); who made "versipelles" singular, and "naumachia" plural (i. 231); or that, when he thought it expedient to mention Philo's Legation to Caligula by its Greek title he was unable to give us anything more like the correct form than 'Πρεσβειας Γπρος αιον' (ii. 44). Yet surely Mr. Story, if unable to superintend his own printing, might have secured the help of some competent corrector; or, at least, he might have set the matter right in his second edition. But what are we to say to such a specimen of Mr. Story's Latin as the interpretation of the Italian name for spring—*primavera*—by "the first true thing" (i 87)? Or what excuse can be made for the blunders which crowd the page when he displays his knowledge of history? But we must beg the reader to understand why we notice his blunders, whether of language or of history. It is not that we would blame him for not knowing things which he is in nowise bound to know, but because he pretends, out of place, to a knowledge which he really has not; because he affects an acquaintance with somewhat recondite books, whereas he seems really to know them only through the medium of other books.

Little as we like Mr. Story's learning, we relish his wit still less. His jocosity is really overwhelming, and will never leave us any peace. In the midst of descriptions which ought to be simple, he douches us with puns, tags of quotation distorted to facetious uses, and other bad jokes of all sorts, in a way that is quite distressing; and both in the comic and in the graver parts there are, as is common in American writings, too evident traces of a study of cockney models. The style, as might be expected, has all those latest improvements which are fast changing our English tongue to something very different from its older self. Here is a specimen:—

"May has come again,—'the delicate-footed May,' her feet hidden in flowers as she wanders over the Campagna, and the cool breeze of the Campagna blowing back her loosened hair. She calls to us from the open fields to leave the wells of damp churches and shadowy streets, and to come abroad and meet her where the mountains look down from roseate heights of vanishing snow upon plains of waving grain. The hedges have put on their best draperies of leaves and flowers, and, girdled in at their waist by double osier bands, stagger luxuriantly along the road like a drunken bacchanal procession, crowned with festive ivy, and holding aloft their snowy clusters of elder blossoms like *thyrsi*. Among their green robes may be seen thousands of beautiful wild flowers,—the sweet-scented laurustinas, all sorts of running vetches and wild sweet pea," (etc. etc., ending with the bursting of "a cascade of vines covered with foamy Banksia roses.")i. 152–3.

But, after all, what is gained by all these fine varieties of words? Might not the picture of May have been set quite as well before us without them?

Good-humored as Mr. Story unquestionably is, there is yet a kind of flippant superciliousness about him which is very provoking. And in matters connected with religion (which necessarily come often before us in a book relating to Rome) this is especially annoying, whether it take the form of contemptuous toleration, of indignant denunciation, or (which is most usual) of sarcastic badinage. The explanation of much that offends us in Mr. Story is to be found at vol. ii. p. 224, where he tells us that "the most careful investigations of the catacombs . . . have failed to elicit the slightest indication in favor of the peculiar tenets of the Roman Church respecting *the Trinity*, the worship of the Virgin, the adoration of saints, or the supremacy of the Pope as Vicar of Christ." Without inquiring how this may be, it is enough to observe that the doctrine of the Trinity, unlike those with which it is here strangely joined as peculiar to Rome, has ample warrant in the writings of the ante-Nicene Fathers; so that it has no need of any evidence from the catacombs. But we quote the passage, not with any controversial views, but in order to furnish a key to Mr. Story's tone on religious matters, and to reprobate the lack of judgment which has led him to introduce religious controversy into such a work as this.

But, having eased our conscience by pointing out certain faults of Mr. Story's book, let us now turn to the more agreeable task of looking over his pages for the sake of the amusement which is to be found in them. In the earlier chapters—of which, as he tells us, the substance originally appeared in an American magazine—he takes his subjects according to the course of the Roman year. Beginning with his arrival at Rome for the third time, on the 6th of December, 1856, he sketches his entrance from Civita Vecchia:—

"After leaving the Piazza (of St. Peter's), we get a glimpse of Hadrian's Mole, and of the rusty Tiber, as it hurries, '*retortis littore Etrusco violenter undis*,' as of old, under the statued bridge of St. Angelo,—and then we plunge into long, damp, narrow, dirty streets. Yet—shall I confess it?—they had a charm for me. Twilight was deepening into dark as we passed through them. Confused cries and loud Italian voices sounded about me. Children were screaming,—men howling their wares for sale. Bells were ringing everywhere. Priests, soldiers, *contadini*, and beggars thronged along. The *Trasteverini* were going home, with their jackets hanging over one shoulder. Women, in their rough, woollen gowns, stood in the doorways bareheaded, or looked out from windows and balconies, their black hair shining under the lanterns. Lights were twinkling in the little cavernous shops, and under the Madonna-shrines far within them. A funeral procession, with its black banners, gilt with a death's-head and cross-bones, was passing by, its wavering candles borne by the *confraternità*, who marched carelessly along, shrouded from head to foot in white, with only two holes for the eyes to glare through."—i. 4, 5.

At present, although the traveller misses the plunge into the glories of St. Peter's on entering the city, the drive from the station outside the Porta Portese, through the squalor of the Trastevere, across the island, and by the Theatre of Marcellus, is even more strangely striking than that which Mr. Story here describes. But before the English next begin their annual occupation of the Piazza di Spagna and its neighborhood, all this will be changed, as the railway will have been carried across the Tiber into the central station, close to the Baths of Diocletian, from which the way to the Piazza, or to the Corso, will lie through streets which have but little of the peculiarly Roman character. But let Mr. Story go on:—

"It was dirty, but it was Rome; and to any one who has long lived in Rome even its very dirt has a charm which the neatness of no other place ever had. All depends, of course, on what we call dirt. No one would defend the condition of some of the streets, or some of the habits of the people. But the soil and stain which many call dirt I call color; and the cleanliness of Amsterdam would ruin Rome for the artist. Thrift and exceeding cleanness are sadly at war with the picturesque. To whatever the hand of man builds the hand of Time adds a grace, and nothing is so prosaic as the rawly new. Fancy for a moment the difference for the worse, if all the grim, browned, rotted walls of Rome, with their peeling mortar, their thousand daubs of varying grays and yellows, their jutting brickwork and patched stone-work, from whose intervals the cement has crumbled off, their waving weeds and grasses and flowers, now sparsely fringing their top, now thickly protruding from their sides, or clinging and making a home in the clefts and crevices of decay, were to be smoothed to a complete level, and whitewashed over into one uniform and monotonous tint. What a gain in cleanliness! what a loss in beauty! An old wall like this I remember on the road from Grotta Ferrata to Frascati, which was to my eyes a constant delight. One day the owner took it into his head to whitewash it all over,—to clean it, as some would say. I look upon that man, as little better than a Vandal in taste,—one from whom 'knowledge at one entrance' was 'quite shut out.'"—i. 5, 6.

The beggars of Rome are innumerable, and swarm everywhere. They beset you in your walks, and, if you stop a moment, in carriage or on foot, half a dozen of them are upon you at once. They thrust themselves between you and your friend when you are in the most anxious discussion of your plans and movements, and noisily urge their affairs on you as far more important to you than your own. And, as the superstition of Rome tends to affect the sense of religion unfavorably, so the beggary of Rome—much of it feigned, and all of it importunate—tends to lessen the feelings of sympathy with human misery. It very speedily becomes clear to the most literal Christians that the precept, "Give to every one that asketh thee," cannot have been meant to be observed to the letter. If so, it would be necessary to sally forth every morning with a huge bag of copper, and to hire a porter—one of that class which travellers in Italy have reason to abhor for its extortion above all other classes— to carry it for you.

Towards the end of the last Roman season—so late, indeed, that but few English remained to observe the effect—an edict against mendicancy was issued. No one was to beg unless fortified with a government certificate, and every holder of such a certificate, instead of being allowed to ply his trade all over the city, was restricted to one specified place. At first this regulation seemed to do its work in a considerable degree; but, if we may trust the late correspondence of English papers, it has since proved an utter mockery. But Roman beggary, at its worst, was a trifle in comparison to that of some places in Southern Italy. At Amalfi, that melancholy wreck of a great commercial city, the beggars are so nearly the entire population, that it seems as if they must live mainly on each other; and if you go into the cathedral of Sorrento on a Sunday afternoon, you may find that children break away from catechism-classes to persecute you with cries for a "bottiglia!"

One renowned personage of the beggar class is described by Mr. Story with great zest.

"As one ascends to the last platform, before reaching the upper piazza in front of the Trinità de Monti, a curious squat figure, with two withered and crumpled legs, spread out at right angles, and clothed in long blue stockings, comes shuffling along on his knees and hands which are protected by clogs. As it approaches, it turns suddenly up from its quadrupedal position, takes off its hat, shows abroad, stout, legless *torso*, with a vigorous chest and a ruddy face, as of a person who has come half-way up from below the steps through a trap-door, and with a smile whose breadth is equalled only by the cunning which lurks round the corners of the eyes, says, in the blandest and most patronizing tones, with a rising inflection, '*Buon giorno, Signore! Oggi fa bel tempo;*' or '*fa cattivo tempo,*' as the case may be. This is no less a person than Beppo, King of the Beggars, and Baron of the Scale di Spagna. He is better known to travellers than the Belvedere Torso of Hercules, at the Vatican, and has all the advantage over that wonderful work, of having an admirable head and a good digestion. Hans Christian Andersen has celebrated him in 'The Improvisatore,' and unfairly attributed to him an infamous character and life; but this account is purely fictitious, and is neither *vero* nor *ben trovato*. Beppo, like other distinguished personages, is not without a history. The Romans say of him, '*Era un Signore in paese suo,*'—'He was a gentleman in his own country,'—and this belief is borne out by a certain courtesy and style in his bearing which would not shame the first gentleman in the land. He was undoubtedly of a good family in the provinces, and came to Rome, while yet young, to seek his fortune. His crippled condition cut him off from any active employment, and he adopted the profession of a mendicant, as being the most lucrative, and requiring the least exertion."—i. 35.

This worthy is evidently satisfied with his occupation as an honest and honorable way of life. To a lady who ventured to ask him how he could go on begging, when he was believed to have given his daughter a portion of 1,000 scudi, he calmly replied, "I have another daughter to portion now." And not only did he receive a regular monthly payment from many sojourners at Rome, as a compensation for being allowed to mount the Spanish Steps in peace, but we have even heard of admirers who sent him tokens of remembrance from England. But King Beppo's admirers will be grieved to hear that he has lately had a fall. In the middle of last season he was missed from his accustomed haunts, and the sudden disappearance of the pope from the Vatican could hardly have raised greater astonishment or perplexity. After a day or two it was reported that the great Beppo was in gaol; some said, for neglecting the knife-grinder's example—

> "But, for my part, I never like to meddle
> With politics, Sir;"

some said that, after having received many fruitless warnings as to his style of language, he had been pounced on while pouring forth a tremendous torrent of blasphemy; some, that he had been caught throwing stones at a lady. At length he reappeared but, instead of being allowed to resume his throne on the Spanish Steps, he was restricted to the Piazza of St. Agostino; and there, on being questioned by a young English lady as to the cause of his late calamities, he appealed to the supposed universal weakness of her sex and nation by telling her that he had been sent to prison for distributing Protestant tracts!

But beggary is not confined to such persons as Beppo and his brotherhood. There are the mendicant friars, "those dirty, brown brutes," as we once heard them styled by a young gentleman who was not particularly well versed in the distinctions of the monastic orders. There are the old women who at church-doors rattle coppers in tin boxes—not,

as the stranger commonly fancies, for the purpose of showing him that, as they have some money already, he cannot do better than give them more, but in order to collect funds for the buying of charitable masses.

"Nor are these the only friends of the box. Often in walking the streets one is suddenly shaken in your ear, and, turning round, you are startled to see a figure entirely clothed in white from head to foot, a rope round his waist, and a white *capuccio* drawn over his head and face, and showing, through two round holes, a pair of sharp, black eyes behind them. He says nothing, but shakes his box at you, often threateningly, and always with an air of mystery. This is a penitent *Saccone;* and as this *confraternità* is composed chiefly of noblemen, he may be one of the first princes or cardinals in Rome, performing penance in expiation of his sins; or, for all you can see, it may be one of your intimate friends. The money thus collected goes to various charities. The *Sacconi* always go in couples,—one taking one side of the street, the other the opposite,—never losing sight of each other, and never speaking. Clothed thus in secrecy, they can test the generosity of any one they meet with complete impunity, and they often amuse themselves with startling foreigners. Many a group of English girls, convoyed by their mother, and staring into some mosaic or cameo shop, is scared into a scream by the sudden jingling of the box, and the apparition of the spectre in white who shakes it."—i. 55.

These and other classes of beggars make their way up the stairs of lodging-houses, and waylay you as you go out or in. "But," says Mr. Story, "the greatest mendicant in Rome is the Government" (i. 59); and then follows a paragraph which, although perfectly true, would of itself be enough to exclude the book from Rome.

We now come to a chapter on the Christmas holidays and their ceremonies, which, for travellers newly arrived in Rome, have a charm of freshness such as cannot belong to the ceremonies of a later time. We need not say with what zeal our fair countrywomen—especially those of the "Evangelical" and Presbyterian persuasions—plunge into these ceremonies, spending the whole night in roaming from one church to another, and winding up with the high mass in St. Peter's on Christmas-day. For ourselves, we must own that we are not disposed to partake of such things otherwise than in moderation, although we, like the rest of the world, have witnessed something of them—from the grand, courtly ceremonial of St. Peter's and the brilliant operatic spectacle and music of St. Mary Major's to the pantomimic exhibitions of some pontificial masses, where the bishop, undressing and revesting himself in the sight of the people, irresistibly recalls to our minds the manner in which we have seen a theatrical clown array himself in the finery of some milliner's basket which had fallen in his way. Then there are the exhibition of the Bambino, and the preaching of the children at the Ara Cœli.

"The whole of one of the side-chapels is devoted to this exhibition. In the foreground is a grotto, in which is seated the Virgin Mary, with Joseph at her side, and the miraculous Bambino in her lap. Immediately behind are an ass and an ox. On one side kneel the shepherds and kings in adoration; and above, God the Father is seen surrounded by clouds of cherubs and angels playing on instruments, as in the early pictures of Raphael. In the background is a scenic representation of a pastoral landscape, on which all the skill of the scene-painter is expended. Shepherds guard their flocks far away, reposing under palm-trees or standing on green slopes which glow in the sunshine. The distances and perspective are admirable. In the middle ground is a crystal fountain of glass, near which sheep, preternaturally white, and made of real wool and cotton-wool, are feeding, tended by figures of shepherds carved in wood. Still nearer come women bearing great baskets of real oranges and other fruits on their heads. All the nearer figures are full-sized, carved in wood, painted, and dressed in appropriate robes. The miraculous Bambino is a painted doll swaddled in a white dress, which is crusted over with magnificent diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. The Virgin also wears in her ears superb diamond pendants.

"The general effect of this scenic show is admirable, and crowds flock to it and press about it all day long. Mothers and fathers are lifting their little children as high as they can, and until their arms are ready to break; little maids are pushing, whispering, and staring in great delight; *contadini* are gaping at it with a mute wonderment of admiration and devotion; and Englishmen are discussing loudly the value of the jewels, and wanting to know, by Jove, whether those in the crown can be real.

"While this is taking place on one side of the church, on the other is a very different and quite as singular an exhibition. Around one of the antique columns of this basilica—

which once beheld the splendors and crimes of the Cæsars' palace—a staging is erected, from which little maidens are reciting, with every kind of pretty gesticulations, sermons, dialogues, and little speeches, in explanation of the *Presepio* opposite. Sometimes two of them are engaged in alternate question and answer about the mysteries of the Incarnation and the Redemption. Sometimes the recitation is a piteous description of the agony of the Saviour and the suffering of the Madonna, —the greatest stress being, however, always laid upon the latter. All these little speeches have been written for them by their priest or some religious friend, committed to memory, and practised with the appropriate gestures over and over again at home. Their little piping voices are sometimes guilty of such comic breaks and changes, that the crowd about them rustles into a murmurous laughter. Sometimes, also, one of the very little preachers has a *dispetto*, pouts, shakes her shoulders, and refuses to go on with her part; another, however, always stands ready on the platform to supply the vacancy, until friends have coaxed, reasoned, or threatened the little pouter into obedience. These children are often very beautiful and graceful, and their comical little gestures and intonations, their clasping of hands and rolling up of eyes, have a very amusing and interesting effect."—i. 68–70.

Next follows the Epiphany, with the Befana presents to children, bought in the piazza of St. Eustachio on the eve; and the polyglott exhibition of the Propaganda. The chapel of the college is crowded. At one end rise rows of benches, occupied by the students, among whom are represented many varieties of the human race, and each nation contributes a poem suitable to the occasion, while the whole performance is wound up by a scene in which a dozen languages are heard at once. There is naturally a tendency to multiply as much as possible the number of dialects: thus, among the pieces last year were one in Lowland Scotch (recited by a youth from Prince Edward's Island), one in Swiss-German, and one in "Rhaetian," which sounded like a mere Italian patois. The poets for the most part endeavored to connect the Epiphany with the politics of the day; Rome was figured under the names of Jerusalem and Sion, Victor Emmanuel was girded at in the character of Herod, and the most sacred of parallels was bestowed on Pius IX. The greatest sensation was produced by two very black Africans, who followed up the recitation of their verses by singing some specimens of their native music, and convulsed the audience—students, professors, and all—with laughter, while they themselves preserved the most solemn composure.

Mr. Story, we believe, does not mention this performance, nor does he say much of the benediction of the lambs, which takes place in the basilica of St. Agnes, without the walls, on the 21st of January. On this occasion pontifical mass is performed in the ancient church. At a certain stage in the service, two white lambs, adorned with ribbons, and lying on cushions, with their legs tied together, are carried up to the altar, while the faces not only of the congregation, but of the officials who carry them, and the clergy who receive them, are relaxed into the broadest smiles; and when, at the moment of the benediction, one of the poor little animals utters a *ba-a-a*, the gravity of every one is entirely upset. It is certainly one of the oddest religious rites to be seen anywhere in Christendom.

The Carnival was this year a somewhat dismal time, thanks to political causes. The leaders of the Roman world held aloof from it; masks were allowed only in so far as necessary to defend the face from the showers of confetti; and, instead of the wild excitement which used to attend the lighting of the *moccoli*, when every one in the crowded Corso tried to blow out his neighbor's light, and to defend his own, they were confined to the balconies of houses. But let us suppose that, as Mr. Story says in the beginning of his fifth chapter, "the gay confusion of the Carnival is over," or, as a learned German Jesuit expressed the same fact to us—"Die Narrenzeit ist vorüber"—and that Lent has set in. The inexperienced traveller expects a dull time; and, if you cannot live without dancing, which at this season is forbidden by the police, no doubt you will find it dull. But in other respects the Roman Lent is really a very lively season—very far different, indeed, from the Lent of a decorous English cathedral town. Evening parties are more plentiful than ever—the only difference from other seasons being, that our Roman Catholic friends hold themselves bound, it is said, to confine themselves to water-ice, and to eschew cream. If theatres are closed, concert-rooms are open all the more; and every day there is a "station" at some church or other which

is indicated in the *Diario Romano*. For many a little church, which is perhaps shut up almost all the rest of the year, this Lenton station is the gayest day of the three hundred and sixty-five. The street near it is strewed with sand and boxwood; the unfailing beggars line the approach and take up their position on the steps; carriages are seen before the door, and the pavement within is crowded with kneeling people, among whom the visitor who is led by curiosity rather than by devotion winds in and out in search of what is to be seen. At such times it is that you may best see the round church of St. Stephen, the meat-market of Imperial Rome, with its hideous pictures of martyrdoms, looking like the early woodcuts in Foxe run mad; St. Nereus and Achilleus, where the great ecclesiastical annalist Baronius, once its titular cardinal, studied to restore the primitive arrangement of a church, and by an engraved prayer implored his successors to leave it as he had left it; St. Cecilia is the Trastevere, with its rich reliquaries and plate, and the beautiful statue of the saint; St. Pudentiana, the ancient church which gives his title to Cardinal Wiseman; St. Mary, of Egypt, formerly the temple of Fortuna Virilis, and now belonging to the Armenians of the Roman communion; St. Theodore (popularly called St. Toto), on the site of a temple of Romulus or Vesta; St. George in Velabro, where Rienza proclaimed the return of the Romans to "the ancient good estate;" St. Saba, St. Bibiana, St. Balbina, and a multitude of other curious and interesting places, which at other times you might find it hard to enter.

True it is that the architecture is disguised for the time by those crimson draperies in which it is the odd custom of Rome to swathe the pillars of churches on festal days. But then you probably come in for some sight peculiar to the day—such as the relics of St. Cecilia's, or of St. Mary's in Cosmedin. And often in some quiet little church there are on the station-day very elaborate vespers, which, if you are curious in such things, you may like to hear. Here and there, even in the midst of Lent, are interposed festivals on which the most conscientious Romanist may relax his austerity; such as that of St. Joseph, on the 19th of March—a day celebrated, among other things, by vast preparation and consumption of fritters, which Mr. Story derives from a festival of Bacchus at the same season of the year. And on the 25th of March—the Annunciation—there is the fair of Grotta Ferrata, to which all English Rome pours forth across the wide Campagna. Such a crowd one seldom sees! Country people in all sorts of picturesque varieties of dress—which are the professed object of our visit to the fair! booths with all sorts of things for sale that can enter into the rustic list of wants or luxuries—clothing, male and female—boots, shoes, hats: cutlery, combs, kitchen utensils, so much more scientific than our own, that English housekeepers of far higher condition than the customers of Grotta Ferrata might well covet them; jewelry not quite equal to Signor Castellani's workmanship, and other articles of personal adornment; hams and huge sausages for store, and for present consumption, enormous roast pigs, stuffed with chestnuts and garlic, baskets on baskets of colored eggs, and appetizing fries of fish and other materials, such as Mr. Story often dwells on with delight (i. 90). With difficulty you make your way into the conventual Church, where under the penitent Otho III., about the year 1000, the Greek liturgy of St. Basil was established by the Calabrian hermit St. Nilus; you admire the beautifully preserved frescoes in which Domenichino has represented scenes from the life of the founder; and, after elbowing your way back to your carriage (perhaps with the loss of your purse), you are driven to Frascati, from which you climb the heights of Tusculum, pic-nic, perhaps, among the remains of the beautiful little ancient theatre, and return to Rome amidst a multitude of vehicles in the cool of the evening.

As Easter approaches, the ecclesiastical gayeties become more formidable. If any one should suppose the Holy Week to be a time for solemnly collecting the thoughts by way of preparation for Easter, he will find himself utterly mistaken. From Palm Sunday onwards there is a continual succession of shows, and even those who in their own persons keep out of them as much as possible find themselves constantly beset by the bustle of their friends around them. "What is there that I can see this morning? what in the forenoon, what in the afternoon, what in the evening, what at midnight? How many places can I be in at once? What is the hour of everything, and how long must I be ready before?" Such are the questions.

which are heard on every side. It is to be hoped that for the devout members of the Roman Church the ceremonies of the season serve to their proper purpose; but for those who can look on them only from the outside they are merely a distraction, of which the effect is anything but good. The scenes of crushing and confusion are terrible, and the impression made by ceremonies witnessed under such difficulties must be the very reverse of edifying.

It is a great relief to quiet people when the Easter ceremonies are wound up by the illumination of St. Peter's; and then the crowds which for the last fortnight had filled the hotels, the lodgings, and the streets of Rome begin to disperse very rapidly. In a few weeks there is hardly an Englishman to be seen in the whole place; but it is just then, according to Mr. Story, that the pleasantest time of the Roman year begins:—

"The month of May is the culmination of the spring and the season of seasons at Rome. No wonder that foreigners who have come when winter sets in, and take wing before April shows her sky, sometimes growl at the weather, and ask if this is the beautiful Italian clime. They have simply selected the rainy season for their visit; and one cannot expect to have sun the whole year through, without intermission. Where will they find more sun in the same season; where will they find milder and softer air? Even in the middle of winter, days, and sometimes weeks, descend, as it were from heaven to fill the soul with delight; and a lovely day in Rome is lovelier than under any other sky on earth. But just when foreigners go away in crowds, the weather is settling into the perfection of spring, and then it is that Rome is most charming. The rains are over, the sun is a daily blessing, all Nature is bursting into leaf and flower, and one may spend days on the Campagna without fear of colds and fever. Stay in Rome during May, if you wish to feel its beauty.

"The best rule for a traveller who desires to enjoy the charms of every clime would be to go to the North in the winter, and to the South in the spring and summer."—i. 162–3.

The recommendation contained in these last lines is rather more than we are disposed to follow. But in truth, May is delightful everywhere,—in London and in the English country, for instance,—as well as at Rome; and it is not from weariness of Rome that people leave it when May is at hand, but because other places then put forth their attractions. And when all one's friends are gone, what is a sojourner whose happiness in some degree depends on human society to do? But Mr. Story luxuriates (as well he may) in this month at Rome; and, besides the charms of nature, there are then sights which are not to be seen at any other time—among them the Corpus-Domini procession, when all the clergy, monks, and seminarists of Rome repair to St. Peter's, and make the circuit of the Piazza; the well-known flower festival of Genzano; and the artists' festival, a very quaint and characteristic celebration outside the walls, which our author describes with great enthusiasm (i. 152–7).

There is, indeed, the fear of danger to health if the stay at Rome be protracted into the hot season. But against such danger Mr. Story undertakes to secure us, if we will but follow his directions, which, in sum, amount to this: Imitate the Italians: eat little, drink little, and that not of a strong or fiery kind; and, above all, avoid overheating yourself and exposing yourself to chills (i. 158–9).

There is a chapter on games,—*morra*, the ancient *micare digitis*, which is so often to be witnessed about the Forum; *pallone*, which Mr. Story prefers to cricket, and for skill in which a Florentine, who got the name of *Earthquake*, is celebrated in an epitaph which will put to shame anything that can be inscribed on the proposed monument to the great cricketer, Alfred Mynn.* And from these and other games of strength or skill, we pass to an account of the Lottery—that institution which plays so large a part in Italian life.

We pass on to the chapter on "Cafés and Theatres." The untravelled reader would hardly understand from this how inferior the Roman cafés are to those of other great cities; but on the subject of theatres Mr. Story has more to say. He knows them all, high and low, from the chief opera-house, the Apollo, the humblest gaffs (as we believe they would be called in London), and the puppet-shows. The most striking of all, from its associations and its peculiarities, is the "Correa," which is nothing less than

* "Josephus Barnius, Petiolensis, vir in jactando repercutiendoque folle singularis, qui ob robur ingens maximamque artis peritiam, et collusores ubique devictos, Terraemotus formidabili cognomento dictus est."—i. 118.

the mausoleum of Augustus. There, within the still grand and imposing ruins of imperial pomp, when the evening sun throws over the whole area the cool shadow of the lofty walls, you may for sevenpence-half-penny take your chair under the bright sky, and smoke your cigar at your ease, while you witness plays very fairly acted on a stage open to the day.

"The Italians at the theatre are like children. The scene represented on the stage is real to them. They sympathize with the hero and heroine, detest the villain, and identify the actor with the character he plays. They applaud the noble sentiments and murmur at the bad. When Othello calls Iago "honest" there is a groan over the whole house, and whenever Iago makes his entrance a movement of detestation is perceptible among the audience. Scarcely will they sit quietly in their seats when he kneels with Othello to vow his "wit, hands, heart to wronged Othello's service," but openly cry out against him. I have even heard them in a minor theatre hiss an actor who represented a melodramatic Barbarossa who maltreated the Italians, giving vent to their indignation by such loud vociferation that the poor actor was forced to apologize by deprecatory gestures, and recall to their minds the fact that he was acting a part. So openly is the sympathy of the audience expressed that it is sometimes difficult to induce an actor to take the villain's rôle."—i. 208.

But there are other theatricals in Rome with which Mr. Story is probably not acquainted. At most of the colleges there are dramatic performances during the Carnival,—generally on some subject from Scripture, or from the lives of the Saints. The performances at the English College, however, are of a different kind, and are very well worth seeing. This year "The Heir-at-Law" was acted with much humor and effect, although Lady Duberly and Cicely Homespun had been forced to yield to the rule which excludes female characters from the ecclesiastical stage, and, on the same principle, the audience was without any mixture of ladies. Then came a burlesque operetta on the captivity of Richard I. In this the composer and his fellow-students acted and sang with great spirit; and the performances were wound up with a farce.

Another kind of ecclesiastical drama is the Oratorio. Few, probably, among the thousands who frequent the performance of the pieces so styled in Exeter Hall are aware that the name is derived from a source so abhorred by all sound Protestants as the brotherhood of the Oratory, which reckons as one of its most eminent members the redoubtable Dr. Newman. But so it really is; for the performance of musical dramas on sacred subjects was one of the means which St. Philip Neri, the founder of the Oratorians, devised for bringing religion to bear on the people; and oratorios are still performed on the evenings of the Sundays of Lent, in a chapel attached to the Chiesa Nuova, the headquarters of the order. Admission is free, and the audience is very miscellaneous; the more distinguished part of the company (which perhaps includes even princes of the Church) being seated in galleries at the opposite ends of the building. Formerly, men only were admissible; but in consequence, we believe, of the French occupation of Rome, a change has been introduced in this respect, and the character of "Signora Inglese" will now serve as a passport to a gallery which is reserved for ladies. There is very little light either in the body of the chapel or in the galleries; but when the performance is about to begin, those who understand the ways of the place draw out and light their little tapers, by the help of which each man is able to follow the action in his *libretto*.

The oratorio of last spring was a new one, relating to the history of St. Athanasius. It opened with a chorus of orthodox Alexandrians extolling the virtues of their great bishop, to which a chorus of Arians replied that Athanasius was no better than he should be, and that, in Dogberry's phrase, it would "go near to be thought so shortly." Athanasius then appears, and receives from Arsenius a flourishing account of the Ethiopian mission under Frumentius, which he resolves to strengthen by sending forth additional clergy. The Arian bishop, George, relates the ignominius failure of one of his schemes against Athanasius, but resolves to overthrow him by some other means; and the rest of the drama is taken up with the well-known story of the manner in which Athanasius, when accused of having murdered Arsenius, and having used his hand for magical purposes, discomfited his enemies by producing the man alive, and with all his limbs entire.

To the class of ecclesiastical dramas may

also be referred the "Dialogo" of the City Mission (*Missione Urbana*), of which some account may be found in Mr. Burgon's curious and instructive "Letters from Rome." This performance takes place on Sundays, two hours before the *Ave Maria*, and goes the round of certain churches which are mentioned in the *Diario Romano*, being carried on in each during the Sundays of one month at a time. The performers are two Jesuits, who take their places on a raised platform—the one personating an *Ignorante*, who is made the mouth-piece of all the popular arguments against religion, while the other, a *Dotto*, or learned man, triumphantly answers him. The *Ignorante* speaks the common Roman dialect, and from this cause, and the rapidity of his utterance, is rather hard for a foreigner to understand; but the cleverness with which his talk is suited to the hearers is sufficiently evidenced by the bursts of laughter which he continually calls forth. On the first occasion when we were present at the "Dialogue," the Dotto was an old man, with a very loud voice, and of very decided opinions. The Ignorante began, "Last week, father, you told me that, in order to salvation we must hold the Catholic faith. If we do this, I suppose we need not trouble ourselves about anything further." "Far from it," replies the Dotto: "you must also observe the Christian law; you must love all men, live honestly, give alms, etc." "But," objects the Ignorante, "people who are not Catholics do these things." "You don't understand the matter," rejoins the Learned Man; "the alms-giving of a Protestant is no true charity. A Protestant gives alms to a person because she is pretty, or for some other such reason. The charity of Protestants is like the charity of brute beasts towards their kind; it comes from no true motive, and can tend to no good end." After going on for some time in this strain, the old gentleman turned in a very marked way towards the only two Englishmen who were in the church—conspicuous, probably, by their better dress, as it was in a poor neighborhood, and on a wet afternoon in January—and broke out into a violent tirade against Protestantism in general, which he charged with insidiously attempting to sap the faith of true believers; and he denounced the most dreadful doom against all Protestants—greatly to the amusement of some little boys and girls, who turned round and laughed in the faces of the persons denounced. On another day the same old gentleman was found raving against excommunicates, and hinting that everybody in the kingdom of Italy was or ought to be excommunicate. On a third occasion, when the audience was generally of a higher class, the Ignorante was the same as before, but the violent old gentleman's place was taken by a younger and very acute-looking Dotto, who met the Ignorante's humor in his own style. The Dialogue was always listened to with great attention, and must probably be found very useful as an instrument of popular instruction. But we need not say that such performances would be utterly out of keeping with the decorum which the Church of England wisely preserves in dealing with holy things.

From modern theatres Mr. Story passes to the Colosseum. His description of it in its present state is well done; but this chapter is the first considerable specimen of the sort of matter which we have already objected to as out of place, and which, unhappily, fills a very large part of the rest of the work. In such a book as "Roba di Roma" professes to be, we do not expect to meet with a solemn history of the Colosseum—of its building and of its decay (for the best account of which we may refer to Lord Broughton's "Illustrations of Childe Harold," or to his later work on Italy); * we do not expect to meet with details about the gladiators and their fights, about combats with wild beasts, *mirmilli*, *retiarii*, and all the rest of it.

The next chapter, the account of Pasquin and Pasquinades, contains little beyond what is familiar to the readers of Murray; † but the description of puppet-shows is in Mr. Story's better style, and we wish that we could find room for some part of it.

We are now supposed to have reached summer, when all who can afford it go into the country. Of country life at this season Mr. Story gives us very pleasant sketches:—

"The *villeggiatura* in Rome differs much from the country life in England. It is not the habit here to keep open house or to re-

* Italy: Remarks made on several Visits. London, 1861. Mr. Story's learning on the subject seems to be chiefly taken from Lord Broughton.

† The latest production of the Pasquinesque kind with which we are acquainted is the following, by a well-known Queen's Counsel:—

"A Gallis Romam servaverat anser; ab ipsis
Romanis Romam Gallica servat avis."

ceive friends within one's household on long visits. The family generally lives by itself, in the most retired manner. There is, however, no lack of society, which is cordial and informal in its character. If the villa belong to a princely house, or be the principal *palazzo* in a small town, there is generally a reunion of the chief personages of the village every evening in its *salons*—the bishop, physician, curate, *sindaco* and *avvocato* meeting there nightly to discuss the affairs of the place and the prospects of the harvest, or to play cards If there be several families in contiguous houses, the intercourse between them is constant. Visits are made to and fro, little excursions and picnics are formed, and now and then there are rustic dances, to which the *contadini* are invited, when the princes and peasants dance together and enjoy themselves in a *naïve* and familiar way. Several of these I remember with much pleasure that took place during a delightful *villeggiatura* I once made in Castel Gandolfo. On these occasions the brick floor of the great hall was well watered and cleanly swept, and the prettiest girls among the neighboring *contadini* came with their lovers, all arrayed in the beautiful Albanese costume, and glittering with golden necklaces and earrings. A barrel of wine was set in one corner of the hall, and a large tray, covered with *giambelle* and glasses, stood beside it, where any one who wished helped himself. The principal families in the vicinity were also present, some in Albanese dress, and all distinctions of position and wealth and title were set aside. The village band made excellent music, and we danced together polkas, waltzes, quadrilles, and the Roman *saltarello*. These dances took place in the afternoon, commencing at about five o'clock and ending at nine, when we all broke up."—i. 291–2.

Again :—

"The *grilli* now begin to trill in the grass, and the hedges are alive with fire-flies. From the ilex groves and the gardens nightingales sing until the middle of July; and all summer long glow-worms show their green emerald splendor on the gray walls, and from under the roadside vines. In the distance you hear the laugh of girls, the song of wandering promenaders, and the burr of distant tambourines, where they are dancing the *saltarello*. The *civetta* hoots from the old tombs, the *barbigiano* answers from the crumbling ruins, and the plaintive, monotonous *ciou* owls call to each other across the vales. The moonlight lies in great still sheets of splendor in the piazza, and the shadows of the houses are cut sharply out in it, like blocks of black marble. The polished leaves of the laurel twinkle in its beams and rustle as the wind sifts through them. Above, the sky is soft and tender: great, near, palpitant stars flash on you their changeful splendor of emerald, topaz, and ruby. The Milky Way streams like a delicate torn veil over the heavens. The villa fronts whiten in the moonlight among the gray smoke-like olives that crowd the slopes. Vines wave from the old towers and walls, and from their shadow comes a song to the accompaniment of a guitar: it is a tenor voice, singing '*Non ti scordar, non ti scordar di me.*'"—i. 297.

Harvest follows (i. 299), and after harvest the vintage :—

"In we go among the vines. There are scores of picturesque peasants plucking grapes, with laughter and jest, and heaping them into deep baskets, till their purple bunches loll over the edge moist with juice. Some are mounted on ladders to reach the highest—some on foot below gathering the lowest—and the heavy luscious buckets, as soon as they are filled, are borne off on the head to a great basket wain, into which they are all tumbled together. The very oxen themselves seem to enjoy it, as they stand there among the vines decorated with ribbons, and waiting to bear home their sunny freight of grapes. The dogs bark, the girls laugh and slip out of the arm of the swains, who threaten them with a kiss. Stalwart creatures they are too, and able enough to guard themselves; and the smack of their hand on his cheek or back I willingly yield to him, though he takes the practical reproof with a good-natured laugh, and is ready to try his luck again when a chance offers.

"When the grapes are all gathered they are heaped into great stone vats, and, crowned with vine leaves, the peasants, bare-legged to their thighs, leap into them, and with joke and song tread down the grapes, whose rich juice runs out below into a great butt. As they crush them down new heaps are emptied in, and it is no small exercise to keep them under. The juice spurts over them and stains them crimson—the perspiration streams from their forehead—they pant with excitement, and as they brush away their wet hair they streak their faces with purple. When one is wearied out by this fatiguing work another takes his place, and so the dance goes on until the best of the juice is expressed. The skins are then subjected to the wooden press, which gives a second and ordinary quality of wine, and water is frequently poured over them as they dry."—i. 303–4.

The grapes, says Mr. Story, are delicious; but although the vines are well cultivated, the wine is spoilt through want of care in the

making. "No pains are taken in the selection and distribution of the grapes, so as to obtain different qualities of wine; but good and bad, stems and all, are cast pell-mell into one great vat, and the result of course is a wine far inferior to that which may be produced" (i. 306). Let us hope that in this, as in many other ways we shall soon see a reform by which Italy may do justice to herself.

The Campagna is described by Mr. Story with great enthusiasm. "To me," he says, "it seems the most beautiful and the most touching in its interest of all the places I have ever seen; but there are those who look with different eyes." Not only did a Frenchman of Mr. Story's acquaintance style it "un pays détestable," but "we also—we English and Americans—but too often call the Campagna by bad names, and speak of it as desolate and deserted, if not ugly" (i. 325). Mr. Merivale, for instance (whose great work seems to be unknown to our author), calls it "the most awful image of death in the bosom of life anywhere to be witnessed."* If this phrase relates to the frequent appearance of ruins in the Campagna, or to the scantiness of its population, or to the malaria which renders it unwholesome for residence, we can only say that the language is a little to solemn. But if Mr. Merivale means to convey the idea that the Campagna has a stricken look, we are quite unable to agree with him. Perhaps Mr. Merivale's impressions may have been received in winter, when the Campagna, like everything else, is at its worst. But in spring its appearance is remarkably cheerful. Far from being an uniform flat—as it appears to the eye looking across it from a height to the grand background of the Sabine and the Alban mountains—it is full of undulations, and has its quiet green valleys, each animated by its little stream, with overhanging willows and alders, which might be in some pastoral district of England or of Scotland. Much of it is already cultivated, and cultivation is spreading, although the system on which the land is let is unfavorable to the progress of agriculture, and in everything relating to implements, and the like, the Campagna farmers of the present day are considerably behind those of the reign of Augustus (i. 3253–33).

The ruins of the Campagna lead Mr. Story to discuss the population of Rome in the imperial days (i. 343); and this discussion is more fully carried out in an appendix to the second volume. How little Mr. Story is fitted for treating such questions may appear from the fact that he represents Tacitus as estimating the inhabitants of the city at "no less than six millions" (i. 343); whereas the historian's statement really relates to the number of *citizens* in the whole empire, as ascertained at the census taken by Claudius.* It is not for us to enter into such a controversy; but as Mr. Story advocates the old orthodox calculation of four millions, we should have been glad to see how he would dispose of Mr. Merivale's arguments, by which the population of Rome, including the suburbs, and "making the most liberal allowance for soldiers and strangers," is reckoned at something less than seven hundred thousand."†

The markets of Rome are the next subject. We have an account of the markets for provisions, for curiosities, and for all other sorts of things. There is an amusing dialogue showing how, if an ignorant John Bull will buy pictures, of which he knows nothing, through the medium of a courier whom he is obliged to use as interpreter, the courier may make a good thing of it by cheating both his master, and the vendor who cheats his master (ii. 14–5). But more alarming even than this are some of the details as to what the Romans will eat. Among other things, cat is esteemed as a delicacy; so that those of our countrymen who depend on a *traiteur* for their dinner, may do well to be cautious as to eating "hare," which generally appears without the distinguishing head and ears! Here is a picture of the Sunday labor-market in the Piazza Montanara; and let us observe in passing that there is a wonderful contrast between the Sunday of the English quarter and the Sunday of the more purely Roman parts of the city:—

"Every Sunday you will find it thronged

* "Hist. of the Romans under the Empire," iv. 479.

* "Censa sunt civium quinquaginta novem centena octaginta quatuor millia septuaginta duo" (Annal. xi. 25). In his Appendix Mr. Story shows something more like a right understanding of the matter (p. 348).

† Hist. Rom., iv. 521. We may remind our readers that Gibbon estimates the population of Rome at 1,200,000 (iii. 119, ed. 1846), and that his editor, Dean Milman, prefers this estimate both to that of Dureau de la Malle, which is even lower than Mr. Merivale's, and to that of Zumpt—two millions.

with peasants from all the mountain towns in the vicinity, who come down from their homes to labor on the Campagna. As they are generally hired by the week, they return to the city every Sunday to renew their old engagements or enter into new ones. This piazza is one of their chief places of resort, and Sunday is their day of 'change. Here they make their petty purchases, transact their small business, make merry together in the *osterias*, lounge about in the streets and sun themselves, and go to the puppet theatres, where there are at least two performances every day. Men, women, and children, in every variety of costume, crowd the place, some with their rude implements of husbandry, some with the family-donkey, on which they will return, 'ride and tie,' to the Campagna towards night-fall, making very picturesque 'flights into Egypt' along the road, and some carrying their whole wardrobe on their head in a great bundle. Most of them are stalwart, broad-shouldered, and bronzed with the sun; but here and there may be seen the bleached, saffron face of one who has been stricken down by the fever, and whose smile is pale and ghastly. The men are dressed in home-spun blue cloth, and wear on their legs long, white stockings and small clothes, heavy leathern gaiters strapped up to the knee, or the shaggy skins of white goats. As the cold weather comes on, a huge blue cloak with a cape is flung over the shoulder, and the *contadino*, firm as an old Roman, stands like a statue for hours in the piazza. The women are dressed in the vivid colors of their '*paese*,' with scarlet *busti* and snowy *panni* on their heads, broad-shouldered, full-bosomed, straight-backed, large-waisted, and made to bear and to endure. Their faces beam with health, like russet apples glowing in the autumn sun, and the circulation is decidedly good. So, too, is the digestion, if one judges from the appetite with which they eat their raw onions and salads, and bite great curves out of their wedges of black bread.

"At the corner of the piazza, in the open air, with a rickety table before him, on which are a few sheets of paper, and an inkstand, sand, and pens, is the *scrivano* or letter-writer, who makes contracts and writes and reads their letters for them. He is generally an old man, bearded, and with great round iron-rimmed spectacles on his nose."—ii. 22–3.

The Piazza Montanara is close to the Ghetto, into which Mr. Story plunges with delight. Here, unhappily, he thinks it necessary to display his learning; and, although there is no mention of Sir Thomas Browne's chapter on the opinion "that Jews stink," we have an extract to the same purpose from Casalius, in which Mr. Story turns the canonist Balsamon into Balsam*um;* calls the Saracens *Agerini*, instead of *Agareni;* and identifies the Council "in Trullo" (in the end of the seventh century) with the Council of Sardica (in the middle of the fourth). Nor can we give the praise of accuracy to his account of the Pierleone family, which came out of Judaism in the eleventh century, and produced an anti-pope in the twelfth.

In the second volume we grieve to say that compilation bears a far greater proportion to original writing than in the first. There is an account of the aqueducts, which seems to belong to some methodical book of topography, rather than to such a sketch-book as this ought to be. There is a chapter entitled "Good Old Times," which is, of course, derived from older books, and abounds in such mistakes as Mr. Story delights in when he meddles with history. There is a chapter on "Saints and Superstitions," which is not only in great part a compilation, but, even where it treats of modern things, has more to do with other places than with Rome.* And there is one professedly on "The Evil Eye," which runs out into a discussion of all sorts of fascination and magical influences, while as to the "Evil Eye" itself it gives us very little information. The account of "Births, Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials" is better worth reading, as being in a greater degree drawn from observation.

We have an account of the great cemetery of San Lorenzo,—to our thinking a very unlovely place, although it is no longer disgraced by the abominations which Mr. Story reports from former times. The monuments

* We need hardly say that Mr. Story has no toleration for the common legends as to the miracles of saints. But at page 147, in speaking of the late Princess Borghese (Lady Guendoline Talbot), he says: "Of this beautiful and accomplished woman a remarkable and *well-accredited* story is privately told, which shows that her charities did not end with her life." And we are required to believe that the princess, after her burial in St. Mary Major's, appeared, dressed in black, to a poor woman who was praying near the family chapel in that church, asked her why she was weeping, and, on being told the cause, said, "Be of good comfort; you shall be taken care of; silver and gold have I none, but such as I have I give unto you." Whereupon she gave her a ring, which Prince Borghese recognized as having been buried with his wife; and the old woman was for the rest of her days pensioned by the prince!

are generally in wretched taste, both as to design and as to inscriptions; and nothing can be more strongly in contrast with the bare and staring enclosure of San Lorenzo than the deep shadows and the quiet retirement which mark the resting-place of the English and other "Acattolici," beside the pyramid of Caius Cestius. There, too, are things other than could be wished, especially in the older monuments; * but in no place of burial that we have ever visited is there so much of beauty, or of touching and soothing influence.

* As a specimen of the last-century epitaph, we know of nothing more wonderful than the following, which commemorates a very young lady of Roman Catholic family in the English College at Rome: "Martha Swinburne, born Oct. x. MDCCLXVIII, died Sept. viiij. MDCCLXXVIII. Her years were few, but her life was long and full. She spoke English, French, and Italian, and had made some progress in the Latin tongue; knew the English and Roman histories, arithmetic, and geography; sang the most difficult music at sight, with one of the finest voices in the world; was a great proficient on the harpsichord; wrote well; danced many sorts of dances with strength and elegance. Her face was beautiful and majestic, her body a perfect model, and all her motions graceful. Her docility and alacrity in doing everything to make her parents happy could only be equalled by her sense and aptitude. With so many perfections, amidst the praises of all persons, from the sovereign down to the beggar in the street, her heart was incapable of vanity. Affectation and arrogance were unknown to her. Her beauty and accomplishments rendered her the admiration of all beholders, the love of all that enjoyed her company. Think, then, what the pangs of her wretched parents must be at so cruel a separation. Their only comfort is in the certitude of her being completely happy, beyond the reach of pain, and forever freed from the miseries of this life. She can never feel the torments they endure for the loss of a beloved child. Blame them not for indulging an innocent pride in transmitting her memory to posterity, as an honor to her family and to her native country, England. Let this plain character, penned by her disconsolate father, claim a tear of pity from every eye that peruses it."

Rome, it is said by those who have known it long, is not improving as a place of sojourn. The influx of English has doubled the price of everything within the last thirty years. A great part of the visitors go to Rome, not for its own sake, but for the sake of what they might find better at Brighton: the English society is broken up into various sets, and is not so free from the spirit of clique, with its foolish little assumptions and jealousies, as in former days. But these are evils which must be endured, even if, as seems probable, they should increase in proportion to the greater facilities of travelling which are now in progress. Notwithstanding all the drawbacks that can be occasioned by the faults either of the natives or of our own countrymen, Rome, with its antiquities and history, its grand natural position, its churches, palaces, galleries, and studios, its splendid pomps, and its strange medley of life, so unlike all other life in this nineteenth century, is the most interesting city in the world; and every book which enables us to understand it better deserves a hearty welcome. In how far Mr. Story's volumes fulfil this purpose—in how far, by aiming at too much, they fail of it—we have endeavored honestly to point out. His opinions are such, and the expression of them is so strong, that "Roba di Roma" is not likely to find indulgence at the hands of the censors, so as to be procurable in the Roman bookshops. At present it is a good deal too bulky; but if Mr. Story, by sacrificing what is superfluous, will reduce it to one compact volume, it will well deserve a corner in the traveller's coat pocket, while the rest of his select little library is undergoing the awful ordeal of the custom-house.

THE new Act of Parliament to enable the bishops of Welsh dioceses, on the application of ten or more inhabitants of a parish in Wales, to allow the services to be conducted in the English language, and to grant licenses to ministers and chapels for that purpose has just been printed.

WE have the following new French works on America: "La Crise Américaine, receuil de documents de 1859–1862;" "Le Nord et le Sud," by E. Poulain; and "Grandeur et Avenir des Etats Unis," par Emil Carey.

PRINCE NAPOLEON, it appears, experienced a slight annoyance when on his recent Nile-journey. He arrived at a certain granite block near the first Nile-cataract, and found General Bonaparte's name erased from an inscription which testified to his having advanced so far with his victorious legions. The prince had the inscription restored at once.

From The London Review.

THE SEASIDE SACRIFICE.

African travellers tell us that it is a fact recognized in natural history that the lionesses govern the lions with an absolute and iron sway. In all the journeys and the raids it is, they say, the lioness who takes the lead and determines where the lion is to prowl. It is not wonderful that it should be so, for the same phenomenon may be seen in every phase of social life. Few things prove more conclusively the power of the female over the male than the placid way in which the male, trained by a course of submission, goes exactly where he is told. Perhaps there is hardly anything, in the heat of June, against which the uneducated masculine instinct more spontaneously pronounces itself, than the form of dissipation which is profanely called a "drum." Not even the unmitigated agony a man undergoes at such an hour tempts him for a moment to endeavor to rebel. Long habits of hypocrisy enable him to smile for hours together, and to fetch and carry ices and wafers at the beck of his tormentor, without letting his sufferings be seen. On such occasions it is that the true grandeur of the domestic martyr is shown. The Duke of Wellington used to say that it was on the cricket-grounds and football-grounds of English public schools that Waterloo was originally won. It would not be far from the truth to say that it is in the "drums" of Great Britain that the British hero is trained. Self-sacrifice, endurance, and the habit of standing patiently for a long time together on his legs, and bearing up against fatigue, are the lessons that he learns there. The torments of classical and heathen antiquity are but a faint picture of those to which he is condemned by his feminine and relentless Fates. Ixion on his wheel may be a poetical, but is not an exaggerated type of the human soul, as it appears when driven to waltz in the hottest weather, in obedience to dictates which it dares not disobey. The urns of the Danaides represent feebly its attempts at fruitless ineffectual conversation with beings of the opposite sex. Like Sisyphus, it is forever rolling up some Hill of Difficulty a dead weight of ideas about the latest opera or the newest picture, only to see it roll down again, and to have to begin again. All the while, like Tantalus, it is thirsting for forbidden beverages and for the luxury of cool repose. If philosophers inquire the cause why the British hero cheerfully surrenders himself to such an ordeal, it is not far to seek. *Dux femina facti.* It is better, he thinks, to endure those ills he has, than fly to others that he knows not of. The same reason accounts for the humility and readiness with which, when the horrors of the London season are over, he betakes himself to the seaside. It is the destination which has been selected for him, by those who arrange these matters for him. The seaside of itself has perhaps little attractions for any but feminine natures. It is hot, sandy, and destitute of shade, and any man of a reflective and sensitive turn of mind cannot but feel deeply the aggravation of German bands all day, and of British insects all the night. He goes there simply for the reason that the Hampstead donkeys during August and September become Ramsgate donkeys, because he is a being of irresolution and feeble moral purpose, and because he cannot help it. When August begins, the Sun humbly resigns itself to entering the sign of the Shrimp, and bathing-boxes and nursery-maids occupy the sands. It is a proof that the *Matronalia* have begun. The genius of domestic life now enters into possession of the cliffs of Old England, and proclaims the general reign of the British mother. Existence for the more robust portion of our species for the next six weeks becomes an incessant sacrifice, during which a *Times*, and perhaps a casual telescope, are the only relaxations sanctioned by custom and by law.

The truth of this view is shown most positively by the fact that in the heyday of youth, and before his spirit is broken, a man never abandones himself contentedly to two months of salt sunshine and sandy inactivity. Masculine nature has its faults—and one of its faults is that it is easily cowed and enslaved—but it has not fallen so low as to prefer Margate to Switzerland of its own free choice. The young and the prosperous, as soon as they can escape from the metropolis or the universities, fly naturally to the moors and to the hills. They roam in healthy freedom over the one, and climb the other. It is a terrible fall from the Alpine Club to Margate pier. Yet it is what human nature is soon brought to. Like Icarus we start boldly for the mountain tops in early life, and before we know where we are we find ourselves taking up our position on a level with Dover

Channel. Our wings have melted in the sun and we are no longer what we once have been. In all human probability no young man ever spent his holidays thus, unless he was reading high mathematics for his Cambridge degree, or else had lost all his healthier manly feelings by extensive bullying at school. But as we grow older we find our life running into fixed grooves, from which it seems impossible to escape. Fortunately, this change comes at the period in life in which a man is most fit to bear it. After a few years the most muscular Christian wearies of the pious task of pounding up hills or along high roads; and begins to think irreverent thoughts in his heart about the Alpine Club and Monte Rosa. Nothing on the whole seems preferable to lying on his back and allowing the fresh breezes to blow over his face. The enjoyment of travel and rough living is no longer what it was to him. Passing a whole day in a clumsy diligence beside a couple of peasants and a village *curé* appears at most a mediocre amusement, and the view from the finest cathedral-top in Europe diminishes when it is felt that it is necessary to mount several hundred steps to see it. It is better—we silently acknowledge to ourselves—to leave such violent delights to the young. It is precisely at the time when human ardor thus flags, and when the human mind ceases to be anxious about its muscles, that we fall easy victims to the seaside movement. The unworthy reflection comes over us that it is possible to lie on one's back by the seaside, too, if not in the shade at all events in the sun; and that while this quiet repose is permitted to us, it is not worth while making a fuss about minor trifles. When the *Matronalia* rages, and we cannot even turn round without being brought into uncomfortable proximity to bathing-boxes, Italian organ-grinders, and shouting little children, there are few things more productive of enjoyable repose than to retire to some remote nook, where sun-bonnets and picnic parties never come, and to try and forget that one is at the seaside.

At such a moment, if a man feels tempted to repine at the law which compels him to pass a sixth part of his existence in the midst of scenery for which he has no vocation, he will console himself with the thought that the seaside has probably been invented to give to children at once health and delight. French social life differs from English social life in this, among other things, that the former is regulated by the caprices of women, while children rule the latter. Dieppe is as unlike Brighton as Baden Baden is unlike Bath. The social distraction of both sexes on the other side of the Channel is watching one another; their social distraction in England is to agree to watch the children. Mr. Leach's pictures invariably hit upon this great characteristic of the English seaside. It is the place for boys and girls who are growing, and who want color for their cheeks. For their sakes we sacrifice ourselves to the savage rapacity of the marine lodging-keeper, the bleak desolation of the marine circulating library, and the enervating fatigue of the marine parade. It is the duty of the generation that has risen, to go through this ordeal for the welfare of the generation that is only rising. The chief bitterness of the sacrifice is, that neither the children nor the other sex seem to have the least idea how much the sacrifice costs. Women as well as children seem sincerely to enjoy the seaside. The semi-publicity of the life they lead at such places, coupled with the society of their husbands, their fathers, their children, and their brothers, enables them to be domestic without being dull; and intellectual pleasures are supplied in plenty by the three-volume novels and the German bands. At a marine watering-place, English people live more like foreigners than they ever do on any other occasion, and for once are hardly hampered in their enjoyment by the consideration that the eyes of a whole terrace or square are fixed upon their movements. They mount their donkeys and travel up and down the beach, almost careless as to who may be watching them. This general ease and abandonment of restraint adds to the liveliness of the scene, and affords perpetual amusement to Englishwomen. Few things amuse them more than observing from a secure distance the foibles and vanities of that portion of their own sex which is less refined than themselves. They interest themselves in the savage finery of the Cockney squaws; in the loud voices in which they direct the evolutions and movements of the family battalion, and their disregard of natural reserve. Half the enjoyment of the properly behaved little children on the sands is made up, in like manner, by watching in silent horror the

movements of the little groups of savages around them. Without disrespect to women, it may safely be asserted that they are more keenly interested in social competition than men. Men have their professions and their pursuits, in the rivalries and contests of which they find an absorbing excitement, and look for the substantial rewards of life. A woman best measures the success or fame of her father or husband by the social position it gives her amongst her own sex. A fashionable mother, accordingly, surveys a less fashionable or worse dressed woman with somewhat of the complacency and satisfaction with which a successful barrister watches the manœuvres and struggles of the briefless. Her own superiority and her own advancement in life are vividly brought home to her by the contrast. This delicate cynicism belongs almost entirely to the softer sex. Men know what they dislike, but they do not reason about the finer distinctions of feminine toilet or costume. But an English lady's dress contains for the eyes of another English lady a complete history of the wearer's taste, habits, rank, and fortune, and of the precise social position in which the wearer moves. Life by the seaside presents to her a thousand histories of the kind; and this is why life by the seaside is not unpopular with those whose time is consistently passed in deciphering such histories and in extracting self-congratulation from them. If it be true that they go—as the poet says—to be seen, it is certainly also true that, in a great measure, they go to see.

Constrained by influences against which it would be in vain to battle, Englishmen submit to spend their autumn at a crowded watering-place solely out of regard to the health and wishes of English women and English children. From one point of view it may be said that the delights which the sea affords to rational minds are infinite. This is indisputably true; but from this point of view we may also say that the sea is not always to be found at the seaside. Apart from the physical enjoyment of sea air and of sea view, a watering-place gives about as much real enjoyment of the sea as Primrose-hill does of a hill. Quiet and solitude are essential if we wish to derive real pleasure from any of the great forces or elements of nature, and quiet and solitude are not to be had for money upon Ramsgate or Brighton pier. Reflective people, in all probability, derive keener satisfaction from the sea than it is possible for anybody else to do. The myriad changes, the silence, and the grandeur of the spectacle, produce mental impressions which are more pleasurable and vivid than the mere physical impressions of fine air and a sea breeze. But the sea, intellectually speaking, gives us nothing that we do not bring to the sea. It stimulates an already cultivated imagination; it evokes under new forms ideas which have been long lying dormant; it revives old recollections and old associations; and it touches old chords of sentiment. But the imagination, the ideas, the recollections, and the sentiment, must be in some way or other already latent before they can be revived. Thorough enjoyment of the sea in the fashion in which sober people wish to enjoy it is accordingly a kind of reflective process. As Margate—we say without the least disrespect to that excellent watering-place—is not exactly the place for a philosopher or a poet, it can hardly be the place for those whose best pleasures, not to give them an exaggerated name, have probably something philosophical or sentimental connected with them. Mr. Babbage's calculations cannot progress when organ-grinders, so to speak, are in the offing, and sentiment requires at least as much quiet as mathematics. When the Muses bathe they do not bathe in bathing-boxes; and Genius is sadly out of its element upon a crowded beach A Roman philosopher used to say that a great man was never so much alone in reality as when he was in company with other people. This particular kind of loneliness may produce a dreary gloom in the moral nature, but it is hardly the description of loneliness required by genius for its greatest thoughts. A generous soul will never be anxious to draw attention to the extent of the sacrifice it is making, but it is right that the lionesses of England should once for all understand the true nature of the sacrifice they are accustomed at this season to accept from the lion. You may take a lion to the watering-place, but you cannot make him think. His mental powers must be in abeyance while he is there. The children "playing on the shore" are incompatible—except in the poem of Mr. Wordsworth—with that state of mind in which we "hear the mighty waters rolling evermore." The docility with which

man resigns the higher pleasures of reflection and solitude at the command of woman, is the greatest tribute that can be paid to feminine power. It is a melancholy thought that his unselfishness in this as in all other respects is but too little appreciated; and that those who preside over and direct the proceedings during the English *Matronalia*, are hardly conscious of the effort a really great mind must make in order to appear happy in the middle of punchinelloes, fishing-smacks, and shrimps.

From The London Review.

POST-OFFICE BUSINESS.

Amongst the annual reports presented to Parliament none is more interesting than that of the postmaster-general. Our satisfaction in reading of the increased revenue, improved organization, and greater efficiency of the department under his charge, has no drawbacks. In the post-office these things are not accompanied by a greater stringency in the agencies of taxation; nor do they suggest the reflection, that after all they are but indication of the smoother and more regular working of some part of the elaborate machinery by which we control the social evils that we cannot uproot. When we find that the revenue of the post-office is growing we know that the accommodation which it is affording to the public is also growing in a far larger proportion. When we hear of treaties, conventions, and arrangements, by which it is placed in correspondence with similar institutions in other countries, or is enabled to bring within the range of its operations distant colonies and the remoter parts of our own kingdom, we know that these official triumphs are equivalent to some new breaches in the barriers of time or space, which have heretofore obstructed that freedom and facility of intercommunication which contributes so much both to general civilization and to individual comfort and happiness. Besides, the post-office in England is now much more than a mere letter-carrying establishment. It has become in a great degree, and is every year becoming more and more, the people's banker. For some time its money-order office has done for the masses what banks and exchange agencies do for capitalists; and has become the principal medium for small remittances even when they are made by people whose names are inscribed on the *libro d'oro* of great financial companies. More recently it has provided for the humblest depositors a safer and more convenient mode of investing and depositing their little hoards than is afforded by the ordinary savings'-banks. And its statistics thus indicate in a variety of ways the condition of the people, their tendency towards increased prudence or the reverse, and their greater or less power to avail themselves of advantages which can only be appropriated by those who are above the lowest level of poverty or ignorance.

Some idea may be formed of the work which the post-office has to do, when we mention that the distance over which mails are now conveyed within the United Kingdom, was last year nearly 160,000 miles a day, being upwards of 7,000 miles more than at the end of 1861. But besides this there is the foreign and colonial packet service, which employs ninety-six steamships exclusive of tenders, and distributes our letters all over the world, from the neighboring port of Calais, to Auckland in New Zealand, about 15,000 statute miles from Southampton. The voyages performed by these vessels during the year were equal, in the aggregate, to more than three millions of miles. We have no account of the number of letters sent abroad; but during the last year there were delivered in the United Kingdom six hundred and five millions of letters, seventy-three millions of newspapers, and fourteen millions of book packets. The average annual increase in the number of letters is about 3 3-4 per cent.; but last year, from some unexplained cause, it fell as low as 2 per cent. The enormous benefit conferred upon the country by penny postage, may be gathered from the fact that in the London district alone the number of letters is now nearly double that which, before the adoption of the present system, was delivered in the whole of the United Kingdom, London included. While dealing with this part of the subject, the postmaster-general gallantly condescends to give us a piece of information which will, no doubt, give great pleasure to ladies. The practice of sending valentines shows no sign of falling off. Last year 430,000 of these amatory effusions passed through the London office, being an increase of more than 20,000 upon the previous year; and in the present year, there was a further and still larger in-

crease. Let us hope that the postmen bore this addition to their ordinary burdens with more complacency than they must have done the weight of the 40,000 circulars in relation to a late Lambeth election, which were posted in a single day.

It is almost unnecessary to say that this great increase of business has not been obtained simply by sitting still and waiting for it. The postmaster-general has been actively engaged in spreading more widely his nets for customers, and in tempting them by increased facilities to augmented correspondence. The number of public receptacles for letters is now 14,776, as compared with 14,-354 last year. At nearly seven hundred places free deliveries were last year established for the first time. Rural posts have been established in many parts of Wales and the south of Ireland, which may have heard the sound of the "church-going bell," but were previously Solitude itself in regard to that welcome double-knock whose absence Alexander Selkirk so unaccountably omitted to mention amongst the deprivations of his unhappy lot. Day mail communications between London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, and the provincial towns of each kingdom, have been greatly extended. The rate of transit has been considerably accelerated in many parts of the empire. The mechanical arrangements for collection and distribution have been improved by an increased use of travelling post-offices, which now run on most of the railways by which mails are conveyed to and from London; and by the adoption of the ingenious mail-bag-exchanging apparatus at more than one hundred stations. We did not add during last year any new lines of foreign or colonial packets, but we have shared with the rest of the world the advantages resulting from the French mail-vessels which now run once a month between St. Nazaire and Vera Cruz; and the postmaster-general states that arrangements have been made with the authorities in Paris, under which their line to Ceylon, with one branch to Calcutta (touching at Pondicherry and Madras), and another to Shanghae (calling at Singapore, Saïgon, and Hong-Kong), will soon be available for British letters. With the German postal union a convention has been concluded, under which a book post has been established. Upon the whole, therefore, we think his lordship and Sir Rowland Hill are entitled to credit for the energy and intelligence with which they have lately conducted the purely postal part of their business.

Let us now see what they have been doing as bankers. The humblest branch of this department is that which affords to the public the means of exchanging stamps for money at a charge of 2 1-2 per cent. Under this arrangement, which practically amounts to a cheap, money-order system for small sums, a person may send stamps to the value of 3s. 4d. for one penny, and to the value of 1s. 8d. for a halfpenny. How extensively the public have availed themselves of the accommodation thus provided, may be seen from the fact that the sum paid in exchange for postage stamps amounted last year, in London alone, to nearly £60,000. During the last year, the number of money-order offices in Great Britain and Ireland was increased to 2,879. They issued during the twelvemonth 7,587,045 orders for sums amounting in the whole to £15,761,-259. The increase on the amount was 8 per cent. as compared with the previous year. No doubt this large increase was partly due to the circumstance that the sum for which an order can be drawn was raised on the 1st of January, 1862, from £5 to £10; but, nevertheless, the result is eminently satisfactory, considering the distress which has prevailed in the cotton districts during the past year. The rate of this increase has, with the exception of a year now and then, been steadily rising ever since the establishment of the system. Taking only the last few years it was in 1862 5 1-2 per cent., in 1860 4 1-4 per cent., in 1859 2 per cent., and in 1858 3 1-4 per cent. The proportion of the money-orders issued to the population varies considerably in the three kingdoms: for while in England (speaking roughly), one order is issued to every three persons, in Ireland the rate is one to eleven, and in Scotland one to five. Since 1856 a colonial money-order system has been in action; and its scope and usefulness have been steadily extending. We now exchange money-orders with Canada, Victoria, Western Australia, South Australia, Queensland, New Zealand, the Cape of Good Hope, Gibraltar, and Malta; and it is anticipated that we shall soon do so with New South Wales and several other colonies.

Perhaps, however, the most interesting part of the report is that which relates to the post-office savings'-banks. These banks be-

gan operations in September, 1861. They were at first gradually and cautiously established; but as their success was proved their number was increased, until at the close of 1862 they numbered 2,532, of which 1,933 were in England and Wales, 300 in Ireland, and 299 in Scotland. Since the beginning of the present year 332 additional banks have been opened, bringing the total number up to 2,864. Reckoning from the commencement of the system, 260,320 persons have become depositors; 180,000 accounts having been opened in the year 1862. Up to the date of the postmaster-general's report, the gross amount of deposits (including interest, up to the 1st July, 1863) had been £2,952,-296, while, up to the close of last year, the withdrawals had only been £438,378. At that time the average amount to the credit of each depositor was, in England and Wales, £9 14s. 11d.; in Scotland, £4 18s. 7d.; and in Ireland, £10 15s. 2d. The low average for Scotland is probably due to the facilities afforded by the joint-stock banks in that country for the deposits of small sums at interest. These figures are conclusive as to the general success of the post-office savings'-banks. One great advantage anticipated by their promoters was that from the greater facilities they afford from their being open daily for some hours, and from their being extended freely to small villages and poor districts, they would attract a class of smaller depositors than used to resort to the old banks. That this expectation has been realized to a considerable extent it is impossible to doubt, when we find that while the average amount of each deposit in the old savings'-banks was £4 6s. 5d., it is only £3 6s. 2d. in the post-office banks. It does not, however, seem that the new banks are superseding the old ones so rapidly as was expected to be the case; for although thirty-six of the former institutions have been closed, and their deposits transferred, the amount of them is only £340,000—an insignificant sum when compared with the total amount of deposits in the old banks, which in 1862 was no less than £40,550,557. It is, however, probable that transfers on a more extended scale will be made, as experience proves the sound and efficient working of the post-office banks. Up to the present time, we are glad to learn that "the regulations laid down for carrying on the business between the postmasters and the depositors, and the arrangements made for the proper entry of and check on the depositors' and postmasters' accounts have been found to work most satisfactorily."

One of the miscellaneous topics touched upon in the report, is the effect of railway travelling upon health. Judging from his observation of the officers in the travelling branch of the mail office, Dr. Lewis, the medical officer of the department, comes to the conclusion that, "on the strong and healthy, railway travelling, if the amount be not excessive, and if the travellers take proper care of themselves, produces little or no injurious effect." After so much grave statement, and so many dull statistics, it is quite refreshing to find Lord Stanley of Alderley relapsing into a gossiping mood towards the conclusion of his labors. As his lordship has unbent so far as to give the two Houses of Parliament an account of a curious accident which befell one of the pillar letter-boxes at Montrose, we need offer no apology for transferring the story to our less dignified and official pages:—

"The street gas-pipes having been opened for the purpose of examination and repair, an escape took place, and some of the gas found its way into the letter-box. The night watchman, to light his pipe, struck a match on the top of the box, when a violent explosion took place, forcing out the door, and doing other damage, but fortunately causing no injury either to the watchman or the letters."

From The London Review.

SHOT AND SHELL.

Just sixty years ago, the two discoveries which are now revolutionizing naval warfare first flashed across the brains of two very different men. Yet they had in common not merely the hour of birth, but the natal soil and the purpose for which they were designed. Both were conceived in Paris, and both had for motive the facilitating of the descent which Napoleon was then preparing on these islands. The one invention was that of the screw propeller, driven by a steam-engine fitted with a tubular boiler. This conception was due to a poor organ-maker of Amiens, a M. Dallery, who had been, driven by the failure of his trade, to the capital, there to subsist on the still worse trade of his wits. But the time was not propitious to naval novelty. Fulton's plan of propulsion by the paddle-wheel had just been tried on the Seine, and had failed through the decisive accident of

the engine breaking a hole in the bottom of the vessel. So M. Dallery spent his own poor 30,000 francs on his project, and when that sum left it still incomplete he could gain no other aid, and sank out of sight as completely as Fulton's engine. Twenty years afterwards the idea was revived by an engineer officer at Boulogne, but it again fell into neglect. At length, in nearly twenty years more, it was again started in this country by our own English "Mr. Smith;" and, as steam navigation was then an established fact, its importance, especially as applicable to vessels of war, became at once apparent; it was adopted by the French Government; and only a dozen years later it was recognized by our Admiralty and a "reconstruction of our navy" was ordered in all haste to be effected to admit of its adoption. Under very different auspices was the twin discovery of the first years of the century ushered into the world, yet it experienced a fate singularly similar. It was born of an imperial brain, it was nursed with autocratic authority, and fed with all the resources of an empire of which Europe was the limit. Yet it failed to live, it passed away among things forgotten, until in 1823 it was re-invented by General Paixhans, and in 1863 it has become a supreme fact of the day. This discovery was, that shells are more destructive than shot when fired horizontally against wooden vessels. The idea first occurred to Napoleon himself when he was considering the armament proper for the flotilla which was being prepared for the invasion of England. The recent volumes of the Napoleon correspondence, published this year in Paris, contain ample evidence of this singular fact, the existence of which is noticed in an article on the National Defences, in the *North British Review* for this present month. Let us cull from the frequent allusions in the emperor's letters enough to establish the point.

Like all new ideas, it only slowly took shape in the originating mind. First of all, the first consul desired that all his gun-boats should be armed with howitzers 3, 4, and 6-inch calibre. On May 31st, 1804, we find him — then newly proclaimed emperor — directing that every vessel shall have a proportion of 36-pounder shells, and that the crews shall be instructed in firing them from guns, and only at short ranges. Then, on July 2d, he directed the admiral at Toulon to practice with the same missile, confining himself to ranges of four hundred to six hundred yards. "There are," he urges, "no good reasons against their use, and a few shells would make in the hull of a ship more destruction than shot." But experience soon taught him the propriety of increasing the size of the shells, and on September 6th he writes to the Minister of Marine: "I desire that on every ship of the line there should be placed six or even ten howitzers of 8-inch diameter, fitted as they are on the gunboats. I think the result must be advantageous; for these vessels at 2,000 yards would use the howitzers like so many mortars, throwing a shell or bomb of 44 lb. weight; at six hundred yards they could fire them into the timbers, and even use charges of grape; but I expect the principal advantage from firing them with shell—they would be equivalent to 72-pounders. You know how useful this arm has proved in our gunboats. The mast of the English brig at Havre was broken by one of these howitzer shells. Send the model of the carriage to Brest, Rochefort, and Toulon, and let it be tried. It may be fired from the middle of the ship, either to port or larboard, ahead or astern, according to circumstances, and it only weighs 1,100 lbs. I venture to predict good effects from it. Let me know any objections which you and the engineers may have to this idea." Again, on 6th of September, he writes to Admiral Ganteaume at Brest: I have placed on board each gunboat a land howitzer of eight inches. It is mounted on a small marine carriage, which allows it to throw a 40 lb. shell to a range of more than 2,000 yards; fired at an angle of 45 degs., it gives the effect of a mortar; fired at four hundred yards, the shell explodes in the wood. At 2,000 yards its effect is considerable because it is of eight inches diameter, which is more than a 72-pounder. The gunboats have borne this fire well, and, as usual, after great fault has been found with this system of firing, it is now greatly praised. They must not be confounded with 6-inch howitzers, which, being only 36-pounders, would not fulfil the same object."

Compare these suggestions of Napoleon with this summary, by General Paixhans, of the invention of which he believed himself the original author:—

"Guns firing shells horizontally have been made principally with the view of placing

every vessel, however feeble, every battery, although only mounting a few pieces, in a position to destroy a ship of the line, even the colossal three-decker of 120 guns.

"Here are the results obtained from the first experiment made at Brest, in 1823. The first shell scattered in fragments 150 square feet of timber, and spread an insupportable smoke through the vessel which was used as a target. Another broke off a large piece of the main-mast, and carried away a mass of iron weighing 130 lbs. A third tore off a knee-timber weighing 2 cwt., and knocked down by its explosion more than forty logs nailed vertically to the deck to represent gunners in their places. Another made an enormous and irreparable hole in the side of the vessel, etc. And yet these were only fired from an 80-pounder. What, then, would be the effect of 120, 150, and 200-pounders?"

General Paixhans avows, like the great emperor, that his design was to overturn by these means the naval preponderance of England. And we are now able to see that at one time he actually had succeeded in doing so, and to thank our stars that the genius of red tape was so strong even in France, that it prevented Napoleon from having his idea carried out at an earlier date. For when this horizontal shell-firing from large shell-guns (now called Paixhans) came to be really adopted, it realized all that the emperor or the general predicted from it. It sank and blew up the Turks at Sinope, it beat the allied fleets off from Sebastopol, it protected Cronstadt by the mere terror of its name from attack, it sent to the bottom the American *Cumberland* and *Congress* in Hampton Roads. Thus, the first nation that adopted it held all other navies for a time at its mercy.

So all the nations of the earth are, in this year of 1863, building iron-clads, and counting their naval strength only by their strength of iron-clads. And yet in this rush to iron there are circumstances as strange as the long neglect of the idea of shell firing, for it seems as if we had quite lost sight of the fact that it is shell we have chiefly to provide against. We try our plates exclusively with solid shot, and are not content unless we can keep out solid shot. Now the real fact is, that shot cannot be kept out, but that when it enters it does comparatively little harm. Moreover, it happens that only a very slight thickness of iron annihilates the power of the Paixhans shell. Half-inch iron plates shiver the spherical cast-iron shell to fragments, without allowing the powder time to take fire; and even the Armstrong conical cast-iron shell, though it will pierce 1 1-2 or even 2 inches of iron, yet breaks, Sir Howard Douglas informs us, without exploding in the passage. Therefore, to penetrate iron ships, though not plated with more than an inch of iron, either wrought-iron or steel shells must be adopted. But, in thus employing a different and much less brittle material, it is as yet quite uncertain whether the really formidable effects of the missile will be preserved. There have been very few experiments with hollow steel bolts; and in those that have been tried, the mere successful attempt to penetrate the opposing iron plate has been regarded as a triumph —in entire oblivion that solid shot will do this as effectually, and that unless a shell flies after it has passed through, into a multitude of fragments, it is, in an iron ship, little more formidable than shot. Now if, when made of a tougher material than cast-iron, in order that it may not be shattered on the outside, it loses this faculty of breaking up in the inside, and merely splits up by the explosion of the charge into two or three pieces, it cannot be said to fulfil the place of the cast-iron Paixhans shell. And in this event the great thickness of iron plating on our new ships will be superfluous, and only such thickness as suffices to exclude the cast-iron shell would be enough to place our seamen in the same situation as before the Paixhans system was introduced.

It is singular that Government has not thought fit to investigate further a point so all-important. But there is another neglect leading to equal confusion, and possibly costly waste of material. Everybody knows that the Whitworth guns have proved more successful against iron-plates than the Armstrongs. But this result, usually attributed to the guns, is really due to the shot. Whitworth uses flat-headed shot, and, by his patent rights, prevents Armstrong from using it. Now penetration depends on the velocity, if other things are equal, and the Armstrong gun gives a velocity fully as great as the Whitworth. Hence it is far from certain that if Government were to buy up the patent fro flat headed shot, and use that form in the Armstrong guns, it would not find a result surpassing any yet achieved. It certainly ought to secure the best form of shot in any case, and it ought not to allow the question of the best description of gun to be confused by the employment of different kinds of ammunition, when the ascertained best ammunition might be equally used in each.

From The London Review.

PEDIGREE WHEAT.

A PARTY of gentlemen interested in agriculture met the other day at the farm of Mr. F. F. Hallett, the Manor House, Brighton, to hear an explanation of his peculiar system of wheat culture, and to witness the proofs of its success on the land in his occupation. There are some curious principles involved in this system, which have been the subject of much controversy. We propose, therefore, to explain at length the plans adopted by Mr. Hallett. That gentleman, who was educated not as a farmer but for a civil engineer, is now in the occupation of six hundred acres of land, three hundred of which lie in the immediate vicinity of the town of Brighton, and form a part of the celebrated Southdowns, which, as sheep-walks or pasturage, have given the name to one of the best and most popular of the breeds of sheep in this kingdom. A part of this home farm is a very poor, thin soil, from three to six inches in depth over the interminable chalk of the district. One portion, indeed, of the farm was proverbially barren and intractable until it came into Mr. Hallett's hands four or five years since; so that if, in Brighton, any extravagant scheme was proposed, it was common to say, "you may just as well attempt to grow wheat on such a hill," naming the doomed spot. All the summits and breasts of those hills are more or less of this character, the bottoms or low grounds being more fertile, because of the heavy rain-fall, in the course of time, washing down the soil from the upper parts.

Mr. Hallett, residing in the neighborhood of such men as the Ellmans and Rigdens, soon became acquainted with the principles adopted for the improvement of the breeds of cattle and sheep by the establishment of a *pedigree*, and he saw how much depends on a rigid adherence to the selected best type. It is to this principle that *all* the improvers of the breeds of animals ascribe their success. This principle is applicable not only to animals, but to plants and vegetables. We find an analogous practice among gardeners, who, when by accident or by skilful manipulation, they have secured a type of more than ordinary excellence or rarity, take special care to preserve the stock and to prevent its deterioration. It is the same with fruit-trees, of which, when a good kind is by whatever means obtained, the excellence is propagated by grafting only, it being found that the seed cannot be depended on for this purpose.

The question then naturally occurred to Mr. Hallett, If this principle has been carried out with so much success in the breeding of every kind of domestic animal, and in the production of various kinds of plants and vegetables, why cannot it be adopted on the farm in regard to cereal produce? Having matured his thoughts on this subject, Mr. Hallett resolved to carry them out in practice; first by experiment, and afterwards by its full adoption in his farming operations. He selected that accidental type of wheat called "the *Nursery Wheat*," as the plant on which to experimentalize. The following is his own account of the *modus operandi*:—

"The plan of selection pursued is as follows: A grain produces a stool, consisting of many ears. I plant the grains from these ears in such a manner that each ear occupies a row by itself, each of its grains occupying a hole in this row; the holes being twelve inches apart every way. At harvest, after the most careful study and comparison of the stool from all these grains, I select the finest *one*, which I accept as a proof that its parent grain was the best of all under the peculiar circumstances of the season. This process is repeated annually, starting every year with the *proved* best grain, although the verification of this superiority is not obtained until the following harvest. During these investigations, no single circumstance has struck me as more forcibly illustrating the necessity for repeated selection than the fact that, *of the grains in the same ear, one is found greatly to excel all others in vital power*. Thus, the original two ears contained together eighty-seven grains; these were all planted singly. One of these produced ten ears, containing six hundred and eighty-eight grains; and not only could the produce of no other single grain compare with them, but the finest ten ears that could be collected from the produce of the whole of the other eighty-six grains contained only five hundred and ninety-eight grains. Yet, supposing that this superior grain grew in the smaller of the two original ears, and that this contained but forty grains, there must still have been thirty-nine of these eighty-six grains which grew in the same ear. Thus far as regards the contents of ears. . . . Let us now consider whether pedigree in wheat combined with a natural mode of cultivating it (as above), can produce a number of ears equal to that usually grown per acre under the present system. In order to ascertain this, we ought

to know the number of ears ordinarily grown from seven or eight pecks of seed; but there are really no *data* upon this point. It has, however, been considered as about equal to the number of grains in a bushel, or under 800,000, which is about one ear for every two grains sown. I will, then, compare the numbers grown in 1861 upon two pieces of land, only separated by a hedge, where the two systems were fairly tried, the same 'pedigree wheat' being employed as seed in both cases. In the one instance six pecks of seed per acre were drilled November 20th, 1860, and the crop, resulting in fifty-four bushels per acre, consisted, at its thickest part, of 934,120 ears per acre. In the other instance, four and a half pints per acre were planted in September, in single grains, one foot apart every way, and the number of ears produced per acre was 1,001,880, or 67,760 ears in excess of those produced on the other side of the hedge *from more than twenty-one times* the seed here employed. Now, as an area of a square foot is more than amply sufficient for the development of a single grain, it is clear that thin seeding is not necessarily attended by a thin crop."

There are two principles here involved in addition to that of selection, namely, *thin seeding* and *early sowing*. If we only consider the collateral advantage of saving in seed-wheat from a million to a million and a half quarters annually, we shall see the importance of thin seeding. It will, however, be understood that Mr. Hallett's main object is, by attending to the *stock* from which he raises his wheat, to establish and perpetuate "*an hereditary excellence of quality and productive power;* and this can only be effected by thin seeding, and a strict selection of ears and grains." The collateral advantage of the saving in seed, although only an accessary consequence, is of no small importance to the farmer, being amply sufficient to cover at least the extra expense attending this process. That the system is capable of being carried out to advantage on the largest scale in field culture, is proved by Mr. Hallett's experience.

The visitors to Manor-house Farm last week proceeded, in the first instance, to inspect the specimens of wheat under experiment in Mr. Hallett's garden. Here were types of all kinds of that grain, from Australia, Eastern Siberia, Western Russia, Talavera; red and white rough chaff, April wheat, nursery wheat, etc. All these kinds were planted on the principle we have described. Mr. Hallett explained to his curious visitors the character of the different species of wheat, and in what way the foreign grain was affected by the difference of climate. This was very perceptible in the Australian wheat, which did not thrive in the soil and climate of Brighton so well as the native species, some of which produced ears with fifteen or sixteen sets, and containing from eighty to ninety grains in the ear. There were also specimens of the chevalier barley in three separate divisions. The first was selected as being the best sample; the second as the best quality; the third as the most perfect shape. The largest ears had twenty-two grains on each side.; the smallest about sixteen or seventeen, which is the maximum of ordinary barley. Of course this grain was planted on the same principle of thin and wide sowing, as in the case of wheat.

After examining this experimental plantation, the visitors were taken to see the crops of the "pedigree wheat." The first thing which struck them here was the uniform length of the ears and stalks, and the entire absence of under-corn, the prevalence of which detracts so much from the produce under the prevailing system of cultivation. We counted on one "stool" forty-two ears, amongst which there was no appreciable difference in size or length; and this equality in the length of the ear and stem is the direct effect of thin sowing, as the prevalence of under-corn is that of over-seeding, by which the plants are too much crowded to be able to develop themselves, whilst a large proportion of them die off during the winter and spring from the same cause. On comparing Mr. Hallett's crops with some of those in the neighborhood, the difference in this respect was most striking. One of the latter was a good crop; and there were probably as many ears on it as on Mr. Hallett's; it was the length of the ear and the absence of the under-corn that made the difference in the produce. From what we observed, it may be considered that the number of grains in the ears range from about sixty-five to eighty, the ear itself measuring from six and a half to seven and a half inches in length. There was also this remarkable difference, that whereas his neighbor's wheat, which was a full crop, was laid by the wind and rain that occurred a fortnight since, the straw of Mr. Hallett's wheat

was so strong that none of it was laid, but it stood up as strong as ever. This is no trifling advantage; for, although, from the near maturity of the wheat, its being laid will not injure the quality of the grain, yet in another season, if occurring in an earlier stage of the growth of the wheat, it may nearly destroy the crop.

With regard to the actual produce of this pedigree wheat crop for last year (1862), Mr. Hallett states that, keeping far within the mark, the *maximum* produce was six, and the *minimum* four and a half quarters per acre. With respect to its quality, Mr. Hallett mentioned three instances which were brought to his notice, since last harvest, of the successful employment of his wheat for seed. The first was that of Sir Thomas Leonard, who sowed three acres of the pedigree wheat and reaped *nine quarters per acre*, or twenty-seven quarters in all; and he sold it at forty-four shillings per quarter. The second was the case of Captain Quinton, of the county Waterford, in Ireland, the originator or cultivator of the "giant wheat," who purchased some of this pedigree wheat, which produced seven quarters per acre and weighed sixty-four pounds per bushel. The third case was that of a farmer in Yorkshire, whose produce from the Brighton pedigree wheat was nearly the same in quantity as well as in weight as that of Captain Quinton. These three cases, in such widely different parts of the country, together with the success of his own crop last season, are considered by Mr. Hallett sufficient to prove the value of the pedigree wheat.

A SCHEME for "International Schools," proposed some time ago by a French manufacturer, M. Barbier, and warmly taken up by some men of influence in this country, among whom are Mr. Cobden, Mr. Panizzi, Mr. Thomas Bazley, and Professor Ansted, is now, it appears, on the way to be carried out practically. The proposal is, that there shall be four establishments,—one in England, one in France, one in Germany, and one in Italy; and that the pupils commencing their education in one of these establishments, shall, year by year, be transferred to one of the others, so as to have circulated through all the four in four years. As the entire curriculum is to consist of eight years, the round would be twice gone through by each pupil; and each would thus have spent two years in each of the four countries. The programme of studies at each of the schools would be the same, and would be "the most perfect that can be devised" for thorough instruction, whether for commercial or professional life; but the belief is, that by residing, during their education, in the different countries, the pupils could be put in possession of the four languages more effectively than by any other plan, and would also be trained in what may be called sound international sentiments. It is intended that the schools shall be entirely independent of the governments of the respective countries, and that they shall be set on foot by funds collected among those who approve of the scheme.—*Reader.*

THE excavations at Bordeaux have yielded considerable results lately. Opposite the new palace of the archbishop the ground has, on being uncovered to a certain depth, shown not only the geological state of the soil, but also two distinct ranges of ruins, one above the other, both of the Gallo-Roman time, and both belonging to cities destroyed by fire. Among the ruins have been found—1. A fragment of pottery, with a trademark new to Bordeaux Archæology—viz.: *T. Manli. fort.*; 2. A considerable quantity of stucco-fragments, covered with fresco-paintings, with colors of great variety and astonishing freshness; 3. Wall-pans, one of which is still covered with its colored stucco at the inside; 4. Fragments of floor formed of mortar; 5. Fragments of columns still standing, formed of strata consisting of four square bricks, the outer angle of which had been rounded off; further, various fragments of pottery, vessels of iron, bronze, etc.

EXCAVATIONS recently undertaken at Besançon, have laid bare the ancient Roman principal street; and a great many fragments of columns of polished granite and white and many-colored marble have been brought to light. The most interesting found, however, consists in two antique torsos in white marble, belonging to the best period. Though both sadly mutilated, they still are of exquisite beauty. The first represents part of the body of a very young man, completely nude. The other torso is wrapped in a skin, fastened to the right shoulder. The excavations are to be continued along the ancient Camp of the Capitol to the Forum.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Debats*, writing from Naples on the 21st inst., says: "A Protestant journal has just appeared; it is called *The Conscience.*"

From Fraser's Magazine.

BOLINGBROKE AS A STATESMAN.*

It is much to be regretted, that in the gallery of political portraits bequeathed to us by the late Lord Macaulay, we should seek in vain for the figures of Bolingbroke and Burke. It was, of course, impossible to write as much as Lord Macaulay wrote upon the politics of the eighteenth century, without any reference whatever to two of its most famous men. Of Burke, indeed, we may say that we can tell with considerable exactness what his lordship's estimate would have been; but we can only conjecture very vaguely in what hues he would have painted Bolingbroke. He called him a brilliant knave; but he upheld the Treaty of Utrecht. These are almost the only two decisive expressions of opinion on the character and career of St. John which his lordship has recorded; yet a finer subject for his pencil is scarcely to be found in the whole range of English history. We are not, indeed, so weak as to imagine that he would have given us a faithful likeness; but he could hardly have failed to produce a splendid and imposing picture. It would, doubtless, have exhibited his usual defects and infirmities; but it would probably have dispelled a good many vulgar errors which have clustered round the name of Bolingbroke. His Whig prepossessions would never have allowed him to be impartial; but his strong common sense would have saved him from becoming sentimental. If St. John was not a patriot such as Russell, Lord Macaulay would equally have seen that he was not a traitor such as Babington.

There is much in the conduct of Lord Bolingbroke which, if not exactly inexcusable, is at all events, highly undesirable. But his history, up to the present time, has been written by his enemies: his own explanations of particular parts of his policy have been slurred over: designs have been imputed to him as criminal, without due consideration of the national feeling at the time; and but little allowance has been made for the uncertainty and novelty in which, during the first half of the eighteenth century, constitutional government was enveloped. None of his critics or biographers have sufficiently weighed these circumstances; neither Mr. Cooke nor Mr. Macknight, nor Lord Brougham, nor Mr. Croker. Nor could it be expected that a foreigner should supply omissions which have been perpetuated by English writers. In his excellent and interesting essay upon Bolingbroke and his times, M. Remusat of whom Mr. Macknight seems not so much as to have heard, adopts literally and unsuspectingly the conventional estimate of his character. A little reflection, however, may end in persuading us that Lord Bolingbroke was not quite so bad as he has seemed; and that, though it was perhaps fortunate for England that she had a George the Second instead of a patriot king, much may be forgiven to a writer in the middle of that prince's reign who was unable to discern this truth.

In describing Lord Bolingbroke's descent, Mr. Macknight informs us that the French nobility were accustomed to smile among themselves at his claim to illustrious lineage. If so, it is probable that very many of them smiled at a much better-born man than themselves. But Mr. Macknight seems to know little or nothing of the matter. Both on the mother's and the father's side Bolingbroke's pedigree was brilliant. On the one, he was descended from the great family of D'Eu, or or Dewias which held immense domains in Normandy before the Conquest, while, ere it united with the St. Johns, the stream had been enriched by intermarriage with the Grandisons and Beauchamps. His paternal ancestry united in itself the blood of the ancient and powerful baronial families of De Port and St. John, the head of which at the period of the Norman invasion held a high command in William's army. The later alliances of the family had constantly brought fresh accessions of noble blood into its veins; so that, whatever esteem we may place upon a splendid ancestry, it is impossible to deny that Bolingbroke was entitled to it all.

Henry St. John was born in the Manor House of Battersea, in the month of October, and, according to the best evidence, in the year 1678. During his early boyhood he seems to have been educated with some strictness. His grandmother was the daughter of Oliver St. John, the friend and Chief Justice of Cromwell; and doubtless the household at Battersea may have been conducted on principles somewhat at variance with the fashionable tone of the period. However, as the

* *The Life of Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, Secretary of State in the Reign of Queen Anne.* By Thomas Macknight. London: Chapman and Hall.

prejudices of his family did not prevent him from being sent to Eton and to Christchurch, we may fairly presume that he was not very tightly curbed at home, and that the worst of his reminiscences was that of Dr. Manton's commentary on the 119th Psalm, "which comprised a sermon upon every verse."

On leaving college, St. John plunged at once into all the pleasures of that graceless generation. His verses to an orange girl, whom he could not persuade to be faithful to him, are still preserved; and he delighted to be seen in the park alongside of Miss Gumly, the fashionable frail one of the day. To the same period we are to refer his intimacy with Dryden, and that celebrated interview in which, at the poet's request, he sat out old Jacob Tonson, who had come to bully him for copy. He was therefore, the reader will observe, even at this early age a man of literature as well as a man of pleasure. Sometime in the year 1700 he married the daughter of Sir Henry Winchecombe, a rich country gentleman of Berkshire, whose property was afterwards of great service to him. In January of the same year he had been elected member for Wotton Bassett; and, being little more than twenty-one years of age, joined of course the party of his Wiltshire friends, in other words the "country party." That he was led into a policy by them of which his later judgment disapproved, he allows with perfect candor. He voted against the Partition Treaty, which he afterwards in his writings vindicated as the only possible resource left to Europe after the failure of the League of Augsburg. He supported, a few years later, the bill against Occasional Conformity; though, as he voted against it in the following session, a fact which Mr. Macknight has omitted to record, he cannot be supposed to have been very zealous in the cause. In 1711, indeed, when the bill was revived in a less stringent form by so moderate a man as Lord Nottingham, he again voted in its favor. But he finally expressed his opinion upon all measures of this nature as follows: "Far from desiring to impose any new hardships upon them (Dissenters), even those who have been reputed their enemies, and who have acted as such on several occasions, acknowledge their error. Experience hath removed prejudice. They see that indulgence hath done what severity never could."

It was during these earlier years of his parliamentary career that St. John formed that intimate acquaintance with another well-known English statesman, which exercised so great an influence on his fortunes, and to which he afterwards referred his own downfall. This was Robert Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford, the descendant of a knightly family which had been long settled in Radnorshire, Glamorganshire, and Herefordshire. He was educated at a private school, afterwards at Jesus College, Oxford, and then entered at Lincoln's Inn. He practised at the bar for some time, and what caused him to exchange his profession for politics we are not informed; but in the latter part of Williams's reign he was returned to Parliament for his native town of Radnor; and in the last Parliament of that sovereign he was elected speaker. His connections, as indeed did some of Bolingbroke's belonged to the Whig and Nonconformist interest; and his private life was always modelled according to the strictest sect. But he early began to attach himself to the Tory side, and among the young men who adopted him as a kind of leader was the new member for Wotton Bassett. They soon became fast friends; and, as the Tory interest gradually prevailed in the House of Commons, both together took office under Godolphin. This was in the year 1704; and for the three following years Harley was Secretary of State, and St. John Secretary of War. It was during this period, the reader must remember, that Marlborough gained his earliest victories; and it is not denied that a part of his success was due to St. John's excellent administration of the war department. But neither Harley, it seems, nor his lieutenant were contented to remain forever under the authority of Godolphin. They aspired to form a party of their own; and St. John at least, who had entered Parliament as a Tory, could not have been satisfied with a position which connected him so closely with the Whigs. Harley then commenced, through the medium of Mrs. Masham, the queen's new favorite, to ingratiate himself at court, and to form an interest there, unknown to and independent of his colleagues. The favor of the court at that time would at once give any man a great number of votes in Parliament; and such, indeed, was the recognized path to power among the statesmen of the day. This

scheme, however, was detected by Marlborough and Godolphin, who forced the queen to dismiss Harley from his post. St. John thought proper to retire in company with his friend, though whether or no he was privy to his intrigues remains a very doubtful question. He always maintained that this step was taken on wholly independent grounds; and to the explanation of his conduct which he always gave, when taxed with ingratitude towards Godolphin and Marlborough, we shall presently advert.

With Bolingbroke's resignation in 1707 we complete what may be termed the introductory chapter of his life. When he again reappears upon the scene of politics, it will be as inaugurating the first of the three great epochs into which his career may be divided. These are his administration of the Foreign Office from 1710 to 1714, his engagement at the court of St. Germains, and his opposition at home to the government of Sir Robert Walpole. During the three years which followed his resignation, he resided chiefly at a place belonging to his wife's father at Bucklersbury, in Berkshire; and here he seems to have divided his time pretty evenly between reading and fox-hunting. It was now, we may suppose, that he made up for the idleness of his school and college days, and acquired that intimate acquaintance with the history and literature of Rome which is visible in all his works. He himself always spoke of this period as the happiest of his life; and he affected, even at that early age, the airs of the philosopher in retirement. There was a good deal of nonsense in all this, without any doubt. St. John was no philosopher; but it showed this: that he had a real admiration for the character, and could appreciate the dignity of a life of literary leisure. It is not to be supposed that he had not all the time his eye fixed upon St. James's, or that he was not watching with eager curiosity that gradual reaction of public feeling, on which he and his friends eventually rode back to power. He was in constant correspondence with Harley, who remained in London, and was kept well apprised of every fresh step gained by Mrs. Masham, in her rivalry with the Duchess of Marlborough. It is not to be believed however much the nation might be excited with the duke's victories, that its common sense was entirely blinded by their brilliancy; and St. John must have seen with satisfaction that, after the dispersion of the Conference of Gertruydenberg in the winter of 1709–10, there was a fast-rising feeling in the country adverse to the conduct of the war. The growth of this sentiment emboldened the court party. Lord Sunderland, Marlborough's son-in-law, who had succeeded Harley, was dismissed from his post in June, and succeeded by the Tory Lord Dartmouth. In August he was followed by Godolphin, and the Treasury was put into commission, subject to the authority of Harley, now created Chancellor of the Exchequer. Finally, on the 19th of September the change of ministry was completed by the discharge of Lord Somers and the remainder of the Whig officials, and the appointment of Tories in their room. Among these, St. John was recalled to office as Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

The Duke of Marlborough did not resign his command; nor does there seem to have been any intention of depriving him of it during the first months of the new administration. Between the duke and Bolingbroke, however, there could be but little cordiality. The duke resented warmly the disgrace of his beloved duchess; and Bolingbroke shared the public indignation at the cupidity and nepotism of the duke. It was whispered, moreover, that Marlborough, incensed at the loss of influence he had sustained by the change of ministry, had actually tampered with the army, which declared it would support the general. He seemed to have secured to himself a position which, in the then situation of affairs, was too great for a subject to possess. A hundred and fifty years ago a victorious general at the head of a powerful army filled with his own creatures, might really have been the object of an alarm not entirely visionary. But, after all, the continuation of the war was the real rock on which they split. What chance of accommodation was there between the general who was bent on going on with it, and the minister who was determined to arrest it? There is no necessity to blacken the character of Marlborough in order to excuse Bolingbroke, or to blacken Bolingbroke in order to excuse Marlborough. But the duke was no exalted patriot. He knew well enough that the war was a good thing for him, and he wished hostilities to last. He

knew the Tories did not wish this; and, therefore, he still clung to the Whigs. Bolingbroke desired peace; and if the duke would not help him to secure it, the duke must go. He strove anxiously to persuade him. He could not, he said, listen with common patience to Marlborough when he talked of his "old friends the Whigs." The Tories were his old friends; they had supported him in the reign of the late king, and in the beginning of the present reign. "Let him," said he, "disengage himself from the Whigs, and put a stop to the fury of his wife, and all will go well." But Marlborough liked the war too well to do the one, and feared his wife too much to do the other. He expected the new ministry to be a short-lived one; and staked his game upon the Whigs. He lost: and when the penalty was exacted, in the abstract he had no right to complain. Whether Bolingbroke illtreated the duke, or the duke abused the opportunities of his great position, will depend to a great extent on the policy or impolicy of the war. If this had now become unnecessary, Bolingbroke was clearly justified in superseding a general whose presence with the allied forces was an insuperable obstacle to peace.

The general election took place in October, 1710, and the Whigs were everywhere defeated. Bolingbroke himself was returned for Berkshire; and wrote in the highest spirits to his various correspondents abroad of the strength of the Tory party in the House. It is clear from many expressions in these letters, as well as from the decided character of his policy, that he now felt himself secure. Mr. Macknight complains that this ministry "was established on no solid foundations." If he had said that it was established on a narrow foundation, he would have been nearer the truth. There seem to have been three sources of the success of the Tory party at the elections. One was the general idea that by dismissing the Whig ministry, the queen had vindicated her prerogative; a sentiment which more than once during the eighteenth century proved of great advantage to the crown. Another was weariness of the war expenditure, and a growing feeling that men, who, like Lord Somers, could give no reason for the continuation of the war, except that "he had been bred up in a hatred of France," were unfit to be intrusted with its management. The last and most important was the strong Church feeling which the impeachment of Sacheverel had evoked. The two first of these elements of strength might of course pass away in time. But the last would probably have survived for very many years longer. The rural clergy and gentry bore stamped upon their brain the one idea that the Whigs were hostile to the Church. Toleration was a word of ill omen to them. Was it not by holding out the bait of toleration that James the Second had hoped to bring in Popery? These were not days they thought in which the utmost vigilance could be dispensed with. A strong Tory party in the House of Commons was, they said, absolutely necessary to prevent the Whig freethinkers from breaking down at one blow all the barriers of the Church. On this deeply-rooted popular feeling Bolingbroke might have stood securely. Whether he would have stood creditably is perhaps a more debateable question.

He was told, he says, in 1715, when the question of the chevalier's conforming to the Church of England was mooted, that "he was not thought the properest person to speak about religion." And the same kind of taunt has frequently been levelled at him since. Here, it is said, was a pretty champion of the Church. Here was a pattern of orthodoxy, who rushed from his mistress and his bottle to the rescue of the Catholic faith. Some sneers of this nature are to be found in Mr. Macknight's pages, but though plausible enough, we cannot on the whole really consider them well founded. In the reign of Queen Anne this question of toleration was one of the questions of the day. Every statesman was obliged to take a side. It was quite impossible to ignore it. And what was there worse in Bolingbroke defending the Anglican theory of the Church than in Wharton or Walpole zealously defending the Protestant? At all events it is a poor compliment to the Low Church party to contend that it is less incongruous for them than for their rivals to be supported by men of vicious lives. There is also another consideration to be taken into account before we close this page of our ledger. A man may lead a loose life without disbelieving the essential doctrines of the Church. This kind of inconsistency, moreover, was far commoner in the last century than it is at present. Nor is there any reason to suppose

that Bolingbroke, at the age of thirty, had begun to think about the matter. He probably accepted the established religion of the country as other men of the world did, postponing the task of reconciling his faith and his practice to a more convenient season. Such a character as St. John's is not to be commended: by the more sensitive morality of the present age it would not be endured; but in the reign of Queen Anne no special opprobrium belonged to it. Finally, we must remember that statesmen of all ages in embracing a political creed, must take it as a whole. They cannot pick and choose. If Bolingbroke felt impelled to support Tory principles in the State, he had no option but to support them in the Church also.

Into Bolingbroke's private life during the next four triumphant years, most suggestive glimpses are afforded us in Swift's "Journal to Stella." Swift was introduced to him in the month of November, 1711, and immediately became a member of the Brothers' Club, intended to be a smaller and more exclusive political gathering than the other clubs of the day, and also a trifle less convivial. The members at this time, besides Swift and Bolingbroke, were, the Premier, the Duke of Ormond, Arbuthnot, Prior, Freind, and Wyndham. They used to dine at the "Star and Garter," in Pall Mall, where a good deal of the literary work of the party was probably concocted. In this year the secretary had started the *Examiner*, of which the earlier numbers were written exclusively by the Brothers. In one of these papers may be seen the maiden effort of Lord Bolingbroke as a political writer, in the shape of a letter to the editor, against the character and conduct of Marlborough. The piece has been extolled by good judges, but will not bear comparison with the later productions of his pen; nor, however much we may admire a policy of "thorough," can we fail to regret that a statesman in Bolingbroke's position should have sunk the minister in the journalist. The thing was not quite so bad in that age as it would be in our own. But Bolingbroke would have exhibited more true dignity of character had he left this kind of work to its proper professors, the able literary coadjutors by whom he was surrounded. A transaction, recorded by Swift, which took place at one of the meetings of this club, is still more discreditable to all the parties concerned in it. Some nameless poet of the day had written a lampoon on Marlborough. The circumstance being mentioned in the company, an *impromptu* subscription was got up for him, to which the majority of the members subscribed two guineas apiece, while Swift, Arbuthnot, and Freind, gave one. As stories like these come before us—and St. John never kept a secret—it is easy to see why the Whig party should have hated Lord Bolingbroke with a peculiar and enduring hatred. He gave no quarter: and when his own turn came, it is clear that he expected none. In the meantime, he revelled in the enjoyment of an amount of power, popularity, and social pleasure, such as few English ministers have combined either before or since. In his thirty-third year, he was playing the foremost part in one of the greatest public transactions of which Europe has ever been the stage. He was the favorite of the people, and he gradually grew in favor with the queen. He was the first orator in Parliament; and in his hours of social relaxation, he had a circle of friends to fall back upon unrivalled for genius and accomplishments. The ease with which he satisfied the demands of so various a life astonished even Swift. At the Foreign Office he allowed the clerks no rest. He would sit at his own table from ten in the morning till eight at night. He learned the Spanish language in two months, on purpose to conduct the negotiations. Yet he found time also to enjoy a great deal of society, and to drink champagne and burgundy till all his compotators vanished. But this was not all. Not only did he work as hard as Mr. Pitt, and drink considerably harder; he had another weakness to indulge, from which that minister was free. If he saw a pretty woman in the street or in the park, no fear of public censure could refrain him from openly pursuing her. Yet all this time his wife continued to live with him, and to requite his infidelities by unswerving solicitude and affection. When his excesses made him ill, she nursed him tenderly. And when he recovered he flew into the arms of prostitutes. But illness was a rare event with him. His constitution defied almost all trials; and seems to have been an hereditary gift. It is a common saying even now among the Wiltshire neighbors of his family, that there never was a St. John yet who had a good heart or a bad stomach. In the country he was a great sportsman, and

peculiarly attached to dogs. He took an unfeigned interest in agriculture; and might be seen of a morning strolling about the fields, and chatting pleasantly on corn, grass, and cattle, with the Berkshire farmers, whom he would not unfrequently entertain at his own house afterwards, and regale with anecdotes of town, through a great cloud of tobacco smoke. He was devoted also to the more refined pleasures of gardening; and displayed as much anxiety about the transport of some bay-trees from Holland, as he did about the terms of peace.

We might linger over various details of this nature; but it is now high time that we began to examine more particularly the circumstances of this famous treaty, by which, after all, the character of St. John, both for statesmanship and honesty, must stand or fall. The questions which spring out of it appear to be three in number. First, was Bolingbroke's conception of the war, and consequently his conclusion of the peace, right or wrong? Secondly, did he carry out his resolution by warrantable or unwarrantable means? Thirdly, had he any other ends to serve by making peace with France than those which appeared upon the surface?

Of the mere abstract expediency of the Treaty of Utrecht we do not imagine that many doubters yet remain. Still there are some, little howsoever as their authority may weigh with us. Impartial readers we hope to convince on this point by a comparatively brief retrospect of the circumstances of the case. The general object of the famous Partition Treaties must be known, we suppose, to every one who is sufficiently interested in the subject to care about reading this essay. It was simply to prevent the vast dominions of the Spanish crown from devolving, at the death of Charles the Second, upon either of the other two great powers of the Continent; that is either France or Austria. To this end the arrangement, which was finally determined on in the month of March, 1700, was that the Dauphin should receive the greater part of the Italian possessions of the Spanish crown, and the Archduke Charles of Austria, Spain, and the Indies. The Emperor of Austria refused to agree to this arrangement because, by the will of Philip the Fourth, he was heir to the whole monarchy. So matters stood when, at the death of Charles the Second, it was found that France had stolen a march upon the emperor by procuring another will from the late king, bequeathing the whole of his dominions to the Duke of Anjou. It was true enough that Louis himself had renounced any claim by descent to the Spanish crown when he married the elder daughter of Philip the Fourth. But it was contended by Bolingbroke that the will of Charles the Second had now placed France and Austria on an equal footing, and cancelled all preceding obligations. If Austria could point to the French renunciations, France in turn could point to a later will in her own favor, which as far as Spain herself was concerned, renounced those renunciations. And if she appealed to public policy there stood the Partition Treaty, which debarred her just as much as France from succession to the entire empire. England and Holland, from the very first, had no intention of supporting either. They had striven to defeat Austria, even while her right was still in force. Were they now going to war in support of the very same pretensions when that right was superseded? The notion is preposterous. They would prevent France from profiting by the will of Charles to swallow up the whole Spanish monarchy, but not that Austria might take advantage of the will of Philip to do exactly the same thing. On the contrary, the Duke of Anjou had been acknowledged by William the Third as King of Spain, and the articles of the Grand Alliance, in 1701, only undertook—

"First. To provide an equitable and reasonable satisfaction to his imperial majesty for his pretension to the Spanish Succession; and, secondly, sufficient security to the King of England and the States General for their dominions, and for the navigation and commerce of their subjects; thirdly, to prevent the union of the crowns of France and Spain, and the possession of the Indies by the former."

On this understanding the war began. It is very clearly put by Bolingbroke that Louis much over-estimated his own power when he thought it equal to the preservation of the whole bequest he had received. And the consequence of this was, that, as early as 1706, seeing his mistake, he sued the allies for peace, and was ready to have made peace in conformity with the above articles. But now, in turn, the allies fell into exactly the same mistake as had misled Louis. As *he*

had thought himself strong enough to keep his grasp of the whole Spanish monarchy, so now did *they*, elated by their extraordinary successes, believe themselves strong enough to conquer it. Such a design had formed no part of the original compact, which had been to dismember, not to conquer, this great kingdom. It proved to be as impracticable as Louis's own design had been. It had become doubly impolitic, since the death of the Emperor Leopold, in 1705, had left the Archduke Charles, the Austrian candidate, heir presumptive to the empire. Yet for some reason or other, best known to themselves, Godolphin and Marlborough fell in with this new scheme, which was not merely a departure from, but a contradiction of, the principles of the Grand Alliance; and joined with the States General in demanding of Louis the Fourteenth the surrender of the whole Spanish monarchy to the House of Austria. This is the "change of policy" which Bolingbroke so frequently refers to in his writings, and by which, as we have already seen, he justified his own change of conduct towards Godolphin and the duke. To cut a long story short, the mistake was repeated by the allies in 1709, and again in 1710, at the Conference of Gertruydenberg, when Louis went even still further in his offers of concession and compensation, stopping short, in fact, at nothing except the stipulation that he himself should take part in the expulsion of his grandson from Spain.

The reader is now qualified to understand Bolingbroke's views in the autumn of 1711, when the *Examiner* had first been set afoot. We may sum them up briefly as follows: His primary position was that we had a right to retire from the contest when its original object was attained, provided that we could do so without betraying our allies. The original object of the war, he argues, was not to prevent a union between Spain and France any more than between Spain and any other first-class power; and a prince who stood as near to the Austrian succession as Philip stood to the French would have been an equally ineligible candidate for the vacant throne. But the Archduke Charles, who, in 1702, was not in the direct line of succession at all, had, in 1705, become heir apparent, and, in 1711, actual emperor, while Philip of Anjou remained exactly where he was. Where was the wisdom, then, of protracting the war to exclude Philip when the result would be to crown Charles? Why effect a present junction between Spain and Austria to prevent only a contingent junction between Spain and France? Was not such a policy as this, so far from pursuing the original object of the war, to promote that very consummation which the war was undertaken to avert? Adding to these arguments the securities which Louis was willing to give against the union of the two monarchies, Bolingbroke conceived that the case for peace was unanswerable.

The only plea that has been put forward by the other side is this, that now we had an excellent opportunity of "humbling the power of France." This is a phrase that has been repeated *ad nauseam* by the enemies of the Treaty of Utrecht. But to say nothing of the fact that such was not the object of the war, a sufficient answer to it is that France *was* already humbled. She was so reduced and exhausted by the desperate exertions which she had made for ten years, that for the remainder of its existence the French monarchy was no more formidable to Europe. Any further prosecution of the war, then, for such an object as this must have had for its sole motive the gratification of Austrian animosity, hoarded up for more than fifty years, and not the promotion of the general interests of Europe.

It has also been objected to the Treaty, that Bolingbroke in 1713 made worse terms than were offered in 1710. The answer is a simple one: in 1710 the war in Spain itself could not be said to be decided. The Austrian cause indeed was daily losing ground; but it still maintained some kind of footing there. But in 1713 the Spanish people had so unmistakably declared for Philip that, except in one province only, the war had dwindled to a farce. Louis, therefore, was relieved from one element of pressure; Sapin was no longer a lever in the hands of the allies. But as, in spite of this difference, all the objects of the Grand Alliance were attained by the Treaty of Utrecht; and as the other conditions not insisted on by England had been framed rather with a view to mortify Louis than to serve the general cause, we cannot say, we think, that anything was really lost. Even had it been desirable to conquer the Spanish monarchy, this result, as Lord Macaulay points out, would probably have been as re-

mote as ever, if the allies had marched victorious into Paris. As it was not desirable, there is no need to discuss the subject.

It is, therefore, we hold, undeniable that the Peace of Utrecht, viewed merely as an end in itself, was thoroughly wise and statesmanlike. The means by which it was secured, on the part of England, are less capable of absolute vindication. By one article of the Grand Alliance the allies were bound not to make peace separately. The question, then, is whether anything had occurred to absolve Queen Anne's government from the observance of this condition. Bolingbroke defended the violation of it by two distinct lines of argument. The first we have already seen: the allies had not adhered to the original object of the war: and engagements entered into upon one understanding did not of necessity remain in force upon another. But the answer to this is, that England, having plunged into this new enterprise, in company with the rest of the confederacy, and as willingly as any of them, had forfeited her right to appeal to the original contract in justification of her own secession; and that Bolingbroke himself, in 1710, instructed his correspondent at Amsterdam "to assure everybody that credit will be supported, the war prosecuted, the confederacy improved, and the principle on which we engaged pursued as far as possible." Had England, in 1706, continued the war under protest, or had Bolingbroke even, on his accession to office, given the allies to understand exactly what they had to expect, the case would have been different. The death of the Emperor Joseph, in 1711, doubtless gave Bolingbroke, to some extent, new ground; yet, having once engaged heartily in a war, of which the avowed object, however foolish, was the conquest of the whole Spanish monarchy, this circumstance by itself could not absolve him from his obligations. The second line of argument is more cogent, though, we fear, we cannot hold it quite conclusive. It is, in fact, the argument of *tu quoque;* and as much validity as this argument ever does possess it possesses in the present instance. If the queen had instructed the Duke of Ormond not to hazard a battle in 1712, when a conference was already opened for discussing the terms of peace, the Dutch had forbidden the Duke of Marlborough to fight a battle in 1703, and again in 1705, when the war was at the hottest, and a victory of the utmost consequence. If the English Government had treated secretly with Louis, the Dutch and Austrians had intrigued secretly against England. In short, if England was accused of selfishly consulting her own interests, and of exposing her allies to ruin by withdrawing her troops from the scene of action, Bolingbroke could point to a half-a-dozen instances in which both Holland and Austria had acted still more selfishly, and with still less regard for the interests of England or each other. The Dutch, by a secret treaty with Austria, which was discovered in 1712, had been permitted to draw an immense revenue from French and Spanish Flanders, in the shape of customs and other taxes. They fell greatly short of their stipulated contributions to the common fund, while the queen had exceeded hers by twenty millions of money; and they could not be induced to undertake any expedition against the Spanish possessions in America, whence a large supply of silver annually found its way to the enemy. The Austrians, on their part, had made a treaty with France, not certainly with the queen's assent, by which, in 1707, the French troops evacuated Lombardy, and immediately became available for the reinforcement of the Duke of Berwick in Spain, where they shortly afterwards helped to destroy the British army at Almanza. In the same year they had spoiled what Bolingbroke considered the greatest enterprise of the war, by the recall of twelve thousand men at the most critical moment, from before Toulon, the capture of which would have destroyed the naval power of France. Besides these proofs of loyalty and devotion, Austria, later in the war, at all events, never had a third of the men under arms which it was her duty to maintain; and actually, after the death of Joseph, the Emperor Charles retired to his hereditary dominions, and left the allies to conquer a kingdom for him. Bolingbroke alleges also that both at the Treaty of Munster in 1648, and at Nimeguen in 1678, the Dutch themselves had set the example of deserting their allies, and that, consequently, they had no reason to complain when England deserted them.

Both the strength and the weakness of this reasoning is very apparent. The conduct of the Dutch and Austrians may palliate, but

cannot justify, the course which Bolingbroke pursued. A policy of retaliation may be excusable, but it is unworthy of a great country. But even if the separation from our allies was allowable—and the case is certainly a strong one—where was the necessity for deceiving them? It is impossible, we think, to doubt that, while Bolingbroke was writing letters to Mr. Drummond, at Amsterdam, full of contingents and quotas, and new expeditions against the enemy, he was writing letters to De Torcy, at Paris to pave the way for a pacification. It almost seemed as if he was anxious to give France an opportunity of dealing with the allies in detail; and to enable her, by this device, to save as much as possible from the wreck. If England had notified to the allies, in the autumn of 1711, that it was not her intention to enter upon another campaign, it is highly probable that, however much they might have resented her secession; they would have seen the wisdom of submitting. But, provoked by what they fancied to be treachery, when the campaign had just opened with success; and forgetting, of course, that they had ever done the same thing themselves, they were stung into prolonging the war after England had become only a spectator; and France had the satisfaction of making peace with the confederates separately, instead of meeting the demands of a united phalanx. We cannot, we say, discover any adequate excuse for this conduct; while the haste with which the treaty was hurried on—in order, apparently, to make sure of it—led Bolingbroke into an act of unjustifiable cruelty towards one small section of the alliance. The inhabitants of Catalonia were the only part of the Spanish nation who had stood by the Archduke Charles. They had fought stoutly to the last; and now, when peace was concluded, in spite of the previous assurances of protection which England had given them, they were abandoned to the vengeance of Philip.

After all, we confess, it seems to us that all these delinquencies would long ago have been condemned but for the one suspicion which has always hung around his conduct, and disabled his apologists on the threshold. The Treaty was a wise one, and the end would in time have been allowed to justify the means, as in state affairs it mostly does. But this was not all. Had he or had he not any covert motive for propitiating the king of France, or was he actuated exclusively by dislike of our German allies, and zeal for the interests of Great Britain? On this point demonstration is impossible. But there are so many straws which all blow in one direction, that we ourselves cannot doubt the existence of some such springs of action. Queen Anne herself, and two-thirds of the country gentlemen and clergy, were in favor of the Staurt dynasty, provided only due securities could be obtained for the Anglican Church. Bolingbroke saw in the succession of the queen's brother his own best chance of continuing to rule this great empire. He may also, to do him justice, have sincerely believed in the impolicy of mixing ourselves up with Dutch and Austrian interests, with all the obligations they involved. It seemed, therefore, that a reversal of the Act of Settlement would be popular with the people, beneficial to himself, and conducive to the true interests of England. But a French alliance was almost a necessary part of this scheme, as it might possibly have involved us in a war with the German powers, and would, at all events, have estranged those allies with whom we had acted since the Revolution. We are willing to believe Bolingbroke when he assures us that no great *party* was formed during the queen's lifetime for the elevation of James to the throne of England. If there *had* been, that result could not have been prevented. But we cannot bring ourselves to doubt that Bolingbroke, Atterbury, and some others were secretly hoping for this issue, and working in the dark to promote it. It is remarkable, indeed, that in his account of this period, which is to be found in the letter to Sir W. Wyndham, he contradicts himself, or rather makes admissions in a way that leads directly to this conclusion. He divides parties into three—the Whigs, the Tories, and the "Whimsicals"—counting himself among the Tories. Now, the Whimsicals were Tories, whose *differentia* consisted in being Hanoverians. The Whimsicals, or Hanoverians, Bolingbroke himself often calls them. But if the one section of the Tories was in favor of George the First, and if this preference was what distinguished them from the other, of whom or of what were *these* in favor? The inference seems tolerably obvious. And the question then arises to what extent we are to

regard such sentiments as criminal if they ripened into a distinct purpose.

To bar them at the outset, and to stamp them formally as treason, stood the Act of Settlement. But, as Mr. Macknight very fairly says, if the young prince had renounced the Church of Rome, "the spirit of the Act of Settlement might have been set against the letter." As long as the Protestant succession was preserved, what necessity was there (so it might have been urged) to insist on seeing it carried out in the House of Hanover? It would appear, too, from Bolingbroke's "Letters on History," that he considered the accession of Queen Elizabeth to the throne, although illegitimate by an Act of Parliament, a precedent that might have been pleaded for the contravention of the Act of Settlement. However this may be, the Whigs obviously had the letter of the law on their side; and as Bolingbroke's schemes were unsuccessful, we presume they must be called treasonable.

It is this taint of Jacobitism which has set the political world, as his skepticism has set the religious world, against Lord Bolingbroke. But while fully acknowledging the superiority of parliamentary government to such a system as the Stuarts would have attempted, and thankful as we may feel that the design of restoring them miscarried, it is only fair to consider that before parliamentary government had fully developed itself, statesmen had not the same reason that we have for approving the Hanoverian succession. George the First was a party king, as much as James the Third would have been; and the Whigs feared for themselves under the one exactly what the Tories experienced under the other—exclusion from power, proscription, exile, perhaps the block. Jacobitism, moreover, in the reign of Queen Anne was a widely different thing from what it was under her successor. Treason to an actual sovereign, and treason to only a contingent one can never be placed on an equality. In the reign of Anne a Stuart still sat upon the throne; nor had the succession been as yet absolutely interrupted, Mary having been queen regnant as well as queen consort. To favor, under these circumstances, the title of the queen's brother was evidently a much milder form of treason than to conspire against a new dynasty when firmly established on the throne. To prevent the succession of the elector was a constitutional action compared with rebelling against the king. It is because people confound these two kinds of treason with each other that such deep injustice has been done to the memory of Lord Bolingbroke. Literally we may call him a traitor; but the substance of his treason, if treason it be admitted to be, was not what those persons suppose who confound it with that of Monmouth or Kilmarnock.

With the death of Anne the great crash came. Bolingbroke attributes all that followed to the timidity, vacillation, and self-conceit of Lord Oxford. It is not, however, easy to determine in what way these defects operated, unless by retarding the action of the ministers in relation to the Act of Settlement. According to St. John's own story, Harley seems to have been willing enough that James should come if somebody else would introduce him; but he was too fond of place to resign and give the part to Bolingbroke. While St. John was pining at the delay, and cursing his former friend; while Swift was boasting of the happy days that were to come when the queen gave the staff to the secretary, her majesty unluckily died, and the Tories had nothing ready. The Whigs seized the opportunity; George was peaceably proclaimed; and after a very little while Bolingbroke fled for his life.

Bolingbroke's own amusing and sarcastic version of his engagement with the chevalier is the best possible evidence of the prince's unfitness to be king. A month's experience of his character cured the noble exile of Jacobitism. A mixture of weakness, pomposity, and insincerity is presented to us in this memorable story which can never be forgotten by its readers. The letter to Sir William Wyndham, Bolingbroke evidently intended as a final settlement of accounts between himself and his old associates. It is a formal renunciation of his allegiance to the House of Stuart: a minute explanation of his conduct from the death of Queen Anne to his retirement from James's service; and, as between himself and his party, is a complete vindication of his rectitude. It is in some respects his finest performance. In it he is perfectly frank, natural, and easy: bitter and satirical, but never stilted or grandiose. By its being addressed to Sir William Wyndham we may presume that he shared the writer's sentiments: but it must have

given deep offence to the remnants of the old Jacobites who had sat in Queen Anne's last Parliament, and had expected, perhaps, to see Bolingbroke come back in triumph with the king.

All this was now over; and from the year 1716 to the day of his death it does not appear that he ever, even for a moment, renewed his connection with the Stuarts. Those who would care little for the historical part of the letter may still read it with interest for the curious glimpses it affords into the pretender's and the regent's mode of life, and of the flock of adventurers and adventuresses which thronged Paris at the time. How the Duke of Ormond fled to France in such extremities that he was glad of half of Bolingbroke's bed: how State affairs were transacted at a little house in the Bois de Boulogne, through the medium of Miss Trant and Fanny Oglethorpe, English favorites of the regent, and one, it would appear, of the Chevalier: how "care and hope sat on every busy Irish face:" and "those who could write and read had letters to show, and those who had not arrived to this pitch of erudition had their secrets to whisper: "the reverend Abbé de Tencin, "who was associated in all the political business of the two ladies," "for I will not suppose," adds Bolingbroke, "that so pious a divine entered into any other secret;" the dirty Abbé Brigault: the foolish and fanatical James: and the dissolute and cool-headed regent: all these people and their doings are placed before us by a few bold strokes, in lines that will never fade: and handled with a scorn and bitterness which speak more clearly than a hundred set satires of the mortification, rage, and disappointment which were preying on the writer's heart.

Nobody, we fancy, now blames Lord Bolingbroke for the particular step in question—that is, accepting service with the chevalier; nor is there any reason to linger over this episode in his life. We must hasten on to the last, and, in many respects, most suggestive epoch of his career, that, namely, in which, after his return to England, he became the leader of the new Tories out of doors, and aided in the management of the *Craftsman* with Pulteney and Shippen as twenty years before he had worked the *Examiner* with Swift and Arbuthnot. Bolingbroke's pardon was obtained in 1723 though he was still excluded from the House of Lords and in that year he returned to England with his second wife, the Marchioness de Villette, who possessed a large property near Fontainebleau. He purchased a small estate at Dawley, near Uxbridge, and not a great way from Twickenham, and here, in the enjoyment of his favorite country pleasures, the society of Pope, Peterborough, Wyndham, and the rest of that brilliant circle, he passed the next ten years of his life agreeably enough, if not contentedly. He found a vent for his spleen in the practice of political journalism, and it was during this period that many of his finest works were written, the "Dissertation upon Parties," for instance, "Oldcastle's Remarks," and the articles and pamphlets which are now collected together under the title of "Political Tracts." It is to this period that those letters of Pope refer in which he describes himself as dining with Lord Bolingbroke off beans and bacon, or a barn-door fowl: and also those famous verses commemorating the social intercourse of such a company as the world does not often bring together:—

"There my retreat the best companions grace;
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place:
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul:
And he whose lightning pierced the Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines;
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquered Spain."

In 1735 Bolingbroke went abroad again for a few years, chiefly for the purpose of economizing his means, as he had lived at greater expense, so said Swift, while he was at Dawley than even when he was Secretary of State. The "Letters on History" are dated from Chantelou, in Tourain, in the November of that year. On his return to England he resided chiefly at Battersea, resumed his old trade of pamphleteering, and till his death, in 1752, employed himself in educating the young generation of Tories who used to congregate at Leicester House. Through this channel his political principles were instilled into the mind of George the Third, in whose celebrated declaration on ascending the throne, that he meant to rule without party, we at once recognize the teaching of "The Patriot King."

The political writings which Bolingbroke composed between the year 1723 and his

death, constitute, in our opinion, his best title to fame. And yet it is curious that they are all based upon a theory which would have kept down England to the level of a third-rate power. This is a very remarkable circumstance and worthy of a little more consideration than his biographers have hitherto bestowed on it. We cannot, then, conclude this article better than by an attempt to epitomize Bolingbroke's political opinions, and account for the errors into which he fell with regard to the English constitution.

Bolingbroke's "Essays upon the History of England," extending from the Norman conquest to the dissolution of Parliament in 1640, are generally allowed by those who are well acquainted with them, even though they differ from Bolingbroke in every article of his political creed, to be one of the most succinct and correct analyses of English constitutional history that our literature can furnish. As his works are now comparatively little read, few people are aware to what an extent subsequent writers are indebted to him, or how far he had anticipated views which have been received of late years as novelties. His remarks on the English succession in the cases of Henry the Seventh and James the First are substantially the same as Hallam's. In his account of the civil war, he is thoroughly abreast of the public opinion of the nineteenth century. Elsewhere, in his sketch of the foreign policy of Cromwell, and his estimate of the peace of the Pyrenees, he displays broad and philosophic views of European politics. He it was who first pointed out that Cromwell, though a giant in action, was deficient in a knowledge of continental affairs, and that the policy which had been so lauded for its glorification of the British flag, was in reality that which entailed upon Europe the weight of Louis the Fourteenth's domination. The great Englishman, thought Bolingbroke, did not rise superior to the traditional feeling of the day which taught him to regard Spain as the formidable power of the period, and for the sake of weakening this already decrepit monarchy, he consented to aggrandize one that was waiting but a favorable opportunity to emulate Charles the Fifth.

With these enlightened views of both English and continental history, unwarped by prejudice, and unhampered by those extreme opinions which some of his party still professed, how is it that Bolingbroke, in his observations on contemporary events, has seldom exceeded the bounds of brilliant declamation? Men with not a tithe of his historical or constitutional information, with not a twentieth part of his genius and his energy, nevertheless threaded their way more successfully than he did through the great problem of the Revolution. Not probably that they could have explained to themselves any better than he did the law which underlay it. But they felt their way slowly and doubtfully, and so managed at last to work out the great change successfully which Bolingbroke to his dying day never completely understood. The truth seems to be that while he had the true literary fondness for generalization, his early life and training had not equally used him to reflection. As Burke was the philosopher whom circumstances carried into politics, so St. John was the politician whom circumstances threw back upon philosophy. In all his writings we detect that plain common sense, that deference to all obvious and familiar considerations, which marks the mind accustomed to business, and the management of bodies of men; but we miss the searching insight, and the prophetic reach, which are necessary to the full appreciation of great political changes. Bolingbroke, accordingly, collecting one or two great principles from our early English annals, and thoroughly sympathizing with the spirit in which the best princes of the ancient *régime* had governed, chose to consider that under all circumstances the English government must be brought into accordance with those. The idea of Parliamentary government, as it operated from 1700 to 1832, he never grasped. He still harped upon the image of a sovereign who should be powerful or impotent as he governed in accordance with or in opposition to the true interests of his people. He never seems to have seen that it was precisely the inconvenience resulting from such a system as this that the Revolution was intended to remove. For after all, who was to determine what *was* for the true interests of the people? This difficulty apparently never struck Bolingbroke. It must obviously be somebody who had the power to enforce his theories, whether popular or otherwise, whether true or false. In the days of the Tudors this power resided in the sovereign; with the Revolution it was trans-

ferred to the aristocracy; with the Reform Bill it was shared with the people.

But this was exactly the change to which Bolingbroke steadily shut his eyes. He had learned his political lesson before that change had been completed, and while its progress was still obscure; and he refused to go to school again. All the phenomena of the age, too, conspired to favor his mistake and to heighten the contrast he was so fond of drawing between the England of the Guelphs and the England of the Tudors and Plantagenets. It was difficult to look at George the Second, and resist the force of Bolingbroke's appeal to Queen Elizabeth: to look at Sir Robert Walpole, the bad part of whose system lay upon the surface, while the good of it remained to be discovered, and not to sigh with Bolingbroke over the memory of Walsingham and Burleigh. It was difficult, after the Whig minister had been nearly twenty years in power, supported by organized corruption, to find a practical answer to the complaint that government, "by management," was as absolute, and might be made as irresponsible, as government by prerogative: and that, in Bolingbroke's own words, "liberty was being undermined for fear it should be overthrown." It would be difficult even now, but for the one fact which changes the whole complexion of the case, that underneath the abuses of Walpole lay the germs of that system which made England the arbitress of Europe, while under the glories of Elizabeth lay the germs of that system which levelled her for the time with the monarchy of Naples or Sardinia. In the reign of George the Second, moreover, the personal authority of the sovereign had undoubtedly sunk below that point, at which the public opinion of the day was willing to maintain it; and this fact, again, was calculated still farther to mislead the panegyrist of the old *régime*. Personal hatred of Walpole gave reality and purpose to his visions; his lively imaginations readily ministered to his passions; and thus, on all this class of subjects he was betrayed into fanciful flights of eloquence, on which, were he now alive, he would be the last man to rest his reputation.

His secluded mode of life aided to foster these illusions. But while so keen an intellect as Bolingbroke's was thus deceived, we are not to suppose that the men who were opposed to him were gifted with more foresight than himself. Their success was, to a great extent, the result of their ignorance. Had not the British constitution, the British character, and the British purse possessed vast recuperative energies, our liberties, our virtue, and our credit, must have staggered, if not have fallen under the burden imposed on them by the Revolution. Fortunately for us we were strong enough to bear strong remedies. During the process, those whose hands were full, and who had no leisure to think about it were the best off. Such as were compelled to be idle and to look on at the experiment could not help perceiving the danger and shuddering at the spectacle. Bolingbroke would have fought manfully under the new banner if once he had found himself in harness; but lolling on his hay-cocks at Dawley, and fretting at his forced inaction, he gave way to political speculations which partake of the nature of day-dreams. He believed himself a second Cicero in exile, and gratified his taste by a great deal of fine writing to prove that Walpole and his party were re-enacting the part of Augustus, who only exercised absolutism more readily through the medium of a servile senate. But such language as this was not natural to the man. His brain was too strong, his intellect too masculine, not at once to have seen through the flimsiness of his own theories, had anything occurred to rouse him. As it was, though not durable, his representations were very damaging at the moment to the men he most wished to injure. In their composition there can be no doubt he took great delight. In "The Patriot King" it is difficult not to believe that his enthusiasm is often sincere, and that he believed in the possibility of realizing the vision he had conjured up. Plato's ideal State and Bolingbroke's ideal king are in reality built upon one and the same hypothesis: that government among men is to be framed directly on the model of the divine government; that the highest wisdom and goodness of which man is capable, are to be found, if we know how to find them, united in either one or some very few persons; that these are to be invested with absolute authority which mankind will always cheerfully recognize; and that then at length we shall have the realization of the following picture:

"What, in truth, can be so lovely, what so venerable, as to contemplate a king on whom the eyes of a whole people are fixed,

filled with admiration and glowing with affection, a king in the temper of whose government, like that of Nerva, things so seldom allied as empire and liberty are intimately mixed, co-exist together inseparably, and constitute one real essence? What spectacle can be presented to the view so rare, so nearly divine, as a king possessed of absolute power, neither usurped by fraud nor maintained by force, but the genuine effect of esteem, of confidence, and affection, the free gift of Liberty, who finds her greatest security in this power, and would desire no other if the prince on the throne could be what his people wish him to be—immortal? Of such, and of such a prince alone, it may be said with strict propriety and truth—

"'volentes
Per populos dat jura, viamque affectat Olympo.'

"Civil fury will have no place in this draught; or if the monster is seen, he will be seen as Virgil describes him,—

"'—— et centum vinctus ahenis
Post tergum nodis, fremit horridus ore cruento.'

"He must be seen, subdued, bound, chained, and deprived entirely of his power to do hurt. In his place concord will appear, brooding peace and prosperity on the happy land; joy sitting in every face, content in every heart; a people unoppressed, undisturbed, unalarmed; busy to improve their private property and the public stock; fleets covering the ocean, bringing home wealth by the returns of industry; carrying assistance or terror abroad by the direction of wisdom, and asserting triumphantly the right and the honor of Great Britain, as far as waters roll and as winds can waft them."

Set against this is the theory that the less we trust to individuals the better; and that the best form of government is that which works the most like an automaton; which considers that governing men, the golden souls, are but few and far between; and that of these few, at least a moiety do not use their strength for good; that a complex government is, therefore, the one best adapted to the condition of humanity; and that truth and justice will be elicited rather by the collision of opposing forces than by the uniform action of one. Such was probably the opinion of Cicero. Such was certainly the opinion of that English statesman who most of all resembled Cicero—Edmund Burke.

The style in which Bolingbroke commended these views to the world, was accepted in his own day as the finest production of the English language. And after all the changes of taste which a hundred years have witnessed, it continues to command admiration. His fault is, that he is too diffuse, and, as it were, too rapid. He writes like one addressing the House of Commons, when carried away by his convictions. Few things that he has written would not be improved by condensation. But, on the other hand, his sentences by themselves are often exquisitely finished; and his pages glitter with epigram. When he gives full play to his powers of sarcasm he tears an antagonist to pieces as if he were breaking him on the wheel. And he sometimes, though rarely, rises to a strain of grave and earnest eloquence, in which he is for the moment what he would have had the world believe him always. As, however, it was the object of this essay to determine the position of Bolingbroke, not in English literature, but in English politics, we cannot enlarge on this topic, or give quotations in support of our opinion.

We have sketched the Statesman. At some other time, probably, we may recur to the Author.

THE old Orders seem dying out in Germany, but new ones appear to spring up in their stead. Thus, we find a ladies' establishment on the Rhine, where, according to the advertisement, "special attention is paid to French conversation," existing under the "direction" of "the Sisters of Christian Love, Daughters of the most Blessed Virgin Mary of the Immaculate Conception," etc.

"PICTURES from Pennsylvanian Life," being poetry and prose in the Pennsylvanian idiom—a kind of mixed German and English—are forthcoming in Philadelphia. We notice special chapters entitled respectively, "Birth-announcements," "Marriage-announcements," "Allerlei vom Krieg, beim Dräfte [?]; " "Von den *Battles*," "Vom *Hehmkomme*," "*Speaches in Prosa*," etc.—*Reader*, 8 *Aug.*

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THE STORY OF SCHILLER'S REMAINS.

BY ANDREW HAMILTON.

Owing to his long illness and that of his wife, Schiller's finances were brought to the lowest ebb. Unable for mental toil, but depending on that toil for daily bread, the source of supplies was stopped for him, while expenditure had increased. At the time of his death he left his widow and children almost penniless.

Penniless, and for the moment, at least—even in the Muses' favored city of Weimar—almost friendless, too. The duke and duchess were absent; Goethe lay ill; even Schiller's brother-in-law Wolzogen was away from home. Frau von Wolzogen was with her sister, but seems to have been equally ill-fitted to bear a share of the load that had fallen so heavily on the shoulders of the two poor women. Heinrich Voss was the only friend admitted to the sick-room; and, when all was over, it was he who went to the joiner's, and—knowing the need of economy—ordered "a plain deal coffin." It cost ten shillings of our money.

The house in which Schiller spent his last years—its lowly roof is familiar to many who have stopped at Weimar—was, at that time, a sort of appendage to a larger house with which it was connected by a garden "no bigger than a tea-tray." But the poet was much in the garden: and, whenever any of the inmates of the adjoining house passed that way, he was sure to say some kind words to them over the railing. One of the daughters was at the time engaged to be married. Her betrothed, Carl Lebercht Schwabe, had in his student days in Jena, been one of an enthusiastic band of Schiller's admirers, who used on summer afternoons to march over in parties of ten or a dozen to witness the performance of a new tragedy in the Weimar theatre—marching back to Jena overnight. Having finished his studies and returned to his native town, where he got an appointment to some clerkship, Schwabe found in the house, or rather in the back-court, of his future parents-in-law, favorable opportunities of making the poet's personal acquaintance. Schiller's manner was always dignified and reserved, but abundantly mild; and he was above all things capable of tracing his mark deep in the affections of those who crossed his path in daily life.

In the early summer of 1805, Schwabe left Weimar on business. Returning on Saturday, the 11th of May, between three and four in the afternoon, his first errand, before he had seen or spoken to any one, was to visit his betrothed. She met him in the passage, not looking quite so cheerful as he expected. The reason was soon told. Schiller was dead. For two days already he had lain a corpse: and that night he was to be buried.

On putting further questions, Schwabe stood aghast at what he learned. There was to be no public funeral; there was scarcely even to be a decent private one. The circumstances of the Schiller family were such that every arrangement, connected with the interment, had been planned at the least possible cost. No friend seemed to have thought of interfering. The funeral was to take place immediately after midnight, and in the utmost stillness; there was to be no display, no religious rite, and no convoy of friends. Bearers had been hired to carry the remains to the churchyard, and no one else was to attend.

At that time, in Weimar, the tradesmen's guilds possessed, in rotation, the singular privilege of conducting funerals, receiving for their services payment that varied with the rank of the deceased. When Schiller died, it happened to be the turn of the guild of tailors; and the tailors accordingly were to carry him to his grave.

The young clerk's blood boiled at what he was told; regret, veneration, and anger were hard at work in him. He felt that all this could not go on; but to prevent it was difficult. There were but eight hours left; and the arrangements, such as they were, had already all been made.

However he went straight to the house of death and requested an interview with Frau von Schiller. She, very naturally, declined to see him. He then sent up his name a second time, begging urgently that he might be permitted to speak with her, and adding that he had come about the funeral of her husband. To which Frau von Schiller through the servant, replied, "That she was too greatly overwhelmed by her loss to be able to see or speak to any one; as for the funeral of her blessed husband, Mr. Schwabe

must apply to the Reverend Oberconsistorialrath Günther, who had kindly undertaken to see done what was necessary; whatever the Herr Oberconsistorialrath should direct to be done she would approve of." With this message Schwabe hastened to Günther, and told him he had but half an hour before arrived in Weimar and heard of the terrible loss they had all sustained; his blood had boiled at the thought that Schiller should be borne to his grave by hirelings; he was sure that throughout Germany the hearts of all who had revered their national poet would beat indignant at the news; he was equally sure that in Weimar itself there was not one of those who had known and loved the departed who would not willingly render him the last office of affection; finally, he had been directed to his Hochwürden by Fräu von Schiller herself. At first Günther shook his head and said, "It was too late; everything was arranged; the bearers were already ordered." Schwabe's manner was doubtless hurried and excited, not fitted to inspire confidence; but one refusal did not daunt him. He offered to become responsible for the payment of the bearers, recapitulating his arguments with greater urgency. At length the Herr Oberconsistorialrath inquired who the gentlemen were that had agreed to bear the coffin. Schwabe was obliged to acknowledge that he could not at that moment mention a single name; but he was ready to guarantee his Hochwürden that in an hour or two he should bring him the list. On this his Hochwürden consented to countermand the tailors.

There was now some hard work to be done, and Schwabe rushed from house to house, obtaining a ready ascent from all whom he found at home. But some were out; on which he sent round a circular, begging those who would come to place a mark against their names. He requested them to meet at his lodgings "at half-past twelve o'clock that night; a light would be placed in the window to guide those who were not acquainted with the house; they would be kind enough to be dressed in black, but mourning-hats, crapes, and mantles he had already provided." Late in the evening he placed the list in Günther's hands. Several appeared to whom he had not applied; in all upwards of twenty.

Between midnight and one in the morning, the little band proceeded to Schiller's house. In the utter silence of the hour, deep sobs were heard from the room adjoining that in which the dead body was laid. For the two poor women who mourned there, the days were far enough gone by when they used to sit in Rudolstadt and fancy themselves enchanted princesses waiting for the knight who was to come and set them free, till one winter forenoon two horsemen in mantles were actually seen riding up the street—their future husbands!

The coffin was carried down stairs and placed on the shoulders of the friends in waiting. No one else was to be seen before the house or in the streets. It was a moonlight night in May, but clouds were up. Unbroken silence and stillness lay all around. Occasionally pausing to change bearers or to rest, the procession moved through the sleeping city to the churchyard of St. James. Having arrived there they placed their burden on the ground at the door of the so-called *Kassengewölbe*, where the gravedigger and his assistant took it up.

The Kassengewölbe was a public vault belonging to the province of Weimar, in which it was usual to inter persons of the higher classes, who possessed no burying-ground of their own, the fee demanded each time being a *louis d'or*. As Schiller had died without securing a resting-place for himself and his family, there could have been no more natural arrangement than to carry his remains to this vault. It was a grim old building, standing against the wall of the churchyard, with a steep narrow roof, and no opening of any kind but the doorway which was filled up with a grating. The interior was a gloomy space of about fourteen feet either way. In the centre was a trap-door which gave access to a hollow space beneath.

As the gravediggers raised the coffin, the clouds suddenly parted, and the moon shed her light on what was earthly of Schiller. They carried him in—they opened the trap-door—and let him down by ropes into the darkness. Then they closed the vault and the outer grating. Nothing was spoken or sung, The mourners were dispersing, when their attention was attracted by a tall figure in a mantle at some distance in the graveyard sobbing loudly. No one knew who he was; and for many years it remained curiously wrapped in mystery, giving rise to strange conjectures. But eventually it turned out to

have been Schiller's brother-in-law, Wolzogen, who, having hurried home on hearing of the death, had arrived after the procession was already on its way to the churchyard.

Thus—we cannot say "rested"—but thus were at least put out of sight for many years the remains of Schiller. The dust of strangers had gone before him to the vault, and the dust of strangers followed him. The custom was to let down a coffin till it found bottom on something, and then to leave it; occasionally a little packing was done in the way of pushing the older inmates into the corners. When travellers came to Weimar and asked to see Schiller's grave, they were taken to the Jakobskirchof and shown the grim Kassengewölbe. Louis, afterwards King of Bavaria, was there in 1814; he wanted to see the coffin, and was told it could no longer be distinguished from the rest.

Even at the time, these strangely "maimed rites" made much noise in Germany. The newspapers raised a shriek, and much indignation was poured out on Weimar. And it is difficult altogether to acquit the town. Yet we cannot accuse it of indifference, for it is known that Schiller was personally more beloved than any of his contemporaries, and that, during the days which followed his death, each man spoke softly to his neighbor. Surely in higher quarters the zeal and energy were lacking which, at the last moment, prompted a young man of no great standing to take on his own shoulders the burden of redeeming his country from a great reproach. It has been said that respect for the wishes of the widow, who desired that "everything might be done as quietly as possible," restrained action. Alas! Frau von Schiller's desires on this head were dictated, as far as she was concerned, by stern necessity. The truth seems to be that then, as now, Schiller's countrymen lacked a captain—somebody to take the initiative. The constituted leaders of Weimar society were out of the way, and in their absence the worthy citizens were as helpless as sheep without either shepherd or *collie*. The court was away from home; and Goethe lay so ill that for some days no one ventured to mention Schiller's name in his hearing. It is believed that his friend lay already underground before Goethe knew that he was dead.

The theatre was closed till after the funeral; and this was the only sign of public sorrow. On the Sunday afternoon, at three o'clock, was held, in presence of a crowded congregation, the usual burial-service in church. A part of Mozart's Requiem was performed, and an oration was delivered by Superintendent Vogt.

Twenty-one years elapsed, and much had changed in Weimar. Amongst other things our young friend Carl Schwabe had, in the year 1820, risen to be Bürgermeister, and was now a Paterfamilias and a man of much consideration in his native city. A leal-hearted Herr Bürgermeister, who, in the midst of many weighty civic affairs, could take a look backwards now and then to the springtime of his own life and the summer of German song, when all within himself and in the Fatherland had seemed so full of wonder and promise. Did he and his wife sometimes talk of the days of their wooing under the poet's eye, in the little garden? How much he had buried that night when he helped to carry Schiller to the tomb!

In the year 1826, Carl Schwabe being Mayor of Weimar, we must take another look at the Kassengewölbe. It seems that the bodies of those whose surviving friends paid a *louis d'or* for the privilege of committing them to the protection of that weather-beaten structure were by no means buried in hope of a blessed resurrection. It was the custom of *Landschaftscollegium*, or provincial board under whose jurisdiction this institution was placed, to *clear out* the Kassengewölbe from time to time—whenever it was found to be inconveniently crowded—and by this means to make way for other deceased persons and other *louis d'or*. On such occasions—when the Landschaftscollegium gave the order "aufzuräumen," it was the usage to dig a hole in a corner of the churchyard—then to bring up *en masse* the contents of the Kassengewölbe—coffins, whether entire or in fragments, bones, skulls, and tattered graveclothes—and finally to shovel the whole heap into the aforesaid pit. Overhaulings of this sort did not take place at stated intervals, but when it chanced to be convenient; and they were hardly fair towards the latest occupants, who certainly did not get the value of their money.

In March, 1826, Schwabe was dismayed at hearing that the Landschaftscollegium had decreed a speedy "clearing out" of the Gewölbe. His old prompt way of acting had

not left him; he went at once to his friend Weyland, the president of the said Collegium. "Friend Weyland," he said, "let not the dust of Schiller be tossed up in the face of heaven and flung into that hideous hole! Let me at least have a permit to search the vault; if we find Schiller's coffin, it shall be reinterred in a fitting manner in the New Cemetery." The president made no difficulty. In 1826 all men would have been glad to undo the ignominy of 1805, and a Herr Bürgermeister was a different sort of person to deal with from the young clerk whom his Hochwürden the Oberconsistorialrath Günther could bully at leisure. Weyland made out a formal order to admit the Mayor of Weimar, and any gentlemen he might bring with him, to inspect the Kassengewölbe.

Schwabe invited several persons who had known the poet, and amongst others the man Rudolph who had been Schiller's servant at the time of his death. On March 13th, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the party met at the churchyard, the sexton and his assistants having received orders to be present with keys, ladders, etc. The vault was formally opened; but, before any one entered it, Rudolph and another stated that the coffin of the deceased Hofrath von Schiller must be one of the longest in the place. After this the secretary of the Landschaftscollegium was requested to read aloud, from the records of the said board, the names of such persons as had been interred shortly before and after the year 1805. It was done: on which the gravedigger, Herr Bielke, remarked that the coffins no longer stood in the order in which they had originally been placed, but had been much moved at recent burials. The ladder was then adjusted, and Schwabe, Coudray the architect, and the gravedigger were the first to descend. Some others were asked to draw near, that they might assist in recognizing the coffin.

The first glance brought their hopes very low. The tenants of the vault were found "all over, under, and alongside of each other." One coffin of unusual length having been descried underneath the rest, an attempt was made to reach it by lifting out of the way those that were above; but the processes of the tomb were found to have made greater advances than met the eye. Hardly anything would bear removal, but fell to pieces at the first touch. Search was made for plates with inscriptions, but even the metal plates crumbled away on being fingered, and their inscriptions were utterly effaced. Damp had reigned absolute in the Kassengewölbe. Two plates only were found with legible characters, and these were foreign to the purpose.

The utter and unexpected chaos seems to have disconcerted the most sanguine. There was no apparent chance of success; and, when Coudray proposed that they should close proceedings for that day, and defer a more searching investigation till another time, he met with a ready assent. Probably every one but the mayor looked on the matter as hopeless. They reascended the ladder and shut up the vault.

Meanwhile the strange proceedings in the Kassengewölbe began to be noised abroad. The churchyard was a thoroughfare, and many passengers had observed that something odd was going on. There were persons living in Weimar whose near relatives lay in the Gewölbe; and, though neither they nor the public at large had any objection to offer to the general "clearing out," they did raise very strong objections to this mode of anticipating it. So many pungent things began to be said about violating the tomb, disturbing the repose of the departed, etc., that the Bürgermeister perceived the necessity of going more warily to work in future. He resolved to time his next visit at an hour when few persons would be likely to cross the churchyard at that season. Accordingly, two days later, he returned to the Kassengewölbe at seven in the morning, accompanied only by Coudray and the churchyard officials.

Their first task was to raise out of the vault altogether six coffins, which it was found would bear removal. By various tokens it was proved that none of these could be that which they sought. There were several others which could not be removed, but which held together so long as they were left standing; all the rest were in the direst confusion. Two hours and a half were spent in subjecting the ghastly heap to a thorough but fruitless search; not a trace of any kind rewarded their trouble. No conclusion but one could stare Schwabe and Coudray in the face—their quest was in vain; the remains of Schiller must be left to oblivion. Again the Gewölbe was closed, and those who had disturbed its quiet returned disappointed to their homes. Yet, that very afternoon, Schwabe

went back once more in company with the joiner, who twenty years before had made the coffin; there was a chance that he might recognize one of those which they had not ventured to lift. But this glimmer of hope faded like all the rest. The man remembered very well what sort of chest he had made for the Hofrath von Schiller, and he certainly saw nothing like it here. It had been of the plainest sort—he believed without even a plate; and in such damp as this it could have lasted but a few years.

The fame of this second expedition got abroad like that of the first, and the comments of the public were louder than before. Invectives of no measured sort fell on the mayor in torrents. Not only did society in general take offence, but a variety of persons in authority, particularly ecclesiastical dignitaries, used great freedom in criticism, and began to talk of interfering. There was, besides the Landschaftscollegium, a variety of high-learned-wise-and-reverend boards and commissions—an Oberconsistorium, an Oberbaudirection, and a grossherzogliche Kirchen-und-Gotteskastencommission, with a whole battalion of commissioners, directors, and councillors—all united in one fellowship of red-tape, and all, in different degrees, in possession of certain rights of visitation and inspection in regard of churchyards, which rights they were doubtless capable, when much provoked, of putting in force. Schwabe in commencing had asked nobody's permission but Weyland's, well knowing that the mere question would have involved a delay of months, while a favorable answer would have been very doubtful. But, by acting as a private individual, while making use of his position of Bürgermeister to carry out his schemes, he had wounded every official feeling in Weimar. On an after occasion the chief Church authority found an opportunity to rebuke the chief civic authority in a somewhat pungent fashion. In fact, Schwabe could hardly have ventured on such irregularities, had he not been assured of support, in case of need, in the highest quarters.

He was now much disappointed. He had to acknowledge that hope was at an end. Yet he could not and would not submit even to what was inevitable. The idea of the "clearing out," now close at hand, haunted and horrified him. That dismal hole in the corner of the churchyard once closed and the turf laid down, the dust of Schiller would be lost for over. He determined to proceed. His position of Mayor put the means in his power, and this time he was resolved to keep his secret. To find the skull was now his utmost hope, but for that he should make a final struggle. The keys were still in the hands of Bielke the sexton, and the sexton, of course, stood under his control. He sent for him, bound him over to silence, and ordered him to be at the churchyard at midnight on the 19th of March. In like manner he summoned three day-laborers in whom he confided, pledged them to secrecy, and engaged them to be at the same place at the same hour, but singly and without lanterns. Attention should not be attracted if he could help it.

When the night came, he himself, with a trusty servant, proceeded to the entrance of Kassengewölbe. The four men were already there. In darkness they all entered, raised the trap-door, adjusted the ladder, and descended to the abode of the dead. Not till then were lanterns lighted; it was just possible that some late wanderer might, even at that hour, cross the churchyard.

Schwabe seated himself on a step of the ladder and directed the workmen. He smoked hard all the time; it made the horrible atmosphere less intolerable. Fragments of broken coffins they piled up in one corner, and bones in another. Skulls as they were found were placed in a heap by themselves. The hideous work went on for three successive nights, from twelve o'clock till about three, at the end of which time twenty-three skulls had been found. These the Bürgermeister caused to be put in a sack and carried home to his house, where he himself took them out and placed them in rows on a table.

It was hardly done ere he exclaimed, "*That* must be Schiller's!" There was one skull that differed enormously from all the rest both in size and shape. It was remarkable, too, in another way: alone of all those on the table it retained an entire set of the finest teeth, and Schiller's teeth had been noted for their beauty. But there were other means of identification at hand. Schwabe possessed the cast of Schiller's head, taken after death, by Klauer, and with this he undertook careful comparison and measurement. The two seemed to him to correspond; and of the

twenty-two others, not one would bear juxtaposition with the cast. Unfortunately the lower jaw was wanting, to obtain which a fourth nocturnal expedition had to be undertaken. The skull was carried back to Gewölbe, and many jaws were tried ere one was found which fitted, and for beauty of teeth corresponded with the upper jaw. When brought home, on the other hand, it refused to fit any other cranium. One tooth alone was wanting, and this tooth, an old servant of Schiller's afterwards declared, had been extracted at Jena in his presence.

Having got thus far, Schwabe invited three of the chief medical authorities to inspect his discovery. After careful measurements, they declared that amongst the twenty-three skulls there was but one from which the cast could have been taken. He then invited every person in Weimar and its neighborhood, who had been on terms of intimacy with Schiller, and admitted them to the room one by one. The result was surprising. Without an exception they pointed to the same skull as that which must have been the poet's. The only remaining chance of mistake seemed to be the possibility of other skulls having eluded the search, and being yet in the vault. To put this to rest, Schwabe applied to the Landschaftscollegium, in whose records was kept a list of all persons buried in the Kassengewölbe. It was ascertained that since the last "clearing out" there had been exactly twenty-three interments.

At this stage the Bürgemeister saw himself in a position to inform the Grand Duke and Goethe of his search and success. From both he received grateful acknowledgments. Goethe unhesitatingly recognized the head, and laid stress on the peculiar beauty and flatness of the teeth. The Oberconsistorium thought proper to protest, and, as one good effect of what had happened, to direct that the Kassengewölbe should in future be kept in better order.

The new cemetery lay on a gentle rising-ground on the south side of the town. Schwabe's favorite plan was to deposit what he had found—all that he now ever dreamed of finding—of his beloved poet on the highest point of the slope, and to mark the spot by a simple monument conspicuous far and near; so that travellers, at their first approach, might know where Schiller lay. One forenoon in early spring he led Frau von Wolzogen and the Chancellor, Herr von Müller, to the spot, and found them satisfied with his plan. The remaining members of Schiller's family—all of whom had left Weimar—signified their assent. They "did not desire," as one of themselves expressed it, "to strive against Nature's appointment that man's earthly remains should be reunited with herself;" they would prefer that their father's dust should rest in the ground than anywhere else.

But the Grand Duke and Goethe decided otherwise. Dannecker's colossal bust of Schiller had recently been acquired for the Grand Ducal library, where it had been placed on a lofty pedestal opposite the bust of Goethe; and in this pedestal, which was hollow, it was resolved to deposit the skull. The consent of the family having been obtained, the solemn deposition was delayed only till the arrival of Ernst von Schiller, who could not reach Weimar before autumn. On September the 17th, the ceremony took place. A few persons had been invited, amongst whom, of course, was the Bürgermeister. Goethe dreaded the agitation and remained at home, but sent his son to represent him as chief librarian. A cantata having been sung, Ernst von Schiller, in a short speech, thanked all persons present, but especially the Bürgermeister, for the love they had shown to the memory of his father. He then formally delivered his father's head into the hands of the younger Goethe, who, reverently receiving it, thanked his friend in Goethe's name, and having dwelt on the affection that had subsisted between their fathers, vowed and guaranteed that the precious relic should henceforward be guarded with anxious care. Up to this moment the skull had been wrapped in a cloth and sealed; the younger Goethe now made it over to the librarian, Professor Riemer, to be unpacked and placed in its receptacle. All present subscribed their names, on which, the pedestal having been locked, the key was carried home to Goethe. Any one who is curious may read the speeches and proceedings at length. Chancellor von Müller spoke most to the point. After tarrying so long amid the cerements and corruption of the tomb, his quotation of the poet's own words must have refreshed his hearers like the dew of the morning:—

"Nur der Korper eignet jenen Mächten,
Die das dunkle Schicksal flechten;
Aber frei von jeder Zeitgewalt,
Die Gespielin seliger Naturen
Wandelt oben in des Lichtes Fluren,
Gottlich unter Gottern, die Gestalt."

None doubted that Schiller's head was now at rest for many years. But it had already occurred to Goethe, who had more osteologi-

cal knowledge than the excellent Burgermeister, that, the skull being in their possession, it must be possible to find the skeleton. A very few days after the ceremony in the library, he sent to Jena, begging the Professor of Anatomy, Dr. Schröter, to have the kindness to spend a day or two at Weimar, and to bring with him if possible, a functionary of the Jena Museum, Färber by name, who had at one time been Schiller's servant. As soon as they arrived, Goethe placed the matter in Schröter's hands. Again the head was raised from its pillow and carried back to the dismal Kassengewölbe, where the bones still lay in a heap. The chief difficulty was to find the first vertebra; after that all was easy enough. With some exceptions, comparatively trifling, Schröter succeeded in reproducing the skeleton, which then was laid in a new coffin "lined with blue merino," and would seem (though we are not distinctly told) to have been deposited in the library. Professor Schröler's register of bones recovered and bones missing has been both preserved and printed. The skull was restored to its place in the pedestal. There was another shriek from the public at these repeated violations of the tomb; and the odd position chosen for Schiller's head apart from his body, called forth, not without reason, abundant criticism.

Schwabe's idea of a mouument in the new cemetery was, after a while, revived by Carl August, but with an important alteration, which was, that on the spot indicated at the head of the rising-ground there should be erected a common sepulchre for Goethe and Schiller, in which the latter's remains would at once be deposited—the mausoleum to be finally closed when, in the course of nature, Goethe should have been laid there too. The idea was, doubtless, very noble, and found great favor with Goethe himself, who, entering into it, commissioned Coudray, the architect, to sketch the plan of a simple mausoleum, in which the sarcophagi were to be visible from without. There was some delay in clearing the ground—a nursery of young trees had to be removed—so that at Midsummer, 1827, nothing had been done. It is said that the intrigues of certain persons, who made a point of opposing Goethe at all times, prevailed so far with the Grand Duke that he became indifferent about the whole scheme. Meanwhile it was necessary to provide for the remains of Schiller. The public voice was loud in condemning their present location, and in August, 1827, Louis of Bavaria again appeared as a *Deus ex machina* to hasten on the last act. He expressed surprise that the bones of Germany's best-beloved should be kept like rare coins, or other curiosities, in a public museum. In these circumstances, the Grand Duke wrote Goethe a note, proposing for his approval that the skull and skeleton of Schiller should be reunited and "provisionally" deposited in the vault which the Grand Duke had built for himself and his house, "until Schiller's family should otherwise determine." No better plan seeming feasible, Goethe himself gave orders for the construction of a durable sarcophagus. On November 17th, 1827, in presence of the younger Goethe, Coudray, and Riemer, the head was finally removed from the pedestal, and Professor Schröter reconstructed the entire skeleton in this new and more sumptuous abode, which we are told was seven feet in length, and bore at its upper end the name

SCHILLER

in letters of cast-iron. That same afternoon Goethe went himself to the library and expressed his satisfaction with all that had been done.

At last, on December 16th, 1827, at half past five in the morning, a few persons again met at the same place. The Grand Duke had desired—for what reason we know not—to avoid observation; it was Schiller's fate that his remains should be carried hither and thither by stealth and in the night. Some tapers burned round the bier: the recesses of the hall were in darkness. Not a word was spoken, but those present bent for an instant in silent prayer, on which the bearers raised the coffin and carried it away. They walked along through the park: the night was cold and cloudy: some of the party had lanterns. When they reached the avenue that led up to the cemetery, the moon shone out as she had done twenty-two years before. At the vault itself some other friends had assembled, amongst whom was the mayor. Ere the lid was finally secured, Schwabe placed himself at the head of the coffin and recognized the skull to be that which he had rescued from the Kassengewölbe. The sarcophagus having then been closed, and a laurel wreath laid on it, formal possession, in name of the Grand Duke, was taken by the marshal, Freiherr von Spiegel. The key was removed to be kept in possession of his excellency, the Geheimerath von Goethe, Chief of the Institutions for Art and Science. This key, in an envelop addressed by Goethe, is said to be preserved in the Grand Ducal Library, where, however, we have no recollection of having seen it.

The "provisional" deposition has proved more permanent than any other. Whoever would see the resting-place of Goethe and Schiller must descend into the Grand Ducal vault, where, through a grating, in the twilight beyond, he will catch a glimpse of their sarcophagi. The monument on the summit of the cemetery would have been better.

THE LIVING AGE.

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CONTENTS:

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THE RETIREMENT.

Farewell, thou busy world, and may
We never meet again;
Here I can eat and sleep and pray,
And do more good in one short day,
Than he who his whole age out-wears
Upon the most conspicuous theatres,
Where nought but vanity and vice appears.

Good God! how sweet are all things here!
How beautiful the fields appear!
How cleanly do we feed and lie!
Lord! what good hours do we keep!
How quietly we sleep!
What peace, what unanimity!
How innocent from the lewd fashion,
Is all our business, all our recreation!

Oh, how happy here's our leisure!
Oh, how innocent our pleasure!
O ye valleys! O ye mountains!
O ye groves, and crystal fountains!
How I love, at liberty,
By turns to come and visit ye!

Dear solitude, the soul's best friend,
That man acquainted with himself dost make,
And all his Maker's wonders to intend.
With thee I here converse at will,
And would be glad to do so still,
For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul awake.

How calm and quiet a delight
Is it, alone
To read, and meditate, and write,
By none offended, and offending none!
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease;
And, pleasing a man's self, none other to displease.

O my beloved nymph, fair Dove,
Princess of rivers, how I love
Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
And view thy silver stream,
When gilded by a summer's beam!
And in it all thy wanton fry
Playing at liberty,
And, with my angle, upon them,
The all of treachery,
I ever learned industriously to try!

Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot show,
The Iberian Tagus, or Ligurian Po;
The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine,
Are puddle-water, all, compared with thine;
And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are
With thine, much purer, to compare;
The rapid Garonne and the winding Seine
Are both too mean,
Beloved Dove, with thee
To vie priority;
Nay, Tame and Isis, when conjoined, submit,
And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.

O my beloved rocks, that rise
To awe the earth and brave the skies!
From some aspiring mountain's crown
How dearly do I love,
Giddy with pleasure, to look down;
And, from the vales, to view the noble heights
above;

O my beloved caves! from dog-star's heat,
And all anxieties, my safe retreat;
What safety, privacy, what true delight,
In the artificial night
Your gloomy entrails make,
Have I taken, do I take!
How oft, when grief has made me fly,
To hide me from society
E'en of my dearest friends, have I,
In your recesses' friendly shade,
All my sorrows open laid,
And my most secret woes intrusted to your privacy!

Lord! would men let me alone,
What an over-happy one
Should I think myself to be—
Might I in this desert place,
(Which most men in discourse disgrace),
Live but undisturbed and free!
Here, in this despised recess,
Would I, maugre winter's cold,
And the summer's worst excess,
Try to live out to sixty full years old;
And, all the while,
Without an envious eye
On any thriving under Fortune's smile,
Contented live, and then contented die.

Charles Cotton.

SEEING, UNSEEN.

When I was dead, my spirit turned
To seek the much-frequented house;
I passed the door and saw my friends
Feasting beneath green orange boughs;
From hand to hand they pushed the wine,
They sucked the pulp of plum and peach;
They sang, they jested, and they laughed,
For each was loved of each.

I listened to their honest chat;
Said one: "To-morrow we shall be
Plodding along the featureless sands
And coasting miles and miles of sea."
Said one: "Before the turn of tide
We will achieve the eyrie-seat."
Said one: "To-morrow shall be like
To-day, but much more sweet."

"To-morrow," said they, strong with hope,
And dwelt upon the pleasant way;
"To-morrow," cried they, one and all,
While no one spoke of yesterday.
Then life stood full at blessed noon,
I, only I, had passed away:
"To-morrow and to-day," they cried—
I was of yesterday.

I shivered comfortless, but cast
No chill across the table-cloth;
I, all-forgotten, shivered, sad
To stay, and yet to part how loth:
I passed from the familiar room,
I, who from love had passed away,
Like the remembrance of a guest
That tarrieth but a day.

Christina Rosetti.

From The North British Review.

1. *Incidents in my Life.* By D. D. Home. 8vo., pp. 287. London, 1863.
2. *Les Habitans de l'Autre Monde, Révélations d'Outre-Tombe publiées par* Camille Flammarion. 12mo. Première Series, pp. 108. Deuxième Series, pp. 108. Paris, 1862, 1863.

The world has lasted about six thousand years, and its annals abound with stories of the supernatural, varying in their character with the people among whom they originated, and the individuals who believed them. False religions have been propagated, falling dynasties sustained, and sordid interests promoted by their agency. Miracles and lying wonders have, therefore, prevailed in every age, and under every clime,—the food of the credulous, the tools of imposture, and the moral ruin of their victims. The light of religious truth, however, has given birth to a purer faith, and the stern decisions of science have inaugurated a sounder philosophy. Education and knowledge have given vigor and health to the public mind, and the spirit-mongers have been driven into the purlieus of "shattered nerves and depraved sensations."

The historians of the occult sciences, and the expounders of natural magic, have collected the materials furnished by the wizards, the magicians, the necromancers, the astrologers, and the alchemists of past ages; and though the budget is large in size and motley in character, yet the "Incidents in the Life of Daniel Dunglas Home" present to us every species of offence against those acknowledged and impregnable laws by which the Almighty governs the moral and the physical world.

To attempt the analysis of such incidents, —to refute them or to ridicule them,—would be to acknowledge the weakness of human reason, and the insecurity of our common faith. The interests of truth, however, and the purity and sanctity of those cherished ties which connect the living with the dead, will be best promoted by displaying the characters and the deeds of the necromancers in their own black and bloated pages. In our desire to learn something about the founders of an upstart dynasty, or the apostles of a startling faith, we can hardly err if we follow their history of themselves, and judge of them by the principles and motives which they avow.

With this object in view, we have waded ankle-deep through the quagmire of Mr. Home's autobiogaphy, threatening at every step to return to a cleaner path and a purer air, yet urged on by a sense of duty to expose to public reprobation the profane and fanatical narratives which we are called upon to believe and admire. If we have succeeded in extracting from the rubbish of the book an intelligible notice of the manifestations, prophecies, and miracles which it records, we shall have done more to establish their godless and anti-Christian character than if we had dragged them to the bar of reason and the judgment-seat of truth. In one feeling we trust our readers will share with us. Pitying the forlorn being who pretends to be the God-sent instructor and benefactor of his species, we have a still deeper sympathy with those simple individuals who have staked their character as his diciples, and testified to the truth of his revelations.

Mr. Daniel Dunglas Home, the arch-spiritualist of the age, claims, we grieve to say, that he is a Scotsman, born in Scotland, and descended from Scottish parents. We are therefore doubly anxious to know something of the lineage and upbringing of such a compatriot; and in a Scottish journal we are specially charged with the obligation to test the character of his miracles, and to expose the calumnies which he has published against every inquirer who has challenged the propriety or the truth of his spiritual manifestations.

Mr. Home tells us that he was born near Edinburgh, in March, 1833, but he does not mention the name of the parish. Having required on his marriage to have "a certificate of birth," he received one with his name written *Hume* instead of *Home;* and "knowing this to be incorrect, he was obliged to make a journey to Scotland to have it rectified," — a rectification which could have been obtained by a quicker and less expensive process.

When an infant, his cradle was frequently rocked as if he had been attended by a guardian spirit. At the age of four, when at Portobello, near Edinburgh, he saw in a vision the death of a little cousin at Linlithgow, and he named the persons attending the child, and mentioned the absence of her father at sea,—facts unknown at Portobello!

In 1842, when nine years of age, he was

taken to America by his aunt and her husband. We do not learn who his father was,* and why his mother parted with her delicate and spirit-guarded child; but we are told that his mother's great-uncle was Colin Urquhart, and her uncle, Mr. Mackenzie, and that she herself and both these relatives were seers, and gifted with the second sight. Where and how he was educated during the nine years he spent in Scotland does not appear. We find, however, that he was a member of "the Kirk of Scotland;" and we learn from himself, that, to the horror of his aunt, he became a Wesleyan. He subsequently became a Congregationalist, and finally, as we shall see, a Roman Catholic.

The earliest vision which he distinctly remembers was at Troy, in the State of New York. A boy, Edwin, and himself had agreed that the first of them that died should "appear to the other the *third* day afterwards." About a month later, when sitting up in bed, his room was filled with a brilliant light; and Edwin, then three hundred miles distant, stood at the foot of the bed in a robe of light, and with wavy ringlets, and after lifting his right arm to the heavens, and making three circles in the air, gradually melted away. Upon recovering his speech and muscular power, and ringing his bell, he exclaimed, "I have seen Edwin; he died three days ago, at this very hour,"—a fact confirmed by a letter a few day afterwards.

In the year 1850, Mr. Home's mother predicted that she would die, in "four months from this time," and "without a relative near to close her eyes." On the forenoon of the last day of her allotted term, a telegram intimated to her son that she was seriously ill.

"That same evening about twilight, being alone in my room, I heard a voice near the head of my bed, which I did not recognize, saying to me solemnly, '*Dan, twelve o'clock.*' I turned my head, and between the window and my bed I saw what appeared to be the bust of my mother. I saw her lips move, and again I heard the same words, '*Dan, twelve o'clock.*' A third time she repeated this, and disappeared. I was extremely agitated, and rung the bell hastily to summon my aunt; and when she came I said, 'Aunty, mother *died to-day at twelve* o'clock, because I have seen her, and she told me.' . . . My father found, on going to see her, that she had died at twelve o'clock, and without the presence of a relative to close her eyes."

A few months after this event, Mr. Home's commerce with the invisible world took a new form. On going to bed *three loud raps struck the head of the bed*, as if made by a hammer, and next morning, when at breakfast with his aunt, "*their ears were assailed by a perfect shower of raps all over the table.*" "So you've brought the devil to my house," cried the aunt; and, seizing a chair, she threw it at the supposed offender. Dreading the recurrence of these satanic sounds, the pious woman summoned to her help the three parsons in the village, Congregationalist, Baptist, and Wesleyan, to exorcise the noisy spirits. While the Baptist minister was praying for "the cessation of these visitations," "at every mention of the holy names of God and Jesus there came gentle taps on his chair; while at every expression of a wish for God's loving mercy to be shown us and our fellow-creatures, there were loud rappings, as if joining in our heartfelt prayers." "This," Mr. Home says, "was the turning point of his life," and he "resolved to place himself at God's disposal." In "carrying out this resolution," he says, "he has suffered deeply." "His honor has been called in question; his pride wounded; his worldly prospects blighted; and he was turned out of his house and home at the age of eighteen, though still a child in body from the delicacy of his health, without a friend, and with three younger children depending on him for their support."

In spite of the prayers of the ministers, the rappings continued as before, and a new phenomenon increased "the horrors of his aunt." The chairs and tables, and other pieces of furniture, moved about the room without any visible agency, and without even the contact of hands.

"Upon one occasion, as the table was being thus moved about of itself, *my aunt brought the family Bible, and, placing it on the table, said 'There that will soon drive the devils*

* We have heard it stated, as on the authority of Mr. Home himself, that his father was a brother of the Earl of Home. His connection, real or assumed, with that noble family may be presumed from his name, *Daniel Dunglas Home*, Dunglas being the title of the eldest son of the Earl of Home. In Scotland we are always anxious to know the parentage and education of our distinguished countrymen; and if Mr. Home's character as a prophet and a worker of miracles shall be established, the parish registers of Mid-Lothian will be searched with a peculiar interest.

away;' but, to her astonishment, the table only moved in a more lively manner, as if pleased to bear such a burden. Seeing this, she was greatly incensed, and determining to stop it, she angrily placed her whole weight on the table, and was actually lifted up with it bodily from the floor!'" Bible and all!

In the house of another aunt the manifestations took a new and a higher a form. Here "Mr. H. first began to ask questions" of the spirits, and "receive intelligent replies." Appealing thus to the spirit of his mother, she replies,—

"Daniel, fear not, my child; God is with you, and who shall be against you? Seek to do good: be truthful and truth-loving, and you will prosper, my child. Yours is a glorious mission—you will convince the infidel, cure the sick, and console the weeping."

The religious convictions of the aunt who adopted our medium were so opposed to these unearthly conversations, that he was commanded to leave her house; and being thrown upon the world whose infidels he was to convert, whose sick he was to heal, and whose mourners he was to comfort, his spiritual manifestations assumed different forms, and required new processes for their display. Hitherto the spirits spoke, and tables and chairs moved, spontaneously; but they became vocally dumb and mechanically feeble. They spoke only by raps following the contact of the letters of the alphabet; they required a clock to register their responses; and they moved only by the imposition of hands, and at the bidding of their guests.

"Thus thrown before the world by the mysterious working of Providence," the manifestations which Mr. Home evoked "became public all over the New England States;" and "he shrank from the prominent position thus given to him," and "embarked on the tempestuous sea of a public life."

Thus placed "Before the world," which is the title of his second chapter, he begins by making himself useful to it. A spirit calling himself Uncle Tilden comes to Mr. Home when *in a trance*, and tells him where to find certain title-deeds of land long lost and anxiously sought for. The deeds were of course found in the predicted place, and in a box of the predicted form.

On another occasion, his guardian spirits sent him on horseback to tell a gentleman, unknown to him, "that his mother was ill, and that he was sent to say what would relieve her." On entering the house, he went in a trance, spirit-guided, to her bedroom; he dissipated by a few passes her acute pain, prescribed simple herbs for immediate, and other herbs for continued use, and thus produced "the magical effect of giving her such health as she had not enjoyed for eighteen years."

Visiting Mr. Home both in a trance and a waking state, the spirit of the father of a boy called Ezra told Mr. Home that Ezra was to die in three weeks, and begs that he may visit him. The spirit wish was obeyed. Little Ezra named the person who was to carry him to his grave; and being at this time visited by a deacon of the Church, the good man expressed his dislike of such incredible manifestations. In recording this incident, Mr. Home assails the deacon as he has done all those who question his visions, as "*telling untruths and misrepresentations.*" The poor restless boy frequently appeared to Mr. Home, imploring him to write messages to his mother and sister, and sometimes "*took possession*" of the medium's hand, "*and used it in writing his own autograph!*"

In 1852, at Lebanon and Springfield, new phases of magic were displayed. Tables, *poising themselves on two side-legs, danced and kept time correctly to several tunes sung by the company!* A medium called Mr. Henry Gordon held an amicable seance with Mr. Home; but as in optics two lights sometimes produce darkness, so the two mediums neutralized each other, and the spiritual house was divided against itself. At Springfield, three gentlemen *mounted a rocking and restless table, and perambulated the room in sounds of thunder and great guns.* This feat was outdone by another, in which five men, weighing in the lump eight hundred and fifty-five pounds, bestrode a table (without castors), which moved a distance of from four to eight inches. This sagacious table became light or heavy according to order; and the truth of this was experimentally tested by "weighing the end of the table with a balance."

These mechanical miracles were varied with others of an optical kind. Dark rooms shine with brilliant light; "a tremulous phosphorescence gleams over the walls; odic emanations radiate from human bodies, or shoot meteor-like through the apartment." The lady of the house *mentally* requires the

lights to cease—" and every form is lost in the deepest gloom."

In another seance at Springfield we have a revelation of spiritual truth. Mr. Home had previously assured us that the spiritual forces at his command "are calculated to revolutionize the current ignorance *both of philosophy and theology*, as men have made them;" but we have now a special doctrine established by spiritual authority. During a general conversation, Mr. Home fell into a sudden trance, exclaiming, "Hanna Brittan is here." Her brother being in the room, mentally inquired how he could be assured of her presence.

"Mr. Home began to exhibit signs of the deepest anguish. Rising from his seat, he walked to and fro in the apartment, wringing his hands, and exhibiting a wild and frantic manner. He uttered bitter lamentations, exclaiming, 'Oh, how dark! What dismal clouds! What a frightful chasm! Deep down, far down!—I see the fiery flood! Hold! Stay! Save them from the pit! I'm in a terrible labyrinth! I see no way out! There's no light! How wild! gloomy! The clouds roll in upon me! The darkness deepens! My head is whirling! Where am I?'"

Hanna Brittan "had become *insane* from believing in the doctrine of endless punishment so graphically depicted in the scene above described;" and the spirit of Hanna, so distracted on earth, has since informed Mr. Home, "*that the burning gulf, with all its horrible imagery, existed only in the traditions of man!* and in her own distracted brain."

Before leaving Springfield, Mr. Home healed many of the sick, feeling in himself their symptoms, and "telling the seat and causes of the disease."

At New York, in May 1853, Mr. Home figures in numerous "public and private circles." The spirit of a lady shipwrecked in the steamer *Atlantic* in 1849 is called up. "A violent storm" ensues. The wind roars and whistles—the waters rush—the waves break—the joints of the ship creak, and the laboring vessel rolls from side to side. Having "identified her presence by these demonstrations, the spirit delivered a homily, occupying nearly three pages, in which she moralizes and expounds the principles of spirit-rapping, "expressing the spirit idea of a hell," which, of course, is not that of holy writ.

The suspension of the law of falling bodies was most curiously exhibited at New York in June, 1852. A perfectly smooth mahogany table, covered "with loose papers, a lead pencil, two candles, and a glass of water," was "violently moved;" and when elevated to an angle of thirty degrees, and held there, pencil, candles, water, glass, and papers, all refused to fall, "remaining as if glued on the polished surface." At the request of the company, the table suspended itself in the air; and two gentlemen, seated upon it back to back, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, were rocked backward and forward, and finally thrown on the ground, when the table "got tired of rocking them."

In the following August, at the house of Mr. Cheney, at Manchester, U. S., "Mr. Home was first lifted in the air—a manifestation which frequently occurred to him both in England and France." On this occasion he was lifted a foot from the floor, palpitating from head to foot with emotions of joy and fear.

"*Again and again he was taken from the floor; and in the third time he was carried to the lofty ceiling of the apartment, with which his hand and head came in gentle contact.*"

After describing this miracle, Mr. Home tells us, that when thus elevated, he feels an electrical fulness about his feet; that he is generally lifted perpendicularly, his arms becoming rigid, and drawn above his head; that when he reaches the ceiling, he is sometimes brought into the horizontal position; that he has been frequently kept suspended four or five minutes; that he has left pencil-marks on the ceiling of some house in London; and that this "elevation or levitation" has happened only once "in the light of day."

In the third chapter of this marvellous work, entitled "Farther Manifestations in America," we have an account of new visions, new feats performed by dead matter, and amusing pranks played by the outlaws of the invisible world. At the Theological Institute of Newburgh, where he was boarded, Mr. Home's spirit-body was separated from his body of flesh. "*He saw* the whole of his nervous system, as it were composed of thousands of electrical scintillations;" and he also saw "*the body which he knew to be his lying motionless on the bed.*" Thus emerged from his clay, his guardian angel wafted him upwards on a purple-tinted cloud, till he saw

the earth far, far below them. Descending to earth, the two spirits hovered over a cottage, through whose walls, made transparent for the nonce, they saw all that the cottagers were doing and meant to do. When the body of nerve and muscle was revived by its better half, Mr. Home, thus created again, felt his limbs so dead, that it was only after half an hour's friction that he could stand upright. "I give *these facts*," he says, "as they occurred. Nothing could ever convince me that this was an illusion or delusion."

At Springfield, in February 1854, a bell weighing one pound and one ounce put itself in the hands of the party; and while a hymn was singing, "the bell was raised from the floor, and rung in perfect time with the measure of the tune sung;" and "it drummed out another time against the under side of the table," like "a skilful performer with drumsticks."

At Boston, Mr. Home's spirit-power "seemed to increase in a manner which surpried himself not less than other witnesses."

"On several occasions spirits were seen distinctly by all present in the room; and more than once they kissed persons present so as to be both felt and heard."

In September 1854, a Mr. Andrew, who had expressed a wish to witness some extraordinary manifestation, had his wish gratified by Mr. Home. When in bed, "the walls, floor, and bedstead shook with the strokes which came like a shower. *The bed began to move across the floor.* Spirits stepped upon his feet and ankles over the bed-clothes. Hands somewhat cold, but *as much like flesh and blood* as any he ever felt, came on his head and forehead," answering by the pats the questions put to them.

Passing over the fact, that one spirit-child called up by Mr. Home prevented her father from cutting his throat, and that another took her mother's handkerchief, "and knotted and twisted it into the form of a doll-baby," we come to the miraculous works of a guitar of an unusual size and weight. It was *played upon evidently by real substantial fingers, dragged out* and carried away to a door, where it played music surpassingly beautiful, sweeter and more harmonious than was ever heard. From exquisite sweetness it rose to, "a full orb of strong, tempestuous melody, filling the house with its sounds." By desire, "it struck on all the chords at once," and it played "at a distance of nearly *eleven* feet from the circle or the medium." When the spirits had carried the guitar all round the circle, "it was poised in the air, top upwards, and nearly over the head of one of the party." It then "*reached forward, and playfully tapped him three times upon the shoulder.*" "*The indistinct outline of a human hand could be seen grasping the instrument just below its centre.*" It now played in the air; and the hand that held it was a female one, terminating at the wrist, thin, pale, and attenuated. A pencil and paper being put upon the table, this hand took the pencil, and wrote "*the name, in her own proper handwriting, of a relative* and intimate lady friend of one in the circle, who passed away some years since." The writing has of course been preserved as an evidence of the reality of the fact.

From America, the birth-place and haunt of spirit-rappers, Mr. Home passes into England, where he arrives in April, 1855. Even in the United States, as he confesses, "a few looked on him with pity, as a poor, deluded being, only devil-sent to lure souls to destruction; while others were not chary in treating him as a base impostor." His very aunt, who had adopted him and maintained him as her own child, felt it a duty to turn him out of her house; and a deacon of a Church, as he tells us, had boldly denounced his pretensions; but he has not recorded any instances in which either men of science or ministers of the gospel applauded or condoned his manifestations.

In England, where superstition has never found a quiet home, it was not likely that spiritual manifestations would be favorably received either among the ignorant or the wise. Professor Faraday had established, by direct experiment, the true cause of table-turning, and the enlightened section of the public had acquiesced in the decision of science. It was not likely, therefore, that the kindred art of spirit-raising would escape the scrutiny and baffle the sagacity of an English jury.

When Mr. Home reached London, he took up his residence at Cox's hotel in Jermyn Street. In order to have the sanction of a great name, and one well known to science, Mr Cox invited Lord Brougham to a seance with Mr. Home, to witness his miraculous powers. Lord Brougham, it appears, invited Sir David Brewster to accompany him; and

on this occasion certain experiments and manifestations were exhibited, which we shall presently describe. In returning from this seance, Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster talked over what they had seen, and agreed in opinion that the performance was not that of spirits. They had expressed, it would seem, to Mr. Home their gratification with his experiments, and acknowledged that they could not account for them; and these civil words—the confession of ignorance, and not of faith—from persons who came only to gratify their curiosity were made the foundation of a rumor that Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster had acknowledged their belief in spirit-rapping.

Shortly after this seance, Sir David Brewster was invited to another, held at Ealing, in the house of the late Mr. Rymer. Mrs. Trollope, the accomplished novelist, and her distinguished son, Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope, with several other persons, were present at this seance; and we willingly give Mr. Home the full benefit of Mr. Trollope's certificate, that, "after many opportunities of witnessing and investigating the phenomena caused by or happening to Mr. Home, he was wholly convinced that, be what may their origin and cause, and nature, *they are not produced by any fraud, machinery, juggling, illusion, or trickery* on his part." That is Mr. Trollope believes *that they were supernatural phenomena.*

Although Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster viewed the phenomena which they saw with a different eye from that of Mr. Trollope, and judged of them with a different result, they had no desire to give any public expression of their opinion. Mr. Home and his bottleholders, however, had circulated in London the slander, that Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster were believers in spirit-rapping, and an American newspaper gave it a wider range. When these facts were made known in the *Morning Advertiser*, Lord Brougham addressed a private letter to the editor, *repudiating the idea of his being a believer, in the sense ascribed to him, in spiritual manifestations.* Sir David Brewster published an ampler repudiation, concluding with the following paragraph:—

"Were Mr. Home to assume the character of the Wizard of the West, I would enjoy his exhibition as much as that of other conjurors; but when he pretends to possess the power of introducing among the feet of his audience the spirits of the dead, of bringing them into physical communication with their dearest relatives, and of revealing the secrets of the grave, he insults religion and common sense, and tampers with the most sacred feelings of his victims."

The sentiments expressed in this letter called forth the ire of Mr. Cox, and a Mr. Coleman, who accused Sir David Brewster of giving an untrue account of what he saw, and put into his mouth expressions which no educated man could use. Thus put upon his defence, he made the following exposure of the spiritual manifestations in a letter addressed to Mr. Coleman:—

"Sir.—You have been pleased to address a letter to the editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, the object of which is to report a certain conversation which took place in the lobby of the Athenæum Club, when Mr. Rymer, accompanied by you, invited me to a *seance* with Mr. Home, at his country house at Ealing. Without noticing further the incorrectness of the statement that you called upon me, accompanied by Mr. Rymer, and without questioning your right to report a private conversation carried on with another person, I unhesitatingly state that the conversation is most erroneously reported. My conversation was not with you, but with Mr. Rymer; and had he, or even yourself given the substance of it, I should not have minutely criticised it. I never used the words which you have put into my mouth, and which you have placed under inverted commas to make them pass as the very words I used. They are not the words of an educated man. I do not know even what the word *delusion* means in its present place; and still less can I understand what is meant by 'upsetting the philosophy of my whole life,' having never occupied myself either with spirits or their philosophy. But, excepting these defects in your report, I am willing to accept of the substance of it, and that too in nearly your own words, 'that to account for the mechanical effects produced by Mr. Home, *the last* explanation I would adopt would be that of spirits skulking beneath the table.'

"Before proceeding to point out the extreme incorrectness of your statements, I may once for all admit that both Lord Brougham and myself freely acknowledged that we were puzzled with Mr. Home's performances, and could not account for them. Neither of us pretend to be expounders of conundrums, whether verbal or mechanical; but, if we had been permitted to take a peep beneath the drapery of Mr. Cox's table, we should have

been spared the mortification of this confession. I come now to the facts of the case.

"1. It is not true, as stated by you that a large dinner-table was moved about at Mr. Cox's in the most extraordinary manner.

"2. It is not true, as you state, that a large accordion 'was conveyed by an invisible, or any other, agency into my hand.' I I took it up myself, and it would not utter a sound.

"3. It is not true that the accordion was conveyed into Lord Brougham's hand. It was placed in it.

"4. It is not true that the accordion *played an air throughout*, in Lord Brougham's hands. It merely squeaked.

"5. It is not true, as stated in an article referred to by Mr. Home, that Lord Brougham's 'watch was taken out of his pocket, and found in the hands of some other person in the room.' No such experiment was tried.

"6. It is not true, as stated by Mr. Cox, that I said that Mr. Home's experiments 'upset the philosophy of fifty years.' These are the words of Mr. Coleman, used, as he alleges, by himself, and very untruly put into my mouth by Mr. Cox.

"Although I have not appealed to Lord Brougham's memory in reference to these statements, I have no doubt that his lordship would confirm, were it necessary, all that I have said.

"In reply to Mr. Cox, I may take this opportunity to answer his request, by telling him what I have seen, and what I think of it. At Mr. Cox.'s house, Mr. Home, Mr. Cox, Lord Brougham, and myself sat down to a small table, Mr. Home having previously requested us to examine if there was any machinery about his person—an examination, however, which we declined to make. When all our hands were upon the table, noises were heard—rappings in abundance; and, finally, when we rose up, the table actually rose, as appeared to me from the ground. This result I do not pretend to explain; but, rather than believe that spirits made the noise, I will conjecture that the raps were produced either by Mr. Home's toes, which, as will be seen, were active on another occasion; or, as Dr. Schiff has shown, 'by the repeated displacement of the tendon of the *peroneus longus* muscle in the sheath in which it slides behind the external *malleolus;*' and, rather than believe that the spirits raised the table, I will conjecture that it was done by the agency of Mr. Home's feet, which were always below it.

"Some time after this experiment, Mr. Home left the room and returned; probably to equip himself for the feats which were to be performed by the spirits beneath a large round table covered with copious drapery, *beneath which nobody was allowed to look.*

"The spirits are powerless above board. Beside the experiments with the accordion, already mentioned, a small hand-bell, to be rung by the spirits, was placed on the ground, near my feet. I placed my feet round it in the form of an angle, to catch any intrusive apparatus. The bell did not ring; but, when taken to a place near Mr. Home's feet, it speedily came across, and placed its handle in my hand. This was amusing.

"It did the same thing, bunglingly, to Lord Brougham, by knocking itself against his lordship's knuckles, and, after a jingle, it fell. How these effects were produced neither Lord Brougham nor I could say, but I conjecture that they may be produced by machinery attached to the lower extremities of Mr. Home.

"The seance was more curious at Ealing, where I was a more watchful and a more successful observer. I will not repeat the revelations made to Mrs. Trollope, who was there, lest I should wound the feelings of one so accomplished and sensitive. I remember them with unmingled pain. The spirits were here very active, prolific in raps of various intonations, making long tables heavy or light at command; tickling knees, male and female, but always on the side next the medium; tying knots in handkerchiefs drawn down from the table, and afterwards tossed upon it; and prompting Mr. Home, when he had thrown himself into a trance, to a miserable paraphrase on the Lord's Prayer. During these experiments I made some observations worthy of notice. On one occasion the spirit gave a strong affirmative answer to a question by *three raps*, unusually loud. They proceeded from a part of the table exactly within the reach of Mr. Home's foot; and I distinctly saw three movements in his loins, perfectly simultaneous with the three raps. In these experiments all hands are supposed to be upon the table. One of the earliest experiments was with an accordion, held below the table, in Mr. Home's right hand. It played, very imperfectly, two tunes asked for by the company. During the succeeding experiment Mr. Home continued to hold the accordion, as we thought; but he might have placed it on the ground, and had his right hand free for any sub-tabular purpose. A handkerchief had been previously taken down to be knotted, and the fact had been forgotten amid the interest of other experiments; a knot could not be tied by feet, nor, we think, by the one hand of Mr. Home, below the table. The handkerchief, however, was, to our great surprise, after half an hour's absence, tossed upon the table with five knots, dexterously executed. How were those knots

tied, unless by spirits? During the half-hour's absence of the handkerchief, Mr. Home three or four times gave a start, and looked wildly at the company, saying, 'Dear me, how the spirits are troubling me!' and at the same tiime putting down his left hand as if to push away his tormentors, or soothe the limb round which they had been clustering. He had, therefore, both his hands beneath the table a sufficient time to tie the five marvellous knots.

"I offer these facts for the spiritual instruction of yourself and Mr. Cox, and for the information of the public. Mr. Faraday had the merit of driving the spirits from *above the table* to a more suitable place *below* it. I hope I have done something to extricate them from a locality which has hitherto been the lair of a more jovial race. I am, sir, yours, etc. D. BREWSTER.

"St. Leonard's College, St. Andrews,
Oct. 9, 1855."

As this was the first and the most damaging exposure of Mr. Home's pretensions made by a scientific individual, it excited his wrath to such a degree that, after he had submitted to it for eight years, he comes forth with his reply in 1863; and, in an Appendix of *twenty six pages*, charges Sir David Brewster with truthless and calumnious statements, and assails him with a series of the most reckless and unblushing, falsehoods. The exposure which called forth these spiritual anathemas has left such a sore upon the temper of our God-sent medium, as he claims to be, that he never ceases to place the name of his critic, and sometimes that of Professor Faraday, among the unfortunates who have challenged the authenticity of his miracles.

Though with less acrimony of reproof, Lord Brougham has been subjected to the same calumnious charges.

"In order," says Mr. Home, "that Lord Brougham might not be compelled to deny Sir David's statements, he found it necessary that he should be silent; and I have some reason to complain that his lordship preferred sacrificing me to his desire not to immolate his friend, since his silence was by many misconstrued to my disadvantage."

It will hardly be credited by those who regard Mr. Home simply as a fanatic, that, while he was writing this paragraph, he knew of a letter, quoted by himself in his Appendix, and privately addressed to the editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, in which, as we have already stated, "Lord Brougham repudiates the idea of his being a believer in spiritual manifestations;" and his lordship has distinctly stated to his friends, that he altogether agrees with Sir David Brewster in his statements of what passed at the seance in Jermyn Street.

The manifestations witnessed at Cox's hotel and at Ealing were those of an apprentice conjurer; and we are curious to consider what Lord Brougham and his companion would have thought of the higher manifestations of Mr. Home's riper genius. How severely would their skepticism have been rebuked had they seen, in a dark apartment, the God-sent medium floating in the air, and leaving his handwriting on the ceiling; or a lady suspended with her piano in ether, and still discoursing with it sweet music; or several gentlemen galloping round the room upon a quadruped table; or Mr. Home "carrying round the room, as if it were a straw, a log of wood which two stronger men could hardly move;" or phosphorescent human hands cut off by the wrist from their putrid carcasses in the grave!

It is difficult to understand how the possessor of "God-given powers" should feel so sensitively the exposure of his manifestations, unless upon the supposition that he knows himself to be an impostor. The man who recognizes in the depths of his soul a divine *afflatus*, and listens to the palpitations of an honest heart, would pity the skepticism which questions his heavenly commission, and scorn the attempt to discredit his beneficent revelations. "Have mercy upon unbelievers," he should have prayed, "for they know not what they do." Like his great friend Cagliostro, whom he summoned from the grave, he "*should not have cared for the untruths of earth.*"

Nor is it less difficult to comprehend the distress which our medium has suffered from the supposition that his performances at Ealing and Jermyn Street might have been the result of muscular or mechanical agency, unless upon the supposition that the investigation of his claims was there more successful, and the exposure of them more irritating than any that had previously occurred. It was nothing new to assert that he rapped with his toes, as he tells us Professor Huxley asserted—it was nothing new to suppose that he was equipped with lazy tongs—that he carried about with him the machinery of his art,

even balloons filled with gas in the shape of a man, and "wax hands and arms to show at the proper moment." He has been accused, in short, *as he himself tells us*, of such a mass of trickery and imposture, and that, too, by so many persons in different countries, that the simple theories of his manifestations in London in 1855, should not have ruffled a temper which had been so often and so severely tried.

We shall now follow our magician to Florence, Naples, Rome, and Paris. In October, 1855, after reaching Florence, he had singular manifestations in an old-fashioned villa, occupied by an English lady. An aged monk, of the name of Giunnana, had died in one of the rooms, and having been an assassin in his early life, he had wandered about the house for many years, anxious that masses should be said for the peace of his soul. At the bidding of this spirit, strange lights issued from the chapel windows, unearthly sounds rung through the house, a current of cold air rushed into the rooms; and when Mr. Home arrived, a muffled bell tolled in the chapel—the table moved, "*assuming an angry appearance*"—the spirit declared that he was not a good spirit—a hand appeared in a menacing attitude under the table-cover—"a clammy and horrible hand grasped the fingers of the parties;" and after the spirit had "declared its purpose," and discontinued its torments, it promised, upon being adjured by the Holy Trinity, never again to return. The rascal, however, broke his promise, and though he had been exorcised, he resumed his usual performances.

After receiving a wound from the poniard of an assassin, the spiritual intimation of which he had neglected, Mr. Home went to Naples, and from Naples to Rome. On the 10th of February the spirits told him that he would lose his power for a year; and thus an outlaw from the spiritual world, "he studied the doctrines of the Romish Church, and finding them *expressive of so many facts in his own experience!*" he became a Roman Catholic. The pope received him with kindness, and after hearing much "regarding his past life," his holiness, pointing to a crucifix on a table, said, "My child, *it is on that that we place our faith.*" Though denied by Mr. Home, it is stated on unquestionable authority, that at this interview he promised to the pope to discontinue his manifestations. The reproof of his holiness was, no doubt, the prelude to the exaction of the promise; and we have yet to hear, what he has not chosen to tell us, of his proceedings before the Inquisition, about which something has transpired.*

His doings at Paris, where he arrived in June 1856, throw a useful light upon the character of our magician. The pope, or the Inquisition, or both, brought him under an obligation *to repudiate his magic.* On the pope's recommendation, "he sought the counsel of the Pere de Ravignan, one of the most learned and excellent men of the day, who became his confessor. This good man, abhorring the pretensions of his proselyte, assured him that his power of spirit-raising, now suspended, 'would not return to him, as he was now a member of the Catholic Church." His prediction, however, was not verified. "On the night of the 10th of February, as the clock struck twelve, the year of his suspended functions came to a close, and their return was announced to him by local rappings when an invalid in his bed. 'Be of good cheer, Daniel, you will soon be well.'" Daniel was of good cheer.

"The following day I was sufficiently recovered to take a drive, and on Friday the 13th I was presented to their majesties at the Tuileries, where manifestations of an extraordinary nature occurred. The following morning I called on the Pere de Ravignan, to inform him of this. He expressed great dissatisfaction at my being the subject of such visitations, and said he would not give me absolution, unless I should at once return to my room, shut myself up there, and not listen to any rappings, or pay the slightest attention to whatever phenomena might occur in my presence."

The magician wished to reason with his confessor, but the good father refused to listen to him. "You have no right to reason," said he; "do as I bid you, otherwise bear the consequences." Thus deprived of his spiritual adviser, he found a new confessor, as he tells us, "one of the most eloquent preachers of the day." This gifted individual accepted of the office, *under the pledge of secrecy*; but the secret having transpired through the clev-

* The Inquisition demanded from the medium an account of the way in which he acquired his spiritual powers. An English lady, a Roman Catholic, translated the narrative into Italian.

erness of the Countess L———, our medium was deprived of his new confessor.

Some time after these occurrences, the Pere de Ravignan died, and his life was written by an eminent father, the Jesuit Father A. de Pontlevoy. At the close of the 24th chapter of this work, Father de Pontlevoy thus describes the relations which existed between Mr. Home and his confessor, and to this truthful history we beg the special attention of our readers.

"We could not close this chapter," says M. de Pontlevoy, "without making mention of that famous American medium *who had the sad talent of turning other things than the tables*, and invoking the dead to amuse the living. A great deal has been said, even in the papers, of his acquaintance, religiously and intimately, with Father de Ravignan, and they have seemed to wish, under the passport of a creditable name, to introduce and establish in France these fine discoveries of the New World. *Here is the fact in all its simplicity.* It is very true that the young foreigner, after his conversion in Italy, was recommended from Rome to the Father de Ravignan; *but at that period, in abjuring Protestantism, he also repudiated* (his) *magic*, and he was received with that interest that a priest owes to every soul ransomed by the blood of Jesus Christ, and more, perhaps, to a soul that has been converted and brought to the bosom of the Church. On his arrival in Paris, all his old practices *were again* absolutely forbidden. The Father de Ravignan, according to all the principles of the faith, which forbids superstition, forbade, under the most severe penalties he could inflict that he should be an actor in, or even a witness of, these dangerous scenes *which are sometimes criminal.*

"One day the unhappy medium, tempted by I know not what man or demon, *violated his promise.* He was retaken (*repris*) with a rigor which overwhelmed him. Coming in then by chance, *I* (Father de Pontlevoy) *saw him rolling on the ground, and drawing himself like a worm to the feet of the priest, who was in saintly anger.* The father, however, touched by his convulsive repentance, lifted him up, forgave him, and sent him away, *after having exacted*, IN WRITING THIS TIME, *a promise under oath.* But soon there was backsliding which made much noise, and the servant of God, breaking off with this slave of the spirits, had him told never again to appear in his presence."

Mr. Home, who has himself translated and published the preceding extract, denounces it "as an entire falsehood, without even any foundation of truth." He denies "that he ever abjured any *magical* or other processes, for he never knew anything of such, and therefore could not abjure them;" but he does not deny that he abjured spiritual manifestations, which his accusers referred to under the name of magic.* A thief who had appropriated your chronometer would hardly venture to deny that he had stolen your watch.

Although the testimony of Mr. Home is worthless in opposition to that of two distinguished Roman Catholic clergymen, one of whom was recommended by the pope himself as confessor to the medium, we were desirous of knowing something of the character of Father de Pontlevoy, whose published account of the scene in Father de Ravignan's presence has been branded as an *entire falsehood.* On the authority of a distinguished abbè, well known in England and throughout Europe, we are able to state that Father de Pontlevoy, the biographer of Father de Ravignan, is an able, excellent, and pious man, incapable of uttering any, and still less *entire falschoods;* and without any motive to misrepresent the craven conduct of Mr. Home or to charge him falsely with the breach of oral and written oaths. Father de Pontlevoy, personally well known to our informant, occupied the high position of confessor to the late illustrious M. Biot, who mentions him in the second volume of his Melanges.†

This testimony to the character of Father de Pontlevoy has been confirmed by a distinguished member of the Imperial Institute, who assures us "that the accuracy of the statements made in p. 298 and the following pages of the Life of Father de Ravignan cannot admit of the smallest doubt," and that this "great confessor," as the medium himself calls him, was "keenly opposed to the future conduct of the notorious *Thaumaturge.*"

That "his services in France were in great request among the savans," is another of

* Since this was written, we have seen the original of the extract from M. de Pontlevoy's *Vie du R. P. de Ravignan*, and we find in it a confirmation of what we have above stated. In order to enable him to contradict the statement that he had repudiated spirit manifestations, Home translates *sa magie* by the word *magic*, in place of *his magic.*

† Une personne tres eclairee, dont le regretable Pere de Ravignan m'a legue la bienveillance, M. L' Abbe de Pontlevoy, etc. *Melanges Scientifiques et Litteraires*, vol. ii. p. 439.

those falsehoods to which our medium has given circulation. We are assured that none of the eminent savans in Paris patronized Mr. Home, or believed in his manifestations. On the contrary, "he always carefully avoided the scrutiny of the Parisian philosophers, and specially that of M. Babinet, the illustrious member of the Institute, who would have looked about himself as sharply in the presence of the spirits, as his colleague Sir David Brewster did in London. When Prince Napoleon proposed to invite Mr. Home to his palace, and hold a seances with M. Serres, M. Babinet, and M. de Quatrefages—an eminent physiologist, an eminent natural philosopher, and an eminent naturalist, all members of the Academy of Sciences—Mr. Home declined the invitation! *

It is impossible to read the preceding details respecting Mr. Home's reception at Rome and Paris, without the mortifying reflection that the Protestant's faith enters into a warmer and a closer alliance with spiritualism than that of the Catholic; and that the clergy of the Church of Rome have a deeper horror than our Episcopalian friends at the mischievous art "of raising the dead to amuse the living." Without defending the latitudinarian theology now spreading in the Church of England, we scruple not to assert that the bishops have as high a duty to perform in calling to account their spirit-rapping clergy, and their aristocratic helpmates, as in prosecuting Bishop Colenso and the essayists.

With the exception of the unpublished manifestations exhibited at the Tuileries, Mr. Home has referred to a small number of his performances in Paris. A French Countess S—— had imagined twelve years ago that her brother, having temporarily the peculiar expression of a fallen angel, was possessed with a demon. The infernal expression frequently occurred when he was calm and happy. When Mr. Home was looking at a beautiful marble bust, his "visage changed," and he was "violently agitated." "Madame," said he, "the man whose bust this is, is possessed with a demon," adding that this brother would "have a great misfortune," and be "delivered from his enemies." Four months after this, the Count de P——, the brother, lost a considerable part of his fortune by the bankruptcy of M. Thurneyssen.

Our medium performed the miracle of healing before he left Paris. The lady mother of a boy who had been deaf for four years *was warned in a dream to seek Mr. Home.* At the seance, when the boy's head was resting on his shoulder, the medium "passed his hands caressingly over the boy's head, upon which he suddenly exclaimed, 'Mamma, I hear you.' The cure was complete and permanent!"

Mr. Home's sixth chapter, entitled "In America—The Press-Gang," is filled with reprints of what he calls the false and idle fabrications, respecting his doings, which issued from the French and English Press. His object in publishing them is "to show the reckless invention of those who assume to enlighten the public through the press."

From America he returns to Paris in May, 1857. His power was here very great, and "hundreds of all classes" frequently saw spirit-hands "writing the autograph of the person whose spirit was present."

One day, when dining with the Baroness de M——, a *murdered youth* standing at the entrance to the drawing-room proposed to go with him to see his father. Mr. Home having declined to go, the same voice asked of him the same favor when he was seated at table. After dinner the same youth, with blood on his face, induced Mr. Home to go to the father, who, from the description given him, recognized the figure to be that of his murdered son. The father sought Mr. Home, in order to "have his *own* mediumship increased;" and having obtained this boon, he was greatly comforted and relieved.

At this time "his guardian spirits" advised our author to go to Turkey; but after he had packed his trunk, they changed their mind and sent him to Baden-Baden, where he exhibited before the King of Wurtemburg and the present King of Prussia. From Baden-Baden he went to Biarritz, where the spirits told him that "trouble was in store for him," but that in the end "this would prove to be a gain."

At Biarritz new forms of necromancy were seen. At the chateau of Count de B——, the spirits wrote "on paper placed before them on the table in full view." Hands ap-

* Since the preceding paragraphs were written, the principal facts which they contain have been published by M. L' Abbe Moigno in his able Journal, *Les Mondes*, 18 June, 1863, Tom. i. pp. 506, 507. He distinctly states, that *absolute faith* may be placed in the statement of Father de Pontlevoy.

pearing distinctly above a table, were seen successively to take up a pencil and write. A large hand, in its peculiar autograph, "wrote several communications in their presence, some for his wife, who was at the table, and some to other persons who were not present. In an instant the Countess de B—— exclaimed, "Why are you sitting in the air?" and the medium "was seen raised two or three inches above the chair with his feet not touching the floor."

"I was now impressed," says the wizard, "to leave the table, and was soon *carried to the lofty ceiling*. The Count de B—— left his place at the table, and, coming under where I was, said, 'Now Young Home, come and let me touch your feet.' I told him I had no volition in the matter, but perhaps the spirits would kindly allow me to come down to him. They did so, by floating me down, and my feet were soon in his outstretched hands. He seized my boots, and now I was again elevated, he holding tightly, and pulling at my feet till the boots I wore, which had elastic sides, came off and remained in his hands"—

An aristocratic boot-jack!

In Holland and Italy, which our author visited in succession, nothing very new characterized his manifestations. An event, however, now occurred of great significance in the life of a magician. Accidentally introduced to the Countess de Koucheleff, he was asked to an evening party at her house. When entering the supper-room he was introduced to the countess's sister, a young lady whom he saw for the first time.

"A strange impression came over me at once, and I knew she was to be my wife. When we were seated at table, the young lady turned to me, and laughingly said, 'Mr. Home, you will be married before the year is ended.' I asked her why she said so; and she replied that there was such a superstition in Russia, when a person was at table between two sisters. I made no reply. It was true. In twelve days we were partially engaged, and waiting only the consent of her mother."

The family of his *fiancée* went in June to Petersburg, where Mr. Home was introduced to the emperor, who does not appear to have made the acquaintance of the spirits. Mr. Home was married on the 1st of August 1858; and a short time after this event, when his wife was asleep, he saw the spirit of his mother come into the room, followed by his wife's father. His wife exclaimed, "Daniel, there is some one in the room with us. It is your mother, and near her stands my father. She is very beautiful, and I am not afraid."

In furtherance of "the great and holy mission entrusted to him, he "did a great deal of good" when in the Crimea with his brother-in-law; and as a proof of this, "he convinced a young officer of the truths of immortality by what he saw in his presence," and this officer *gave a supper to his friends to inaugurate his entrance upon a new life.*

In January, 1859, when suffering from severe internal inflammation, "beyond the power of his physician," and when sitting with his wife and a friend, the following miracle was performed:—

"My hands," says he, "were suddenly seized by spirit influence, and I was made to beat them with extreme violence upon the part which was so extremely sensitive and tender. My wife was frightened, and would have endeavored to hold my hands; but my friend, who had sufficient knowledge of spirit manifestations, prevented her. I felt no pain, though the violence of the blows which I continued giving to myself made the bed and the whole room shake. In five minutes' time the swelling had visibly decreased, and the movements of the hand began to be more gentle. In an hour I was in a quiet sleep, and on awaking the next morning I found the disease had left me, and only a weakness remained."

Next in importance to Mr. Home's marriage is the birth of a son at Petersburg on the 8th May 1859. This event was preceded by strange phenomena, and heralded by almost celestial displays. A few hours after his birth "birds warbled for several hours, as if singing over him. A bright star appeared several times directly over his head, where it remained for some moments, and then moved slowly in the direction of the door, where it disappeared. The light was clearer and more distinctly globular than any other that Home had seen; and he believes that the star came "through the mediumship of the child, who had manifested on several occasions the presence of the gift."

We are unwilling to trench on the delicate ground of his married life; but our medium, who pretends to have the same feeling, encourages us to follow him. In order to re-

cord some of the "several occasions" on which his child "manifested the presence" of his "mediumship," he makes the following statement:—

"I do not like to allude to such a matter, but as there are more strange things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of *in my philosophy!* I do not feel myself at liberty to omit stating, that, during the latter part of my wife's pregnancy, we thought it better that we should not join in seances, because it was found that whenever the rappings occurred in the room, a simultaneous movement of the child was distinctly felt, perfectly in unison with the sounds. When there were three sounds, three movements were felt, and so on; and when five sounds were heard, which is generally the call for the alphabet, she felt the five internal movements, and she would frequently, when we were mistaken in the letter, correct us from what the child indicated."

It is not likely that experiments of this class will be tolerated within the domestic circle of reputable life; but it is probable that this abdominal calculating machine will, in our maternity hospitals at least, be prolific of spiritual results. The Trinity mediumship of Father, Wife, and Child gave birth to new and high spiritual manifestations a week after the christening, and when the parties were living in the vicinity of Petersburg.

"One evening," says our author, "I remember one of my friends was converted from his previous unbelief by seeing a female hand, which was visible to all of us in the room, slowly forming in the air, a few inches above the table, until it assumed all the apparent materiality of a real hand. The hand took up a pencil, which was upon the table, and wrote with it a communication which deeply affected my friend, who recognized it as being from his mother. The general belief is that the spirit hands always appear from beneath the table, and already formed; but this is incorrect, for on many occasions, in the presence of several persons at a time, they are seen to be formed in the full sight of all, in the manner I have just described, and to melt away as it were in the same way. Often, too, they have been seen to form themselves high above our heads, and from thence to descend upon the table, and then disappear."

On the anniversary of his marriage day, while Mr. Home was embracing his mother-in-law, "he had another of those singular impressions which so often come to him at the moment of external contact." Such impressions, he thinks, are produced by some "physical substance which causes some secret chord of the soul to vibrate and awaken a memory of the Future, or that a flower of the spring-time has been shadowed forth among the chill blasts of autumn as a token of the never-ceasing care of God, our loving Father, for his children, whether in the past, present, or the future, all being alike known to him." During this embrace,—

"I distinctly saw, at the first moment of touching my mother-in-law, that after I should leave Ostend we should meet no more on earth. This impressional prediction did, as has ever been the case with those which have come to me in this way, prove correct." She died at St. Petersburg, in the middle of May, 1860, when he was in England.

In November, 1859, when in Paris, and when Mr. Home was absent from his house, rappings were heard upon the ceiling of the room in which was his wife with the child and his nurse. The spirits having been asked who the medium was, replied "that it was the sleeping child;" . . . "but that they would not manifest through him. *as the atmosphere which they made use of was necessary for his physical development in the natural world.*" For this kind reason "they had never from this time but once had any external evidence of any spirit presence through the child, though he has given up many indications of his being a seer."

When in England, between the end of November, 1859, and the 24th of July, 1860, manifestations in Mr. Home's presence "were seen and investigated by persons of all ranks and classes, from statesmen down to those in humble life;" but in place of giving his own description of these, he has selected, from the "Spiritual Magazine" and other journals, portions of the descriptions published by the parties who saw them. These gentlemen were Mr. Pears, Mr. J. G. Crawford, Mr. Wason, and others, male and female. Many of the usual phenomena were exhibited at the seances thus described. Mr. Pears testifies that a table, after undulating movements "as if its top were flexible," rose from eighteen to twenty-four inches clear of the floor,—that the spirits of deceased children of Mrs. Cox and himself deliberately rapped,—that his grandfather and he had a tough struggle with a bell under the table,—and that the presence of the "old, Quaker-like man, though not a

Quaker," was assumed by Mr. Home, who, by handshaking, characteristic words, gestures, and allusions, intelligible only to Mr. Pears, acted the grandfather whom he never saw, so admirably as to astonish the grandson.

At the seance described by Mr. J. G. Crawford, in a room "so dark that they could not see each other," Mr. Home rose in the air, and Mr. C. "*indubitably felt the soles of both his boots some three feet above the level of the floor.*" "Touch me not, or I shall come down," cried the man-balloon; but though not touched, he came down.

"In less than five minutes after this, he remarked, I am again ascending; and from the sound of his voice we could not but infer that he was actually rising towards the ceiling of the ante-room. He then *appeared* to float under the archway, then to rise to the cornice of the room we were sitting in; and we heard him quite distinctly make three cross marks on the ceiling, beside doing some other writing. Then he came softly down, and lay stretched out with his back on the table; in which position we found him when the gas was lighted, and when we distinctly saw the marks on the ceiling which we had heard him make."

In his comment on this grand ascent, Mr. Home tells us that if his feet are touched, or if he is anxiously gazed at, till he has risen above the heads in the room, he invariably comes down; but when he is fairly above heads, looking or touching has no effect. It is, he conjectures, from some *break in the magnetism* in the former case, and not in the latter.

On the 3d April, 1860, Mr. Home attended a lecture by M. Louis Blanc, in which a good deal was said about Cagliostro. On returning home he found his wife in bed with a severe headache. After he had put out the light and was in bed, the room became as luminous as under sunshine. Mrs. H. asked if this was the spirit of Cagliostro. Three flashes of light, almost blinding, indicated the presence of the great magician. He approached the bed "till they felt a form leaning over it," as if it were an actual material presence. The magician at last articulately spoke. "My power was that of a mesmerist; but all misunderstood by those about me, my biographers have even done me injustice, but I *care not for the untruths of earth.*" A hand was now placed on the heads of Mr. and Mrs. Home, who, joining hands, held them up, saying:—

"'Dear spirit, will you be one of my guardian angels—watch over me with my Father? Teach me what you would have me do, and make me thankful to God for all his mercies.' Our hands were clasped by a hand, and her left hand was gently separated from mine, and a ring, which was the signet ring of my father-in-law, was placed on her third finger. This ring was previously in the room, but at a distance of at least twelve feet from where the bed stood. 'Good-night, dear ones, and God bless you,' was then audibly spoken, and simultaneously with the sound *came three wafts of perfume*, so delicious that we both exclaimed, 'How truly wonderful!'"

The spirit of Cagliostro vouchsafed its presence for several days afterwards, and remained with Mrs. Home "up to the time of her passing from earth."

The predicted death of Mr. Home's mother-in-law, which took place in the middle of May, 1860, was indicated to Mr. Home, most curiously, when he was visiting with a friend Barclay and Perkins' Brewery. A pot of porter having been handed to him, he put out his hand to take it, and "as his fingers came in contact with the metal, a deep shudder convulsed his frame," and he suddenly knew that his mother-in-law was dead. At a seance two nights later, her spirit placed its hands on the heads of her children, and wrote in her own handwriting, "You will love her always, wont you?" and she signed it Nathalie. Count T——, who was present at the seance, "came an atheist, and was one no longer."

At a seance on the 1st of May, a most poetical scene was represented by the spirits. A beautiful, transparent, unearthly female hand was raised aloft. When it vanished, another hand appeared, which was followed by a more earthly male hand placed on the table. Then came "a dear baby hand;" then the baby itself showed its head, and a spirit hand held up the little child with, what was unusual, a full display of her shoulders and waist. Courteous and graceful gestures were then made to the party by a luminous hand and arm, covered with a white, transparent drapery. Spirit hands then held up an exquisite wreath of white flowers. The emblem of superstition was shown them by a black, shrivelled hand, and the emblem of

truth "by a fairy-like fountain of clear, sparkling water," which threw up showers of silvery rays, "*and dwelling on the memory in perfection!*"

On the 9th of May, in a seance with nine friends, the table, without the touch of hands, *lifted itself* four feet *off* the floor; and in a room made dark at the bidding of the spirits, the window-blinds moved up and down to *tone the light*, and the leaves and sprigs of a geranium broke from their moorings with a snap, and fell on the right and left of the party, "though the plant was several feet from any of them." Mr. Home then rose and floated in the air like a feather, about six feet from the ground, the spirits moving an ottoman to receive him on his descent. He rose again, and, descending from near the ceiling, he was accomodated with a cushion to sit upon, spirit-wafted from another ottoman!

A lady witness, "*who for good reasons*," withholds her name, saw on the 3d May new varieties of manifestations. Her darling spirit-child *enfolded* her in the heavy silk curtains of a bow-window, took the comb out of her hair, pulled down the blind with a visible hand, and disappeared, followed by other two hands. The table then floated above sofas and chairs, four ottoman cushions were hurled in the air to the other side of the room, *nine or ten chairs flew up* like lightning, and the scene closed by the sign of the cross being made on the foreheads of two of the parties!

The next testimony to spiritual manifestations is that of Mr. James Wason, solicitor in Liverpool, who describes, with his name, what he saw in the company of "two baronets, one an M.P., and the other the heir and representative of a deceased M.P. of eminent ability,—the wife of a distinguished living M.P., and others;" and on another occasion in a company of equal celebrities. The floors and walls of the apartment shook like a steamer's deck with the paddles at full work. A large, heavy table rose three or four feet from the floor, "suspended, Mohammed's coffin fashion, for about a minute," and descended like *a snow-flake*. The spirit-hand of the child of a lady, one of the party, placed in Mr. Wason's hand a small bell, and after doing the same service to others, the bell rose and rung in mid-air, visibly revolving round, and touching the heads of the party. "Pieces of mignionette and geranium flowers were placed in his hands by spirit hands, and inside Mr. W.'s waistcoat." The seance terminated by Mr. Home floating in the air, and indicating his place by ringing the small hand-bell. "This seance," says Mr. Wason, "was commenced with prayer, which I understood was the usual course."

Passing over Chapter IX., entitled "The 'Cornhill' and other Narratives," and Dr. Gully of Malvern's account of what he has seen, as they contain no new phenomena, we come to Chapter X., entitled "Miraculous Preservation—France and England."

On the 24th of July, 1860, when standing beneath a large poplar in the park of a chateau near Paris, a spirit voice called out, "Here, here!" and Mr. Home "was suddenly seized by the collar of his coat, lifted off the ground, and drawn aside a distance of six or seven feet." At the same instant a crashing sound was heard, and the medium was thus miraculously saved from being crushed to death by the fall of a limb of the poplar, which was nearly fifty feet long and one foot in diameter, and which fell from a height of forty-five feet.

A day or two after this Dr. Hoefer came to the chateau for a seance. The spirits rapped "Go see the branch." The branch was so firmly fixed in its fallen position, that it was believed "that several horses would be required to move it.

"Our surprise then," says Mr. H., "may be imagined, when we now found that it had been moved three or four inches laterally from its original point of support. Dr. Hoefer said, 'I firmly believe that the branch will be pushed down before us.' I replied, 'That seems almost an impossibility.' At the same time, I took in my hand one of the smaller twigs, and mentally said, 'Dear spirits, will you push this branch down!' I then distinctly felt as if some one gently touched the twig which I held. This was repeated, and at the third touch, as it felt to me."

A piece of the thickest part of this fallen tree was sent to London, *and on many occasions some very marvellous manifestations took place with it!* A block of this wood, so heavy that two strong men could hardly move it, "became as if it were a straw" in the hands of Mr. Home, who "carried it round the room under his arm." The same block, three feet eight inches long, and three feet round, seems on another occasion to have

manifested its spiritual power by attracting to itself a table in motion. This fact was witnessed by "*a Plain Man*," who saw a still more remarkable phenomenon, "*a small baby's hand creeping up a gentleman's arm!*"

On the authority of Mr. Cox, of Cox's Hotel, Jermyn Street, himself a medium, we have an account of still more remarkable manifestations. The spirits having previously prescribed for a sick little boy of his, they again prescribed a dose of magnetized water. "For this purpose," says Mr. Cox, "a decanter was placed on the table. The water became agitated, and a powerful aroma came from the bottle. It was strongly impregnated with something they had not tasted."

"Mr. Home was thrown into the trance state, and taking the decanter in his right hand, he walked a few feet from the table, when, to my astonishment, I saw another decanter, apparently precisely similar to the other in his left hand. *Thus in each of his hands I saw a decanter, and so real was the second*, that I could *not tell which was the material one!*"

A curious specimen of a wicked spirit was seen at this seance. In a writing-desk which had belonged to the late Robert Owen, of spirit-rapping memory, there was a box of paints. Mr. Owen's spirit ordered the writing-desk to be opened. A spirit hand was then placed in Mr. Cox's, another in his wife's, and another in Mr. Home's, each hand differing in size.

"The alphabet was called for, and 'I fear I may have spoilt your Claude,' was spelt out. We could not understand this; but when the lamp was re-lighted, we found that some paint had been taken from the box, and had been freely used on one of my paintings, which hung several feet from where we were sitting!"

We are not told if the painting was really a Claude. Were it so, we should have suspected that Turner had bribed for this mischief the spirit of Robert Owen.

The reality of a spiritual world is now testified by a Mr. W. M. Williamson, of Hampstead, and the supernatural Mr. William Howitt. In their presence the spirits make a raid against idols. Several Indian idols of ivory occupied an honorable place in a drawing-room in Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park. "Suddenly there was a commotion among them, and a crash, and a large one was thrown down with violence." Mr. Howitt is more minute in his details of a similar phenomenon. The clap of the dethroned idols might have been heard all over the house. The spirits unscrewed their parts, "and pomelled their heads lustily on the floor," saying, through the alphabet, "You must all do your best to destroy idolatry, both in India and in England, where it prevails in numerous ways,—idolatry of rank, idolatry of wealth, idolatry of self, idolatry of mere intellect and learning!"

In a diary kept by a Mrs. P. in the Regent's Park, we have a repetition of all the various manifestations we have described. A few novelties, however, solicit our notice. In an article in *Once a Week*, entitled "Spirit-rapping made Easy," the denizens of the invisible world were not treated with the respect which they desired, and determined upon having their revenge. At a seance, accordingly, on the 29th January, 1860, a spirit hand arose and crumpled up and tore a sheet of the offending journal. "The spirits were at work destroying the magazine. They rubbed it strongly over Mr. Home's shoe, and then placed his foot upon it. The spirits gave each person a bit of the mangled magazine!"

In February 1861, Mrs. Home's health had begun to decline. One night her mother's spirit laid its hand upon Mr. Home's brow, and "the present being obliterated from his mind, he saw the being so dear to him passing from earth," and he was told by the spirit that she was to die of consumption. On the 3d of June, 1861, at a seance at which Mrs. Home was present, the spirits gave a rosebud to a lady, and said in raps, "From one who is a mortal, but will ere long be with us—emblem of Sacha." Sacha was the name of Mrs. Home.

"This announcement drew tears from us all; we were deeply affected, and Mr. Home sank back overcome with emotion. A narcissus was given to me (Mrs. P.), and a flower to every one present, also some for those who were absent, but who were loved by Mrs. Home. She spoke for a length of time consolations for those she was about to quit. Her voice was very weak, and I lost the greater part of part of what she said. She shook hands with us all, a farewell we wept, but not a word was uttered."

At another seance on the 5th June, Mr.

Home went into a trance, and saw near his wife a mass of spirits, which he describes in a rhapsody, bearing reference to her predicted death. At various other seances in the months of June and July, 1861, so prolific of spirits, phenomena were seen relating to this lady; but one of these was so rare and miraculous, that we must communicate it to our readers. On the 7th July a fine lemon-scented verbena quitted its flower-pot without human aid, and after *rolling itself up*, placed itself between Mr. and Mrs. Home. Mr. Home fell back in his chair into a deep sleep.

"He then walked about the room, led apparently by a spirit; a very large bright star shone in his forehead, several clustered on his hair and on the tips of his fingers. He made passes over the verbena plant, but did not touch it. Immediately the air was filled with the scent which he wafted to each of us."

He "thus extracted the essence of the flower, in the same manner as the soul is taken from the body," and he declared that the plant would die in a few days, which it did "for want of the vital principle, which he had extracted from it."

Mrs. Home died on the 3d of July, 1862, and we have a tribute to her memory by Mr. Howitt occupying fifteen pages, and forming the twelfth chapter of the work. From Perigueuex, where Mrs. Home died, Mr. Home came to England, for the purpose, we presume, of writing the work which we have been analyzing.

We have thus given our readers a brief but faithful account of the spiritual manifestations of Daniel Dunglas Home, and we submit them to the judgment of the Philosopher and the Christian. In his communion with the world of spirits, he claims to have a divine commission, and to exercise his "God-given powers" for the benefit and instruction of mankind. He is specially charged with the conversion of infidels, and with the refutation of materialism; and he claims hundreds of converts to his faith. The divinity of his mission is attested by a series of prophecies and miracles, inferior neither in quality or number to those interruptions of the laws of nature by which the greatest of truths have been established.

1. He raises the dead, and commands their presence and their agency,—not as the shadowy apparitions of the nursery, but as flesh-and-blood realities, displaying superhuman muscular strength, not in deeds of utility and mercy, but in tossing to and fro tables, sofas, cushions, ottomans, and chairs, for the amusement of fools.

2. If he has found it difficult to exhume a full-length corpse from its lair, he has wrenched from it hands and feet, and sometimes a head and shoulders shining with the blue phosphorescence of the grave.

3. In defiance of the laws of gravity which keep the planets in their course, he rises in the air, a living and breathing balloon, not to survey the distant battle-field, nor to rescue life from its roof-tree in flames, but to make scratches on the ceiling, and baffle the efforts of his friends to pull him down by his boots!

4. In Mr. Home's presence dead and inorganic matter floats in the atmosphere, rings rush from their lair to the finger of their owner, and bells revolve like planets but without a centre to curve their orbit, and without an object to be gained by their evolutions.

5. In his presence plants are endowed with locomotive life and with muscular power. They walk from their flower-pots—they roll themselves up—they place themselves between their medium patrons, and commit personal mutilation by throwing off sprigs and flowers to gratify the olfactory nerves of the party!

6. When our archimagus exclaims, "Let there be light," the darkness of midnight is dispelled, and his apartment shines with the brightness of the sun!

7. When the spirits lead him in his trance, his "God-given power" is attested, not by the ring of light which encircles what is divine, but by a brilliant star shining on his forehead, and indicating the heaven-born functions of his guide!

8. If he does not turn water into wine, he extracts the perfume of plants by the wave of his hand, and by this extinction of their vital principle they die in his presence! Did not the law of the land protect the lieges, he could, doubtless, extract the principle of life from the skeptics that denounce, and the wits that deride his revelations.

9. If he does not multiply loaves and fishes to feed his disciples, he multiplies wine-decanters to astonish Mr. Cox of Jermyn Street!

10. If he has not given sight to the blind,

he has by a pass from his hand, given hearing to the deaf!

11. If he has not enabled the man ill of the palsy to take up his bed and walk, he has in many instances healed the sick, and he has cured a disease under which he himself labored, by means of self-inflicted and involuntary blows!

12. If he cannot see into the human heart, and divine its workings, he can do much more. He can look at a beautiful marble bust, and discern that the person whom it represents *is possessed with a demon.*

13. If "gravitation does not cease when Home goes by," he is divinely snatched from its influence. A spirit arm drags him from beneath the falling branch, and the heavy log thus cheated of its victim is pacified by the grant of supernatural powers!

In order to form a just idea of spiritualism, we should study its developement in different countries and under different articles of faith. We will not shock our readers by taking them to the United States, where spiritual domination stares at us in its most hideous features, —a modern Antichrist exalting itself above all that is called God, uttering from a thousand tongues its blasphemous inspirations, and hurling its victims in hetacombs to the halter of the suicide, or the cells of the madhouse. *

In France, where spiritualism is chastened by the intelligence of the upper classes, and checked by the principles and strict discipline of the Catholic Church, it has not assumed the repulsive phase which Mr. Home has given it in England. Its professors perform no visible miracles. They neither float in the air, nor launch tables and chairs through their halls, nor foretell what Infinite Wisdom has so kindly withheld from man. The French medium, generally female, employs two processes for revealing pious sentiments, or dictating brief homilies, which the Christian may peruse with moral and even religious profit.

Mademoiselle Huet sits as a medium at the salon of Mont-Thabor, and records the revelations made to her by a spirit called Marie, who has been dead for ten years. These revelations are made in two different ways,—by *Typtology*, in which the spirit speaks by means of raps and an alphabet; and by *Psychography*, or *medianimic* writing, in which the communications are written by a hand holding a pen, guided by the presiding spirit.

Under the head of *Typtology*, we have in the two series of M. Flammariez's work one hundred and twenty apophthegms or thoughts from beyond the tomb. These apophthegms are often brief references to texts in the Old and New Testaments—moral and religious sentiments—quotations in different languages from eminent authors—conversations with the spirit Marie—sometimes "bizarre assemblages" of letters which the spirit kindly arranges, frequently verses of poetry—and occasionally acrostics. The following is a favorable specimen of the Typtologies: "Science is an extensive forest, in which some follow the beaten path, many go astray, and all see the limits of the forest receding as they advance."

Under the head of *Psychography*, we have, occupying the greater part of the two brochures, a large number of homilies or short addresses, by the spirits of the illustrious dead, from the time of Socrates to that of Galileo, Columbus, Pascal, Fenelon, Lammenais, and Channing. Socrates discourses from the text, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Galileo exclaims, "Raise thy head, O man, and observe the heavens," and in a long and eloquent address he points to the glorious life, and the innumerable modes of existence which are yet to be developed in a plurality of worlds. Columbus counsels his readers to be friendly with their brethren in the New World. Pascal dictates a solitary page on the grandeur of human intelligence, pitying those who seek truth without finding it, and counselling his readers to shun all reasoning which throws a shadow on the goodness and greatness of God. Fenelon discourses on the importance of truth, recommending to spiritualists humility of heart, and united efforts against the great enemy of man. Lammenais is a frequent teacher from his grave. He conducts the pilgrim through the pitfalls of life to the happy land. He abuses ridicule as the child of skepticism and death. He discourses on Jacob's ladder, and he comforts parents and friends with the assurance that death is not "misfortune, but the completion of their sublimest aspiration, and an entrance to their happy home."

* Mr. Howitt tells us that in America spiritualism adds annually to its ranks 300,000 persons, and that there are, at a moderate estimate, *two millions and a half* of spiritualists in the United States!

Channing utters five conversational responses on spiritualism, the nature of the soul, on affability, and the justice of God. Queen Clotilda is eloquent on the physical and moral superiority of the inhabitants of Jupiter; and the editor informs us that the spirits in every part of the globe with which he has been in communication, represent in the most brilliant colors a residence on that planet.

Our spirit friends in France, thus instructive and eloquent, have not yet dabbled in astronomical predictions. Zadkiel has not appeared in Paris; and a French court of justice has not yet awarded damages against any member of the Imperial Institute for denouncing lying prophets, and clerical peepers into glass balls and tumbler bottoms.*

Such is spirit-rapping, spirit-raising, and spirit-seeing, and such the spawn which they have cast upon the waters. We have been bold enough to sketch their history from the pages of a "weak, credulous, half-educated, and fanatical person," as the Saturday Reviewer† calls Mr. Home; but we want courage to characterize them in their moral, social, and religious bearings, and eloquence to express the horror and disgust which they inspire.

We borrow, therefore, the eloquent pen of a distinguished philosopher, who has poured out the vials of his wrath in "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn:"—

"The word," says Professor Ferrier, "by which the thinking principle is designated in all languages, bears evidence to the inveteracy of the superstition, that the conception of mind might be formed by conceiving a material substance of extreme fineness and tenuity. Many circumstances have conspired to keep this fanaticism in life. The supposed visibility of ghosts helps it on considerably; and it is still further reinforced by some of the fashionable deliraments of the day, such as *Clairvoyance* and (even A.D. 1854, *credite posteri*) *Spirit-rapping*. These, however, are not to be set down—at least so it is to be hoped—among the normal and catholic superstitions incident to humanity. They are much worse than the worst form of the doctrine of materiality. These abberrations betoken a perverse and prurient play of the abnormal fancy—groping for the very holy of holies in kennels running with the most senseless and God-abandoning abominations. Our natural superstitions are bad enough; but thus to make a systematic business of fatuity, imposture, and profanity, and to imagine all the while that we are touching on the precincts of God's spiritual kingdom, is unspeakably shocking. The horror and disgrace of such proceedings were never even approached in the darkest days of heathendom and idolatry. Ye who make shattered nerves and depraved sensations the interpreters of truth, the keys which shall unlock the gates of heaven, and open the secrets of futurity—ye who inaugurate disease as the prophet of all wisdom, thus making sin, death, and the devil the lords paramount of creation—have ye bethought yourselves of the backward and downward course which ye are running into the pit of the bestial and the abhorred? O ye miserable mystics! when will ye know that all God's truths and all man's blessings lie in the broad heath, in the trodden ways, and in the laughing sunshine of the universe; and that all intellect, all genius, is merely the power of seeing wonders in common things?"*

We do not ask the man of science or the philosopher or the moralist to tell us what that they think of the miracles of the spirit-rapper; but the Christian is bound to compare them with the revelation which he has accepted, and with the truths which he professes to believe.

Has the Christian spiritualist, if there lives a person who can combine such jarring names—has he pondered the divine denunciation against the abominations of the "users of divination"—against the consulters of familiar spirits—against "wizards, that peep and that mutter," and that "whisper out of the dust"—against those "who in latter times shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils"—against the spirits of devils working miracles—against the doers of great wonders—against the deceivers by miracles—against "him whose coming is with signs and lying wonders"—and against "the false prophets, that shall give signs and wonders?"

If the spirit-raisers in former days, and their patrons, have been thus denounced, and deemed worthy of death, what shall be the

* These lower parts of our drinking vessels, whether tumbler or wineglass, have been used by distinguished mediums, and have been as successful in the communication of spirit lore as the more costly sphere. Did the neophyte appeal to the vessel when brimful, he would obtain brighter visions from its foot-stalk.

† We recommend to our readers two admirable articles in the *Saturday Review* of March 21 and 28, on Howitt's "History of the Supernatural," and on "The Incidents" in Mr. Home's life.

* Ferrier's *Institutes of Metaphysic, the Theory of Knowing and Being*. pp. 224, 225.

doom of the Christian, who, in defiance of holy writ, and in contempt of the formularies of his Church, calls up the souls and bodies of the dead to perpetrate deeds of revenge against the living, and to perform the tricks of the conjurer to gratify the prurient curiosity of fools?

We appeal not to the Presbyterian, for he despises the spirit-rapper; but we remind the members of our sister-Church, that they pray "to be spared before they go hence, *and be no more seen;*"—we remind them of their belief, that "the dead who die in the Lord *rest from their labors*"—that death hath *put all things under his feet*—that God *takes unto himself* the souls of the departed—that the spirits of the departed *live with God*—that the souls of the faithful who are delivered from the flesh *are in joy and felicity*—that the faithful *sleep in Jesus*, and *rest in him*—and that the souls of them that sleep in the Lord enjoy *perpetual rest and felicity.*

If the dead can be raised from the grave to appear again upon earth, either in the flesh or in the spirit, then "Christ is not the *first fruits of them that sleep.*" Then death can have no sting, and the grave no victory! If the human worm that is said to have crawled at the foot of its confessor, and to have violated oral and written oaths, can unlock the holy sanctuary of the dead, and disport with their mutilated remains before the living, he has anticipated the blast of the dread trumpet which is to summon the mighty dead from their graves, and usher in the great assize that is to fix the immortal destiny of man.

Seeing an Avalanche Pass.—Mr. Francis Galton, a well known English traveller, and member of the "Alpine Club," has this summer made a singular experience. He discovered a spot on the Jungfrau range, where he might stand in safety and watch the avalanches sweeping past him, within thirty feet of his person. In one half day he saw three descents. The avalanches slid two thousand feet, then leaped two great bounds of a thousand feet more to the channel, close to which he was standing, and then burst out at the foot of the channel, "like a storm of shrapnell." Mr. Galton describes the general appearance of the avalanche when seen at so short a distance, as that of "an orderly mob filling the street and hastening, not hurrying, to the same object." Something of the same impression is made upon one who looks attentively at the great sheet of water which rolls slowly down on the Canadian side of the falls at Niagara. The motion is majestically deliberate, and, though swift, not hurried. The noise of the avalanche in motion Mr. Galton likens to "the sound of a rapid tide rushing up many channels." The avalanche is described as consisting of a mass of ice-balls, usually from a foot to a yard in diameter, which produce "the fearful rattle of the ice-cascade,"

Dr. Bartlett, of the New York Albion.—Dr. John Sherren Bartlet, formerly editor of the New York *Albion*, whose death has recently been announced, was born in 1790, in Dorsetshire, England, was educated as a physician, in London and appointed surgeon in the British navy in 1812; sailed to the West Indies in the packet Swallow; was captured by the American frigates Princeton and Congress, under Commodore Rogers, and remained in prison in Boston until discharged in 1813. At the close of the war, he married a Boston lady, and established himself in this city as a physician. The *Albion* was established by him in 1822, as an English organ of conservative politics. Though sustaining the interests of a foreign government and its people, he always did this without offending the feelings, or losing in any degree the respect of the community in the midst of which he lived and moved, honored and respected for so many years. Owing to the failure of his health, he felt himself obliged to retire from editorial life in 1848, and was regarded by his contemporaries of the press, as well as by his readers, with sincere regret.

At the commencement of Atlantic steam navigation he established at Liverpool a paper called *The European*, a weekly compendium of the latest news for American circulation. In 1855 he resumed journalism, by issuing the *The Anglo-Saxon*—a weekly paper published in Boston, and which he continued for about two years. In 1857 he served a short time as British Consul at Baltimore. His death occurred at Middletown, Ct., where he has lately been residing. His remains are to be sent to Boston for sepulture.

Dr. Bartlett was a member of the St. George's Society in New York for nearly forty years, and was for some time its President.—*Boston Journal.*

Four great Boulevards will be inaugurated in Paris on the 12th of August, viz.: the Boulevard Latour Maubourg, Boulevard Passy, Boulevard Beaujon, and the right river-side of the Boulevard de Sebastopol.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

"MRS. ARCHIE."

I.

The dwelling-house at Glenrig lay towards the sea, under sheltering hills, in a mountainous nook of the county Antrim. It was a romantic old place, and, of course, a legend clung to it. The story ran that a mysterious treasure lay secreted somewhere within the walls, supposed to have been hidden, ages since, on the occasion of a visit paid to the mountains by Cromwell's soldiers. The Mistress MacArthur of that day had given a ball on a certain night, and danced until a late hour, in a yellow satin gown and a quantity of jewels. Early next morning the unwelcome visitors had arrived, and the family fled empty-handed, but no jewels had been seen in the house, neither then, nor ever afterwards. Therefore, the gossips held, some secret hiding-place had been resorted to, and one day a prize must come to light. The legend of the treasure had passed down through many generations, but latterly it had almost died out. One old woman in the neighborhood, who claimed descent from a confidential servant of the above mentioned Mistress MacArthur, had pretended to know the exact spot where the treasure lay, and all the circumstances of its burial. But this old woman belonging to a spiteful race, and would never tell her secret, if secret she posessed.

Aunt Penelope believed in it, and she had tried many plans to find out whether or not old Nannie knew more than she knew herself. There was no end to the sneers she encountered from Aunt MacAlister on the subject of her credulity; but, whether from charity, or with a view of conciliating old Nannie, she did induce Aunt Janette to take home, as playfellow for Letitia, a little girl, the old woman's grandchild. However, the girl had turned out badly and been sent away, after which old Nannie and she had left the country, so that their was no longer a chance for Aunt Penelope's craze of finding the treasure being satisfied.

And, indeed, this present family seemed about as little likely to discover it as any of their predecessors. Old Randal MacArthur, who had been visited with paralysis, was deaf, and had never quite recovered the use of his limbs, sat constantly in his chair, a patient, cheerful Christian, willing to linger on among his children and his clan of friends as long as it pleased Heaven to leave him, but dreading nothing upon earth so much as change of any kind. His wife—"Aunt Janette," as she was called by some scores of nephews and nieces — was a little, low-voiced woman, scarcely less noiseless than her own shadow. Her daughters, Mary and Rachel, were each a fair copy of their mother—not in person, but in the placidity of their tempers, and the unwearied quietude of their demeanor. All three would have been terrified at the thought of breaking in on the still routine of their life, by pulling down walls or dragging up floors in search of a thing the chances of whose existence hung on a legend. Letitia laughed at it. She was an orphan whom old Randal had claimed in her infancy by virtue of some mythical fifty-sixth cousinship, and had brought up as his youngest daughter. She was a busy spirit, quick in her motions, clear in her judgment, ready with her help, and, consequently, in sleepy Glenrig the household fairy, the ordering genius of the place from garret to cellar. She loved the old story, and laughed at it; pulled it to pieces one day, and put it together again the next, dressing it up in the most brilliant colors.

The only person who might have shown any energy in the matter was Archie, the eldest of the family, and only son of the house, who was at present trying to make his way at the English bar; and, spite of his Irish tongue and his Irish birth, was making it. But his energies and ambition had found a more practical channel than among broken walls bedded with imaginary treasure. Archie had enough to do, for the MacArthurs had been waxing poorer of late years, and he had gone forth to make for himself an independent name and fortune. Had the making of this fortune not been necessarily a tedious process, some thought that a certain pair of bright eyes which kept Glenrig in mischief and sunshine would have been even now shining beside him in London. However, people only surmised. The only one who could say anything on the subject was Letitia, and she—who could be discreet, "close," Aunt Penelope said, when it pleased her—she, Letitia, kept her own counsel.

The two aunts were frequent visitors, not dwellers, at Glenrig, having each her respective domicile on a different outskirt of the two miles' distant village of Cushlake. Aunt MacAlister was a MacArthur, who had made

a not very brilliant marriage, and who, having been left a widow, had returned, as it were, to the parent stem, and always prominently asserting herself as Randal MacArthur's sister thought she ought to hold her head very high, and did so accordingly. Now Aunt Penelope was only the wife of a dead brother, and her family being, in Aunt MacAlister's opinion, "very low," that good-natured sister-in-law thought she should, on her husband's decease have modestly retired into her native obscurity. But in addition to the enormity of her declining to do this, she had succeeded in "worming herself" into the good graces of everybody at Glenrig, and this was a mortal offence to Aunt MacAlister, whom nobody liked. And so "Aunt Pen" and "Aunt Mac" were always at dagger-points, something as may be a snarling terrier, ready to snap at every one's heels, and a purring cat who will lie cosily by the fire as long as she is left at peace, but will show the tiger when provoked.

It happened one evening, early in spring, that a small event occurred which, for a time, quickened mightily the blood in the drowsy Glenrig veins, and which, as it afterwards proved, was looked back upon as an epoch in the lives of all concerned. It was twilight, and Glenrig glared with all its red windows into the outer grayness, where the valley at its feet had assumed a mysterious depth, and the ranks of opposite mountains had retreated, in ghostly fashion, into the clouds. The great brown trees, their first awkward effort at greenness extinguished by the dusk, stood like bearded giants resting on their clubs, for a short truce had been concluded with the gales. Inside Uncle Randal and Aunt Janette were dozing, or musing, which you please, in their respective arm-chairs at either side of the hearth, and the firelight flushed over them, filling the cosy old-fashioned room with a deep crimson light. A light step came in, and Letitia crossed the floor hastily, crying, "Aunt Janette, here are the letters—the letters at last. One, two, three; and there's one from Archie. I'll light the lamp!"

The lamp was lit in a twinkling, and as Letitia stood in the sudden light we could not have a better opportunity for describing her. It was a slight, small figure, clothed in a housewifely gray dress, and black silk apron. She looked like one accustomed to carry the keys, but to carry them jauntily, making them as piquante an accessory to her own picturesqueness as any piece of *bijouterie* that ever fine lady hung on her finger or slung to her girdle. Letitia was not a beauty, but she could look pretty at times, and any woman who can do so should be content. It was a round face with intelligent eyes, rather amber than brown; a nose, short, and not ungraceful; a wide mouth with the merit of red lips and pure teeth; and a low, broad forehead. Her hair, which was simply sombre, without either purple lights or ebon gloss, was folded smoothly from her brow, and hung in a heavy cloud about her throat. She did look pretty now, with a sudden jewel burning in each eye, and a throb of excitement reddening her cheek.

She sat down to read Archie's letter to his father and mother. She began heartily—"My dear mother——" She glanced down the page, and repeated mechanically, "My dear mother."

"Well, Letitia?"

"My eyes are dim, somehow," said Letitia. "I have got a headache. Just let me run up for Mary or Rachel. They will read it better."

And not waiting to be gainsayed, she sprang up and vanished.

"Rachel," she said, putting her head in at the door of a room up-stairs where a young lady was arranging her hair at the glass, "there is a letter from Archie, and your mother wants you to read it for her. My head aches so badly, I cannot look at the paper."

Strange to say, the light on Rachel's table glared at Letitia like a bloodthirsty enemy, and Rachel herself, soft, quiet Rachel, looked a gorgon. Blissfully unconscious of this fact, however, that young lady made a moderate exclamation of pleasure at hearing of her brother's letter, and telling Letitia to bathe her head, went down-stairs. And Rachel read the letter. It ran like this:—

"My dear Mother,—I fear my father and you will be displeased at first when I tell you that I have been married for some time, but when you know my Ethelind you must forgive me. Knowing this, I have induced her to go on before me, on a visit to Glenrig. I have assured her of the affectionate welcome she will have. I need not ask you, dearest mother, to treat her tenderly for my sake. I hope Mary, Rachel, and Letitia will be sisters to her. I will join her at Glenrig

in a few weeks hence.—Your affectionate son, ARCHIBALD MACARTHUR."

Rachel let fall the paper, and blank amazement dropped upon the listeners. Then sobbing and murmuring arose in a chorus of meek rebellion against fate and Archie, till Letitia presently brought her bright face back to the room, and laughing merrily at the "comical news" struck the key-note for a new strain, and set the weepers all chanting the praises of the dear offender, with only a low running accompaniment of regrets and fears, and gentle deprecations.

Some days passed, and it was the evening of the bride's expected arrival. The shock at Archie's strange conduct had in some measure subsided, and it had been resolved to give the visitor a true glens welcome. So the old house had been burnished up to its best looks, and early in the evening a goodly company of friends, all cousins to the nineteenth degree, had assembled in Mrs. MacArthur's drawing-room. The curtains were drawn across the shattered windows, the fire blazed up the chimney, and the round table at the side of the room was absolutely groaning under delectable preparations for a plentiful tea. The room was filled with good-humored, good-looking people, laughing and talking in the broad northern accent, which has so ludicrously little of the mincing about it, and so much of rough honest kindliness.

Old Randal MacArthur sat in his arm-chair as usual, a spare little man, with a thin, rosy face, and a quick and kindly eye. He wore a black velvet cap on his almost bald head, and sat in the familiar attitude which betrayed his deafness, holding his hand behind his ear while he leaned upon the arm of his chair towards the company, looking from one face to the other as if he would guess by their expression, if he could not hear, all that was going forward.

His wife was in her customary place near to his side, with her small grave cap and small grave gown, and her thin timid face, looking like a rather stately little old maid in half-mourning. She also sat with her feet on a stool, and she wore her dress short, and large bright buckles on her shoes. Also on her shoulders a black velvet shawl, rich with fringe and embroidery, said to have cost a fabulous sum of money once upon a time: how long ago we cannot say, but Aunt Penelope was wont to declare that Sister Janette could not wear out her clothes like other folks, do as she would.

A small crowd of broad-shouldered, brown-faced Cousin Edmunds, Cousin Randals, Cousin Pats, and Cousin Archies straggled about a table where a group of young women sat at work. "Young women" Aunt MacAlister resolutely dubbed them, and young women they were obliged to submit to be. Bead-work had not at the time we speak of quite superseded shirt-making and garter-knitting in retired nooks of the world like Glenrig; and of this laughing bevy, all busy with fingers and tongues, one was stitching a shirt-collar, another hemming damask napkins, whilst a third was netting—horrible to relate—a nightcap for her father. In this group were Mary and Rachel, the daughters of the house, with their low voices and few words. They were too quiet. Aunt Penelope once exclaimed in despair, "Sister Janette, can you do nothing to waken up these girls of yours? They're just no better than white mice!"

Aunt MacAlister betrayed her kill-joy propensities by her sharp eyes, long pinched nose, and puckered-up mouth. She was dressed in a black satin gown, very stiff, wore black silk mittens on her hands, and a severe Quaker-looking cap on her head. She was not, perhaps, in the main, a bad-natured woman; but she always acted as though she lived in mortal dread lest any one should suspect that she possessed one drop of the milk of human kindness in her nature. She was particularly hard upon the "young women" now around her, calling their talk "clattering," and their ribbons and muslins "fudgey-magiggery." She had also a stab at the broad-shouldered cousins, whom she did not scruple to describe as "louts," telling of the elegant manners of the gentlemen whom she was accustomed to meet in Dublin, in her youth.

Aunt Penelope was an ample, plain-featured person, with no particular physical advantage beyond the beaming effulgence that could flood from her nondescript eyes, and irradiate her broad, buff-colored face. And we do not think Aunt Mac need have called her vulgar because she preferred a brown and gold-color brocaded gown to one of a more severely neutral description of tint; or, having been a widow for twenty years, because she liked a comfortable cap with a bit of color about it. Be that as it may, Aunt Pen

was the favorite, the confidante, the coaxed and familiar of the whole clan. She knew all the secrets of the young men, and all the secrets of the young women, all but one. She was wont to declare to herself that she never could make anything of Letitia. Her eyes were now following that young damsel, as, dressed in black silk and a coral necklace, she flitted in and out and about the room, looking after the setting forth of cakes and preserves, and seeming to make a hundred excuses to keep moving about, as if she could not rest quiet a moment.

The rolling of a carriage was presently heard, and a crunching of wheels on the gravel. A sudden silence fell on the room. The cousins stopped laughing. Mary and Rachel glanced at one another, and looked more like white mice than ever; Uncle Randal sank back in his chair; Aunt Janette rose and stood nervously dragging the fringe of her shawl; Aunt Mac bounced up and looked around as if to say, "Now we shall see what kind of person Mrs. Archie is?" Whereupon Aunt Pen slipped into her chair, taking old Randal's hand kindly, and still watching Letitia. That young person, at the moment employed in cutting thin bread and butter, laid down her knife, and walking over to where Mrs. MacArthur stood irresolute on the hearth-rug, slipped the old lady's arm through her own and drew her on, saying, "Come, Aunt Janette, you must meet her at the door, you know!" "Forward minx!" hissed Aunt Mac, *sotto voce.* "Bravo, Letitia!" murmured Aunt Pen, under her breath.

In another minute the stranger stood under the hall lamp, and was embraced by Aunt Janette. It was not noticed that when Letitia's turn came she retreated into the shadows, and pushed Mary forward to be kissed. Nor was it seen that when the visitor was conducted to her room, Letitia remained below on the mat, twisting her small fingers together, as if she would break them in pieces.

In due time Mrs. Archie made her appearance in the drawing-room, taking away every one's breath by her brilliance. She was dressed in bright blue silk, all flounces and trimmings, and wore delicate lace and glittering ornaments. She was slight and tall, and carried her finery with a charming grace. She had that kind of fair-haired, fair-eyed good looks, which becoming dress and vivacity of character may burnish into fascinating beauty. If dressed in dull hues, and shorn of her little airs and graces, she would have been too pale and pink about the eyes, while her hair would have displayed that lack-lustre tint which can only be warmed to gold by delicate surroundings of color. So at least thought Aunt Penelope, as, quite forgetting politeness, she sat watching her with unflagging persistence, seeming to have quite overlooked Letitia in her new interest in the bride.

"Wont you come to the fire, Mrs. Archie?" "Mrs. Archie, wont you sit to the table for your tea?" "Mrs. Archie, dear, you're fairly done out!" "'Deed, Mrs. Archie, you're ready to drop this minute for want of something to eat. Oh! you needn't tell me. I know the hungry road you've travelled better than you do. You ought to be gay and keen for your tea!"

Such speeches as these assailed the newcomer on all sides; but after she had spoken once or twice, and shaken out her flounces as many times, the majority of the clan got rather more shy, and did not press their kindnesses on her so strongly: she was very condescending, very gracious, very lavish with her smiles and her pretty gestures; but somehow the plain glensfolk, with their quaint downright talk and their homely ways, felt ill at ease with her, feeling vaguely that she was rather too fine a lady for Archie to have sent home to Glenrig. Old Randal presently lay back, extinguished, in his chair. Aunt Janette, by and by, also retreated into retirement. Of the cousins, the male portion attended on her wants rather clumsily, and the female portion scrutinized her dress and the style of her hair.

Aunt Mac, who considered from the first that Mrs. Archie had "an air about her," made friends with her at once; perhaps because the bride evidently did not much affect Aunt Penelope. And so she sat all the evening by her side, and in return for Mrs. Archie's gracious information about "high circles" in London, Aunt Mac entertained her with an account of the "elegant people" whom she used to meet "in Dublin, in her youth." And still Aunt Penelope watched the bride, scrutinizing untiringly face, hands, figure, manner, and closing her eyes sometimes to listen more keenly to the tones of the stranger's voice.

"Sister Janette," said Aunt Penelope, when the cousins were going away, "if you have a spare bed I'll stay. I have a mind not to go home to night."

This was only Aunt Penelope's way of putting it, for she knew there were plenty of spare beds at Glenrig; and she stayed.

At twelve o'clock that night Letitia was sitting at the fire in her own room, when Aunt Penelope came in, shut the door, and stood beside her on the hearth. Now on this night of all others Letitia did not want even Aunt Penelope in her room. Nevertheless, there she was.

"How do you like her?" Aunt Pen began, poking up the fire briskly.

"Oh! well enough, I suppose!" replied Letitia. "She's a very grand lady indeed."

Isn't she a beauty, now? Did you ever see as pretty a creature?"

"She's good-looking enough?" said Letitia dryly, "but I can't say I admire her much.

Aunt Penelope looked at her with twinkling eyes. "What makes you so cross tonight, Letitia?"

"Cross! I cross? I'm not cross, Aunt Penelope!"

"Well, you're something very like it. However, I'm not going to torment you, you close little thing! I suppose if I said you 'poor' little thing you'd tear my eyes out. There, sit still! Letitia, do you remember Bessie Anderson?"

"Bessie! Bessie, who used to play with me, long ago?"

"Yes, that very Bessie. Do you remember her?"

"Of course I do."

"How old were you when she went away?"

"About nine, I think."

"And she was three years older. That is ten years ago. Do you recollect why she was sent away from this?"

"Not very well. For some bad conduct, I think."

"It was for forging a letter," said Aunt Penelope—"a letter from her schoolmaster to Aunt Janette, asking for the loan of some money, which she, Miss Bessie, having got to bring to him, expended on sweetmeats. Tell me now, Letitia, what was she like, as you remember her?"

"Why, of course I don't recollect her very distinctly, but I know she was a pale girl with fair hair. But, dear me! Aunt Penelope, you must remember all about her yourself a great deal better than I can. What has put her in your head to-night?"

"Hold your tongue, my dear, and never mind, but go to bed and rest your poor little worried brains. Your wits aren't so bright, these days, Letitia, as they used to be: but you can't help that, poor lamb. There, good-night!"

And giving her a hearty kiss, Aunt Pen walked off to her own chamber. There she doffed her glowing cap and put on her nightcap; but having got thus far in her preparations for her couch, she rolled herself up in a great shawl, and taking her candle in hand, went straight down-stairs again to the dining-room, not the drawing-room. This dining-room was situated at the extreme end of the hall, and attained by a low flight of steps and a landing. It was a long room, with high wainscots and red hangings. Here she coolly lit the lamp, and esconsing herself in an arm-chair at the table, deliberately began to read. The fire had gone out, but Aunt Penelope had provided herself with a shawl.

She sat for about an hour or more, now and again looking at her watch, and glancing towards the door. After two o'clock had struck, and she had begun to shift about uneasily in her chair, the door softly opened, and Mrs. Archie appeared with a candle in her hand. She was in a white dressing-gown, with her hair twisted up for the night, and her looks at this moment justified Aunt Penelope's preconceived opinion, that shorn of the becoming blue of her dress, the glitter of her ornaments, and the sparkle of her gayety, the fair "Ethelind" would be a "common-enough" looking person!

"Goodness gracious, Mrs. Archie!" exclaimed Aunt Penelope, putting down her book; "what has scared ye? I thought you'd have been sound asleep two hours ago, after your journey!"

Mrs. Archie was profuse in her explanation. She had been looking for the drawing-room, having left her reticule there. She had such a terrific headache, she could not sleep. Her smelling-salts, which always relieved her, were in the reticule. She begged pardon of Aunt Penelope, whose delightful studies, no doubt, rewarded her for a loss of sleep, etc. etc.

Mrs. Archie hastily withdrew. Then Aunt Pen pushed away her book, gathered her shawl round her, and got up with her candle. But before she left the room she walked round the walls, passing her hand over the wainscot at intervals, and sometimes peering into the cracks and lines with the candle close to the wood. After this inspection she shook her head warily, smiled to herself, and went off to her room.

Next morning, to the dismay of many present, Aunt Mac made her appearance at the breakfast-table. On the night before she had just been mounting the steps of her "inside car" ("Aunt's Mac's shanderadan," some sly cousin had been known to call it), when the echo of Aunt Pen's announcement to stay the night reached her preternaturally sharp ears. She at once descended, and, re-entering the house, had informed Aunt Janette that the air was so keen she feared a return of toothache, from which she had suffered so much ten years ago. She would, therefore, inhabit a second of the Glenrig spare bedrooms for the night.

"It was a clever stroke of Mrs. Pen!" soliloquized she, as she betook herself to her chamber. "A clever stroke, but she forgets that she has Sabina MacAlister to deal with." "It was a good idea to try and get the start of me in that way, but I'll let her see that I mean to keep my ground with Mrs. Archie, who is a very superior person, and, I am sure, despises her wheedling ways!" Whilst kept waking by the energy of these valiant resolves, Aunt Mac had heard a step in the passage, and peeping from her door had just been in time to see the top of Aunt Penelope's nightcap disappearing down the stairs. This little circumstance had added a tinge of mystery to Aunt Pen's audacious conduct; and at the end of the two hours which had elapsed before her step ascended the stair again, Aunt Mac had been in a perfect frenzy of curiosity.

However, in the morning there was Aunt Penelope punctual at the early breakfast-table, as fresh and as pleasant as a very large and fully blown cabbage rose, and quite unimpressed by Aunt Mac's extra austere glances, and the extra acid tones of Aunt Mac's voice. The day proved wet, and in the drawing-room Uncle Randal had his paper, whilst Aunt Janette studied a book called "Christian Perfection" in the opposite arm-chair. Mary and Rachel sat at their work-table, and each uttered half-a-dozen phrases between breakfast and dinner. Mrs. Archie, after delighting Aunt Mac for an hour with her elegant conversation, had produced a novel, and ensconced herself comfortably in a sofa, with her becoming drapery swelling in silken billows around her. Letitia had found so much to do elsewhere that she could not contrive to make herself visible in the drawing-room for more than five minutes at a time. And so the two aunts sat opposite to one another, each engaged in knitting, Aunt Mac with thin needles of cold blue steel, and Aunt Pen with large comfortable wooden ones, with sealing-wax heads, which she bestowed away under her arms, while she plied her work with many a click and clack.

During the course of the day Mrs. Archie chanced to lay down her novel and go out of the room. A few minutes afterwards Aunt Penelope wound up her ball, and fastened it into its little basket with the hole for the cotton to run through, stuck her needles into her work, and also left the room.

"I was thinking, Mrs. Archie," she said, entering the dining-room, "that you'd be, maybe, writing a line to your good man; and as I've a letter to send to the post myself, the same messenger could take yours and mine to Cushlake together."

Mrs. Archie, who was deeply engaged in studying the pictures on the wall, said, "Oh, thank you; I will write it at once!" and tripped off to her own room.

"Rather queer," mused Aunt Pen as she marched round by the wainscot again, like a general reviewing the strength of his batteries. "Rather queer for a young bride to need to be reminded of writing to her husband by an old wife like me!"

"I have left it on the hall-table," said Mrs. Archie, fluttering into the drawing-room.

And Aunt Pen went off to deposit her own letter beside the bride's. She lifted up Mrs. Archie's dainty little note, and surveyed it back and front, and read the direction over at least twenty times—"Archibald MacArthur," it ran, "19, Butterfly Terrace, Brompton, London, S. W."

"Well, Mrs. Penelope, and what is there so strange about that? Is it not your nephew's correct address, the address of his lodging where he exists during the intervals between

his periods of living interment in the Temple? Oh, yes, Mrs. Penelope says, but that is precisely what puzzles me! Then she takes a letter from her pocket—Archie's letter to his mother—and spreads it out upon the table, and peers into the writing, and then again into that on the envelope addressed by the fair Ethelind. Never was there a prettier contrast. One, bold, clear, a little rugged, with here and there a mischievous curve curling up like a laugh; very suggestive of Archie. The other, fine, weak, slanting, pretty—just the handwriting for a dainty, fair-complexioned bride, who reads novels, and wears blue silk and laces. The result of Aunt Pen's inspection is a twinkle of the eyes, and she goes back to her knitting.

"Now what is she plotting and planning?" ejaculated Aunt MacAlister that night, when she found herself in her own room. "She keeps coming and going, and smiling to herself, and her eyes keep twinkling while she rattles those great coarse vulgar needles of hers! And she keeps watching that sweet, elegant creature, just as a cat does a mouse. And no one sees it—oh, dear, no! Randal might be blind as well as deaf, and as for Janette, she's as ignorant as a baby of everything but the Lives of the Saints and Randal's ailments.

Soliloquizing thus at a late hour, Aunt Mac, who had purposely left her door ajar, heard Aunt Pen's soft step going past again, as on the night before. She at once got up, and shaking with hurry and overflowing with curiosity, dressed and went down-stairs. After trying several dark rooms, she at last made her way to the dining-room, where she was so astounded at seeing Aunt Penelope and Mrs. Archie together, that she sank into a chair with a little spasmodic shriek. Whereupon Aunt Penelope turned from the table where she was standing, closed the door softly, and said pleasantly—

"Keep quiet, if you please, Aunt Mac. Mrs. Archie and I are just looking for a reticule of hers that she's apt to mislay of nights. But there's no need to wake up the house about it. I think, Mrs. Archie, we'll give it up for to-night."

The bride was standing near the wainscot with her candle on a chair beside her. She looked pale and cross as she took her light and prepared to go.

"Mistress Penelope!" burst forth Aunt Mac, "I don't pretend to know why you think proper to walk about the house at nights scaring quiet people in their beds. Of course it's nothing to me—I'm nobody—but I wonder you're not ashamed to rout up a young creature like that—a guest in the house—a—a——" Here Aunt Mac choked with anger for a moment. "Mrs. Archie," she went on, very politely, "will you do me the favor of leaning on my arm, and allowing me to conduct you to your chamber? As I'm a MacArthur myself, I may speak for my brother in my brother's house. I am distressed that your slumbers should have been so intruded upon."

This was no doubt the style of diction indulged in by Aunt Mac, "in Dublin in her youth." Mrs. Archie graciously and timidly accepted her protection, and Aunt Pen was left smiling at her candle in the dining-room alone.

"I do positively think," said Aunt Mac, as she prepared a second time for rest, "I do believe that foolish, superstitious woman has begun again at her old nonsense about that treasure. Treasure, indeed! As if wiser than she is would not have found it long ago if it had been there! As if the MacArthurs themselves did not know their own affairs best! Oh, that's what she's plotting and planning about! And I'll stake my head that she's trying to coax or worry that nice Mrs. Archie into her clutches. She wants her help in some way or other. Perhaps to use her influence with Archie to get the house pulled down. What else could have brought her below these two nights and Mrs. Archie with her? But trust a real MacArthur for finding out her plots! Oh, I'll stake my head upon it!"

What, Aunt Mac! with the rigid cap, and the MacArthur nose, and the fine plaited front and all? Take care, Aunt Mac. And yet she would have been willing to stake her hands in addition, if she could have seen Aunt Penelope at that moment, as she stood smiling over a sharp instrument with a handle, which she had found among the chairs near where Mrs. Archie had stood, close by the wainscot.

II.

Another day arrived, and neither of the aunts made any sign of returning to her town residence at Cushlake; Aunt Pen stayed and Aunt Mac stayed.

"Oh! I certainly expect a letter to-day, warbled Mrs. Archie, in answer to a query put by some one at the breakfast-table.

Aunt Pen was not much in the drawing-room that morning, and it chanced that she got the letter-bag first, and carried it with her to her own room. Arrived there, we are afraid the reader will be shocked to learn her next proceeding. Having found a letter addressed in her nephew's writing to "Mrs. Archibald MacArthur, Glenrig, Cushlake, Co. Antrim," she held it over a dish of hot water, and opened it easily. She then took out the enclosure and read it. Having done so, a smile overspread Aunt Penelope's round face—a smile so broad, that some people, seeing it, would have concluded that a crown, or a fortune at least, had been laid at her feet. Having finished reading, she coolly locked up the letter in a box, and folding a sheet of blank paper placed it in the envelope. Then she sat down and wrote a letter, addressed to the Temple, London, which she carried away and sent off to Cushlake to the post; and after completing all these arrangements, she introduced the letter-bag to the drawing-room.

Mrs. Archie retired to her own room to read her letter. On her return, Aunt Penelope hoped her nephew Archie was well. "Oh, yes!" Ethelind assured her, as she nestled among her flounces again with her novel. "Oh, yes, very well, very well indeed!"

"Archie is beginning to write a great deal better than he did," remarked Rachel, taking up the envelope which Mrs. Archie had left ostentatiously upon the table. "This is not so hurried as he used to write: it is very nice and fine." The bride's cheeks grew a shade pinker, and Aunt Penelope smiled, but no one answered Rachel's observation.

Three nights passed, during which Mrs. Archie never once had occasion to come down searching for her reticule after twelve o'clock, and the two aunts were suffered to skirmish about the house in their nightcaps, and come in collision with their candles in dark rooms to their hearts' content. But on the fourth night, when Aunt Pen was in the act of screwing up her curl-papers, she heard a "click" at her door, and discovered that she was locked into her room. Finding this, she sat down upon the nearest chair and indulged in a hearty fit of laughter. "Well done!" she ejaculated, wiping her eyes, "very well done indeed! You're a cleverer woman, my dear Mrs. Archie, than even I gave you credit for!"

Aunt MacAlister, who also found her door locked, was not so amiable over the discovery, but fumed about her room in a fury at the impudence, the audacity, the cunning of that lowbred woman. But she would be even with her, she vowed she would. She would bide her time and outwit her in the end. She would have a second key to fit her door, and the next night would walk down to her in the midst of her secret doings. And when at last Aunt Mac consoled herself with her pillow she dreamed of Aunt Penelope dressed as an Italian peasant, and covered with jewels, riding off from Glenrig attended by a company of brigands, each of whom carried a coffer of gold before him on his saddle. And it would be using much too weak an expression to say that Aunt Mac looked daggers at Aunt Pen at the breakfast-table next morning. Spears and javelins convey but a faint idea of the cutting intensity of glance with which she favored her.

That day, in passing down the hall, Aunt Penelope observed a second of those pretty missives addressed to Butterfly Terrace, Brompton, lying conspicuously on the hall table. And now shudder again, virtuous reader, for this wicked Aunt Pen took the note and put it in her pocket. Afterwards she read it in her own room, and it never left Glenrig. On returning to the drawing-room after this exploit she found that Mrs. Archie had had another letter from her husband, in which he stated that he found it impossible to go to Glenrig for a considerable time, and wished her to return at once to London. They could pay a good visit together during the long vacation,—he must defer it till then; and Mrs. Archie, like a leal and loving wife, was most anxious to depart without delay, although with overwhelming regret, and gratitude for her delightful, if short, sojourn in the home of her dear husband. Aunt Pen, entering the room, sat down quietly anchored in the midst of the little storm of mild dismay and persuasion which had arisen after Mrs. Archie's announcement of her lord's behest, and her own resolve. Aunt MacAlister was strong in deprecation, condemning her nephew loudly; and Uncle Randal and Aunt Janette, though they loved not their fine daughter-in-

law, tried for the sake of their worshipped son, to make believe to their own kindly hearts that they were sorry to lose her. Mary and Rachel said nothing, but then that was their more usual mode of expressing their feelings.

"Well, well, Penelope," said mild, little Mrs. Janette, "it's very lucky, as she is resolved to go, that we have asked our friends to come to-night. We'll give her one glens dance before she goes."

To this Aunt Penelope nodded and smiled acquiescence over her knitting. And Mrs. Archie writhed uneasily on her sofa, and watched Aunt Pen intently out of her pale, blue-green eyes from behind her novel. And still Aunt Pen sat in the window counting her stitches, with her eyes puckered up in the sun, and her cheeks broad with content and good-humor. And after that Mrs. Archie did not appear much in the drawing-room that day, being occupied up-stairs in packing her trunks, and preparing her dress for the evening.

For there was to be a party at Glenrig that night. Not the kind of country ball where the dancing commences at eleven, and a professional musician comes down by train from the nearest important town to play the polkas and mazurkas; but a species of old-fashioned, country party, where the matrons come in their good, well-kept silks and satins of decent make, and wear caps which they bring tenderly pinned up in their lace pocket-handkerchiefs; where a young lady may consider herself full-dressed in a high, white muslin with a rose in her hair, and her partner for the first dance hands her the seed-cake from the round table, where tea is being made for the company; and where the old ladies regale themselves over their gossip in the corner with hot sally-lun, and send back their cups for a little more sugar.

Evening arrived, and the drawing-room was filled early with a right merry company. The girls tied their sandals and smoothed out their sashes up in Aunt Janette's room, and then came down in groups to the drawing-room, and the old ladies nodded their heads together for a few minutes after they had pinned on their caps, and then followed them. And the young men placed chairs for the young ladies, and hoped they had enjoyed their drive, and had not caught cold; hoped that Miss Annie's parcel came all right by the postman, and that Cousin Kate found the ribbon chosen in town the other day of the right shade. And Mary and Rachel looked very nice with their white shoulders peeping out of their lilac silks, and Letitia made tea as usual in her white muslin and favorite coral necklace. Her face was fairer and her hair cloudier than they used to appear, and her wide-awake, amber eyes seemed to have got darker settings than they had a month ago. But some one speaks, and the color runs red over her cheek, and she laughs a gay laugh. The child who runs to put salt on a bird's tail is as wise as the person who ever expected to find Letitia sentimentalizing. And Mrs. Archie comes in, in a cloud of blue crape spangled with silver, and with pearls twisted in her fair ringlets, and the country girls in their simple attire gaze at her in a maze of admiration as she floats into a chair and consents to be helped to a cup of tea.

And now the fun begins and is carried on with great spirit, Letitia dancing more blithely than anybody, only detected once by Aunt Pen in a tired far-away look of the eyes. But who deserves blame for that! Aunt Penelope need not be always watching somebody! And indeed Aunt Pen herself did not escape without criticism that night, for Aunt Mac never forgave her for the country dance in which she had the bad taste to join. A woman come to her time of life. Faugh! it was too ridiculous!

The evening sped and the supper came, carried in on trays, and handed about like the tea. And after Mrs. Archie had eaten her supper, she changed her seat once, twice, thrice, getting nearer the door each time, on account of the heat, and at last slipped out of the room whilst Aunt Pen was discussing the wing of a chicken and lending a sympathizing ear to the tale of domestic woes poured therein by a neighbor whose servant had had the unheard of audacity to get married. "And there she walked out on Sunday morning as brazen as you please, and came home with a ring on her finger!" Aunt Pen waited till her wing, and her duties of consoler, were finished, and then, sending away her plate, shook a crumb from the brown and gold-color brocade, and left the drawing-room.

The hall was alight, but the dining-room, at its extreme end had been left in forgotten darkness. Thither Aunt Pen turned her steps, taking no light. On entering softly,

she perceived a square vista of brightness, whose rays streamed from the most distant wainscot. She crept very noiselessly round the dark walls to the spot, and caught a glimpse of the fair Ethelind down on her knees before something like a trunk, in what seemed a small closet or passage, running behind the wainscot. She was hurrying madly over the contents of the chest, or whatever receptacle it might be, and Aunt Pen could hear her enraged panting whispers, as she tossed about the mouldy contents, evidently finding only disappointment in her search.

"Nothing, after all!" she groaned; "nothing but an old cake-basket two salt-cellars, and a trumpery old yellow satin gown!"

Aunt Penelope, shaking with laughter, stretched out her hand, and slid the panel into its place closing the aperture from without.

And away went this cruel Aunt Pen, closing the dining-room door as she came out. "Nicely caged at last," the said; "and now, if Archie does not fail me, he'll be here in a few minutes!"

What with the dancing and talking, no one in the drawing-room heard the arrival of a conveyance at the door; and when "Mr. Archie, God bless his handsome face!" invaded the hall, with his rugs and scarfs and portmanteau, Bridget forgot all propriety, clapped her hands, and was rushing off to the drawing-room with the news. But Archie said, "Don't interrupt the dancing, Bridget. I'm glad to see that nothing is wrong. I'll go up and get rid of these things, and then surprise them. Get me a light."

And so to Aunt Pen's infinite satisfaction, and the bewilderment of every one else, the door opened in the middle of a dance, and lawyer Archie walked in. Rather a cheer than a murmur of welcome filled the room, and Aunt Janette forgot herself so far as to fall into her son's arms in presence of her guests.

"Upon my word, this is very pleasant," said Archie, after the greetings were over and he had sat down by his father's chair and surveyed the company, rather restlessly, as if searching for some face not yet visible. "Very pleasant to see so many friends all together on one's arrival home."

"But you don't ask for your wife, Nephew Archie," said Aunt Pen, slyly.

"For whom?" asked Archie, turning a blank face upon her.

"Your wife."

"Oh, come, Aunt Pen, you're as bad as ever I see! Well, we'll have it out by and by."

"I am quite in earnest Nephew Archie. I say, why don't you ask for your wife?"

"Yes, certainly, your wife," said old Randal.

"Oh, yes, Archie dear, your wife, you know!" said Aunt Janette, looking nervously in her son's face. Archie's puzzled eyes scanned the groups of inquiring faces around him. He began to think he was the victim of some joke in which all present were leagued against him. Aunt Pen came to the rescue.

"Look here, now," she said; "Archie, did you write that letter?"

Letitia all this time had been standing invisible behind a curtain, drumming with her fingers on the window-shutter. She stopped drumming.

Archie took the letter which Aunt Pen gave him, and looked it over. Then he laughed, once, twice, and again, and again, so gayly, with such a genuine ring, that every one joined perforce. "No, I'll swear I never did!" he said, as soon as he could find his voice.

"But is it not your writing?"

"Faith, it's uncommonly like it. At least it's very like what I might write if I were on my good behavior."

"Well, then," said Aunt Pen, who seemed to have taken upon her the duty of spokeswoman for the family, "our reasons for believing you to have a wife are, firstly, that precious epistle in your hand; secondly, the arrival of the lady; and, thirdly, your regular letters to her since she came, and hers to you."

Archie extended his left hand. "Will any of you gentlemen be kind enough to give me a pinch?"

"Of snuff?" asked a stout little gentleman, producing his box. No, Archie said, laughing, but a pinch on his flesh, to assure him that he was awake. After some one had performed that kind office for him, Archie proceeded to make a speech, which, being quite in his way, it is to be supposed he found no difficulty in doing.

"I beg to state," he said, "to this good

company, that I am not married, nor did I ever make the acquaintance of any lady rejoicing in the romantic name of 'Ethelind.' I now understand why Aunt Penelope wrote off to me to come home in such a hurry that I concluded you must be all dead, or the house have fallen at least; and also, I suppose, why she was so urgent to know all particulars of my habit as to the posting of my letters home; and also as much as possible about the servants at my lodging in Brompton. If it will throw any light on this affair, I will state that it has been my custom to write my letters for Glenrig during the evening at Brompton, and to leave them on the table for the servant; for whose sake I had been led to understand an obliging milkman took them away and posted them early in the morning. Of the servants I can tell very little. The maid who attended upon me until about a month ago was a rather nice-looking, fair-haired girl; but I did not like her much, as I suspected her more than once of meddling with my loose papers. She left, and another came in her place, a quiet-looking young woman, of whom I had never any reason to complain. It was rather strange, however, that when I told her, the night before last, that I should start for Ireland in the morning, and must be wakened early, she dropped my slippers in a panic and ran out of the room. And the next morning, as I was leaving, my landlady was in great trouble, as it seemed Sarah had left the house suddenly, and not returned."

"The best thing she could do, I think!" said Aunt Pen. And then she, on her side, proceeded to make a speech, in which she triumphantly informed the company, with many a laughing pause, and many an energetic nod of her brilliant cap, of how she had, from the first, recognized in the would-be Mrs. Archie, her former protégée, Bessie Anderson, the grandchild of old Nannie, who knew the secret hiding-place of the supposed treasure; and how, recollecting the grandmother's boast, and Bessie's cleverness and covetous disposition, she had found no difficulty in arriving at the motive of the hoax; also that on calling to mind the fact that Bessie had been sent from Glenrig in disgrace ten years ago for cleverly forging a letter, she had hardly been surprised at the successful deception she had been enabled to attempt. Then she recounted her nightly adventures with the fair "Ethelind," and lastly proceeded to read aloud two letters. This was the first:—

Dear Bessie,—All is well here. A. M. is going on as usual. I received your letter, and I burned it as agreed. I got a letter to post from A. M. to his mother, and burned it also, as agreed. I hope all is going well. Don't forget to send me the envelopes. Old S—— is getting cross about her money. Your faithful friend, Sarah Green.

A chorus of exclamations hailed this letter. Aunt Mac was by this time growing very white and blue in the face. Archie was in agonies of laughter; Uncle Randal was listening with all his might; Aunt Janette was in a hopeless maze of bewilderment; Mary and Rachel were trying to understand; Letitia was still invisible. Aunt Pen proceeded with the next letter.

Dear Sarah,—Why did you send me a sheet of blank paper? You know I am *so anxious* for news. *Write quickly* and tell me what is going on. The two old aunts are still here and very troublesome. I did not count on having *them* to deal with. One of them goes spying about the house at night, and I know she suspects me. The other one watches *her* as well as *she* watches *me*. I have *found* the *place*, however, and will search it whenever I can. I locked up the two old aunts the other night, and had the field to myself. One of the panels in the end wall of the dining-room *slides back*, as granny said. I must try and get out of this as soon as I can. I can't tell yet what I shall have with me. I enclose the envelopes. Use the most *carelessly written* one first. Be sure you *watch well*, and don't forget to *burn this*.

Bessie Anderson.

"I being the suspicious old aunt," said Aunt Pen, folding the paper with mock solemnity, "stole these letters, and inside the last I found these envelopes, enclosed all ready for the purpose of covering the epistles received by Miss Bessie from her disinterested friend, Miss Green. This evening I gave her a hint of my nephew's expected arrival here before to-morrow night, and I think it has hastened her movements a little. And now, I believe, we have nearly got to the bottom of it."

Here Aunt Mac, having probably got a return of that toothache from which she had suffered so much ten years ago, got up and left the room. And after the shrieks of laughter, which had rung through the drawing-room, had somewhat subsided, Aunt Pen

went off to free the fair "Ethelind" from her captivity. But lo! the bird had flown! On discovering which fact, Aunt Pen looked neither surprised nor displeased. The blue crape dress and many other articles (value for old S—'s money, possibly) were afterwards found in her room, but "Mrs. Archie" was never seen again by any of the inhabitants of Glenrig. A merry country-dance concluded the evening, Letitia and Archie leading off; and Aunt Mac having departed in her "shanderadan," Aunt Penelope ventured to join. We have only now to add that on the next day, Letitia, creeping into the wonderful closet to see what manner of place it might be, laughingly dragged forth the old yellow satin gown. It was very heavy and thick, and being ripped up, proved to be filled, between the lining and the satin, with a quantity of old-fashioned jewels of valuable description, and goodly guineas to a large amount.

A slab in Cushlake church covers good old Uncle Randal—"Also, Janette his wife." The two aunts their "warfare o'er," sleep soundly, hard by. Mary and Rachel have grown-up sons and daughters. And Letitia and Archie, when they come to Glenrig for the summer, tell their children the merry story of that clever Bessie who gave them so merry a laugh, and found for them the wonderful hidden closet.

The Form of a Drop.—We are accustomed to see substances of all kinds, each in some peculiar and characteristic shape or form, and we recognize them all by their shape—in fact, we know them as we know persons, by their features. Throughout all substances there is some one general feature peculiar to each class, no less than an individual character to each subdivision of its class, by which we can identify and individualize them. Thus, there is a general form of coal, by which it is recognized as coal, and an individual form by which each kind is known from other varieties. No two pieces of chalk-flint are alike; yet all flints have a form by which they are known from other stones. There is gray granite and red granite; but no one will mistake granite for Portland stone.

All metals have a general metallic lustre, but though one may be heavy and yellow, as is gold, and another lighter than water, and white, as in potassium, we still know them as metals. The stars, whether fixed stars or planets, have all the same globular form; yet, when minutely examined, there is not much difficulty to identify each individual star. Thus, by its generic outward form, and its own individual character, exhibited in its various parts, everything may be recognized as readily as a shepherd knows each individual sheep of his flock.

Without examination of a close and careful character, we are apt to assume that a drop of any known fluid has one form. It is round; and whether it be a drop of oil, a drop of water, a drop of æther, or any other of the innumerable fluids which are known, they all appear to be round. Now, however, comes the ingenious discovery of Professor Tomlinson, of King's College, London, to bear upon the subject. He finds, if we do but examine a drop of any known liquid under certain conditions, that fluid drops assume each a form peculiar to its own kind of liquid, by which it may be known and identified. A drop of otto of lavender puts on one shape, a drop of turpentine another. Drops of sperm oil, olive oil, colza oil, naptha, creosote—indeed each individual drop, be the fluid what it may—can be easily recognized by its form. In order to test any of these forms or shapes, we have but to place a drop of the fluid under examination upon water. For this purpose we must employ a glass to hold the water, taking the greatest care that it is quite clean. It must even be rinsed after being wiped, lest there be the least fluff from the cloth adhering to the vessel. The glass being then filled with distilled or clean filtered river water, we let fall upon it a drop of the fluid, and watch the shape or form it puts on. A very little practice will show how easy it is thus to distinguish a drop of one fluid from that of another. Even more; if one fluid be mixed with another, for any sinister motive or design, we can thus detect the mixture, because we can see each fluid in one drop of the mixture. Thus, by the examination of one drop of sperm oil adulterated with one-twentieth of colza oil, the mixture is instantly discovered. So, if turpentine be mixid with otto of lemons, or otto of lavender, we have now a ready mode of discovering the cheat.

How useful may not this knowledge become to manufacturers and others, now that we are enabled to recognize the individuality of each fluid from one single drop.—*Septimus Piesse.*

The latest in photographical publications is the "Animal-Album of the International Exhibition at Hamburg, 1863: Photographs by Schnaebeli: Edited by Hermann von Nathusius-Hundisburg and A. Krocker."

From The Saturday Review, 8 Aug.

AMERICA.

It is possible that the Confederates may rally from their heavy disasters; but those among them who talk of continuing a guerilla warfare after the dissolution of their great armies virtually acknowledge defeat. If the Southern population is resolved to persevere in its heroic resistance to the invader, its energies will be most advantageously employed in the ranks of the regular army. As yet, the Confederacy is only weakened by the loss of men in the long and unequal struggle. There is probably a larger supply of artillery, of small arms, and of ammunition than at the commencement of the war; and numerous officers of experience and ability are ready to train and command any new levies which may be forthcoming. The principal army, under the commander-in-chief, still holds in force the north-western frontier of Virginia; and Johnstone and Bragg, though they are not strong enough to cope with the enemy in the field, must be able to dispose of a considerable force. The Confederate Government, and the States which are immediately threatened, have called all able-bodied men to arms, in the extreme peril of the country. The statesmen and generals of the South are too well acquainted with the theory and history of war to rely on the desultory efforts of guerilla bands; and it is evidently their object to husband their resources, by declining, as far as possible, all decisive actions. General Lee prudently wishes to cover the retreat of his baggage, and also to occupy the main Federal army, while his Government is engaged in measures for immediate defence. Even if he were certain of success, he could scarcely, at this moment, afford to fight a pitched battle in which he might lose ten or twenty thousand men. A fresh advance into the Federal States would once more bring an innumerable militia into the field, and eventually it might be necessary again to retreat behind the Potomac with diminished numbers. It seems strange, if the report be true, that reinforcements from Southern Virginia should have been forwarded to Lee's army, while Charleston is in danger from the operations of a small land force, acting in concert with the gunboats. We have not the means of accurately estimating the present strength and resources of Beauregard, but he may still be able to save the principal port of the Confederacy, and to baffle the expected triumph of the North over the capture of Fort Sumter. Whatever may be the necessities of the future, the Southern Government displays its wisdom in maintaining its defiant attitude under the pressure of ill fortune. Should negotiation become inevitable, the terms of peace will be largely modified by the power of the weaker belligerent to offer further resistance.

Mr. Seward is again reported to have displayed, in his advice to the president, a good sense and moderation which could not have been anticipated from his public speeches or from his foreign despatches. If he has really proposed that the Southern States should be invited to return to the Union, with a guarantee for their institutions and their property, he has shown that he understands the true interests of the North and the only real value of the recent victories. If the president were to adopt the councils attributed to Mr. Seward, the North, even if offers of peace were peremptorily rejected, would derive great advantage from such a proof of its moderation. Prudent Northern Americans must be aware that the resistance of the South may, in any case, be indefinitely prolonged. It is generally admitted that the great armies cannot be maintained without the conscription, and experience has not yet shown whether compulsory service can be made acceptable to the most considerable Northern States. The New York riots have, for the moment, united the respectable classes in support of the Government, and they have discredited the Democratic party, which was previously increasing in numbers and in influence; yet it will be difficult to renew the conscription after its temporary suspension, especially as it is discountenanced by the Governor of New York, who is supported by the legal authority of one of the State Judges. The Americans have neither sympathy nor respect for Irish rioters, but, in the present instance, the New York quota can only be made up of Irish conscripts. The imported Helots of New York, among the few advantages of their situation, enjoy the privilege of a large proportionate representation in the municipality of the city. The corporation has consequently voted half a million sterling to purchase substitutes for unwilling conscripts, and, of course, every conscript will take advantage of the grant. The Republicans argue, with much force, that the measure is illegal, as it is deliberately intended to thwart the policy of an Act of Congress; but it will be difficult for the War Department to refuse the regulated price of exemption, when it is tendered on behalf of any conscript from any quarter whatever. The respectable inhabitants of New York will have the pleasure of paying for the exemption of their Irish neighbors as well as for their own, and the corporation will have furnished a precedent which, if it were generally followed, would render the creation of a Federal army altogether impossible.

The announcement of immediate war with England has always been the favorite resort

of American factions when they found themselves in a difficulty; but the device was too stale and too irrelevant to bear upon the impediments to the conscription. The Irish rioters were as willing to listen to the discreditable twaddle of their archbishop when he stimulated their bad passions against England, as when he assured them, with shameless mendacity, that they were not even rioters. There is a great difference, however, between applauding a sycophantic demagogue and submitting to compulsory enlistment in the army. Even a disciple of Archbishop Hughes can understand that, if the Act of Congress is unconstitutional, its defects can by no means be cured by the employment of an army illegally raised in the most wanton and wicked of quarrels. The Irish intellect may also perceive that a contingent war, for which a pretext has yet to be discovered, can scarcely require so urgent a measure as a conscription. If American patriots of all parties are to be trusted, a war with England would fill the ranks with volunteers eager to wreak their vengeance, according to the proverb, for insults and offences which they have themselves offered to the object of their enmity. A forced levy to represent the national animosity is too paradoxical a provision to impose on the most unsophisticated mind. The Irishmen of New York believe, with much reason, that they are to be expended in the Southern States, and not, for the present, in Canada. If the untoward Polish question should issue in a European war, there can be little doubt that the Government of the United States will take the opportunity of assisting Russia, and of venting its hatred against England. In the more probable contingency of a merely diplomatic controversy between England and Russia, the President and his advisers will not be so insane as to take any step which would more than compensate to the Confederacy for the loss of a dozen Vicksburgs.

The Republicans are beginning to accuse Governor Seymour of treasonable intentions, because he discourages the conscription, and resists the encroachments of the Federal power. Where there are two conflicting authorities, the special champion of either is always liable to be denounced as a traitor. To foreign observers, the Federal Government seems to have strained its prerogative to the utmost, but it is for Americans themselves to reconcile or distinguish the pretensions of Washington and of New York. It may be safely assumed that Governor Seymour is only a traitor so far as his supporters, who are the majority in a population of four millions, are also traitors. If he were violently deprived of the command of the armed force of the State, New York would not be far from rebellion against a Government which usurped its undoubted rights. The zealous advocates of centralized Government might possibly suppress resistance for a time, if Mr. Lincoln, in compliance with their earnest recommendations, were to make General Butler dictator of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Such an appointment would gratify the party passions of the Republicans, but it would be regarded with deeper satisfaction by the Government of Richmond. It would be highly inconvenient to attempt in the Northern States, during the continuance of the war, the experiment which, in the event of conquest, must ultimately be tried throughout the Confederacy. It may be found possible to govern South Carolina as a subject province, but New York is not prepared to become a dependency of Washington. The hope of dissensions among their enemies will perhaps encourage and console the Confederates in their distress and danger.

From The Saturday Review, 15 Aug.

THE MEXICAN EMPIRE.

The appointment of Archduke Maximilian to occupy an imperial throne in Mexico is a surprising event, both in itself and as the accomplishment of a project which seemed wholly chimerical. Napoleon III. belongs to the highest order of thaumaturgic performers. Not contented with the mere display of unexpected skill, he challenges the skepticism of his audience by announcing beforehand the almost incredible feat which he afterwards proceeds to perform. When Mr. Disraeli became a leader in the House of Commons, when Prince Louis Napoleon ascended the throne of France, the adroitness of both achievements was enhanced by the recollection that neither aspirant to power had ever doubted of his own ultimate triumph. The Emperor of the French has since that time ventured upon many enterprises, without wearing out his astonishing good fortune. When he embarked, against the wish of his subjects, in the Mexican speculation, and more especially during the long delay of his forces on their way to the capital, it was thought by many that his demon or guardian angel had at last deserted him. It is still by no means obvious that any solid advantage will accrue to France from the expenditure of treasure and life in a superfluous conquest; but the army and the people will exult in the power of a sovereign who can create and give away empires. It was as unlikely that an Austrain Archduke should accept a crown from a Napoleon as that a French garrison should occupy the chief city of Spanish America. The splendor of the transaction

will compensate for its inutility or improvidence, and new strength will be added to the popular belief that civilization is borne round the world on the wings of the imperial eagles. The new monarchy must necessarily rely on the protecting power of France, as Austria has neither ships nor money to send on crusading errands across the Atlantic. It is said, indeed, that Frenchmen hope to be relieved by an Austrian force from the burden of the Mexican occupation; but even if the Emperor Francis Joseph and the Council of the Empire were disposed to undertake the task, the appearance of a German army in Mexico would be a curious mode of commencing that establishment of a great Latin and Celtic state, which Napoleon III. proposed in his letter to General Forey as the main object of the war. It is not by Austrians that the Teutonic supremecy of the United States can be balanced on the Western Continent. The Archduke or Emperor Maxmilian must be content to acknowledge the patronage of the real founder of the new dynasty.

As soon as the new government is established, there can be no reason for withholding the recognition of England. The machinery by which an invading general causes a conquered province to obey his directions matters little either to natives or to foreigners. Marshal Forey has, it seems, convoked a Council of Notables, or persons of his own way of thinking, and his nominees have, with instructive unanimity, coincided in the judgement which the Emperor Napoleon had formed two years ago. The Archduke Maximilian has since accepted their invitation to assume the Government of Mexico, with the title of emperor and with a constitution borrowed from France. The modern substitute for the consecrating oil will be probably supplied by universal suffrage, or, as Frenchmen pedantically say, by a *plébiscite*. A salute of a hundred guns would be an equally imposing form, and it would represent public opinion not less accurately; but as the cost and trouble of the whole performance have fallen on the Emperor Napoleon, it would be hard if the author and paymaster of the festivities were not allowed to regulate the decorations. For the future administration of the country an efficient army and a regular Budget are the only indispensable requisites. Prefects may be easily found, and laws may be imported in bulk, but the first want of Mexico is a force which will maintain order without paying itself for its services by plunder or oppression. The new emperor must have a revenue and an army, and it will be well if he insists on re-establishing the credit of Mexico. A French auxiliary force would effectually suppress robbery and violence, but its commander would, like his colleague at Rome, be, in virtue of his office, viceroy over the nominal ruler. It is possible that even Mexicans, if they are regularly paid and strictly disciplined, may learn to perform the proper duties of soldiers; but, for the present, it will be necessary to maintain an army either of auxiliaries or of foreign mercenaries. By some means or other, the new Government will almost certainly attain such a condition as to justify the recognition which awaits all established or existing authorities. It is not at all improbable that a monarchy may really suit a semi-barbarous country better than a republic. England can have no special predilection or dislike for either form of government, and the inconveniences which may hereafter result from the arrangement concern France alone. It is, perhaps, irritating to jealous or ambitious tempers that the ancient rival of England should have succeeded in monopolizing the attention or the wonder of the world; but modest politicians are well content with the withdrawal of the English Government from the joint campaign which began as a distraint for debt and ended with the creation of an empire. The retiring partner has the mixed feeling of comfort and humiliation of an ordinary tourist on his return from a walk, after parting with a companion who has suddenly announced that he is on his way to the peak of the Matterhorn.

Whether Mexico is to be an Austrain monarchy, a Latin empire, or a French dependency, it will probably be necessary, sooner or later, to deal with the hostility of the United States. For the present, Federal agitators will doubtless attribute the obnoxious event to the perfidy, the cowardice, or some other of the vicious qualities which are commonly attributed to England. The Americans like the French, because they believe them to be the natural enemies of their own favorite object of hatred; and they also admire the Emperor Napoleon, because they know him to be powerful and despotic, and because they believe him to be unscrupulous. Nevertheless, they are obliged to affect a regard for the doctrine to which they have attached the name of President Monroe. The protest against European interference on the American Continent was first directed, on the suggestion of Mr. Canning, against the supposed projects of the Holy Alliance in South America. The doctrine afterwards became popular because it furnished pretexts for insolence to England, and it was largely used in the obscure negotiations about the Mosquito Coast and the islands in the Bay of Honduras. The Emperor Napoleon was in no way bound to respect an arbitrary rule propounded by a single power, and never yet incorporated into the code of international law. It is probable, however, that, but for

the disruption of the Union, he would not have prosecuted his Mexican scheme; and it cannot be denied that he has revived or originated the policy which forty years ago provoked President Monroe's declaration. The Americans are not yet angry, but they feel bound to repeat their challenge, as it has been taken up by a power to which they never intended to address it. For the purpose of cultivating unfriendly feelings to the conqueror of Mexico, France is now not unfrequently bracketed with England in political declamation. On the return of peace, it is highly probable that attempts will be made to overthrow the new Mexican monarchy; nor will there by any serious difficulty in promoting disturbances which may furnish a pretext for intervention. The war which is still nominally carried on by the natives against invaders may linger on for years. Juarez still reigns as president over some of the provinces, and Comonfort and Doblado are at large, with facilities for giving trouble if they are not bought by the French. As no person seriously believes that the Mexicans have any voice in the new arrangement, it is immaterial to inquire whether they prefer a monarchy or a republic. Perhaps their politicians and generals may already look forward with pleasure to a contest in which two foreign powers may hereafter bid against one another for native support.

It is evident that no Mexican Government, even with the aid of a French contingent, could stand against the undivided power of the Federal States. As the Emperor Napoleon must be fully aware of the inequality of force, it is naturally supposed that he is prepared to form an offensive and defensive alliance with the Southern Confederacy. A French navy and a Confederate army would render Mexico invulnerable even to the utmost efforts of the North; and as Spain would probably join the league for the protection of Cuba, the direct support of France might, perhaps, be almost superfluous. Yet it would be rash to anticipate that the French emperor will, under any circumstances, pursue the most direct course. It is known that French agents have been intriguing in Texas, and it is not impossible that hopes may be entertained of the recovery of Louisiana. Recent events have suggested the possibility that Texas may be conquered by the Federal armies, now that the Mississippi forms a barrier between the eastern and western portions of the Confederacy. On the whole, however, the emperor will probably think it better to provide Mexico with an ally than to extend his own conquests. If he has determined to recognize the Confederacy, he will not be unlikely to wait until more decisive reverses compel the Southern Government to accept any terms which he may dictate. His deputy on the throne of Mexico will be in serious danger if the Federal flag once more floats on the left bank of the Rio Grande: but until the peril is imminent, France will probably temporize. and the Federal Americans will not, for the present, be eager to precipitate the contest.

From The Saturday Review, 15 Aug.

AMERICA.

In the midst of their reverses, the Confederates will probably find consolation and hope in the proclamation of the Mexican empire. The task of overthrowing the effete Republic had, as they hoped, been reserved for themselves; but in their present position, a French alliance will be worth more than any acquisition of territory. The Southern States have the means of contributing so effectually to the defence of Mexico that they might negotiate almost on equal terms for the assistance of France. The prospect of foreign support will animate them in their struggle against the advancing legions of the North, and furnish them with an additional encouragement to make a resolute resistance at Charleston. General Lee, moreover, remains in the field at the head of a still powerful army, and appears to have resumed his former position, whence he is able both to menace Washington and to protect Richmond. General Bragg, who was said to have retired from Chattanooga on the approach of Rosecranz, has since been reported as having his headquarters still at that place; and it is further stated that General Johnstone, having received large reinforcements from Bragg, is fortifying Meridian and the Ohio and Mobile Railroad for the defence of Mobile. On the other hand, the parts of Western Louisiana which the Confederates had reoccupied during the siege of Port Hudson have once more passed under the dominion of the Northern Government. It is not improbable that the next effort of General Banks will be directed to the conquest of Texas. The numerous German inabitants of the State are hostile to slavery, and therefore they are probably inclined to rejoin the Union. The majority of the population is loyal to the Southern cause; but its numbers are scanty, and since the loss of the Mississippi, the State is cut off from communication with the greater part of the Confederacy. The vicinity of Mexico and the rumored designs of France will direct the attention of the Federal Government to Texas, and New Orleans supplies a convenient base for aggressive operations. Galveston has already been for a time in the possession of the Federal forces, and it might perhaps be easily retaken

by a naval expedition. The chief difficulty of an invasion would consist in the vast spaces which an army must necessarily traverse.

The Federal victories and the New York riots have, for the moment, discredited the Democratic party. If a conflict arises between the State authorities in New York and the central Government, it is uncertain whether popular opinion will acquiesce in the suppression of local independence. Governor Seymour may be unable to resist the encroachments of Washington, if opposition is regarded as an impediment to the successful progress of the war. The City Council has, perhaps, devised the most effective mode of baffling the draft, by voting an illegal grant for the discharge of needy conscripts. Mr. Opdyke, the Republican mayor, proves that the Corporation has no right to raise money for the purpose of defeating the law, but the representatives of the New York rabble know that they have provided an excuse for resisting the draft, and a plausible pretext for another riot. If the Irish laborers discovered a grievance in the purchased exemption of the wealthier classes, they will not be disposed to acquiesce in the rejection of a tender of three hundred dollars per head on their own behalf, even though the law may have been violated in the process of raising the money. Their unfortunate victims, the negroes, are—in profession at least—more loyal, although, as Mr. Lincoln informed them some months ago, they owe little gratitude to the Union. If fine words could frighten the Southern armies, the free colored population have proved that even American rhetoric admits of additional inflation by African lungs. Their leaders and their preachers may possibly be sincere in exhorting the negro race to win in the field the equality which has been systematically denied them in civil life; but it is highly improbable that colored patriotism should extend beyond grandiloquent professions. The semi-servile population has neither military aptitude nor sufficient motive for fighting. The free negroes of the North are sufficiently intelligent to know that their services will be despised even when they are accepted. The liberated slaves of the South may possibly be made more available; and the Confederates themselves are threatening, in turn, to bring a negro army into the field. To foreigners, the experiment seems dangerous; but the social relations of the South are still imperfectly understood.

General Morgan's desperate incursion into Ohio, ending in his defeat and capture, can only be explained on the assumption that it was intended as a diversion during General Lee's campaign beyond the Potomac. General Burnside, who ought to understand the bearing of military movements on political combinations, asserts, with questionable accuracy, that General Morgan only intended to influence the forthcoming election. It might have been supposed that the plunder of their homesteads would not incline the voters of Ohio to prefer the candidates who are supposed to favor the cause of the South, nor is it altogether improbable that General Morgan may have succeeded in excluding Mr. Vallandigham from the Governor's seat. Whatever may be the value of General Burnside's speculations, his own plan for securing freedom of election is simple and effective. Having proclaimed martial law in Kentucky, he instructs the officers, and even the judges, to take care that no disloyal citizen—or, in other words, no member of the Democratic party—shall be allowed to vote. The same plan has been already tried with partial success in Maryland and Louisiana, and it involves the elements of a fiction which may hereafter be found useful in the administration of territory conquered from the South. In States which are wholly or partially attached to the Union, direct interference with the electorial privileges of the party which happens to be in opposition may prove a dangerous experiment. General Burnside has already done his employers the service of giving importance to Mr. Vallandigham, If he undertakes the conduct of the elections in the North-Western States, he may prove himself a Persigny on a small scale, and may provoke even American long-suffering into the vindication of constitutional rights. For the present, he may perhaps safely assume that all excesses of power will be tolerated, in the hope that a a strong government may succeed in terminating the war.

The frequent rumors of unfriendly communications addressed by Mr. Seward to the English Government are probably still premature. It is not at the moment when the subjugatian of the South is confidently expected that it will be gratuitously rendered impossible by forcing England into an alliance with the Confederacy. A rupture at present would save Charleston, it would open Wilmington and Mobile, and it would probably transfer the blockade to the Federal ports. It is when the president and his advisers find themselves involved in hopeless embarrassment that the knot will perhaps be cut by a declaration of war against England. The failure of the conscription, the assertion of independence by the State of New York, the approaching meeting of a hostile Congress, might induce Mr. Seward to play the card which he has long held in reserve. The *Alabama*, the *Alexandra*, the Chief Baron's judgment, and the language of the press, would furnish a sufficient excuse for a quarrel which was thought in itself desirable. A war with Eng-

land would be a better excuse than Caleb Balderstone's fire for any past or future shortcoming. If the Confederates were not thoroughly beaten, if the restoration of the Union was finally abandoned, the foreign war would explain the necessity of employing elsewhere all the energies of the Government. Hopes also would be entertained of obtaining in Canada a territorial equivalent for the States on the Mexican Gulf. The danger is serious, though not immediate, and it is scarcely in the power of England to avert it, although conscientious perseverance in neutrality may deprive the Federalists of a plausible excuse. Nine-tenths of the popular declamation against England may perhaps be empty and insincere, but a feeling of rancor is at the bottom of the endless flow of malignant language. If war should break out, it will be on the American side, the most deliberately wicked aggression which has been attempted by any modern nation.

From the Saturday Review, 15 Aug.

AMERICAN MONEY MATTERS.

The statement recently issued of the position of the United States Treasury on the 1st of July is, no doubt, extremely satisfactory to Mr. Chase and his friends; and, if its figures are to be trusted, it is in the highest degree creditable to the skill with which the minister has contrived to extract the sinews of war from a people who, after abandoning so many other cherished traditions, still object to give up their prejudice against the payment of taxes. Mr. Chase has never been convicted of publishing figures which could be proved to be false; and, although there are no means of checking the amounts which he sets against the various descriptions of loans, a nominally responsible minister must be supposed to adhere to truth until the contrary is proved. But there are some peculiarities in this last account which justify a little suspicion of its entire accuracy. When Mr. Chase, at the close of 1862, was estimating the present and prospective liabilities of his country, he was careful to include the estimated amount of monies due on current account to soldiers, sailors, contractors, and workmen. It is not suggested that these outstanding bills had been paid up more closely in July than in December; but, in the account now rendered of the debt of the Federal Government, no allowance is made for what cannot be an inconsiderable item. If the casual reports of newspaper correspondents are to be trusted, the amount of this omission cannot be less than £30,000,000, a sum which is not only large in itself, but quite appreciable when compared with the alleged total debt, which is said to be £200,000,000. The motive for this rather transparent piece of cookery is also palpable on the face of the account. In December Mr. Chase had predicted that the debt of all kinds would amount in July to rather more than £200,000,000; and it was a great triumph to be able to announce that the actual figures supplied by experience coincided with the estimate within £5,000,000., and that even that error was on the right side.

Yet even after allowing some twenty or thirty millions sterling for the omitted item, the feat which has been performed, assuming the figures to be trustworthy, is very remarkable. A year ago, the Federal States had raised, in the form of regular loans, about £40,000,000, and in certificates of indebtedness, £16,000,000 more. There was no great difficulty in swelling the amount of these I. O.U.'s, as contractors could always be found, at some price or other, to take payment in any shape. It is, therefore, not at all surprising that another £16,000,000 has been added to the total of the certificate debt. But the regular loans have increased during the last twelvemonth from forty to eighty-three millions, and at first sight it certainly does seem astonishing that so large a credit should have been commanded. At the beginning of the year, very few persons would have believed it possible that so large a sum could be raised, and Mr. Chase deserves all the honor which belongs to a minister who displays an unusual power of involving his country in boundless liabilities. The large loans which he raised were, however, altogether inadequate to cover the public expenditure, which was estimated at £100,000,000, and was no one can say how much. The ultimate resource was, of course, the issue of more paper money; but, even in this, the same skill or the same luck has saved Mr. Chase from the immediate consequences of the hazardous expedient. In July, 1862, there were £33,000,000 of greenbacks afloat. In July, 1863, the paper currency comprises £76,000,000 of the larger notes, and £4,000,000 of the postage-stamp currency. In the face of this increase, the premium on gold is not much higher than it was with less than half the paper circulation, and very far below the point which was reached after the disasters of the spring campaigns. It is curious to inquire how these results have been brought about. We need not say that the American theory, that Mr. Chase can by some legerdemain neutralize the operation of economical laws, will not satisfy English observers. If the natural value of a gold dollar were a dollar and a half of paper money, the laws that were passed to hamper gold speculations, and the

skilful manipulation of a considerable reserve of bullion which is still kept in the treasury, would never bring down the premium to a permanent rate of twenty or thirty per cent. Something may be done by rigging the market to prevent a sudden speculative depression; but whether the minor fluctuations are large or small, the average price must be regulated by the amount of the currency compared with the demand which commerce makes upon it. Indeed, we see that the notes have been doubled in quantity without any apparent increase in depreciation, and it is a fact that requires some more satisfactory explanation than marvellous stories of the dexterity of Mr. Chase's broker. The same may be said of the success with which bonds have been placed at times when a public issue to any considerable amount would have been an utter failure. Certainly Mr. Chase does seem to have accomplished a very marvellous feat, and distressed financiers would do well to study his ingenious tactics. The precise history of the growth of the debt, of which the total is officially announced, would no doubt completely solve the mystery; but the order and the extent of many of the operations are not disclosed, and any speculation on the real cause of a startling financial phenomenon must be more or less conjectural.

The method by which the large amount of upwards of £40,000,000. of bonds was got out was simple enough. The loan was not a voluntary, but a compulsory operation. No one, it is true, was forced to contribute gold in exchange for United State's securities, but the bonds were issued on terms which made them decidedly preferable to greenbacks, and the absorption of the permanent security was effectually stimulated by limiting a time after which no more notes would be received at par in exchange for bonds. The fear of being left with a large stock of notes liable to unlimited depreciation by future issues was enough, in the gloomy months of last winter and spring, to create an active demand for bonds, and by the same operation to check the increase of the redundant currency. Still we have it as a fact, that notwithstanding the amount absorbed in the purchase of bonds, the remaining circulation is doubled without any corresponding increase in the premium on gold. It will probably be found that this circumstance is due to the concurrent operation of several causes, some of which it is easy to indicate. In the first place, the growing operations of the war have created an amount of business which absolutely requires a larger circulation than the most extended commerce in times of peace. Cash transactions must have multiplied in a season of uncertainty and in a country of greenbacks, and have taken the place of the credit dealings which are usual among merchants. Many of the daily adjustments of trade are probably effected with bank-notes, which in other times would have been settled by bills of exchange or entries in account. In other words, the demand for currency has increased, as it always does tend to increase, during war or internal commotion. This will explain why the premium on gold has not fully kept pace with the issue of notes, though it can scarcely be thought to give an adequate account of the large discrepancy which has manifested itself. Another cause appears also to have been in operation. By one of the Acts of the last Session of Congress, a tax was imposed on the issues of private banks, and although no authentic accounts have been transmitted of the extent to which the circulation of local notes has been diminished, it is not unlikely that the large increase in the Federal currency may coincide with a very trifling augmentation of the total paper circulation. If the private notes were withdrawn as fast as the national paper was increased, there would be no marvel in the sustained value of the greenbacks. In other respects, the fluctuations of the market have responded with much regularity to the causes in operation from time to time. At the beginning of the financial year, an issue of thirty millions suffered a depreciation which varied from fifteen to twenty per cent., according to the influence of the military news from day to day. Up to last spring, the circulation was rapidly growing, the machinery for forcing an exchange of notes for five-twenty bonds not having then been brought fully into operation. At the same time, a series of defeats weighed upon the market, and probably exaggerated the natural depreciation.

Since that period it is not at all improbable that notes have been absorbed in exchange for permanent bonds, nearly as fast as they have been issued; and under the influence of military successes, and the temporary demand for currency created by renewed activity and hope, it is intelligible that the premium should have receded to a point not very remote from that at which it stood when the total issues of the Federal notes were so much less. These explanations do not in any way detract from Mr. Chase's merits; indeed, they tend to show that the present recovery is in great part due to the sagacity of his measures. But they may serve to dispel the fancy that great permanent effects upon a circulation of eighty millions can be produced by juggling in the market; and they may check the extravagant expectations which seem to be entertained by the more eager champions of the Federal cause, that the ordinary laws of human action will suspend their operation in

favor of the Stars and Stripes, and allow an astute minister to enjoy the privilege of issuing an unlimited amount of money without over-supplying a limited market.

From The London Review, 15 Aug.

THE EMPEROR'S LIFE PILL FOR MEXICO.

The Life Pill that has effected such astonishing cures in Europe, and has restored France to youth and vitality, has just achieved on the other side of the Atlantic, a success quite as marvellous. Everybody knows in what a ruinous condition the health of Mexico was till very lately. The last intelligence—according to the French papers—is most reassuring. After taking the pill in question, Mexico has visibly recovered, and is covering herself with glory by having boldly asked for more. Like other amateur doctors, the French emperor seems to have invented a recipe that suits all climates and all constitutions. It used to be said of the Whigs, that they believed that there was no ill to which flesh was heir which could not be promptly remedied by the application of British institutions and representative government. But Lord Russell's panacea is nothing to the emperor's "Life Pill." Whatever the disease, whether it be a disease of the Old or the New World, of the Seine or of the Gulf of Mexico, the course is the same—a military blister overnight and the "Life Pill" in the morning. The composition of the pill is simple enough, for Napoleon III., like Nature herself and Dr. Morrison, creates all his greatest effects by simples. The first thing to do is to burn a little of the best French gunpowder under the patient's nose. This has a soothing and quieting influence, and prepares the constitution for the treatment that is to follow. Then take a handful of French agents, a few prefects, a few paid journals, a few directors of the press, and some of the most vigorous repressive articles in the Code Napoleon, stir boldly with universal suffrage if it can be procured, but, if not, any other suffrage will serve as well. The whole will form a composing globule of the most thorough imperial institutions, which the invalid should swallow at once on the point of a bayonet. Mexico has swallowed hers with great satisfaction; and professes herself now willing to swallow anything else that is compounded for her by the same imperial hand, and presented to her in the same fashion. The change is almost miraculous, and worthy of Dr. Parr. No political incurable need ever despair. The imperial Life Pill clears and invigorates all systems, puts every constitution in a healthy and sound condition, and can be had gratuitously upon application to the respectable chemist and druggist whose head-quarters are at the Tuileries.

The sight of the Latin race taking its imperial medicine with such wholesome advantage to itself, is one that cannot but be most instructive to all mankind, nor is it at all strange that the French should find an especial pleasure in seeing administered to others the bolus that they have had in their own mouths but a few years since. The unhappy Mexicans perhaps at first experienced as much surprise as delight at the arrival of the doctor. Nobody had sent for him; but in political matters the universe has just now got a doctor who does not wait till he is sent for, but who insists upon paying gratuitous visits on the first suspicion of ill health in the neighborhood. Mexico, moreover, cannot but feel that she is being selected as a subject for experiment, less for her own sake than for the sake of science. There is nothing so aggravating as this sort of discovery. When France was treated ten years ago for her critical complaint, her physician was intensely interested in the process. His life, his reputation, his future, depended on his success; and the event was fraught with as much danger to himself as to France. It is different in the case of Mexico. The doctor is no longer trembling in his closet during the operation, with anxiety for the result of his audacious and ambitious nostrum. He is doctoring the Latin race upon this occasion in his dressing-gown. Whether the dose succeeds or fails, is rather a matter of curious speculation to him, than of absolute importance. The earliest bulletins, however, will be satisfactory to French pride. The Mexican nation have hailed their new empire with the same responsive joy as that with which Nice and Savoy hailed the proposal for their own annexation. General Forey enters Puebla and Mexico in a rain of flowers and laurel-wreaths. The Mexican newspapers rejoice to be placed under the same *régime of avertissements* as that which reigns at Paris. Everybody has declared in favor of French intervention, as in fact on these occasions everybody always does. An imperial crown has been at once offered to the Austrian archduke, who from the first has been the French emperor's nominee; and if he should refuse the gift, the Mexicans wish the French emperor to hand it over to whomsoever he may choose. This is the most remarkable feat in horse-taming that has probably been performed for many centuries. Rarey's system, as is well known, consisted of a judicious mixture of force and gentleness. The imperial Rarey began with tying up the Mexican nation's foreleg. The result is sudden and satisfactory. The intractable creature caresses

Rarey's hand, and the Mexican council of notables, now that the experiment is over, and the evil passions of their country have been eradicated, go about like the stars in Addison's poem,—

> "Forever singing as they shine,
> The hand that made us is divine."

The French emperor's turn for doctering, amiable as it is, seems likely this time to bring him into collision with Mexico's most powerful neighbor. It is clear that the attention of the Americans has been at last thoroughly aroused by the amateur operation that is performing in their immediate vicinity. So flagrant an interference with the principles laid down in the famous Monroe declaration, would never have been tolerated at all but for the struggle between South and North. The capture of the capital of Mexico is an event of such novelty and importance that, by common consent, both South and North have fixed their eyes simultaneously on the bold invader. In ordinary times it would be the interest of both alike to protest against the French invasion of Mexican territory. The South, however, now seem willing to sacrifice the Monroe doctrine for the unsubstantial advantage of French recognition. There overtures are, perhaps, less important for the reason that they come at a moment when clouds seem to be gathering over the Southern cause. The sudden accession of power which the North, owing to their recent successes, have obtained, gives, on the other hand, an ominous weight to the remonstrances which, by this time, their diplomatists have lodged with the French emperor. Unless the statesmen of Washington recede from all the traditional policy of the United States, or unless Napoleon III. recedes from his plan for converting the Mexican Republic into a Latin empire, a collision between France and America seems inevitable. Disguise the object of the Mexican expedition as we may, it is what this journal has stated from the first, a bold and Utopian design to create a balance of power on the other side of the Atlantic, and to erect a barrier to the progress of the Anglo-Saxon race. The project may be chimerical, but it is certainly serious; and a fitting time has been selected for its execution. With the cunning of Achitophel, Napoleon III. has seen, in the civil war in the United States, an opportunity for his purpose, which never would have fallen to him if the Union had been undivided, or indeed if it had been peaceably dissolved. If North and South were peaceable and friendly rivals, far more if the United States were to resolve itself into a tripartite Confederation,—whatever might be the variety of interests created with regard to Canada and Central America respectively by the separation,—all would alike unite in opposing an increase of European influence on the American continent. The reason that the South are now willing to affirm Napoleon's occupation is purely a military one. It is, therefore, of a temporary and passing nature, and their dislike to French interference in Mexico would revive when the emergency was past. Whatever be the issue of the present civil war—and it is possible that issue may be the one of all others the least expected by English critics—the policy of the French emperor with respect to Mexico and the Latin Sea is and must remain unpopular all through America.

The seizure of the Mexican capital and the flight of Juarez is, then, a success which may cost Napoleon dear, if it encourages him to enter upon a systematic policy of Mexican renovation. The late victories of the North render his tenure of Mexico precarious. It may be questioned whether the North are not too strong for France in this matter. Granting even that the South achieve their independence, and that French frigates were to raise the blockade, the South cannot give Mexico away, were they even desirous to do so. The policy would be too short-sighted to last beyond the duration of the war fever; but, at all events, the Southern Confederation while the Mississippi is in the hands of the North, can at best be only powerful for defensive purposes. It will never be a formidable belligerent until, in course of time, it has created a navy and a maritime life for itself. From this point of view the importance of the capture of Vicksburg cannot be overrated. The South, in gaining independence, will have to relinquish all hope of empire; and a permanent French alliance would be productive of little beyond embarrassment to France. This is why the French emperor's Mexican scheme is dangerous and chimerical. It can only succeed if the wings of the North are thoroughly clipped. All the gallantry of the South will not effect this; and the moment is coming when Napoleon III. may find that, in relying on the quiescence of the North, he is leaning on a broken reed.

The interests of England are neither directly nor indirectly concerned. Arguing abstractedly, the prosperity of the transatlantic Anglo-Saxon race should be to England a political advantage, yet the history of the century has shown that is is only an advantage in theory. The Radical party in this country have doubtless suffered in *prestige* by the faults and follies of the American Republic, and they have not much to gain by its disruption. But within the range of proximate calculation, we have nothing either

to hope or fear from the imperial transformations of Mexico. The French—if it amuses them—are welcome to embroil themselves there as they please. They will find interfering for the Latin race an expensive recreation. Touching America will be as pleasant and as fruitful as touching a hedgehog. The emperor would not have ventured to do it were it not that he is a dreamer, and imagines that the American struggle gives him a chance of realizing his dreams. It remains to be seen whether he has not been playing a game of hazardous speculation. The Archduke Maximilian might be willing conceivably to accept a precarious crown, for he is young, and the young do not dislike adventure. The pope may even bless him, and the French eagles may protect him. But in settling the destinies of Mexico without regard to the traditions of America, the pope, the archduke, and the emperor are settling without their host.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER PARODIED.—The rebels cannot get along without the old national airs, which have become endeared by old associations. In a rebel camp in Virginia was found the following parody on the Star Spangled Banner, which has been transmitted to us for publication. It is a very poor imitation of the spirit-stirring lyric so familiar to loyal Americans; but then "The Southern Cross" is a feeble substitute for the Star Spangled Banner. —*Boston Journal.*

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

Oh! say can you see through the gloom and the storm,
More bright for the darkness, that pure constellation?
Like the symbol of love and redemption its form,
As it points to the haven of hope for the nation.
How radiant each star, as the beacon afar,
Giving promise of peace, or assurance in war!
'Tis the *Cross of the South*, which shall ever remain
To light us to freedom and glory again!

How peaceful and blest was America's soil,
Till betrayed by the guile of the Puritan demon,
Which lurks under virtue and springs from its coil,
To fasten its fangs in the life-blood of freemen.
Then boldly appeal to each heart that can feel,
And crush the foul viper 'neath Liberty's heel!
And the *Cross of the South* shall in triumph remain
To light us to freedom and glory again!

'Tis the emblem of peace, 'tis the day-star of hope,
Like the sacred *Labarum* that guided the Roman;
From the shore of the Gulf to the Delaware's slope
'Tis the trust of the free, and the terror of foemen.
Fling its folds to the air, which we boldly declare,
The rights we demand, or the deeds that we dare!
While the *Cross of the South* shall in triumph remain
To light us to freedom and glory again!

And if peace should be hopeless, and justice denied,
And war's bloody vulture should flap its black pinions,
Then gladly "*to arms*," while we hurl in our pride,
Defiance to tyrants, and death to their minions!
With our front in the field, swearing never *to yield*,
Or return like the Spartan in death on our shield!
And the *Cross of the South* shall triumphantly wave
As the flag of the free or the pall of the brave!

ELECTRICITY OF THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.—M. Scoutetten has reported to the Academy of Sciences at Paris an account of some experiments made upon horses who were previously made insensible to pain. He found that the electric positive sign, indicating the direction of the current, was constantly from the red, or arterial, to the black, or venous, blood. He concludes his memoir by saying that, since it is demonstrated that the red blood and the black blood, in their contact through the walls of the vessels, which act as true porous vases, give stated electric reactions to the galvanometer, we must admit, that as all the parts of our body are traversed by sanguineous fluids, there must necessarily be a constant disengagement of electricity in the most relaxed tissues of our bodies. Thus each organic molecule is incessantly stimulated by the electric fluid, and thus under the influence of this excitement, all the functions of the body are performed. The oxygen contained in the red blood burns up the organic molecules with which it is in contact, and produces heat, without which life is impossible. Under the influence of electricity is effected, during digestion, the selection of the nutritive molecules and their assimilation. The same action takes place in respiration, and in all the other functions. These facts perfectly agree with the electric phenomena of combustion. The carbon takes the negative electricity and the surrounding air the positive, or rather, the current is established between the carbon and the oxygen of the air. Now, the principal action of the red blood, by reason of the oxygen in it, is the producing a true combustion in our tissues.

From The Spectator, 22 Aug.

BOSTON ON THE WAR.

It is not often that on this side the Atlantic we can catch a glimpse of what educated Americans think about the great contest in which their country is involved. Our newspaper correspondents, able as they are, write as Englishmen for an English public. The communications which come addressed to us from the States are all impregnated with the feelings of men who know they are pleading before an unfriendly audience, and who, therefore, involuntarily put what they consider the best face upon their case; while the American papers, and especially the New York papers—the only ones ever seen or quoted in England—are all infected with the love of exaggeration inseparable from a sensation press. On this account it is of real value to get hearing of the utterances addressed by an American of intelligence to Americans, to study the language intended for home consumption, not for foreign exportation. Such an opportunity has been afforded us recently. On the 4th of last July, Dr. Holmes was selected by the City authorities of Boston to deliver the annual oration in commemoration of the anniversary of American independence. From that oration we may gather a fair estimate of how the war is judged by the cultivated intellect of the United States. It was delivered at, perhaps, the gloomiest moment of the Federal fortunes. General Lee was encamped in the heart of Pennsylvania; the struggle between him and Meade was being waged with varying success; and it was possible that any hour might bring the tidings that the Northern armies had been routed, and that the Confederates were marching upon Washington. No doubt, at the very moment the harangue was being delivered, Lee was retreating as rapidly as he could, seeking safety in an inglorious flight, and General Pemberton was arranging with Grant the terms of the capitulation of Vicksburg. But no news of these great successes had reached Boston, and the orator had as yet no gleam of victory with which to encourage his audience, waiting, doubtless, more impatiently for the tidings expected hourly than for any studied outburst of declamation. Moreover, if there is one man in America who represents the educated unpolitical class more especially than any other, it is, perhaps, Oliver Wendell Holmes. The readers of "Elsie Venner,"—and who has not read that weird graceful story?—would find it hard to believe that its author was a man of active life. In this impression they would not be mistaken. Till the war broke out, we believe that Dr. Holmes never wrote a line about politics, and held aloof from a pursuit for which his refined and speculative nature almost disqualified him. In the bygone days, so near in time, so distant in fact, when "*Quieta non movere*" was the maxim by which educated men in America guided their conduct, he was looked upon by the Abolitionist party as the most timid of anti-slavery men. And probably, three years ago, the last thing which either friends or enemies would have expected of Wendell Holmes was that he would come forward as an anti-slavery political speaker.

But the war has wrought already many changes in the United States. It has done away with the apathy of wealth and the *dilettante* indifferentism of education. For good or bad, it has brought all classes together into an union never known before, and has shown men in characters new to the world, and newer still, perhaps, to themselves. The enthusiasm for the Union has appealed to all classes alike, to old and young, rich and poor, learned and ignorant. It may—as Englishmen forgetful of their own antecedents are wont to assume—be a wicked and a foolish enthusiasm. But, like all genuine enthusiasm, it ennobles those whose minds are awakened by it. Dr. Holmes himself is no longer of the age when men go out to fight. But his only son has gone forth in his stead; and if in parts the orator's language seems strained and exaggerated to us, we must remember it was spoken by a father who knew any minute might bring him tidings that he, like so many of those whose faces he saw around him while he spoke, was left childless by the cruel fate of war. However, in his address there is nothing of the stereotyped American self-glorification. Scarce an allusion is found in it to the glories of that Revolution in honor of which Independence Day is kept sacred. Poor George III. was allowed to sleep in peace without any recital of his sins; and probably for the first time in any of the eighty-seven Fourth of July orations which have been delivered in Boston, no mention is made of Bunker's Hill, or of the tea which was thrown into the waters of the

Charles River, in sight, by the way, of the windows of Dr. Holmes's house. The present has obscured the past, and with General Lee encamped at Gettysburg it was not the time for idle glorifications of American magnitude and prowess.

The whole oration deals with the war, and the war alone. Its one cause Dr. Holmes acknowledges to have been the institution of slavery. "The antagonism," he says, "of the two sections of the Union was not the work of this or that enthusiast or fanatic. It was the consequence of a movement in mass of two different forms of civilization in different directions, and the men to whom it was attributed were only those who represented it most completely, or who talked longest and loudest about it." On the other hand, he makes no attempt to represent the war as a crusade undertaken on behalf of the negro. "It was waged," he admits, "primarily, and is waged to this moment, for the preservation of our national existence." The chain of argument which runs through his discourse is that the principle of self-government involves *ipso facto* the right of free discussion and free political action; that the existence of free discussion and action brought on the "irresistible conflict" between slavery and freedom; and that, therefore, in striving to preserve the Union the North vindicates a principle fatal to the existence of slavery. "What is meant," he truly remarks, "by self-government, is that a man shall make his convictions of what is right and expedient regulate the community, so far as his fractional share of the Government extends. If one has come to the conclusion, be it right or wrong, that any particular institution or statute is a violation of the sovereign law of God, it is to be expected that he will choose to be represented by those who share his belief, and who will, in their wider sphere, do all they legitimately can to get rid of the wrong in which they find themselves and their constituents involved. To prevent opinion from organizing itself under political forms may be very desirable, but it is not according to the theory or practice of self-government." This is all that Dr. Holmes claims for the war with reference to slavery, and doubtless he might have claimed even more with justice.

It is curious to see how an educated American regards the alleged infractions of his liberty of which we have heard so much in England. "There are those," he remarks, "who profess to fear that our Government is becoming a mere irresponsible tyranny. If there are any who really believe that our present chief magistrate means to found a dynasty for himself and family, that a *coup d' état* is in preparation by which he is to become Abraham, *Dei gratiâ Rex*, they cannot have duly pondered his letter of the 12th of June, in which he unbosoms himself with the simplicity of a rustic lover called upon by an anxious parent to explain his intentions. . . An army of legislators is not very likely to throw away its political privileges, and the idea of a despotism resting on an open ballot-box is, like that of Bunker Hill Monument, built on the waves of Boston Harbor." With regard to this country, we need hardly say that Dr. Holmes speaks severely, rather, we must admit—as any one who knows his kindly nature would suppose— in reproach than in anger. His real complaint he puts fairly enough. "We had, no doubt, reckoned very generally on the sympathy of England, at least, in a strife which, whatever pretexts were alleged as to its cause, arrayed upon one side the supporters of an institution she was supposed to hate in earnest, and on the other its assailants." When, however, he tells us further, "That three bending statues cover up that gilded seat, which, in spite of the time-hallowed usurpations and consecrated wrongs so long associated with its history, is still venerated as the throne,—one of these supports is the pensioned Church, the second is the purchased army, the third is the long suffering people," we are reminded unpleasantly of Mr. Jefferson Brick.

However, we could pardon much more unkind things than Dr. Holmes has said of us on account of the manly, stirring, English-like patriotism which marks every page of his address. We talk of American sentiment as high-flown and stilted. Let an Englishman consider candidly what our own popular passion would be if the integrity of our country were assailed. Should we think language like this exaggerated in the hour of England's peril? "By those wounds of living heroes, by those graves of fallen martyrs, by the corpses of your children, and the claims of your children's children yet unborn, in the name of outraged honor, in the interest of violated sovereignty, for the life of an imperilled nation, for the sake of men everywhere, and of our common humanity, for the glory of God and the advancement of his kingdom on earth, your country calls upon you to stand by her through good report and through evil report, in triumph and in defeat." Words such as these would seem natural enough applied to England, and what England is to us the Union is to an American.

WHERE ARE THE COPPERHEADS?

Go look upon the battle-field,
  Where shot and shell fly fast—
Where Freedom's stirring battle-cry
  Is heard upon the blast:
Go where the lifted sabres flash,
  And fall on traitor's crests,
Where Southern bayonets are dim
  With blood from Northern breasts:
Go search amid the loyal ranks—
  Among the glorious dead—
Among them all you will not find
  A single copperhead.

Go search the gunboat's bloody deck
  When the dread conflict's done;
The traitor's banner in the dust,
And silenced every gun;
While o'er the hard-won ramparts floats
  Our flag, yet, oh! what pain,
'Neath that dear flag since morning light
  How many have been slain!
Among the heroes of the fight,
  The living and the dead—
Go search among them—there is not
  A single copperhead.

Go search the crowded hospital,
  Where ghastly wounds are seen,
Which tell through what a struggle fierce
  Those noble men have been;
But look upon their faces, lo!
  They smile through all their pain;
The scars they bear were nobly won—
  Their honor has no stain.
Soft hands are ministering—kind words
  Are heard around each bed;
Some soothe, some suffer, all are true—
  There is no copperhead.

Go where the look can scarce conceal
  The treason of the heart,
And where the tongue would willingly
  Defend the traitor's part:
Where Seymour, Wood, and Voorhees are
  Deemed patriotic men:
Go where they wish Vallandigham
  Were safely back again:
Go where desertion is no crime—
  Where loyalty is dead—
Where sad disaster gives no pain:
  There is the copperhead.

Go where foul scorn is heaped upon
  Our noble boys, who go
To stand a wall of fire between
  Us and our traitor foe;
Go where bold Grant's revilers are—
  Where Burnside is defamed:
Where Banks and Butler—noble names!—
  In scorn alone are named:
Go where true patriotic pride,
  Honor and truth are dead—
Where our success brings but despair;
  There is the copperhead.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE LAND'S END.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

This world of wonders, where our lot is cast,
Hath far more ends than one. A man may stand
On the bluff rocks that stretch from Sennen church,
And watch the rude Atlantic hurling in
The mighty billows,—thus his land may end.

Another lies with gasping breath, and sees
The mightier billows of Eternity
Dashing upon the outmost rocks of life;
And his Land's End is near.

And so, one day,
Will the Lord's flock, close on Time's limit, stand
On the last headland of the travelled world,
And watch, like sun-streak on the ocean's waste,
His advent drawing nigh.

Thus shall the church
Her Land's End reach: and then may you and we,
Dear Cornish friends, once more in company,
Look out upon the glorious realms of hope,
And find the last of earth,—the first of God.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

LEAD US, O FATHER!

Lead us, O Father! in the paths of peace;
  Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appall and sorrows still increase,
  Lead us, through Christ, the true and living Way.

Lead us, O Father! in the paths of truth;
  Unhelped by Thee, in Error's maze we grope,
While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
  And age comes on uncheered by faith or hope.

Lead us, O Father! in the paths of right.
  Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a moral night;
  Only with Thee we journey safely on.

Lead us, O Father! to thy heavenly rest,
  However steep and rough the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
  Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

W. H. Burleigh.

—*Christian Inquirer.*

WARNING.

Wind the clock—it striketh ten;
  Heed the alarum, fools and sages,
Clicking out the lives of men—
  Marching down the road of ages.

Soon the "eleventh hour" will chime,
  Stilling all the wheels of men.
Lay new hold of life and time—
  Wind the clock—it striketh ten?

NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD.

Oh! chant a requiem for the brave, the brave who are no more,
New England's dead! in honored rest, they sleep on hill and shore,
From where the Mississippi now, in freedom, proudly rolls,
To waves that sigh on Georgia's isles, a death-hymn for their souls.

Oh! first of all, the noble blood that traitorous hand has shed;
It dyed the streets of Baltimore, New England's heroes bled:
And still the mystic number "THREE" will live for aye in song,
While history tells, with glowing pen, of PUTNAM, SHAW, and STRONG.

Immortal names. Oh! noble "THREE," a nation's heart will throb
For ye who fell, in manly prime, for Freedom and for God!
And women's eyes grow dim with tears, and manhood bows its head
Before *your* deeds of valor done, new England's honored dead!

But not *alone* for those who die a soldier's death of glory,
Full many a brave, heroic soul has sighed its mournful story,
Down in the sultry swamps and plains, where fever's subtle breath
Has drained the life-blood from their hearts, and laid them low in death.

As proud a memory yours, oh! ye who murmured no complaint,
Who saw Hope's vision, day by day, grow indistinct and faint;
Who, far from home and loving hearts, from all ye hold most dear,
Have died! Oh noble, unknown dead, ye leave a *record* here!

New England! on thy spotless shield, inscribe thine honored dead,
Oh! keep their memory fresh and green, when turf blooms o'er their head;
And coming nations yet unborn will read, with glowing pride,
Of those who bore thy conquering arms, and suffering, fought and died;
Who, foremost in the gallant van, laid life and honor down;—
Oh! *deck with fadeless bays their names, who've won the martyr's crown!*

J. S. G.

—*Home Journal.*

IN GOD'S HAND.

"Go to, then! henceforth it shall no longer vex me,
Because as I wish the world goes not alway;
The turmoils of life shall no longer perplex me
Nor my heart be worn out with the grief of to-day.
Woe is Time's blight;
The seed of delight
Shall spring up and bloom in heaven's islands of light.

"Then pain shall inherit a rich over-payment;
Then tears shall be wiped from all sorrowing eyes;
The poor be clothed then in the fairest of raiment,
And the sick with the vigor of health, shall arise;
Hatred shall cease;
All shall be peace,
For in heaven alone doth good ever increase.

"Oh! let, then, my lot and my life be appointed
Just as my God and my Lord seeth meet;
Hopes laid up in heaven are ne'er disappointed,
Let the world have its way till the end is complete;
Time's tree will cast
Its leaves on the blast,
And heaven makes everything right at the last."

—*From the Danish by Mary Howitt.*

PRAYING FOR RAIN.

WE heard a dozen men complain
When Wednesday it began to rain;
Just as before, when it was dry,
They mourned a draught with many a sigh,
And seemed most strangely to forget
That water generally is wet!
If all man's prayers were heard together
The world would have the *queerest* weather.

"My mill stands still!—O Lord, give rain!"
"My grain is down—O Lord, refrain?"
"My corn is parched!"—"Ah, Susan's bonnet,
Don't let a drop of water on it!"
"O, not to-day, our washing's out!"
"Roll up ye clouds I go for trout!"
"The hen's come off—the brood is drowned!"
"Ah, let it pour! my boat's aground!"

So, 'mid the murmurs of the world,
The clouds, like banners are unfurled;
The rains descend, the bow is bent,
The sky smiles clear, God's azure tent;
Sweet springs and robins sing together,
And, rain or shine, 'tis pleasant weather;
The sower's hopeful seed is flung,
And harvest songs are always sung.

THE LIVING AGE.

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From the German of Ehrenfried Liedich.

HERE IS MY HEART.

HERE is my heart—my God, I give it thee ;
I heard thee call and say,
"Not to the world, my child, but unto me"—
I heard, and will obey.
Here is love's offering to my King,
Which in glad sacrifice I bring—
Here is my heart !

Here is my heart—surely the gift, though poor,
My God will not despise ;
Vainly and long I sought to make it pure,
To meet thy searching eyes ;
Corrupted once in Adam's fall,
The stains of sin pollute it all—
My guilty heart !

Here is my heart—my heart so sad before,
Now by Thy grace made meet ;
Yet bruised and wearied, it can only pour
Its anguish at Thy feet ;
It groans beneath the weight of sin,
It sighs Salvation's joy to win—
My mourning heart.

Here is my heart—in Christ its longings end,
Near to the cross it draws ;
It says, "Thou art my portion, O my Friend !
Thy blood my ransom was."
And in the Saviour it has found
What blessedness and peace abound—
My trusting heart,

Here is my heart—ah ! Holy Spirit, come,
Its nature to renew,
And consecrate it wholly as thy home,
A temple fair and true.
Teach it to love and serve Thee more,
To fear Thee, trust Thee, and adore—
My cleansed heart !

Here is my heart—it trembles to draw near
The glory of Thy throne ;
Give it the shining robe Thy servants wear,
Of righteousness Thine own ;
Its pride and folly chase away,
And Thou art wise, and just and true—
My waiting heart !

Here is my heart—O Friend of friends, be near
To make the tempter fly ;
And when my latest foe I wait with fear,
Give me the victory
Gladly on Thy love reposing,
Let me say, when life is closing,
"Here is my heart !"

FIRST METRIC LESSON.

BY SCHOOLMASTER PUNCH.

LENGTH.

COME, you little British blockhead,
Come you here and stand by me,
And your blockhead shall be knocked
If you don't attend, you see.

You shall count your coins and treasures,
Weigh your goods, and sell your land
By the metric weights and measures,
Which I'll make you understand.

'Twere beginning in the wrong key
To explain the system's use ;
You are much too great a donkey,
Much too bigoted a goose.
You shall *learn* it, and hereafter
When you find what toil it saves,
You will say, with scornful laughter,
That its foes were fools or knaves.

First, for length. Now mind. The unit
Is the *metre*, a Gallic term :
Best for English tongues to tune it
Into METER, round and firm.
'Tis ten millionth of the distance
From the equator to the pole ;
Astronomical assistance
Measures ribbons—ain't it droll?

With this word we make formation
Of Long Measure—here's your guide,
GREEK precedes MUL-TI-PLI-CA-TION :
LATIN tells you to DIVIDE.
'Tis so easy, British blockhead ;
When you come to make it out
You'll be most severely shocked
At your present blethering rout.

Now, our pearl of bricksiwicksies,
As Paul Bedford would remark,
You must learn the Greek prefixes,
Greek, our bloater, what a lark
Deca (ten times) put to *meter*,
And ten meters you'll express,
Hecto next observe, you creetur,
Makes a hundred meters—yes.

Kilometer, that's a thousand :
Myria makes ten thousand. See?
Come, my British blockhead, rouse and
Show your mental energy.
Now, we'll take and try division ;
Here the words we Latinize,
For "Divide and conquer" is an
Ancient Latin saying wise.

For a tenth part of a meter
Deci-meter you must say.
Centi-meter (what is neater?)
Doth a hundredth part convey.
Then a thousandth comes with *milli*—
There, you've got it neat and pat,
Don't you think the folks are silly
Who make faces over *that?*

More to-day I will not ask you
In your knowledge-box to stow,
For I would not over-task you,
Little British blockhead, no.
But *we'll have the metric system*,
Punch has sworn it, by his hunch,
And the folks who dare resist him
Shall be trampled down by *Punch*.

From The British Quarterly Review.

1. *Bacon's Essays and Colors of Good and Evil. With Notes and Glossarial Index.* By W. Aldis Wright, M.A. Second Edition. Macmillan and Co.
2. *Bacon's Essays. With Annotations.* By Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. Fifth Edition. Parker and Son.

For more than two centuries these essays have been popular among thoughtful practical men. Archbishop Whately by his admirable edition introduced them to a larger circle of readers, and his annotations formed, as it were, a precious setting for those jewels of rare value.

With those annotations Mr. Wright's Notes do not enter into competition: they have an object entirely different; namely, to afford evidence of the patient, careful labor and oft-repeated revision, bestowed by Francis Bacon upon the essays, and to show how he wove them into the best of ancient proverbs, and his own wisest thoughts and weightiest words.

The first edition of the essays seems to have been published in the beginning of the month of February, 1596–7. "The Epistle Dedicatorie," addressed by Francis Bacon "to M. Anthony Bacon, his deare brother," is dated "from my Chamber at Graies Inne, this 30. of Januarie, 1597." But on the title-page of a copy in the British Museum is a note written by the first purchaser of the volume: "Septimo die ffebrurye 39 E. (I paid xx pence)." The reign of Elizabeth commenced on the 17th November, 1558, and February, 39 Eliz., would therefore be February, 1596–7. The book, a small, thin octavo, is entitled, "Essayes: Religious Meditations: Places of perswasion and disswasion." It contains ten essays: "1, Of Studie; 2, Of Discourse; 3, Of Ceremonies and Respects; 4, Of Followers and Friends; 5, Sutors; 6, Of Expence; 7, of Regiment of Health; 8, Of Honour and Reputation; 9, Of Faction; 10, Of Negociating."

The "Religious Meditations" are in Latin. With the tenth Meditation, entitled "De Atheismo," very nearly corresponds the English Essay, "Of Atheism," first printed in 1612. The "Places of perswasion and disswasion" are entitled, "Of the Coulers of Good and Evill: a Fragment," and are generally known by this name. They were afterwards translated into Latin, with some alterations, and were inserted in the third chapter of the sixth book of the "De Augmentis Scientiarum," where they are called "Sophismata Rhetorica."

The ten essays printed in 1597 had been written long before that time, and had been read in manuscript by many of the author's friends, having been circulated long before their publication, as were the Sonnets of Shakspeare, Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia" and "Defence of Poesie," and the poems of Sir Walter Raleigh. They had thus become widely known; thoughts were borrowed from them, and words stolen; and at length some bookseller was about to print them without the leave of their author, who therefore, in order to prevent "the wrong they might receive by untrue copies, or by some garnishment, which it might please any that should set them forth to bestow upon them," himself directed their publication as they had passed from his pen, though without the further revision and the additions which he had intended.

The name by which he called them was new in English speech. He may have borrowed it from Montaigne, whose "Essais" had been first printed at Bordeaux in 1580, about which time Anthony Bacon was lodging in that town. The word "essay" had not then the meaning, which it has since acquired, of a finished, though brief, treatise or dissertation. Pronounced always with the accent on the last syllable, it signified only a trial or attempt. "Franciscus Baconus in *tentamentis* suis Ethico-politicis" is the phrase used in a Latin letter, dated the 14th July, 1619, quoted by Mr. Aldis Wright in his Preface. In the Dedication to Prince Henry, intended to have been prefixed to the second edition, published in 1612, Sir Francis Bacon styles his work "certain brief notes, set down rather significantly than curiously, which I have called Essaies," and adds, "The word is late, but the thing is ancient. For Seneca's Epistles to Lucilius, if one mark them well, are but Essaies; that is, dispersed meditations, though conveyed in the form of Epistles." But the title soon became popular, and the name "Essayists," is applied by Ben Jonson, in his "Discoveries," to a class of writers whose master, he says, is Montaigne.

At the time of the publication of the first edition of the essays Francis Bacon was thirty-

six years of age. For ten years he had been a Bencher of Gray's Inn, and for twelve years he had sat in Parliament. When his friend Sir Thomas Egerton, the attorney-general was appointed Master of the Rolls in 1593, he became a suitor for the vacant office. But it was given to Edward Coke, in whose place Mr. Sergeant Fleming was made solicitor-general. The queen knew that Francis Bacon was witty, eloquent, and possessed of much good learning, but in law she rather thought that he could "make show to the uttermost of his knowledge" than that he was deep. His uncle, Lord Burleigh, and cousin, Sir Robert Cecil, the newly appointed secretary of State, had a grudge against him as one of the ablest of the adherents of Essex, and were perhaps jealous of his fame. But he was from year to year admitted to more frequent and familiar intercourse with the queen, and his loyalty to her was neither affected by the refusal of his suit, nor lessened after her death by his desire to please a king who delighted to disparage the acts and disgrace the servants of his predecessor. By the good fortune or by the art of Elizabeth, the odium of such disappointments as those experienced by Francis Bacon fell chiefly upon her counsellors, and thus she retained unabated the devotion of the courtiers; a devotion all the more remarkable because rendered by those who to one another were proud, insolent, and overbearing; a devotion the fulness and constancy of which are quite inexplicable on any other supposition than that it was a voluntary homage to her mental and moral excellence.

It is not improbable that the essay "Of Sutors" may have been composed in the year 1594, perhaps in the park at Twickenham, where Francis Bacon went in the autumn of that year, to be alone, and whence he wrote to his brother Anthony that "solitariness collecteth the mind as shutting the eyes doth the sight." Two other essays, "Of Expence" and "Of Regiment of Health," were probably written about the same time. The first reminds us of the letters of Lady Anne Bacon, the careful, anxious mother, to her sons Anthony and Francis, chiding them for their wastefulness and extravagance, and warning them of the deceitfulness of their servants, who would "all seek to abuse" their "want of experience." The second affords further evidence of what we learn from the same letters—the sickliness of the brothers, who bought a coach because Anthony was too lame to walk to court, and tried to cure themselves by a "prescribed diet" and "new-in-hand physic," of which Lady Anne heard, and wrote,—

"My lord treasurer about five years past was greatly pressed by the great vaunt of a sudden start-up glorious stranger, that would needs cure him of the gout by boast; 'But,' quoth my lord, 'have you cured any? Let me know and see them.' 'Nay,' saith the fellow, 'but I am sure I can.' 'Well,' concluded my lord, and said, 'Go, go and cure first, and then come again, or else not.' I would you had so done. But I pray God to bless it to you, and pray heartily to God for your good recovery and sound."

A second edition of the essays was published in the year 1612. In 1598 the first edition had been reprinted by Humfrey Hooper, with the "Religious Meditations" in English and the "Colours of Good and Evil," and a pirated edition had been published in 1606 by John Jaggard.

The edition of 1612 is a small octavo volume, entitled "The Essaies of Sir Francis Bacon, Knight, the Kings Solliciter Generall." The "Religious Meditations" and "Places of Persuasion and Dissuasion" are omitted. The book contains thirty-eight essays, which are printed in a large, clear type, each page having a ruled margin. The table of contents names forty essays; but the thirty-ninth and fortieth, "Of the Publike" and "Of Warre and Peace," were never printed. Of the ten original essays, the eighth, that of "Honor and Reputation," was omitted in this edition; the rest were more or less altered and enlarged. Twenty-nine new essays were added.

The alterations made by the author, though in many cases important, were in some instances exceedingly minute; being such as the insertion or change of a particle, the substitution for one word of another entirely or nearly synonymous, or the addition of a word for the purpose of rendering a sentence clearer or more forcible. Such alterations in new editions, and even in reprints of the same edition, were far more common in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries than at present. The printing of a book, having become more common, is now more lightly regarded; and the prospect of a wide present circulation and a speedy oblivion has ren-

dered authors in these times less painstaking and scrupulously accurate than were those who wrote for readers more critical, though fewer in number. In the year 1605, Sir Francis Bacon had published the "Twoo Bookes of the Proficience and Advancement of Learning, Divine and Humane," in which was foreshadowed, and that not dimly, the plan of the "Great Instauration of the Sciences." Many thoughts and illustrations taken from these two books were incorporated in the second edition of the essays. The use of the same ideas and quotations in different compositions is eminently characteristic of the works of Bacon; and he gathered from his other writings "the best fruit" of his mind, that he might bestow it upon the revised and enlarged editions of the essays which were published in 1612 and 1625. The circle of intelligent readers of his philosophical works was then very narrow, and would always be comparatively small; the depth of the learning displayed in his law tracts, and the skill with which it was applied, could be appreciated only by a few; the interest excited by his political and ecclesiastical pamphlets must be transient; but his essays of all his other works were "most current," for they came home "to men's business and bosoms." Through them, therefore, he hoped that the spirit of his new philosophy might pass into the minds of many who would never hear of the "idola mentis" and "prærogativæ instantiarum" of the "Novum Organum;" and in them, accordingly, he applied to the passions, duties, and pleasures of common life, ideas and illustrations borrowed from his more recondite works. In the second book of the "Advancement of Learning" he had noted that "the writing of speculative men of active matter, for the most part doth seem to men of experience as Phormio's argument of the wars seemed to Hannibal, to be but dreams and dotage;" and that "generally it were to be wished, as that which would make learning indeed solid and fruitful, that active men would or could become writers." Mindful of this in the composition of his essays, he "endeavored to make them not vulgar, but of a nature whereof a man shall find much in experience, little in books."

The third edition, "The Essayes or Counsels Civill and Morall, of Francis Lo. Verulam, Viscount St. Alban, newly enlarged," is dedicated by the author to "the Right Honorable my very good Lord the Duke of Buckingham, his Grace, Lord High Admiral of England." This edition, published in March, 1624–5, contained the ten original essays, including that one which had been omitted in the second edition, with the twenty-nine added in 1612, and nineteen new essays. All those which had been previously published were more or less altered, to many of them great additions were made, and two which had been first printed in the second edition, those "Of Religion" (now entitled "Of Unitie in Religion") and "Of Friendshippe," were entirely rewritten. To the former were added many passages from the "Advertisement touching the Controversies of the Church of England." The latter seems to have been revised at the request of Mr. Tobie Matthew, who, notwithstanding his perversion to the Church of Rome, had been for upwards of twenty years the intimate friend of Sir Francis Bacon, and as such had edited the Italian translation of the essays published in London in 1618, and was frequently consulted by him about his writings.

At the time of the publication of this last edition, Lord St. Alban had been living for nearly four years in retirement at Gorhambury and at his house in Gray's Inn.

The sentence passed upon him by the lords had, in fact, never been executed. His imprisonment in the Tower had lasted but a few hours; the fine imposed had been vested in trustees for his benefit; he had received a full pardon under the Great Seal, and was summoned to attend the Parliament which met on the accession of Charles I. But he did not return to an active life. He had told King James, in November, 1622, that thenceforth he "would live to study, and not study to live." "I have done with such vanities," was his answer to those who brought him the writ of summons to the Parliament.

During the last five years of his life, he occupied himself in revising some of the books which he had already published; in directing the translation into Latin of the essays, and of his philosophical and historical writings, a work in which Thomas Hobbes, George Herbert, and Ben Jonson are said to have taken part; and in composing many new works, of which fifteen are mentioned in the Latin memoir written by his chaplain and secretary, Dr. Rawley. The most important of these are the "History of the Reign of Henry VII.,"

the "Historia Ventorum," and "Historia Vitæ et Mortis," the "New Atlantis," and the "Sylva Sylvarum." But Dr. Rawley does not include in his list the "Apophthegms," printed in 1624, and said to be a collection made from memory, "without consulting any book." Lord Macaulay calls this "the best collection of jests in the world." But it was not so highly rated at the time of its publication. In a letter from Chamberlain to Carleton, dated the 18th December, 1624, it is mentioned that Lord St. Alban's "Apophthegms" were "newly come out, though with little applause." D'Israeli quotes, in the "Curiosities of Literature," some verses said to have been written about the same time by "a Dr. Andrews" (who must be "the ever-memorable and learned Dr. Andrews, Bishop of Winchester," of Walton's Life of Herbert), which commence,—

> "When learned Bacon wrote Essays
> He did deserve and hath the praise;
> But now he writes his 'Apophthegms,'
> Surely he dozes or he dreams."

The book seems to us to deserve neither the extravagant praise of Lord Macaulay nor the censure of Dr. Andrews. Many of the speeches related in it are very witty; some of the anecdotes, however, are coarse, and others, in spite of their classical origin, it must be confessed are "dull and flat."

The dates of the publication of the first and third editions of the essays, 1597 and 1625, conveniently mark two signal epochs in the history of the English language. During the interval there was impressed upon it the character and form which it has retained, with very little variation, to the present time. Ben Jonson, writing between the years 1630 and 1637, of the Lord St. Alban, says, "Within his view, and about his times, were all the wits born, that could honor a language, or help study. Now things daily fall, wits grow downward, and eloquence grows backward: so that he may be named, and stand as the mark and ακμη of our language."

Until the middle of the sixteenth century the English language borrowed little directly from the Latin. In general a much larger proportion of Saxon words was used by those who wrote before than by those who have written since that time. Of the words of foreign derivation employed by the earlier writers, by far the greater number are French, and most of those which were originally Latin are taken not directly from that language, but at second-hand and through the French. This was the natural result of the intimate relationship which, in amity or war, had from the days of Edward the Confessor subsisted between France and England. Norman-French was the common speech of the nobles till the reign of Henry II.; it continued long after to be the language of the Court; and when it had ceased to be spoken by the courtiers, it was still in daily use in the pleadings of the lawyers. Nor did the French language influence our own through the upper classes only; for the yeomen who fought at Cressy, the pedlers who travelled through Normandy to the fair at Antwerp, and the farmers and miners who carried wool and tin to the staple at Calais, picked up many words and phrases which afterwards became current among their neighbors at home. But before the middle of the sixteenth century the intercourse between this country and France had become less frequent and intimate; while the invention of printing, and its application at first chiefly to the publication of the Latin classics, opened a new source of gain to the English language, which now borrowed from the Latin by the eye as it had previously borrowed from the French by the ear.

The greater diffusion of classical literature, and the increase in the number of writers, together with the stimulus given to the English poets of the time by travel in Italy and acquaintance with the works of Dante, Ariosto, and Petrarch, soon resulted in an effort to ascertain and adhere to certain canons of style and in the choice of words. The first issue of this effort were many affectations, of which one of the most notable was the euphuism which was so popular during the latter part of the sixteenth century. It took its name from Lyly's romance of "Euphues," the first part of which, "Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit," was published in 1580; and the characteristics of the style —antithesis, alliteration, and repetition of the same sound—will be best shown by one or two quotations from this book. The address "to the Gentlemen Readers" begins, "I was driven into a quandarie, Gentlemen, whether I might send this my Pamphlet to the Printer or to the Pedler: I thought it too bad for the press, and too good for the

pack." The author gives advice to young men: "Be merry, but with modesty: be sober, but not too sullen: be valiant, but not too ventrous." And in another place to ladies: "Let not gentlewomen . . . be so curious in their own conceits, or so currish to their loyal Lovers." The following are from the second part, entitled, "Euphues and his England:" "We ought to take greater heed that we be not intrapped in folly, than fear to be subdued by force." "Have more mind on thy Books than on thy bags, more desire of godliness than gold, greater affection to die well than to live wantonly." "Whatso is gotten with wit, will be kept with wariness, and increased with wisdom."

For a time Lyly was regarded as the great reformer of the English language. Traces of the fashion which he set may be detected in the first edition of Bacon's Essays: "A good continued speech without a good speech of interlocution showeth slowness; and a good second speech without a good set speech showeth shallowness." "If affection lead a man to favor the less worthy in desert, let him do it without depraving or disabling the better deserver." So, too, in his "Epistle Dedicatory" of the "Maxims of the Law," addressed to the Queen in 1596, he speaks of her reign as "an age wherein if science be increased, conscience is rather decayed; and if men's wits be great, their wills are more great." The fashion had nearly passed away when it was ridiculed in Shakspeare's play of "Love's Labors Lost," acted before the Queen at Christmas, 1597. It had been blamed by Puttenham, who writes, in his "Arte of English Poesie," published in 1589, "Ye have another manner of composing your metre, nothing commendable, specially if it be too much used, and is where our maker takes too much delight to fill his verse with words beginning all with a letter, as an English rimer that said,—

> 'The deadly drops of dark disdain
> Do daily drench my due desarts.'"

The influence of Sir Philip Sidney, however, contributed most materially to put an end to this passion for alliteration and to

> "reduce
> Our tongue from Lyly's writing then in use."

He, in his "Astrophel and Stella," addressed the euphuists as follows:—

> "You that do dictionary's method bring
> Into your rhymes, running in rattling rows;
> You take wrong ways: those far-fet helps be such
> As do betray a want of inward touch."

And in other works he assailed, both with argument and ridicule, what in the "Defence of Poesie," he called the common infection grown among the most part of writers.

But euphuism was not the only vice of English style at the close of the sixteenth century. As the nation woke up into a new intellectual life, it was felt that words were needed for the expression of many new ideas. These words were borrowed chiefly from the Latin; but those who sought them labored not only to supply the manifest wants of the language, but also to obtain big, high-sounding words for the adornment of their style; so that, in the words of the letter prefixed to the "Shepheard's Calendar," they "made our English tougue a gallimaufrey, or hodgepodge of all other speeches." This practice is noticed by Puttenham, who says very wisely,—

"Generally the high style is disgraced and made foolish and ridiculous by all words affected, counterfeit, and puffed up, as it were a wind ball carrying more countenance than matter, and cannot be better resembled than to those midsummer pageants in London, where, to make the people wonder, are set forth great and ugly giants, marching as if they were alive, and armed at all points; but within they are stuffed full of brown paper and tow, which the shrewd boys underpeering, do guilefully discover and turn to a great derision."

Puttenham mentions many words introduced in his time and distinguished between "inkhorn terms," which are not to be allowed, and words of which he says, "I cannot see how we may spare them; . . . for our speech wanteth words to such sense so well to be used." Among the former he reckons the words—audacious, facunditie, egregious, implete, compatible. He defends the use of the word "scientificke," because "it answereth the word mechanical;" and would allow some "usurped Latin and French words; as method, methodical, placation, function, assubtiling, refining, compendious, prolix, figurative, inveigle," with others which he mentions.

Great as was the influence of the study of the Latin classics upon the vocabulary of the writers of Elizabeth's reign, its influence

upon their style was still more manifest. The simple, direct sentences used by earlier writers have been exchanged for longer and more complicated ones by the first revivers of classical learning in England. But Bacon and Hooker introduced periods rivalling those of Cicero in the intricacy of their structure and the well-balancing of their members. In their writings clauses are constantly inserted, in imitation of the Latin construction, between the nominative and the verb; the verb is placed at the end of the sentence, and the sense suspended till it be reached; the adjective is placed after the substantive, as in the phrases, "a benefit inestimable," "a kingdom very opulent" (Bacon's "Observations on a Libel," 1592), "agents natural," "spirits immaterial and intellectual" ("Eccles. Polity"); and the natural or logical order of the words in the sentence is inverted or transposed.

A change, which has taken place since the time of Francis Bacon, in the meaning of many words, has given to his writings, and to those of his contemporaries, a semblance of an imitation of the Latin which was not intended by their authors. The word "plausible," for instance, is used in the essays in the sense of deserving praise, which it has since exchanged for that of seeming to deserve praise. "Apparent," as employed in the fortieth essay, has the meaning of manifestly or openly appearing: it has since come to denote that there is no reality in the appearance. In the forty-eighth essay the word "officious" is used in a good sense—ready to serve—and it was so used as late as the middle of the last century; but if we now hear that a person is officious, we understand that he impertinently obtrudes services which are not desired. "Vulgar" is employed in the essays in the sense of common: it has since acquired its present meaning of reprobation. The reader can scarcely fail to notice that the change from the original or Latin meaning of all these words (and other like instances might be given) has been a degradation, implying in the first three cases the growth of a conviction, arising from experience, that no trust can be placed in the show of things, and that what promises to be fair is often in the end found to be most foul; and, in the last case, that among men good is not the rule but the exception, and that whatever is common must therefore be presumed to be bad. Such facts as these reveal the true value and importance of the history of language; and the knowledge of them should make us very careful even in our daily speech; since not only do we, by the words we utter, affect our own destiny, but by the manner in which we use them, by the very tone with which we speak them, we help to mould their meaning, and thus influence the minds of future generations of Englishmen.

Notwithstanding some alterations in the meaning and form of words, and the change or disuse of some few grammatical constructions, the written English language now remains in very nearly the same state as that in which it was left by Hooker, Shakspeare, and Bacon. Their works are still referred to as the standards by which we measure the lesser efforts of modern writers. But they themselves seem not to have anticipated any such permanency for the language, or for their own writings. Francis Bacon originally composed in Latin, or procured the translation into that language of all his most important works; and this he did not only because the Latin language was then in all Christian countries read and understood, being the mean of universal communication, but also because he distrusted the permanency of his mother-tongue. In a letter to Mr. Matthew, about the translation of the essays and "History of Henry VII.," he writes "These modern languages will, at one time or other, "play the bankrupts with books; and since I have lost much time with this age, I would be glad, as God shall give me leave, to recover it with posterity." Thirty or forty years later the same distrust was expressed by Waller in the following verses:—

"Who can hope his lines should long
Last in a daily changing tongue?
Poets that lasting marble seek
Must carve in Latin or in Greek:
We write on sand, our language grows,
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows."

Probably the chief causes of whatever alterations or modifications have taken place in our language during the last two centuries and a half, have been the development of the art of conversation and the increase of letter-writing. It would be interesting and not unprofitable carefully to consider what have been and what may be the effects of these upon our language. At present we can only allude to one effect, which is obvious; namely

the abbreviation of many words, and the substitution of shorter for longer forms of speech. Thus of words used in the essays, declination has become declension or decline; discontentment, discontent; heroical, heroic; disreputation, disrepute. In like manner such words as indifferency, impertinency, have in general lost the last syllable. So the termination of the third person singular of the verb in *-eth*, which imparts so much gravity to early writings, has been changed for the briefer and more colloquial form in *-s*, which in the essays, and in several of the other works of Francis Bacon, is used indifferently with the older form. In the first book of Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity" it occurs but once. By these changes our language has possibly gained as much in ease and fluency as it has lost in weight and dignity. But in other changes that have been made, such as the substitution in many cases of the words "more" and "most" for the inflecton of the adjective in order to form the degrees of comparison, there has been no gain which can be set off against our loss.

Although we have used the essays of Francis Bacon as illustrative of the styles which were in vogue, and the state of the English language at the times when they were composed and revised, it must not be inferred that we regard them as belonging to that class of writings—represented by the "Essays of Elia"—of which the chief value and excellency consist in their style, the exquisite choice of words, and the careful measurement of cadences. In Bacon's Essays the words are always selected with care, and used with precision; the cadence of the sentences in the later essays is well arranged and musical; but Bacon employs words as tools or weapons, and is satisfied with their usefulness: Lamb rejoices in their polish and glitter. Bacon regards a sentence as a mean for the expression of a thought; Lamb plays and dallies with it, and lingers to listen to its music. Of Bacon's manner of composition Dr. Rawley says,—

"He chiefly aimed at vigor and perspicuity of expression, not elegancy or neatness of language: and in writing or dictating often paused to inquire whether his meaning had been rendered with sufficient clearness and perspicuity; since he knew it to be right that words should be the servants of things and not things of words. . . . He was never allured by verbal niceties, but always deliberately and carefully avoided them."

The essays of Bacon and of Lamb afford a notable contrast not only in their manner but also in their matter; those of Lamb being, like the "Essais" of Montaigne, essentially and entirely subjective, while those of Bacon are purely objective in their character. And in this respect also the two writers may be taken as the types of two classes of essayists. The objective school has had the fewer members. Mr. Henry Taylor, in the "Statesman," showed himself worthy to supply a deficiency in our literature which had been only indicated by Bacon. Mr. Helps, too, seems to have been inspired by Bacon's essays, without being a servile copyist.

It would be a task involving more labor, if not requiring greater talents, to approach as nearly to the "Essays of Elia." Most of the attempts that have been made discover a want of the assiduous toil and fastidious care which alone can give to essays of this description any real and permanent value.

Lord Macaulay has remarked that "in eloquence, and sweetness and variety of expression, and in richness of illustration," the later writings of Francis Bacon are far superior to those of his youth, and has noticed how in this respect he is resembled by Edmund Burke. Another parallel is furnished by one of the greatest of our modern English painters. The first essays of Bacon do not differ in style from those added in the third edition, more widely than do the pale gray and green of the early drawings of Turner from the opaline splendor of his later paintings. But there is ground for the belief that the abruptness and severe simplicity of Bacon's first essays were the result not of immaturity, but of deliberate choice. They are not *less* finished than the later ones, but are finished in a *different* manner. That he could in 1597 as well as in 1625 frame the most elaborate periods, and employ at pleasure the happiest metaphors and illustrations, is proved by his answer to the Jesuit Parsons, published in 1592, and by the "Epistle Dedicatory" of his "Maxims of the Law," written in 1596. In the former of these occurs the following passage:—

"The benefits of Almighty God upon this land since the time that in his singular providence he led as it were by the hand, and placed in the kingdom, his servant, our Queen

Elizabeth, are such, as not in boasting or in confidence of ourselves, but in praise of his holy name, are worthy to be both considered and confessed, yea, and registered in perpetual memory."—*Observations on a Libel.*

Let this be compared with a passage from the first edition of the Essays:—

"He that questioneth much, shall learn much, and content much, especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the party of whom he asketh: for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge: if sometimes you dissemble your knowledge of that you are thought to know, you shall be thought another time to know that which you know not."—*Essay of Discourse.*

It would be hard to select from the latest works of the Lord St. Alban a more finished period than that which we have quoted from the "Observations on a Libel;" and there are in the same pamphlet many of equal if not superior beauty. The second quotation is a fair specimen of the style of the essays printed in the first edition; and we think that a comparison of the two passages can leave no doubt that the style of the second was voluntarily adopted by a practised and skilful writer.

It is impossible by means of the ordinary editions to judge of the difference in style between the earlier and later essays, because the new matter added from time to time was so interlaced with the original text that it cannot be distinguished without careful comparison of the different editions published by the author. But in Mr. Wright's edition all the information may be found which could be obtained by such comparison. Examination of the early editions enables us to bear witness not only to the general skill and care with which Mr. Wright has performed his task, but also to the accuracy with which he has noted the most minute particulars tending to illustrate the history of the essays. He has collected much information concerning the sources of Bacon's quotations and his manner of quoting. In the ten original essays there are but three quotations, all of which are proverbs. Many quotations, were inserted in the edition of 1612, and a yet larger number in that of 1625. Strict verbal accuracy is found in very few of Bacon's quotations, a fact which is alluded to by Dr. Rawley, who says,—

"I have often observed that if perchance in conversation an opportunity occurred of quoting another person's opinion, by the power with which his mind was gifted he brought it forth arrayed in new and better dress, so that the author himself would see that his own opinion was more elegantly expressed, and yet not the least injured in meaning or matter.

Bacon quoted most frequently from the Bible and from the Latin writers, especially Tacitus, Lucretius, and Cicero. In the third edition of the essays, are forty-nine quotations from the Bible, of which fifteen are from the books of Proverbs, and Ecclesiastes, and twenty from the New Testament. The greater number of the quotations do not correspond with any printed texts; and it is probable that in these instances, as in many others, Bacon quoted from memory. In some cases he may have himself translated from the Latin of the Vulgate; for his English quotations generally resemble the Rhemish version more nearly than any other.

Bacon repeated favorite quotations or illustrations in many of his works, sometimes using them more than once in the same tract or book. The fable of Atlanta and the golden apples, which is related and explained in the "Wisdom of the Ancients," is used also in the "Advancement of Learning," twice in the first book of the "Novum Organum," twice in the tract on the "Interpretation of Nature," and in several other places. In the essay "Of the Unity of the Church," Bacon quotes from St. Bernard the expression, "In veste ecclesiæ varietas sit, scissura non sit." Mr. Wright enumerates seven other instances in which this quotation is used or alluded to, and there are two or three more not mentioned by him.

For the essays, as we have already said, Francis Bacon gathered from his other works his wisest thoughts and happiest illustrations. In them he displays a keenness and accuracy of observation, a soundness of judgment, equalling, and very frequently surpassing, that shown in his philosophical works. For, although upon his natural philosophy the fame of "this great prince of knowledge" is chiefly based, his political and moral observations and speculations are marked by little or none of that credulity, inconsiderateness, and hastiness of conclusion, which render worthless the "Centuries of Natural History," and make the second book of the

,' Novum Organum" a piece of ingenious trifling. It is the union in himself of the active and the contemplative life which gives to Francis Bacon a position singular and unrivalled among the most illustrious philosophers. Aristotle had labored before him in the collection of materials for a great natural history. Plato had reasoned inductively of the functions of the mind. Schoolmen had taught that the foundations of knowledge must be laid by investigation and experiment. The monk, his namesake, had striven to purge the human mind from the illusions of the market-place, and to deliver it from the stumbling-blocks of habit. Francis Bacon alone, pursuing these studies in hours stolen from the wrangle of the law and the toils of statecraft, attained an excellency for which many who gave to them an entire devotion never dared to hope, and at the same time spoke and wrote of the work of daily life, the business of the market and the shop, the passions and joys of common men, with as much shrewdness and precision as if his only book had been a ledger and his heart had never wandered out of the round of ordinary duties.

THE TENTS OF KEDAR.—The goats of the East are commonly black, and a species of cloth is made from their skins, having the same color. This is the article commonly used by the Arabs for covering their tents. In approaching Bethlehem from the direction of the desert, I passed an encampment of this people, whose tents were all made of this black cloth, and which presented a striking appearance, especially as contrasted with the white canvas tents to which I had been accustomed hitherto, and which travellers so generally employ in that country. At Tekoa, Amos's birth-place, six miles south of Bethlehem, I beheld a similar scene. The settlement there consisted of two separate groups of tents, one larger than the other; they were covered with the black cloth before mentioned, supported on several poles, and turned up in part on one side, so that a person from without could look into the interior. The Arab tents which I saw on the Phœnician plain, between Tyre and Sidon, were covered with the same material. In crossing the mountains of Lebanon, the path of the traveller leads him often along the brow of lofty summits, overlooking deep valleys, at the bottom of which may be seen the long, black tents of migratory shepherds.

It is this aspect of Bedouin encampment that supplies the comparison in Solomon's song (1, 5): "I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon." It is the just remark of a certain traveller that "It would be often difficult to ascribe the epithet 'comely' to the tents of the orientals, viewed singly; but as forming part of a prospect they are a very beautiful object." Being pitched often in the midst of verdant meadows, watered by a running brook, their appearance, as beheld by the distant observer, is the more pleasing, from the contrast of colors which strikes the eye. The pure atmosphere and brilliant sunshine of the East, it will be remembered, give an almost prismatic effect to every object.

I add, for the sake of explanation, that Kedar was the name of an Arabian or Ishmaelitish tribe, who, like nomadic wanderers in general, appear to have dwelt in different places at different times. They are mentioned repeatedly in the Old Testament. The Psalmist, for instance (120, 5), alludes to them in the expression, "Woe is me that I dwell in the tents of Kedar!" They seem to have had a bad pre-eminence above others of their race as a quarrelsome, belligerent people.—*Hacket.*

ONE most striking instance of the imperial benefits derivable from a colony—a colony, too, which could, under no circumstances, adequately defend itself—is furnished by the now noted Bahamas. We believe we may justly estimate at millions of pounds sterling the value of the commerce which, through this medium, has been carried on within the last two years between England and the Southern States. Nassau has, in fact, supplemented the ports of Liverpool, Bristol, Cardiff, and Glasgow. The vigilance of a belligerent force has been in a great degree neutralized by the convenient contiguity of this obscure little harbor to the blockaded harbors of Charleston and Savannah. Half the advantages of the existing trade between England and the Confederate States, England owes to this little community of Bahamian wreckers and storekeepers. Without its aid the English goods shipped to the South, and Southern cotton shipped to England, could in no instance have escaped capture. No cost of military defence could be considered as too great for the maintenance of a colony enjoying so advantageous a position. —*Quarterly Review.*

From Once a Week.

THE FISHERMAN OF LAKE SUNAPEE.

Some years ago I had occasion to leave Cincinnati, which had been my temporary residence during some months, in order to meet a friend at Steubenville, a busy thriving town on the eastern side of the State of Ohio, and standing on the river from which the State takes its name. Apparently the distance between these two places would not be much more than two hundred miles, but the tortuous course of the river makes it at least three hundred, when the journey is performed by water, as indeed it of necessity must be.

I had no business whatever of my own at Steubenville, but in compliance with my friend's request that I should accompany him in a visit to some of the salt-works in the neighborhood, in which he was largely concerned, I had agreed to meet him on a certain day, at a certain hotel in this town.

I reached Steubenville about noon, and proceeded at once to the hotel where I expected to find my friend. He was not there, but, in his stead, I found a letter from him, in which he told me that he had met with an accident which would render his leaving home impossible for another week. This was rather annoying. I deliberated for a few minutes, uncertain whether to take the next Cincinnati boat and return immediately, or to wait patiently a whole week in a place in which I had no acquaintances and no occupation. I wanted recreation, the hotel seemed comfortable, and I soon decided to make it my head-quarters till my friend's arrival, and to spend my leisure time in rambling about the neighboring country.

Whoever has travelled in Ohio has seen one of the most exuberantly fertile regions of the great American continent; there indeed does the earth bring forth abundantly, not only corn and fruits, but it is rich in some of the most useful minerals, iron and coal.

There are no mountains in Ohio, but much high table land, rising to about a thousand feet above the level of the sea, and even these hills are covered with a fertile soil to their summits. The whole country is watered by navigable rivers of great beauty, which bear on their gentle currents the products of this highly-cultivated region.

But I am not about to give either a geographical or statistical account of this State, though much might be told of it that is marvellous, when we consider that it is no longer ago than in 1788 that its first white settlers were a little party of emigrants from New England, and that, forty years after their arrival, towns and villages had sprung up amongst the smiling valleys and rich plains, while the growth of the population, now considerably more than a million and a half, is such as has never been paralleled.

I was always fond of fishing, and after having spent two or three days on horseback, leaving the choice of road very much to my horse's discretion, as the country was all new to me, and apparently equally beautiful whichever way I roamed, I borrowed a rod and line from my host, and set out towards a little stream, from which I had observed a man catching fish at a great rate the day before. My way lay through the edge of a forest—one of those magnificent forests of gigantic trees that stretch back from the river for miles, and which are now and then broken by a fertile prairie, or, as we should call it, a natural meadow.

I soon found the place I was in quest of—a narrow opening in the forest, through which ran a clear, rippling stream, not more than thirty or forty feet in breadth. Almost at the same spot in which I had seen him the preceding day, stood the same figure, with his rod in hand, and the rest of his tackle lying by his side on the short smooth turf. I also noticed that a book, which from its appearance I felt almost sure was the Bible, lay on a blue cotton handkerchief by the side of his fishing-basket. He looked up and took a scrutinizing survey of me from head to foot, as I approached, and was making my mental observations on him; his countenance was grave and even melancholy, but not forbidding, or in any degree unpleasant, so I ventured to address him, and, English fashion, made some commonplace remark upon the state of the weather.

"You are from the old country, I guess," said my new acquaintance.

"You guess right. But what makes you think so?"

"Because you told me it was a fine day. We Americans are so used to fine weather that we don't think much of it. I guess you don't get much of it in your country."

Of course I defended our country from such an injurious imputation, while gener-

ously admitted that we had not, either in summer or winter, anything like the bright, clear atmosphere of America.

I had seen enough of New England and the New Englanders to enable me to recognize a Yankee as soon as I heard him speak, and I was well aware that this man was from one of the Eastern States; probably, thought I, he is a settler, who has migrated from some bleak, rocky district, in hopes of bettering his fortunes in this land flowing with milk and honey.

There is nothing like a community of tastes for furnishing subjects of conversation, even between strangers; so, in five minutes from the time of our first meeting, we were deep in the mysteries of fly-fishing. My companion who was evidently an experienced angler, caught at least two fish to my one, for he had greatly the advantage over me, inasmuch as he was thoroughly acquainted with the peculiarities of fish, of which I did not even know the names, for they, like the birds, the plants, and many other things pertaining to natural history, are different from those of England.

Though very grave, I did not find my companion either taciturn or reserved; on the contrary, he seemed ready to converse on any subject that was started. Once or twice, indeed, he answered me in a strange, abrupt manner, and instantly turned the conversation, as if what I said had offended him, or in some way given him pain, though I could not imagine how that could be.

After enjoying several hours' good sport, I thought it time to return to my inn, but my companion would not hear of it.

"You must not go back to-night," said he. "You must come home with me; the old woman will find you a bed, and I will show you my little farm, out in the bush, yonder. I guess you could not match it for beauty in your country."

I felt no inclination to throw doubts on this point. Why should I? I like to see a man prefer his own country, as he would his own wife and his own children, to any other in the world; so I thanked him, and after making some apologies for the trouble an unexpected guest might give his wife, I accepted his friendly invitation. I had been in America long enough to understand what was meant by "the old woman," having as frequently heard the epithet applied to young wives as to those who were really aged.

We packed up our traps, and I saw the Bible carefully wrapped in the blue handkerchief, and deposited in one of my friend's capacious pockets. He then conducted me through a little opening on the outskirt of the forest—*bush* he always called it, which led to his humble dwelling. It was a log house of the best description, built entirely by himself he told me, and certainly not without considerable regard to taste, both as to situation, and as to external appearance. It stood in the midst, not of a *clearance*, but of a natural opening of about fifty acres in extent, which was surrounded by the most beautiful shrubs and forest trees. Kalmias and Rhododendrons, of dimensions such as are never seen in England, grew amongst the clean, straight stems of the oaks, hickory, sugar-maples, and I know not what besides, whilst in many places the wild grape-vines hung in graceful festoons from the branches of the forest trees which formed their support.

On two sides of the house ran, what in England would be called a verandah, but what in New England, as well as in New York State, in which they were doubtless first introduced by the Dutch settlers, are known by no other name than the Stoup. In these pleasant, wide stoups, the floors of which are generally very nicely boarded and painted, the women of the family sit to sew or knit in warm weather, the children play in them when the sun is too hot, or the weather too wet for them to go out of doors; and the men not unfrequently solace themselves with a pipe. At the back of the house, the stoup serves for larder, store-room, laundry, garden-house, and a vast many other purposes. I have seen joints of frozen meat hanging in the "back stoup" for weeks together, along with frozen fowls, dry salt fish, and venison. At other seasons, strings of apple chips, or peach chips, are hanging to dry, or the household linen, which would be injured by the great heat of the sun in summer, or covered with snow in the winter, if exposed without shelter. In short, the stoup is the most ornamental, agreeable, and useful addition to a country house.

We went through the stoup into a good-sized, comfortable looking room: no one was in it, but the "women's litters," as my com-

panion called the various signs of industry that lay about, showed that it had been occupied very recently.

"I guess my wife is busy at the back," said the master, as he stepped out again, and shouted Esther! Esther! in a voice that might have been heard half a mile off.

I took the opportunity which his absence gave me of looking round the room. The furniture was such as I had seen in numbers of New England farmhouses; the same flaringly painted time-piece; the same light, bass-wood chairs, so different to the heavy oaken ones of an English farmhouse; and the same thrifty, home-made rag carpet. A gaudy tea-tray, and some common looking china graced a set of corner shelves, and the inevitable rocking-chair stood by the side of the stove. A few old-fashioned looking books, ranged on a single shelf between the windows, attracted my attention, as I have often observed, that from the character of the books we see in a house, we may form some idea of the tastes, if not of the character, of its inhabitants. The collection was small but rather curious.

"New England's Memorial, a brief relation of the providence of God manifested to planters, 1669." "The Day-breaking of the Gospel in New England." "Good news from England, . . . concerning the painful laborers in that vineyard of the Lord, and who be the preachers to them, 1647." All very edifying works no doubt. Added to these were Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," his "Holy War," and some other books of which I do not recollect the names.

Two colored engravings adorned the wall opposite the windows. Both were from Scripture subjects, one representing "The raising of Jairus' Daughter," the other, "Our Saviour stilling the Tempest." One glance at these works of art was sufficient, but my eye rested with much curiosity upon the object which hung between them.

Under a glass, smoothed out, and tacked at the corners with four or five very small, neatly cut, wooden pegs, to a cedar shingle of about eight inches wide, and six deep, was a torn, irregularly shaped piece of common-looking calico print, and around this picture, as I must call it, for want of a more appropriate name, was a deep frame, made of some kind of pine cones, sawn in halves, and arranged in a manner that showed considerable taste as well as ingenuity. The inscription under the piece of print nowise assisted me in forming any conjecture as to what this strange looking affair could be, for it was only the word—

"FAITHFUL"

printed in capital letters, and apparently by some unpractised hand.

The sound of footsteps reminded me that I had not yet been introduced to the mistress of the house, who now entered the room with her husband. She was a tall, spare, but very good-looking woman, of about forty-five years of age,—not so much, perhaps, for American women look quite as old at thirty, as English women do at forty. The mode of introduction was more practical than ceremonious. This was it: "Here, Esther, here's the gentleman from the old country that I've been telling you about,—I don't know his name."

"My name is George Laurence," said I, bowing to the lady.

"And my name is Reuben Baldwin, from New Hampshire. Do you know New Hampshire, sir?"

"I have travelled through some parts of it; I have been through the Notch in the White Mountains; we have nothing like *that* in England," said I, thinking to propitiate Mr. Baldwin by the generous admission, for I had again seen the strange, dreamy look which I had noticed while we were fishing in the morning.

"No, sir, you've nothing like it in England; and I've read that there's nothing like it in the whole world."

"It is very grand—very wonderful," said I: "noble scenery amongst the White Mountains, and capital fishing in your New England lakes, as no doubt *you* know."

If I had doubled my fist and given Reuben Baldwin a knock-down blow with it, he could hardly have looked more amazed than when I uttered these apparently inoffensive words.

"Lake!" he exclaimed, in an excited tone, "what lake? you don't mean to say that you have been fishing . . . in that lake. . . ."

"I never fished in any lake or in any stream in New England," replied I. "I was frequently told that fish were very plentiful in those beautiful lakes; that's all I know about the matter."

Whilst this short dialogue had been going

on, Esther had cleared away the "litters," put everything in its place, and was now setting the table in that quick, silent manner I have so often remarked amongst her countrywomen. Without appearing to notice our conversation, she now turned towards her husband, and in a low voice asked him if he could find a few hen's eggs for her, as she had none in the house.

"Yes, yes; there's some in the wood-house, I saw them there this morning. I'll bring them to you in a minute; and now, Esther, fly round and get us something to eat as quick as you can."

As soon as her husband left the room, Mrs. Baldwin came towards me, and in a grave, earnest manner, said, "'Twas not that I so much wanted the eggs, but—don't say anything about fishing in them New Hampshire lakes to my husband, it sets him off so; and, for the laud's sake! don't ask nothing about that kind o' picture," continued she, indicating the mysterious-looking, cone-framed print rag, which I have already described, by a slight nod; "it would send him wild—and yet perhaps he'll tell you all about it himself, if you don't notice it, for he seems to have taken a fancy to you."

There is a cool imperturbability about a Yankee woman which makes me believe that she could never be taken by surprise, never be thrown off her guard; her complete self-possession and command of countenance, under all circumstances, are admirable; and yet, perhaps, there are cases in which an English woman's embarrassment would be more interesting; but, however, this was not one of them.

Mrs. Baldwin had hardly finished speaking when her husband returned with the eggs, which he handed to her in his hat. She looked up at the clock.

"The steak and fish are quite done by this time, Reuben, and by the time you've eaten them the pancakes will be ready."

She left us for a few minutes, and then returned with a tray laden with a dish of stewed fish that was fit to set before a London alderman, a beefsteak, to which I cannot give such unqualified praise, a dish of potatoes, and another of boiled Indian corn. Setting these things on the table, she slipped out of the room again, and brought in a second relay, consisting of pumpkin-pies—which are very much like our cheese-cakes—cranberry jelly, cheese, butter, cakes, and tea; to these, as a matter of course, were added hot rolls of beautiful light bread. How it is managed I cannot conceive, but I will here mention incidentally that I never sat down to tea or breakfast in an American farmhouse without seeing hot rolls that looked as if they had that minute come out of the oven!

Though nothing could exceed the hospitality of my entertainer, I did not feel altogether at my ease. The injunction given me by his wife, in such a mysterious manner, had raised a doubt in my mind as to whether he was perfectly sane, and the apprehension I was under lest I should unwittingly say something that would "set him off," or "send him wild," was a constant restraint upon the freedom of my conversation.

"I am not to say anything about the lakes of New England, and I am to take no notice of that queer picture," said I to myself. "Well, there are plenty of other subjects open to me, for Mr. Baldwin is a sensible, intelligent man." But then the unpleasant suspicion of his being deranged again presented itself, and I began to speculate upon what kind of lunacy it might be that he was afflicted with—whether he was violent, for instance? His wife had no appearance of being afraid of him; but then, as I said before, these Yankee women are so wonderfully calm and self-possessed, that that's no rule! At all events, here I must stay for the night, for to make any excuse for going back to Steubenville, after having so far received his hospitality, would be most ungracious—besides, "Reuben has taken a fancy to me."

Our plentiful meal—which was dinner, tea, and supper all in one—was over, and all things cleared away by a little after eight o'clock. Knowing the primitive hours that are kept by the country people in most parts of America, and being unwilling to cause any inconvenience in the family, I offered to retire, if this were their hour for going to bed.

"Well, sir, as soon as you please; but you'll excuse me if I read a chapter or two first; 'tis my custom, sir, and I believe I should not sleep good if I neglected it. We New Englanders are mostly brought up to read the Bible, but some of us are apt to forget it, and to think of nothing but how to get money, and then the Lord sends us something to waken us up, and show us his power."

As Reuben spoke, he walked up to the strange looking picture, and stood with his eyes fixed on it. I was afraid that he now was really "going off," and thought it most prudent to make no reply to his observations, as it might tend to make matters worse. His wife, however, seemed to know how to manage him; for taking his Bible down from the shelf, she handed it to him, saying, "Here, Reuben, it is getting late."

He took it from her mechanically, with his eyes still fixed on the picture, and then in a low voice, as if he were talking to himself, said, "FAITHFUL—yes; that's what I forgot to be, and the Lord visited me in his wrath."

"You wont talk now, please, Reuben; I aint so good a scholar as you, and I never can read when anybody is talking," said Mrs. Baldwin, as she laid an old, well-worn Bible in large print on the table before her. Reuben also sat down to read, and for the time, I hoped, the danger was over.

I took up "Good News from England," which I found to be a curious journal of the doings and sufferings of the first settlers who went from England in the May Flower, written by one of them, Mr. Winslowe, whose name is still held in reverence in New England. It was he, I read, that imported into that country the first neat cattle that were ever seen there. After reading with great attention for about half an hour, Reuben closed his book, and asked if I were inclined to go to bed. I was quite willing to do so; for, besides that I had been upon my feet for a great many hours, and began to feel the want of rest, I knew that it would be expected that I should be ready for breakfast by four, or, at latest, by five o'clock the next morning. I had not far to go to my sleeping-room, which was separated merely by boards from the room in which we had been sitting, and was just half its width; the other half formed the bedroom of my host and hostess. As we were about to leave the room, I noticed that there was neither lock nor bolt on the outer door, a deficiency that I had frequently observed in the country parts of America.

"I guess you can't very well do without them things in your country," said Mr. Baldwin, with a sly smile of superiority.

"Not in the part that *I* come from, certainly," replied I,—an answer not quite free from prevarication; but I confess that I felt then, as I had often done before, somewhat ashamed of the want of common honesty in my own country, which makes it so absolutely necessary for us to look carefully to the fastenings of our doors and windows every night.

I have often slept in rooms in which there was a most troublesome superabundance of furniture, where conveniences were multiplied till they became inconveniences, and where every "coign of vantage" was occupied by a useless knickknack. A bed, a small table and basin, one chair, and a few wooden pegs to hang my clothes on, were all that graced Reuben Baldwin's spare room—and it was sufficient: everything was clean and comfortable, and I never slept better in my life.

At five, next morning, we sat down to a breakfast of the same profuse description as our supper of the preceding night. Fried bacon, omelets, Johnny-cake, two or three kinds of preserved fruits, and excellent coffee were on the table, all prepared by the indefatigable Esther: her husband milked the cow and sawed the wood for the stove, and probably helped her with the heaviest work, but she kept no servant of any kind to assist her. It has often been a mystery to me to imagine how these American women get through all the multifarious business that falls to their share with so little apparent effort or fatigue. In one or two instances in which I felt myself upon sufficiently familiar terms to allow of my asking the question, the answer has been, "Well, I guess it is just what we've been used to." What would our English farmers' daughters think of such work? I think I may venture to answer for them, "'Tis what we have never been used to!"

After breakfast, I went with Mr. Baldwin to look at his farm, of which he was not a a little proud. He told me that he had had it only two years, and that his were the first crops that were ever grown on the land. Though so small in extent, he and his wife could get a good living out of the farm, the soil of which was rich and deep, and very easily worked, and when there was nothing particular to be done on the land, he caught fish in some of the neighboring streams, which he could always find a ready sale for at Steubenville.

The prohibitions which I had received from Mrs. Baldwin, or I should rather say the hasty

conclusion that I had drawn from them, had prevented my asking Reuben many questions which occurred to me respecting New England and its farming, and the comparative advantages and disadvantages to be found in Ohio; the former, if I might at all trust my own judgment, greatly preponderating. Yet the man seemed to be communicative, and much more open in his manner than the generality of his countrymen whom I had conversed with; and in whom, indeed, the want of openness is so common, as fairly to be called a national characteristic. This morning, too, he seemed to be in good spirits, and I had not once observed the gloomy, or unhappy expression of countenance which I saw the day before.

I had seen enough of New England in merely travelling through it, to be aware of the general inferiority of its soil; for, with some notable exceptions, the land is absolutely encumbered with rocks, which can be got rid of by the farmer only at a vast expense of capital and labor; the climate, too, is severe, and the winter long and cold. I knew also that there had been for many years past, a tide of emigration from the New England States into Ohio, and even to the far west; therefore it did not appear strange to me that Reuben Baldwin should leave the sterile soil and bleak climate of New Hampshire, for the fertile land he had chosen, and I said something to that effect.

I saw his countenance change immediately, and he walked on for a minute or two before he made any reply to my observation.

"What you say about our rough climate and stony farms in New England is quite true, but as I was raised there I did not think much of them things—we don't when we have been used to them all our life, any more than you think of all the fogs and dull dark days you get in England. No, sir, I should have lived there happy enough, and died there, if it had not pleased God to recall the greatest blessing he had bestowed upon us, and in such an awful way! It well nigh took away my senses, but thanks be to the Lord who comforteth those that are cast down. For our affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Here Reuben again made a long pause, which I did not think fit to interrupt, as I still felt uncertain whether he was suffering from any great calamity, or whether he labored under some kind of religious insanity, a malady which is said to be very prevalent in the Eastern States.

We entered the log-house in silence. Mrs. Baldwin was sitting in the rocking-chair, busily employed in knitting a man's worsted stocking. She raised her eyes for an instant, and gave the slightest possible nod to her husband, as much as to say: "I see you," or "here am I," her knitting and her rocking going on vigorously all the while in perfect silence. And yet, under this cold and undemonstrative exterior, how much kindness was latent!

After sincerely thanking the worthy couple for their hospitality, I offered to take my leave, but Reuben would not consent to my going away so soon.

"Not yet, sir; not yet: 'tis not often that we see any one here, for we live very retired, and have no neighbors out here in the bush; but though I don't care much about society, I do like to have somebody like yourself to talk with sometimes—it cheers me up, and does me good, so you will not leave us just yet, I hope."

I could not urge the necessity of my presence at Steubenville, as I had already said that I had nothing to do there, but to wait for my friend's arrival from New York. I therefore accepted the invitation as frankly as it was offered, and sat down by the open window, looking with admiration at the rich tints of the varied foliage, and the beautiful glimpses of forest scenery that were before me.

"You see, sir," said Reuben, "what a nice place I've got here—everything to make a man happy, you must think; and I am happier than I ever thought to be again, when I first settled here, little more than two years ago. Esther, my, dear, I shall tell the gentlemen why it was that we could'nt live no longer in the old place: I feel better for talking of it sometimes—at first I could not; but that's over now."

"I should be sorry, indeed," said I, "if I have asked any question, or made any remark that has given you pain, by reminding you of past misfortunes."

"I know it, sir. I'm sure you would not say anything to hurt my feelings; and as to reminding me of what's past, that can't be avoided. Why, sir, this morning, as we

were walking through the bush, and talking about the different crops grown in your country, we came to where a lot of pine cones lay under the trees. I don't suppose you noticed them, but I did; and for a minute or two I did not hear what you were saying, no more than if I'd been in New Hampshire, for my mind was wandering back to the time when the poor child used to pick them up, and make believe shooting me with them; but I have not told you about her yet. My mind seems to *run off the rails like*, sometimes, and I forget what I am talking about."

Mr. Baldwin was walking up and down the room in an excited manner, as he spoke; presently he stopped opposite the strange-looking picture, and began dusting the frame with his handkerchief.

"You have not offered Mr. Laurence any of our cider, Reuben; perhaps he would like some after walking so long in the heat."

"I'm glad you thought of it, Esther. My wife thinks of everything, sir," continued he, as soon as Mrs. Baldwin left the room to fetch the cider; "if it had not been for her I should have lost my senses under that great trial, for I almost lost faith and trust in God, so great was my affliction. But, after the first, she bore up so like a true Christian, that I took comfort from her example, and though at times my mind is sore troubled, I *know* that all things work together for good to them that love God."

When Mrs. Baldwin returned with a jug of cider, there was another pause; but this time her little *ruse* had not succeeded in turning her husband's thoughts from what I suppose she considered a dangerous subject, for after filling our glasses he resumed the conversation.

"You have been in New Hampshire, sir, so I need not tell you what a different country that is to what you now see; and you have been through the Notch in the White Mountains; that is quite in the north of the range. I lived to the south, near the foot of the Sunapee Mountain, for all them hills have names, though strangers call them the 'White Mountains,' as if they were all one thing. They get their name from their tops being covered with snow for ten months in the year; nothing wont grow *there* but black moss. Lower down there is a growth of dwarfed ugly pines, and 'tis only quite at the foot of the hills, and on the plains, that trees grow to a large size. Except that there are some fertile valleys, the country all round about for miles is the roughest I know anywhere; in some parts great blocks of granite, of many tons weight, lie all over the land, so that it is impossible to plow amongst them, and even on the best land the stones are a great hindrance to the farmer. Well, sir, I lived in one of them pleasant valleys I told you of; we were nicely sheltered from the cold winds by the rising ground and the pine woods at the back, and right in front, not more than a furlong from my door, was Lake Sunapee. I have heard that there are lakes in your country so handsome that people go from all parts to look at them; well, I guess there ain't none handsomer than Lake Sunapee. The water is as blue as the heavens, and so clear and smooth, that the mountains and dark pine woods are reflected in it just as if it was a looking-glass. Perhaps you would think it a lonely place, for our nearest neighbors were on the other side of the lake; but we New England farmers never think ourselves lonely if we live within sight of a neighbor's house, and I could see three or four.

"Well, sir, my wife and I had been married a good many years, but we had no children till about four years ago, when it pleased God to give us a little daughter, and I can't tell you how much I loved that child. My wife named it Faithful—that was her own mother's given name—and the child grew and ran about quite strong, and began to talk in her own pretty way, and Esther and I used to say to one another, what a blessing she was, and what a comfort she would be to us in our old age. In the evening after my work was done, I often used to carry her down to the lake, where I spent much of my time fishing, and she would run about on the hard, white sand that lies along the shore, as happy as an angel, while her mother and I sat under the shade of the pines near by, watching her.

"The last time she was ever to play there was on one Sabbath evening; the day had been rather hot and close for September, and we noticed that we could not see a leaf stir, the air was so still when we got down to the Sunapee shore, where there was always a fresh breeze off the water even in the hottest days of summer. The poor child had picked up an apronful of pine cones, and put them

into my coat pocket to carry home for her, and then we all sat down, for she seemed tired and sleepy, and before many minutes she fell asleep on her mother's lap. This was about an hour before sunset: but almost on a sudden it grew so dark that we thought there must be a heavy thunder-storm coming, and we rose up to go home as quick as possible, thinking that the child would get wet. I took little Faithful from Esther, who went on as fast as she could before me. There was not a breath of air stirring, nor any thunder, but as it grew darker every minute, the lightning seemed to flash over the waters of the lake and light them up for an instant, and then again they looked as black as ink. As fast as I could I followed my wife along the path that led to our house, hoping that the child would be safe if we got there before the storm broke over our heads, for at that time I did not think of its being more than a very severe storm, though I never had seen one come on so sudden as this. Just as we got to the place where the path makes a turn, my wife stopped suddenly, and throwing up her hands, cried out:—

"'O Lord have mercy on us, for surely the end of the world is at hand.'

"I never shall forget the awful sight I saw when I looked up! An immense black pillar that whirled round and round furiously, and sent out flashes of red light in every direction, seemed to be coming rapidly towards us; we were now but a short distance from our own door, and by hurrying forward with all our strength, in another minute we were in the house. My wife took the child out of my arms, while at the same instant we both exclaimed, 'Thank the Lord she is safe,' and Esther, who was ready to fall from terror and exhaustion, laid our little sleeping angel on the bed.

"Up to that time we had not heard a sound, and the air was as still and oppressive as it had been all day; but just as my wife stooped down to kiss her little Faithful, a great crash and rushing wind shook the house, and at the same moment I felt myself carried up into the air and whirled along in complete darkness. What more happened to me I don't know anything about, for I lost all sense, until I found myself some hours afterwards lying on the earth amongst uprooted trees, torn branches, and broken pieces of buildings. Meantime my wife was carried in another direction, right over two or three stone fences, over a stream of water, and across several fields; but neither she nor I can give any account of what happened to us after we heard that dreadful crash, just as we were lifted up into the air, though neither of us was hurt any more than being a little bruised and stunned like; but the most terrible part of the story I have not yet told, though 'tis most likely you have guessed it already—we never saw our child again!

"For many days we searched amongst the ruined farms, and through the shattered and torn-up trees, and wherever the whirlwind could be traced by its work of destruction; but all in vain. The bedstead on which my wife had laid the dear child was found in the pine wood at the foot of the mountain, one of our chairs, along with some of the rafters of the house, were carried right across the lake into another man's farm, but *she* was never found. A neighbor brought us a small piece of the frock she had on, which he picked up amongst the broken stumps of the trees that had had all their tops clean carried away, and this—this is all," said the poor fellow, pointing to the piece of print under the glass, "that we now have that ever belonged to our dear child,"

"Everything we had was destroyed," said Mrs. Baldwin, who, with the same tact that I had observed on another occasion, now addressed me in order to give her husband time to recover himself.

"Everything we had was destroyed; but we felt only one loss—that of our child. At first I thought if we had lost our child, as other parents lose theirs, I could have borne it; but to have her carried away in a raging whirlwind, and never see her again—oh! it was a hard hard, trial. But we cannot choose—it was the Lord's doing, and it is our duty to submit."

Mrs. Baldwin covered her face with her hands for a minute, but soon mastering her emotion, she rose, and taking down the picture from the nail on which it hung, she put it into my hands.

"There, sir, those are the cones that our little Faithful picked up and put into her father's pocket only an hour before she was taken from us. As soon as he could fix his mind to any kind of work, he set himself to make this frame with them, for *the storm had spared them to us for that purpose*, he said."

I assured Mrs. Baldwin that I had already admired the beauty of the workmanship, though I did not then know the sad history which gave it so much interest.

"If you should ever visit that part of the country," resumed Mr. Baldwin, again addressing me, "you will see the traces of that storm for miles; where it began, or where it ended, I can't say, but the greatest mischief was done just by our lake. It seemed to burst right over my house, and then gather up and carry everything away, sweeping furiously across the lake, and even driving the water several hundred feet on to the land on the opposite shore, as was plainly seen by the mud that was left there. From the first I believed that our child slept her death-sleep beneath those waters on which I had so often taken her in my little fishing-boat—and when she could nowhere be found amongst the ruins that the storm had made, I felt certain of it. I did not care to rebuild my house where everything would remind us of our misfortune — and as to fishing in that lake again, or even rowing on those waters, I could not bear to think of it. So I sold my land for what little I could get, and soon fixed myself here where you see me. Thank God, I have done very well, and in the course of time perhaps—but we can't forget our lost child."

This was the strange history I heard from Reuben Baldwin—an unpolished man, but a man of excellent sense and generous, warm feelings. With such a gem of a farm as he is now in, with such an admirable partner in his joys and sorrows, and above all, with the blessings of Providence, Reuben Baldwin may yet live to be a happy, if not a rich man.

I took leave of the worthy couple with the painful feeling that I was not likely ever to see them again, or even to make them any return for the kindness and hospitality they had bestowed on me.

It is not my intention to describe my meeting with my New York friend, or the business which brought us together, for there was nothing in it that could afford interest to any third person.

Two days after I left Reuben Baldwin's log-house in the bush, I was again in Cincinnati, where I made it my first business to procure a handsome copy of "Izaak Walton's Complete Angler," which I sent with my grateful remembrance to the Fisherman of Lake Sunapee.

Vitality of Seeds.—In addition to the old story of the vegetation of wheat found in an Egyptian mummy, the New Hampshire *Journal of Agriculture*, in reply to the inquiry of a correspondent as to the length of time that seeds retain their vitality, quotes the following statement from an English paper.

James Binks, in the *North British Agriculturist*, stated that he had recently cleared off some old Roman encampments on his farm near Alnwick, a farm which he had lived upon for sixty-four years, and forthwith among the barley there sown, arose some seventy-four varieties of oats, never seen in that section before. As no oats had been sown, he supposed the place to be an old cavalry camp, and that the oats which were ripened under other skies, had lain covered with debris for 1,500 years, and now, being exposed to the action of the sun and air, they germinated as readily as though but recently sown.

St. Vincent de Paul.—"After having spent much strength and labor to little purpose," said this zealous evangelist (St. Vincent de Paul), "I was one day lamenting before God, as I walked to church, the little fruits of my exertions. As I went along, I was overtaken by a vine-dresser. I took the opportunity of asking him how the missions were liked. 'Sir,' said the peasant, 'we all feel obliged to you for your kind intentions; we are likewise sensible that everything you tell us is good, but you preach too long. We ignorant boors are just like our own wine-vats—the juice must have plenty of room left to work; and once filled to the brim, if you attempt to pour in more, even if it were the very best juice in the world, it will only be spilt on the ground and lost.' "—*From the Tour to Alet in Mrs. Shimnelpenninck's Memoirs of Port Royal.*

Men are so inclined to content themselves with what is commonest; the spirit and the senses so easily grow dead to the impressions of the beautiful and perfect, that every one should study, by all methods, to nourish in his mind the faculty of feeling these things. For no man can bear to be entirely deprived of such enjoyments; it is only because they are not used to taste of what is excellent, that the generality of people take delight in silly and insipid things provided they be new. For this reason one ought, every day at least, to hear a little song, and read a good poem, see a fine picture, and, if it were possible, to speak a few reasonable words.—*Goethe.*

From Once a Week.

TOM MORLAND'S PREFERMENT.

CHAPTER I.

"CHANLEIGH! Chanleigh! shouted the guard, with a conventional accentuation on the word which almost prevented its recognition, and Tom Morland, who had been on the look-out for the station for the last quarter of an hour, got out of the train. But Chanleigh was not his destination. He inquired of the station master how far off the village of Beauchamp was; and learning that the distance might be "something better nor three miles," he desired that his luggage might be sent on in the solitary square box on wheels which, doing duty as a fly, had come down from the inn on speculation; and set out on foot in the direction indicated.

"I take yon to be the new parson of Beauchamp," said one of the bystanders to another.

The supposition was a correct one. Tom Morland, at thirty-seven years of age, had become rector of Beauchamp. He had been a hard-working curate for thirteen years: during a portion of them he had had the care of a large, straggling parish, in the opposite extremities of which he held three services every Sunday. His preferment came to him in this wise. One Sunday afternoon he had arrived, according to his custom, at a little chapel on a breezy common, which was situated some miles from the vicarage house in which he was permitted to live during the lengthened absence of its rightful owner in Italy. He was in the act of putting on his surplice, when a sudden idea caused him to feel in his pocket for his sermon,—in vain. He remembered that the weather having suddenly changed just before his leaving home, he had taken off his coat and put on an older and thicker one: in the pocket of his best garment the sermon had undoubtedly remained. Tom Morland had never yet attempted an extempore sermon: he held that the mere fact of writing down ideas compelled a closer and deeper study of the subject; that what was unsound in the matter would sometimes strike the outward eye more readily than the inward one. Nevertheless, on this occasion, there was no help for it. While the congregation were singing four verses of a hymn, he made up his mind what text he would take for his discourse. Tom was not a nervous man; the sight of the thirty or forty upturned faces from the open benches gave him no pang of alarm, and his sermon, which was brief, and very much to the point, did not suffer from the circumstances under which he preached it. He was leaving the church at the conclusion of the service, when the old beadle, whose cheeks were like a winter apple, hurried up to him with the intelligence that Squire Luttrell had brought a visitor to church with him that afternoon, and that he had it on the authority of the squire's servants that the visitor was no other than the Bishop of ———. Tom remembered that once or twice during the service he had met the eyes of a little old gentleman in the squire's pew, and he laughed as he caught himself wishing that he had not left his sermon in his best coat pocket. Three weeks afterwards, when Tom had almost forgotten the occurrence, the squire's distinguished visitor presented him to the living of Beauchamp, of the annual value of three hundred and twenty-seven pounds.

Tom came down to his new home a solitary man. His father and mother had died when he was young: the money they left behind them had barely served to complete his preparation for the church. He had had a sister some years older than himself, far away in India, and married to a chaplain there. She was a fair, gentle, kind-hearted creature. She had been Tom's ideal of womanly perfection in his childhood, and so she remained throughout his life. He never saw her after their separation in his youth. She was amongst the victims of a violent outbreak of cholera at a distant station, and her death was the sole darkening shadow on Tom's life, which was otherwise essentially a happy one. He had strong health and buoyant spirits; perhaps he had but an ordinary intellect, but he was thoroughly practical in his dealings with the souls as well as the bodies of his fellow-men, and he had an honest-hearted sincerity about him that won him friends amongst all classes. In person he was tall and stout, with a cheerful smile and kindly brown eyes. His was something better than merely a handsome face: it was a bright and genial one.

The fly containing Tom's luggage rumbled by, and was some time before it was out of sight. He strode on with a pleasant sense

of freedom in his limbs. The country grew picturesque as he left the town of Chanleigh behind him. It was certainly flat, but then it was well wooded, and watered by a little river that ran swiftly and clearly over its pebbly bed. On the banks grew tall grasses, luxuriant in the shade of the willows. He came at length upon a common, covered with long brambles, stretching over stunted gorse bushes, behind which were hid away pools of water known only to the cottagers' asses and their foals, and one or two worn-out plough-horses turned out to graze there. Leaving the common to his right, he made his way down a shady lane, arched with long branches of elm and oak, and presently came upon a village which he rightly concluded to be Beauchamp. At intervals he had passed several farmhouses, which wore an air of comfort and plenty. The village, however, was not in character with them. Damp had seized on many of the cottages. Here, the roof, the walls, and the out-houses were covered with a moss of vivid green, which clung tenaciously, and turned all to rottenness beneath it; there, the door was coated with a fungus which grew as surely as the night came, to be destroyed in the morning, and to grow again, till man's patience was exhausted in the conflict. Hinges had given way; locks were loose, for the screws would never stay in; a dozen carpenters might work from morning till night without effecting much good with such unsatisfactory materials. At every third or fourth house beer was licensed "to be drunk on the premises." The inn, where hung the sign of the Golden Lion—a prodigious animal with a mane of startling brilliancy—was a modern building of brick, and apparently the only one in decent repair. Near it stood the school-house in a dilapidated state, and contrasting painfully with its neighbor. Tom had heard the church clock strike four as he came up to it, and in a moment out rushed a swarm of children: boys, girls, and infants. He watched them with keen interest. They were the soil in which he was to plant seeds, to weed, to reap—God granting it—the harvest of reward. Half a dozen boys a little older than the rest were in loud turmoil. From the midst of the group Tom heard a rattling noise, then a groan: and a cry of "Shame to knock down Jemmy Bates!" broke from the rest. A boy, about ten years of age, evidently a cripple—for a little pair of crutches had rolled away into a ditch—lay on the ground, unable to rise. In another moment, just as Tom had almost succeeded in reaching him, he was rescued by a woman's hand, with the fond foolish words which will serve as a panacea for half the woes of childhood till the end of time. Tom turned to the speaker. She had a care-worn look, and was almost shabbily dressed; but she had a profusion of fair hair, and large gray eyes, whose expression atoned for waning youth and freshness. The children made way for her eagerly, and Jemmy Bates himself seemed thankful to be near her even at the cost of his bruises. The boy who had knocked him down slunk away.

"Now, Jemmy," she said, "we will go home together, and to-morrow you shall wait for me. I dare say it was carelessness; no one would be so cruel as to hit you a blow on purpose."

"Oh, yes, Miss Letitia; I saw him!" was the general cry. "I did!" and "I did!" "And I am afraid I did," said Tom, who had raised his hat to Miss Letitia, and walked on by her side.

"Are you Mr. Morland?" she asked. "Then do not judge of the boys by this unlucky incident. They are good on the whole; but the schoolmaster has lately suffered much from ill-health, and they have been for some time without the personal superintendence of a clergyman. Altogether, circumstances have been against them."

Tom said truly that children good, bad, or indifferent were always an object of interest to him. He had been watching poor little Jemmy Bates limping painfully by his side, and somewhat to the boy's astonishment he took him up in his arms and carried him along. The distance was soon accomplished. Tom deposited his burden in his mother's cottage, and was overwhelmed with her thanks. Miss Letitia having pointed out to him the nearest way to the rectory, went on her way, and another half-mile brought him to his journey's end. The house which was henceforward to be his dwelling-place was before him. It was one story high, with lattice windows, and a porch, over which grew honeysuckles and roses in the wildest luxuriance. An unsparing hand had planted half a dozen sorts of climbers beneath the windows; one of these had served

as a trellis to another, and so on, till the whole front of the house was in a tangle of foliage. In front was a little grass-plot: no scythe had touched its growth for months, and the gravel path that ran round it was almost choked with weeds. It was a neglected spot.

Tom had bought the household furniture of the executors of the late incumbent, and an elderly woman, who had been left in charge of the house, was engaged by him as his housekeeper. His Lares and Penates were thus already set up. To be enabled to form some idea of the work Tom had before him, it will be necessary to revert to a period sixteen years antecedent to his entering on the living. The rector of Beauchamp was, at that time, named Nevil. He was a widower, with one daughter. She was scarcely seventeen years of age, but she had been her father's almoner, sick-nurse, and school teacher from childhood. Her education had been built upon his theories, and the result had made her, in some measure, different from other girls. She gave all her energies to assist him in the care of the parish, making no friends in her own class of life. When his death occurred suddenly, she found herself alone in the world. An old fellow-collegian of her father presented her case to a charitable fund, which conferred a small annuity upon her, and Letitia Nevil settled down in the place which circumstances had endeared to her, on an income of fifteen pounds a year; her skill in needlework, and her industry in various ways, supplying whatever her need required beyond that amount. The new rector, Mr. Nugent, was an elderly man of good family—handsome, eloquent and agreeable. His wife, who was the daughter of a spendthrift Irish peer, died soon after his arrival in the parish; and his only son, on leaving college was placed in the office of Mr. Wortleby, the solicitor at Chanleigh. George Nugent was like his father in person, careless and extravagant as the elder man was also. Mr. Nugent's debts had accumulated with his years, but they never sat heavily on his shoulders, like the old man of the sea, as they do on many others; for when his creditors were pressing, he packed up his travelling bags and went to Paris or Brussels till they became weary, or resigned to the hopelessness of their case. He was always expecting windfalls. When they came—as they sometimes did—he lived gayly at Beauchamp, giving pleasant little dinners to the sprightliest people he could get together; never troubling himself with parish work, preaching effectively what he seldom attempted to practice, and never striving to restrain his son in the downward course in which he had walked from his boyhood upwards. Three years passed on thus. Suddenly the news spread like wildfire in Chanleigh and Beauchamp that George Nugent had left Mr. Wortleby's office overnight, and had taken his passage in a vessel that sailed on the following morning for Australia. Was his father acquainted with his movements? Nobody ever knew; nobody demurred when he stated his inability to meet his son's debts; nobody wondered at his evasion of the just demands on his time, his energy, or his income. An affection of the lungs was a sufficient excuse to the Bishop of the diocese for Mr. Nugent's residence in the south of France, during the two last years of his life, and a succession of ill-paid curates took the duty at Beauchamp. One became ill and unfit for work from the effects of the damp; another, who had come fresh from a manufacturing town, where he had been accustomed to appeal to intellects as keen as his own, gave up his rural congregation in despair after he had examined a few of the most intelligent-looking members in the churchyard on the subject of the sermon he had just delivered; a third levelled such straightforward denunciations at what he considered the hopeless lethargy of his flock, that they grew too timid to venture into church at all. But in truth it was a discouraging field for action, for no one could look at the vacant eye and the meagre development of brain amongst the laboring population, and hope for much fruit from so sapless a tree. When death removed Mr. Nugent from the supervision of the work to which he had never had sufficient energy to put his own hand, it was owing to the fact of a sermon lying forgotten in the pocket of a coat that an industrious and earnest-minded man had come to fill his place.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Wortleby lived in a large, gloomy house in Chanleigh, of which the lower part was entirely set apart for the transaction of business. On either side of the street-door,

which had a ponderous hard-headed looking knocker upon it, and a brass-plate, which was suffered to turn green, were the offices; behind the larger of the two was Mr. Wortleby's private room. But into this he had not yet descended. He was at breakfast upstairs; at breakfast grimly, solemnly, in the midst of his family; the hush that pervades all atmospheres when the ruling spirit is a cruel one was perceptible in the room. Mr. Wortleby was somewhat past the prime of life; tall, and well-bred, looking with a cold blue eye, and a purple lip that only became life-like when his temper was roused. In his intercourse with his superiors his manners were exquisitely polished; with his equals he was haughty and arrogant; to his inferiors he was symply a tyrant. Amongst the latter class he reckoned his family. Early in life he had married the daughter of a farmer, for the sake of a little hoard of money, which served to buy the business of the solicitor to whom he had been articled, and to secure the best connection in the country. This object attained, he never professed to care whether Mrs. Wortleby lived or died. She bore him seven daughters: like herself, neither pretty nor remarkably ugly; ordinary in ability as in person. As they grew up to womanhood, Mr. Wortleby would sit and gaze at them, his hand supporting his chin, almost savagely. Not one of them resembled him; not one of them had a redeeming point of beauty. Mr. Wortleby was a staunch Conservative: he numbered amongst his clients the representatives of the landed interest of the county; he was land-steward to three noblemen; he sat at their tables, he went on professional visits to their houses. Of course he never dreamt of presenting Mrs. Wortleby to their notice, but for a daughter he would have had no difficulty in procuring an introduction, provided she had beauty or talent, or, better still, the two requisites combined. To have heard "Wortleby's daughter" praised for her beauty, for her singing, for any attraction or accomplishment that would entitle her to be "taken up" by the class he loved to be amongst—this was the craving of his heart, and in it he was doomed to a life-long disappointment. As one little snub-nose after another grew out of the age which their simple-hearted mother looked upon as cherubhood, Mr. Wortleby sighed bitterly, and wrapped himself still more closely in his selfishness. The girls were strongly attached to their mother, who drew all the sunshine of her existence from their kindness and affection. They were but little known amongst their own class in Chanleigh. If a neighbor chanced to call at any time after two o'clock in the day, by which hour the family dinner was concluded, Mrs. Wortleby invaribly saluted her with a wistful request to "stay to tea"—provided, of course, as it generally happened, Mr. Wortleby was from home. This was the extent to which she indulged herself in the pleasures of society.

It was Saturday morning, and the usual supply of newspapers had arrived. Mr. Wortleby had a way of appropriating them to his own use which no one ever ventured to dispute. The *Economist* was thrust under the cushion of his chair; beneath his elbows were two county papers, and he held the *Times* in his hands. His attitude symbolized his life.

A knock at the door of the breakfast-room interrupted his study of the course of events, and a junior clerk, with cheeks that always became cherry-colored at the sight of the seven Miss Wortlebys, announced "Miss Nevil, on business." "Let her wait in my room," said Mr. Wortleby. It was unnecessary for him to hurry himself on her account: her position did not justify such a proceeding. He had barely tolerated her since the day when Mrs. Wortleby had innocently let fall an observation on the fact of her mainly supporting herself by various kinds of intricate needlework, which were sent from time to time to an agent in London. It was sufficient to prove her loss of caste, Mr. Wortleby said, that Mr. Parkins, the grocer of Chanleigh, had made her an offer of marriage on becoming acquainted with the fact. How this had ever come to be a matter of public gossip had never clearly transpired. Mr. Parkins, a liberally-disposed man, giving credit for many an ounce of tea and rasher of bacon which he never expected to get paid for, had learned to look on Miss Letitia as the perfection of womanly grace and sweetness. He was unprepared for the discovery that she took wages for her work, as Miss Simms the village dressmaker did for hers, and with a feeling of chivalry rather than of presumption, he had offered her his home and his honest heart as a desira-

ble alternative. This he had done in a letter, to which Miss Letitia had replied; not accepting his proposal certainly, but declining it with so much gratitude and friendliness that it was generally supposed the publicity of the affair was owing to Mr. Parkins having been discovered opening Miss Letitia's letter on the top of a tea-canister, and sobbing "God bless her kind heart!" when he had finished reading it. She little knew how much this offer of marriage had lowered her in Mr. Wortleby's estimation.

But breakfast, however lengthened out by human caprice or ingenuity, will not last forever, and after Miss Letitia had waited patiently for the greater part of an hour, Mr. Wortleby descended to his room. The clerk had placed a chair for her opposite to the one invariably occupied by Mr. Wortleby, which stood with its back towards the window. Why does the light always fall on the client's face, and never on his counsellor's? No matter what the standing of a solicitor is, the characteristics of his private room never materially vary. The man who makes ten or twelve thousand a year is not more daintily lodged during his business hours than the small attorney who makes five hundred; the wooden boxes may have titled names painted on them instead of plebeian ones, but the difference goes no further. Mr. Wortleby did not shake hands with Miss Nevil; it would have been an unnecessary familiarity. He sat down, and waited stiffly for her to state her business. She did so in brief words.

"Reuben Bates was taken before the magistrates yesterday for poaching, Mr. Wortleby, and he has been sent to be tried at the assizes. I understand they begin next week. I have come to beg you to let some one from your office go to watch his case, and to ask you if the expense of engaging counsel will be beyond my means."

She laid two sovereigns down on the table as she spoke, and seemed to wait for his answer with some anxiety. Mr. Wortleby looked at her suspiciously.

"It is not the first time," he said, "that you have appealed to me in behalf of this man. Of course I am not aware what claim he can have upon you. As regards myself, I am bound to prosecute him, as the representative of the owner of the land on which the offence was committed."

"Tell me then, to whom I can apply—what course I can take, so that he may not be utterly friendless when his trial comes on," she said, earnestly. "What is to become of his wife and children? If you could see their distress I am sure you would have pity on him."

"Mr. Colley of Braxelford will transact any business for you, I have no doubt, Miss Nevil," replied Mr. Wortleby, coldly. "Did you lay something down on the table?"

She looked in his face, and saw that farther entreaty would be in vain. She went out hopelessly. Mr. Colley of Braxelford was a practitioner of evil report: to him it was impossible for her to apply. She had not gone far in the direction of Beauchamp when she met Tom Morland, who was struck by the unusually anxious look in her face.

"You cannot help me," she said, when, in answer to his inquiries, she had detailed the case. "In your position, it would be almost an encouragement to crime to attempt to screen a poacher from the justice of the laws, and you do not know, as I do, what his temptation has been."

"You have helped me too often to make me hesitate on such a point," replied Tom. "I will see that he is properly defended. At all events, we may be able to save him from a long sentence."

"Oh! thank you, thank you, Mr. Morland," she said, eagerly. "But it is my work—a part of my mission here—and I can well afford the expense," she added, trying to smile as Tom looked disquieted at the suggestion. In his heart he doubted the fact.

He had been nearly a year in Beauchamp. Every month had served to concentrate his interest more completely on his parish, which, like most agricultural districts, was devoid of any striking feature. His life was not likely to provoke any man to write a biographical account of it—surely the meanest injury that one human being can inflict on another, when the grave can give forth no denial, no justification, no contempt even for ill-deserved or wrongly-placed praise. He had labored hard, and had effected much. By dint of urgent representations to the landlords, drains had been made where mud was once rampant; by force of earnest counsel at least a third of the swaggering hunters of the beer-houses were adopting habits of semi-sobriety. To influence a man so far as to induce him to

give up getting drunk more than two or three times a year was to go far towards saving soul and body also. All this Tom had done: but a woman had done more. "Miss Letitia," as she was called,—and Tom had acquired the habit of addressing her in the same fashion,—had passed nearly sixteen years in acts of mercy and charity. She had kept many a poor family together: she had saved husband and wife, mother and young children, from the separation entailed by the Union, by help given liberally, given regularly, and how hardly earned! as Tom used to think, with something like anguish, as he learnt from time to time what she had done before he came to the parish. She had watched by sick beds: she had taught in the schools. It was her influence alone that had prevented Beauchamp from sinking irremediably into vice at the period when the culpable inactivity of Mr. Nugent had left his flock uncared for. To all who had been connected with his family she devoted herself unceasingly. The man who had been charged with poaching had been groom to Mr. Nugent's son; his companion, it was said, in many wild frolics. It was not the first time he had been in trouble; on each occasion Miss Letitia had held out a helping hand to him when he came back with a sullen face and a lagging step from his six weeks' imprisonment. How did she find the means to do so much? Sometimes Tom, on going to the cottage of the old widow with whom she lived, observed books of German fairy tales, a dictionary, and a heap of manuscripts by the side of them. He had seen packets at the post-office directed in Miss Letitia's handwriting to a publisher of children's books in London. From these circumstances he concluded that she helped to eke out her livelihood by the work of translation. Did he care how she earned bread for herself and others? In his long, solitary walk across the common, and by the side of the little river that mirrored the hard wintry boughs which overhung it; in the evenings when, pile the logs on as he might, and draw the curtains across his windows as closely as he would, he yet felt himself a homeless man for want of a face that should turn to his. Tom's thoughts ran ever on what Miss Letitia did, what Miss Letitia thought, what Miss Letitia said. Since his boyhood, when he had loved his sister with an enthusiastic affection which a beautiful woman often inspires in a younger relative, he had never cared for any human being as he cared for Miss Letitia. It was months before he owned it to himself: before he felt something like disappointment when he watched her face, and saw no change in its expression when he came or went. A friendly greeting, frank confidence, ready sympathy: all these he found, but not love. Sometimes he tried to persuade himself that he ought to be happy in being able to see her as often as he did; that posssibly she might never marry,—it was certain, he thought, that *he* never should; they would grow old in this monotonous life, half dream-like, half real; the ties that bound her to the objects which were to be all in all to him to the end of his days, would strengthen her friendship for him, and the end of all things would come. And then he would start up, feeling as if he could never live out the time till his heart should cease to be stirred at the sound of her voice. But there were moments of reaction when he deliberated; should he speak to her in such a way that she need not withdraw her friendship from him, even if she could give him nothing more; should he tell her that he had found out a void in his life which she only could fill up; that a thirst had come upon him for that sense of home which he could never realize without her. A clever writer has declared that there is an out-of-the-way corner in every man's mind where Superstition, like a slovenly housemaid, sweeps up all sorts of bits and scraps; and there is, undoubtedly, a little green sward in every man's heart, to the last day of his existence, sometimes parched up for lack of moisture, sometimes scorched by the breath of passion, but always ready to spring up in brightness and freshness, give it but some revivifying influence. Though we may not care to acknowledge the fact, romance is never wholly at an end.

One evening, in a bright spring sunset, Tom returned home after several hours' absence, and seating himself at his trellised window, spread out his writing materials before him. But he must have found his task either a difficult or a painful one, for he sat for some time with his head in his hands before he applied himself to it. He requested the person he addressed to furnish him with information respecting George Nugent, son of the late Rev. George Nugent, rector of Beauchamp, who had sailed from England for

Australia on the 17th of August, 1843, in the merchant vessel Ariadne, and who had written to his family on his arrival at Sydney, announcing his intention of going into the bush to seek employment. He had been heard of last in 1849, when a settler returning to England had stated that George Nugent had some time previously been occupied as a shepherd in the interior of the country. The letter went on to state that the writer would send a check for whatever amount might be necessary for securing the information he required. The envelope was addressed to a late inspector of police, who had opened a Private Inquiry Office in London. When the letter was sent to the post, Tom began to think how and why he had written it. He had gone to Miss Letitia's cottage on some small matter of parochial business. Something, he could not remember what, had brought the words to his lips that he had been hesitating over so long; he could not recall half he had said, or how she had replied. He only knew that she had told him that for fourteen years she had been George Nugent's promised wife, and that though she never heard from him, could learn no tidings of him by any means, she lived on in faith and hope, waiting for the day when he should come back and claim her. Then he had said —and his voice was broken and his eyes were blinded as he spoke—could he help her? could he do anything for her that a brother might do? and he had promised—oh, poor Tom!—that if George Nugent were alive, no matter where he was, he would bring him back to Miss Letitia.

CHAPTER III.

All Beauchamp was in a state of excitement on the 30th of April. In former days a fair had been held there on May-day, but it had gradually degenerated with the fortunes of the village, and for several years past had served only as an excuse for certain disorderly revels which the rural police of the district were powerless in attempting to put down. Tom had devised a plan which he thought would neutralize much of its evil effect. He gave notice some time previously that he should give a feast to the school-children in the rectory meadow on May-day, on which occasion he offered a prize to the cricket club, and arranged an unusually good match with the Chanleigh players. He engaged the services of the village band, and invited the presence of the "Green," which verdant but unwieldy emblem of the day was to be decorated with flowers from his own garden. Several customs which had fallen into desuetude were scarcely worth revival. The erection of a greasy pole, with a leg of mutton on the top; the sale of a flabby kind of cheesecake, called a Beauchamp custard, for the making of which every third person in the village became temporarily a confectioner: these were doings of doubtful pleasure and profit. Tom depended rather upon the judicious commingling of rich and poor, the excellence of his home-brewed, and the strong animal spirits of the children, whose enjoyment was to be his first consideration. He had invited several of his neighbors, and fine weather alone was needful to make his little fête-day go off pleasantly.

On this 30th of April, therefore, Tom's hands were full of business. It is not to be supposed that a bachelor expecting on the morrow thirty or forty private guests, in addition to a large public assemblage, can be without various hospitable cares; and he had been so absorbed in considering whether the round of beef and the sirloin, and the two hams and the pigeon-pies, would be enough for the cold dinner that was to be laid in his dining-room, that the circumstances which had weighed down his spirits a few weeks back, were almost driven from his recollection. All the morning his attention had been to detail, and that of a very matter-of-fact character: how many teaspoons he was possessed of; where the fat ponies that drew the various little four-wheeled carriages which he expected, could be put up; even the recipe for syllabub in his housekeeper's cookery-book, the excellence of which he somehow doubted.

But all these questions were settled at last, and Tom's mind grew easy towards evening on the score of his next day's responsibilities. In the midst of his last injunctions to his household, he heard with some surprise the voice of the village post-mistress asking to see him. She was a hard-working woman, who kept a shop in which every necessary of life was to be sold, with the exception of the few articles she was perpetually "out of."

"I've got a letter for you, Mr. Morland," she said, "which ought by rights to have been delivered this morning. When I was

a-sorting of the letters and a-putting of them into the different bags, Mrs. Carter's Susan comes into the shop with the youngest child in her arms, which she sits down on the counter, and she asks for half a pound of treacle: of course I got the jar down, and just as I take the lid off, she changes her mind. Mrs. Carter's Susan is always a-changing of her mind, and she says, 'No, Mrs. Barnet, I'll have half-a-pound of golden syrup instead,' and I go to the last shelf next my back-parlor door to get it, and while I'm gone I suppose Mrs. Carter's youngest child—which is a boy, Mr. Morland—takes up one of the letters I've been a-sorting of, and lets it fall into the jar of treacle, for there I found it not half an hour ago."

Mrs. Barnet unfolded a clean blue and white handkerchief as she spoke, and displayed a letter of doubtful hue, which had evidently been subjected to many ablutions before it had become even thus far presentable.

Tom laughed good-naturedly at the postmistress's explanation as he opened it. It was from the late Inspector of Police. It informed him that George Nugent was on board an Australian vessel, which would land its passengers either that evening or the following morning, and that full information of his further proceedings would be forwarded by the next day's post. Was not this the news he had peen wishing to be able to take Miss Letitia? If he went to her with the letter, he should see her face light up; he should hear her thank him over and over again for the tidings. He felt he did not rejoice at her happiness, and he hated himself for it; but unwilling to lose a moment more, he snatched up his hat and hastened across the garden. As he laid his hand upon the gate, it was opened from the outside, and a tall gaunt-looking man, the outline of whose features he saw in the dusky twilight, said:—

"Perhaps you can tell me if Mr. Nugent is at home?"

"Mr. Nugent!" said Tom in some surprise. "He has been dead for more than a twelve-month."

"Dead!" exclaimed the new comer; "poor old fellow! Is he dead? Who are you?" he suddenly asked.

"His successor in the living," replied Tom.

"And I am his son," he said. "Let me go in and see the old place once more."

Tom led the way in, feeling more as if he were moving in a dream than in actual life. He rang for lights while his guest looked round the room, into which darkness was falling fast, and his eye seemed to note some trifling changes.

"Don't mention my name before your people," he said, hurriedly, and for several minutes both men were too busy with their own thoughts to speak farther.

When the lights came, an irrepressible feeling of curiosity prompted Tom to look at George Nugent. He sat opposite to Tom at the table, moody and dejected looking. He had a tanned weather-beaten face, overgrown with a long bushy beard. There was something in the expression of his features which said, "Fate has done her worst with me, but she has not beaten me yet" He looked like an Esau in modern clothes—clothes which seemed less his, than the dummy's upon which they had hung at an outfitter's a few hours previously. He wore a large, loose-fitting, light-colored coat, a striped blue shirt, and a red-spotted silk handkerchief round his throat. He had laid down his hat and a leathern bag on the table, but he rested a dark knotty stick of formidable dimensions between his knees. He was the first to speak.

"I got off by the express train after I landed this morning," he said. "The nearer I came to shore the more I thought I should like to see the old place and the poor old fellow again. He's gone. He'll never know that I have got over my difficulties after all, and have come back to England a rich man. I meant to have paid his debts, and to have set him on his feet again. Poor old father!"

"How was it he had no tidings of you for so many years?" asked Tom.

"Ay, how was it," repeated Nugent, bitterly. "At first everything went wrong with me; I could not write *then;* I could not ask to be taken back like the prodigal, knowing the name I had left behind me in Chanleigh. After a time I began to prosper, and what I had earned with so much hardship and difficulty was very dear to me. If I had written home I should have been pressed for money, and to give money to my father was like throwing it into the sea. I will wait, I used to say to myself, till I can go back with a provision for us both; and this is the end of it."

There was a pause again, which was interrupted by his asking Tom's name.

"I left England under a cloud, Mr. Morland," he resumed; "it don't much signify, now that I can make restitution. Every farthing I have ever owed shall be paid; Wortleby's debt first of all. Wortleby is living, I suppose? Those sort of men never die. Wortleby might have laid the finger of the law upon me, but he didn't, and why? Because I was the grandson of a peer, and his aristocratic tendencies made him merciful. Poor Wortleby! he wouldn't touch my bank-notes now, if he knew all the trades I have driven to earn them."

Tom sat listening with a sinking heart. To this man, who spoke as if he were making a hard bargain with a harder man than himself, Letitia Nevil had given up the best years of her life. How soon was he going to her? The delay was irritating.

"Is Reuben Bates in the village, now?" he asked presently. "He was going to the bad when I left, I am afraid."

Tom gave some account of the poacher's circumstances, to which Nugent listened attentively.

"I shall send him out to Sidney," he said at length, "his wife and his children with him. A poor man's family there are worth their weight in gold; here they are like lead hanging round his neck."

"I do not know," said Tom, speaking with an effort, "what Reuben would have done for many years past, if it had not been for Miss Letitia Nevil."

"What!" said Nugent, "isn't she married yet?"

Tom's eyes were riveted on his face.

Nugent looked surprised for a moment, and then said, "I suppose you have heard some idle gossip about Letitia Nevil and myself. When she was a young girl and I was a boy, I used to think it would be a pleasant thing to have Letitia for my wife. She was a pretty-looking girl, affectionate and credulous. She used to believe every word I said to her. I wonder she was not married long ago."

"I don't think she will ever marry," said Tom, gravely. "She may still consider herself bound to you."

"She wrote to me several times after I left England," said Nugent. "Long, tiresome letters, full of good advice; but a man who has roughed it as I have done, can't sit down with a woman like Letitia Nevil in his house. Her voice would be like a church bell, saying come and be at peace and rest, and all that sort of thing; and my soul would be fretted to death by it. One can't stand a reproachful face always by one; besides, she must be turned thirty."

Oh, Tom Morland, be thankful for the self-command that long training has given you, and that you answer this man's speech with outward composure.

"Miss Nevil's is a very beautiful face; it is not in her nature to speak or look reproaches. She is loved and looked up to in Beauchamp above every other creature. If, as I believe, she still considers her promise to you as binding, surely you will not draw back, if there exists no impediment to your marriage."

"There is this impediment," replied Nugent, "that I don't wish to marry, and if I did, I should not marry *her*. I don't believe in broken hearts. Men, and women too, live through more trouble than is ever heaped up in novels, and are not worse company afterwards."

"For fourteen years," said Tom, "you do not deny that Miss Nevil has waited for your return in the expectation that you would marry her. For thirteen years she has devoted herself to acts of mercy and charity, chiefly that the errors of your youth might be in some measure atoned for. I look back at this moment, and I see that all she has done has had more or less reference to you and your family. I ask you if this is the reward due to her fidelity."

"Women find their own reward in patience and suffering," said Nugent, his eyes fixed on the wall opposite. "The truest-hearted woman I ever knew died with a smile on her face, though she had greater cause for tears. I had had sickness all the winter at my station. She kept about as long as her strength would last. It was a low aguish kind of fever, and the quinine was all gone. There was but one chance for her life. The next station was one hundred and seventy miles off. I left her and went to seek for assistance. When I came back she was dead, with her face turned towards the door, as if she was watching for me still."

"*If George Nugent is alive I will bring him back to you.*" Tom was haunted by his own words, as he felt the chances of fulfilling his

promise growing less and less. Nugent was to a certain extent brutalized; but what of that? The faithful affection that had held out for so many years would overlook his faults. He was surely guilty of disloyalty; but women pardon such sins every day. All Tom could do was to ask him to see her.

"I don't see the use of it," he replied; "I am in no mood for sentiment. I don't fancy the sight of her face would waken up any of the old feeling, and there is no occasion for me to brave a meeting."

"You are no judge of your own feelings," persisted Tom, "till you have met her face to face, and have satisfied yourself that old associations are past and gone forever. She will be here to-morrow amongst many other people. It is a village holiday. Supposing you have altered in appearance since you went away, no one here would discover your identity. You would be able to see her without recognition, if it does not suit you to announce your return at present."

"I will come," said Nugent, "provided you give me your word that you will not let any human being know I am here."

"I give you my honor I will not," replied Tom.

"It will be mistaken kindness to take any notice of me to-morrow," said Nugent. "Leave me to myself. If I should change my mind and settle down in England, I'll write a line and send it up from Chanleigh in the evening. I shall not leave till the last train. If you don't hear from me you may conclude that you are not likely to be troubled with my presence again."

He rose to go. He could not eat in the house, he said, when Tom pressed him to stay; food would choke him; neither could he sleep there; all night long he should see his poor old father's face by his bedside. He would walk back to Chanleigh, and get a bed at the Rose and Crown. He put his stick with his bag slung on it over his shoulder, and went away.

Walpurgis Nacht: the words came into Tom's head as he let Nugent out, and remained leaning on the gate; the moon rising in a flood of mellow light; the first song of the nightingale coming softly from a little wood in the rear of the house, and a dreamy breeze rustling in the young leaves. Walpurgis Nacht: the old German heathens offered sacrifices to the deities on such a night as this, and Tom had stood on the Hartz mountains and pictured to himself their rites. What made him think of them now? Oh, false idol! Oh, unhappy worship! Such were the words that had sounded in his ears throughout his interview with Nugent. He had asked himself, had he fulfilled the trust he had undertaken, little foreseeing the part he was to play in it—the urgent recommendation of the woman he loved and reverenced to the good opinion of a man who did not care for her. It never crossed Tom's mind that perhaps no one had ever been in such a position before; it never once occurred to him that, if Nugent gave her up, he who had been her truest friend had a better chance of her love. If Nugent decided on marrying her, he believed that her devotion to him would bring her happiness, no matter how unworthy he might be of it: if he went away altogether after seeing her, why then he would pray that the trial might come upon her softly and tenderly. And so, throughout the night in the dewy garden, for indoors he felt almost stifled, Tom tried to look his cares calmly in the face. In the first dawn of morning it occurred to him that his household would be astir early, and he crept guiltily to bed.

CHAPTER IV.

May-Day. Numberless pairs of little eyes had peeped out of the windows under the sloping cottage roofs that morning, to see what the sunrise prognosticated for the day. Had the weather been wet, Mr. Stokes's barn must have been borrowed and decorated for the occasion, and the clearing-out of the cobwebs alone was an important undertaking; but there was no need for it. Overhead was a cloudless sky, with the larks fluttering upwards, and filling the air with their song. There was something left to hope for, and to look forward to, throughout nature: a sense of incompleteness suggestive of a higher beauty yet to come. Tom sat at his breakfast, and found, as we all have done at some time of our lives, that it is not the outward world only that is lighted up by sunshine. He was almost inclined to wonder how it was that he had "given in," as he expressed it to himself, over night. A letter from the late Inspector of Police lay on the table, informing him that Mr. George Nugent, after landing at 8 A.M. on the previous day, had

transacted business at an agent's and an outfitter's, and had proceeded to Chanleigh, from whence intelligence of his proceedings would be forwarded to Tom in due course. As it was unnecessary to have Nugent's visit to himself chronicled, he wrote to his active informant to put a stop to further proceedings. By noon the guests, bidden and unbidden, began to make their appearance. It was impossible for Tom, naturally sanguine as he was, not to feel his spirits rise at the sight of the troops of children pouring in, all prepared for enjoyment of his contriving, and half crazy in the anticipation of it. The little pony-carriages, laden with the clergymen of the surrounding parishes, their wives and their children in fabulous numbers, came slowly along the road. Mrs. Wortleby and her seven daughters arrived from Chanleigh, as happy in their rare holiday as the smallest child in the village. Doctors brought the female members of their family, and looked on good-naturedly themselves for half-an-hour or so. The distinguished-looking daughters of the squire considered it as a good opportunity of doing what was necessary in the way of civility to the clergymen's wives in the neighborhood, patronizing some and snubbing others; while more than one individual who had been honored by the squire's notice, could say with Macaulay,—

"He asked after my wife who is dead,
And my children who never were born."

Always in the midst of a group of children, kind and happy and helpful, was Miss Letitia. Tom had glanced anxiously at her on her arrival. If he had had a mother or sister to warn her to look her best, he thought he should have been more at ease. He had a vague idea that she was not dressed like the girls who used to assist at the school fêtes of his curate life, when they all seemed to him in a flutter of muslin and blue ribbons; but for all that she wore a dull gray gown,—surely George Nugent would relent when he saw her, and read her whole history in her face. It was no wonder that he started at the sight of every new comer, and hastened restlessly from one group to another. Various rewards and prizes had been given away. The school children had eaten roast-beef and plum-pudding till they had placed their digestions in jeopardy for life. The cricketers were preparing for their share in the programme of the day. If Tom had not been so preoccupied, he would have seen with satisfaction that an old school-fellow named Thorpe, who had a good living in the neighborhood, and wanted a wife, and whom he had introduced to Mrs. Wortleby and her daughters, was talking eagerly to kind-hearted Jane Wortleby: she rarely found a cavalier on such occasions—the prospect of so numerous a body of sisters-in-law serving, as a scarecrow to all matrimonial intentions, to say nothing of the ordinary civilities of life.

A golden age of childhood! Modern writers may say what they will of the acuteness of sorrow and even remorse in early years: we shall never know the delight of the little ones,—five-and-twenty, at least,—who were dancing round the green to the old song of "Here we go round the Mulberry Bush." Oh, happy, vigorous age of youth! with all its shyness and grievous self-consciousness, we shall never feel again the elasticity of muscle and spirit with which the cricketers fought for fame,—and an electro-plated drinking cup. Many of us, like Tom's older parishioners, must content ourselves with a tranquil pipe, and a seat on the distant bench, willing to witness the exertions of others, and to rejoice in their success. The mirth was at its height. Six plow-boys in sacks had started for a very distant goal amidst loud peals of laughter, in which the gravest of the bystanders joined. With immense difficulty they were advancing towards the side of the field nearest the entrance, where the little children were keeping up their dance round the green. Suddenly Tom's eye fell on George Nugent, dressed as he had been over-night, with a broad-brimmed white hat, with a piece of crape round it, pulled down over his eyes; his knotty stick still in his hand. He seemed to be watching the proceedings with some interest. Close by was Miss Letitia, busily engaged in the intricacies of the "Mulberry Bush," and helping the children to keep clear of the green, which was fast becoming obstreperous. She was so near him, that her garments touched him, and recognition on her part seemed inevitable. As George Nugent's eyes turned moodily upon her, Tom's heart beat fast. His first impulse was to rush away into the house, anywhere that he might not witness their meeting; but he checked himself, wondering whether he ought not to go up and help them through the awkwardness of it. In a miserable state of indecision, his eyes wonder-

ing from the cricket-match to the sack-race, and from the sack-race to Miss Letitia and the little children, several minutes passed on, which seemed almost hours to him. Suddenly he heard George Nugent cry out in a loud voice, "Out of the way, you little idiot!" and saw him put his hand roughly on Jemmy Bates's shoulder to enforce his order. Down rattled the little crutches as they had done on the day when Tom had first entered Beauchamp. The competitors in the race were close upon him, when Miss Letitia, with more indignation in her face than Tom had ever seen there before, once more ran to the boy's rescue, and carried him away to a more secure spot. The public attention was concentrated on the race, and very few had observed the occurrence. A few minutes afterwards, George Nugent left the field.

The die was cast, and there was nothing left now but to wait with patience till nightfall. Tom having decided on the merits of the sack-race, proceeded to the dining-room, where his guests were actively employed. He did not observe Mr. Thorpe helping Jane Wortleby to pigeon-pie, nor her mother's eyes glistening at the sight of the girl's face, all animation as they talked, and ate, and talked again. Mrs Wortleby, in her simple-hearted way, had already got so far in her speculations as to decide on a fitting wedding-dress for her daughter in the event of a match being the result, and Tom little knew how she had blessed him for the golden opportunity he was unconsciously throwing in Jane's way. He exerted himself to the utmost in his character of host. He fetched in the elderly and the ordinary among his female visitors, and they somehow felt younger and more attractive in his society; it seemed as if with him there need be no apology for their age or their ugliness: his kind-heartedness overlooked it all. Out into the sunshine again, where the village band has begun to play a country dance in which young and old, rich and poor, are to join; when Mrs. Wortleby dances with the best bowler, and Miss Letitia with the conquering plough-boy, and Mr. Thorpe, contrary to all etiquette on such occasions, with Jane. It lasts an hour; for every awkward partner has to be put right; the shy ones have to be encouraged; the noisy ones to be kept in order; every big brown hand has to be seized; every tiny hot one to be raised aloft; but it comes to an end at last, and the members of the band retreat to the last cask. While the shadows are lengthening on the grass, it is wonderful to hear "God save the Queen" sung slowly, majestically, and greatly out of tune. The Beauchamp people give three cheers for their rector. He stands bareheaded in the purple light, and thanks them for their good will, and asks them all to come again: and the day is done.

No letter. The suspense of another night would have been intolerable. Tom walked over to Chanleigh, where he arrived just as the Rose and Crown was closing, and found that a person answering George Nugent's description had left for London early in the evening. The clock of Beauchamp church struck twelve as he crossed the common on his way home. Then came the hour again, like an echo from the church tower at Chanleigh: more faintly still, little chimes broke into the clear air from the next village. Tom was somewhat weary both in body and mind; but a vague sense of relief came over him as he looked back on the events of the day. He was thankful for it, and in natures such as his, thankfulness is one form of happiness.

Two days afterwards, Mr. Wortleby drove over from Chanleigh with a sense of importance hid under a more distant manner than usual, calling at the Squire's, the rectory, the medical man's, and even at the Golden Lion, telling everywhere the same story in precisely the same words. He stated that Mr. George Nugent had returned from Australia, and in the handsomest and most honorable manner had intimated his intention of paying his father's debts in addition to his own. For himself, he must be allowed to say that he had received a magnificent silver tea-service in acknowledgment of some slight assistance he had once had the satisfaction of rendering Mr. Nugent. He did not add that in the silver tea-pot he had found a hundred pound note in an envelope, on which was written, "Debt, £37, and interest," or that George Nugent, in taking that sum from his cash-box for his passage to Australia, had committed a felony. The whole village was full of the wonderful event, and of Reuben Bates's good fortune, Mr. Wortleby having been charged with the arrangements for his emigration. Tom longed to know how Miss Letitia had received the tidings. Had he been treacherous to her cause, he could not

have been more careful to avoid her since the school-feast. Sunday came, and he went down to the church for the morning service, for the first time, with a divided heart. He knew that Miss Letitia sat where he could see her face, and he felt as if he must stop short in the psalm which he was reading, if he did not satisfy himself as to the effect the news had had upon her. Tom looked at her but once; and he carried away with him an impression that her eyes were glittering, that her cheeks were carnation colored, and that she wore a red bonnet. Poor Miss Letitia! It was a pardonable piece of female vanity to wear a pink ribbon on this day above all others, when the whole of the inhabitants of the parish were expecting George Nugent amongst them again. Sunday passed, and the week wore on, and still he did not come. By dint of bounding over hedges and otherwise ignominiously making his escape when Miss Letitia came in sight, Tom had avoided meeting her in his daily walks; but he grew at last so much to dread an interview, that he could scarcely bring himself to leave the house. He had a foreboding that sooner or later he must meet her face to face, and own that he had utterly failed in what he had undertaken to do; and he tried to be prepared to answer her questions without touching on the subject of George Nugent's visit: but the meeting should be of her own seeking; he resolved to evade it while he could. The crisis came at last. Tom had a note from Miss Letitia, asking to speak to him, and he went at the appointed hour with a heavy heart. She was sitting at the open window, with restless eyes, which looked as if they had watched and watched again till they had grown weary in the task. How long had she been without sleep, Tom wondered, as he glanced at her face, and noted how many painful feelings, shame, disappointment, and yet some lingering thread of hope, had been striving for the mastery since he had seen her last.

"I would not have asked you to come, Mr. Morland," she said, "if I had any relation, any other friend to give me advice. You may have heard that Mr. Nugent has returned from Australia?"

Tom said in a low tone that he knew it.

"He has acted nobly," she said, and a flush of enthusiasm spread on her cheeks. "He has paid his father's debts; he has made provision for his old servants; he intends to send out to the colonies any one who cannot honestly get on here; but is it because the place is so full of unhappy associations to him, that he does not come himself? Is it because—" she waited for a moment, and then broke out in sobs—"Is it because he has forgotten me?"

What could Tom say? He sat looking at a flower-pot on the window-sill, growing more and more wretched every moment.

"I must try and tell you what I want you to do," she said, checking her tears. "I hear that Mr. Wortleby stated yesterday in Chanleigh that Mr. Nugent was going back to Australia. I have tried to write to him, but I cannot do it. I want you to ascertain if the report is true from Mr. Nugent himself. Think, Mr. Morland, I have no father, no brother, no one to ask to help me in the wide world."

"I would do what you wish willingly," said Tom, in a troubled voice, "if it would be of any earthly use."

"Perhaps he never had my letters; perhaps he thinks that after leaving so suddenly, without saying one word of farewell, I should cease to look upon him as I had done," she pleaded. "You told me you once had a sister; you would have stretched out your hand to help her in such a strait; have pity on me!"

There was more of the spirit of chivalry in Tom's nature than anybody ever suspected. He felt he would rather cut off his right hand than tell her that Nugent had looked at her face, and no longer cared for it. His only alternative was to venture on scarcely less delicate ground.

"You believe that I would tell you the truth," he said, "no matter how painful it might be to me? On my honor, then,—I say it to you as I would have said it to *her*,—he is not worthy of you."

"Don't say so! Don't say so!" she cried. "Think of all that he has done. Think what his life must have been all these years, to bear such fruit in the end. Restitution, kindness, charity, he has failed in none of these. What can you know of him that you should be his accuser?"

Tom was silent.

"He has been misrepresented to you," she said, "and you have held back, because some story of his former life has prejudiced you

against him. *You*, of all men, should judge him as he now is."

"I do," said Tom, solemnly. "Letitia, I have seen him."

"You have seen him!" she exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Yes; immediately on his return; but I could not bring myself to tell you. You would not know him as he now is."

"If he were altered by sickness, by old age even, I should know him," she said; "anywhere in the world, if I saw his face, I should recognize it again. You have broken your promise to me, Mr. Morland. You have let him go without a word. He does not know I have loved him all these long years."

Tom was wounded by her words.

"I would have laid down my life to have brought him back," he said. "I do not wish to speak against him, or to urge his faults as a reason for your ceasing to regret him. Think of him as leniently as you will. Only have patience with yourself, Letitia. You have made too many happy around you to fail to find peace now."

"If I could have seen him!" she said, weeping bitterly. "It was cruel of you not to let me see him."

"You *have* seen him," he said, scarcely knowing what he was saying in his distress.

She looked breathlessly in his face.

"On the day of the school-feast," he said, "when you were playing with the children,—Jemmy Bates was knocked down by some one standing by. It was George Nugent."

She had risen from her seat while he was speaking. As if she had been blind, she held by one piece of furniture after another till she reached the door,—Tom not daring to approach her, or call for assistance. He held his breath as she ascended the staircase, and with uncertain steps reached the room above. A moment afterwards he heard her fall heavily on the floor.

Six years have passed since Tom's May-day feast, the results of which have tended to make the Beauchamp corner of the world a happier one. Mr. Thorpe has married Jane Wortleby, and she has never ceased from her kindly endeavors to promote the welfare of her sisters. Three of them she has already disposed of in matrimony, and she has strong hopes and cheering prospects for the rest. Tom has lost none of his interest in the parish. By his side runs a bright-eyed boy, with his small hand always locked in that of his father, to whom he is companion and playmate during the greater part of the day. Tom laughs when the school-children even now address his wife as Miss Letitia, for he has called her so himself many times since their marriage; and Letitia has grown a happy, comely looking matron,—but, certainly the reverse of thin.

Professor Lane, in his preface to his Arabic-English Lexicon, makes the following remarks as to the labor expended on that work:—

"Nearly twenty years have now elapsed since I commenced this work. Had I foreseen that the whole labor of the composition must fall upon me, or the project be abandoned, and had I foreseen the length of time that it would require of me, unaided, I should certainly not have had the courage to undertake it. . . . For seven years, in Cairo, I prosecuted my task on each of the work-days of the week, after an early breakfast until within an hour of midnight, with few and short intervals of rest (often with no interruption but that of a few minutes at a time for a meal, and half an hour for exercise) except on rare occasions when I was stopped by illness—and once, when I devoted three days to a last visit to the Pyramids. I seldom allowed myself to receive a visitor, except on Fridays, the Sabbath, and leisure day of the Muslims, and more than once I passed a quarter of the year without going out of my house. . . . To convey a due idea of the difficulties of my task would be impossible. While mainly composing from the 'Taj-el-Aroos,' I have often had before me, or by my side, eight or ten other lexicons (presenting three different arrangements of the roots, and all of them differing in the order, or rather in the disorder of the words explained), requiring to be consulted at the same time; and frequently more than a day's study has been necessary to enable me thoroughly to understand a single passage"

From the Saturday Review, 18 Aug.

ANGLOPHOBIA.

If the vanity of Englishmen requires a corrective, they have only to ascertain the feelings with which their country is regarded by neighboring and rival nations. Wise men are content to know, and, if possible, to forget, that they are the subjects of censorious comment to their friends and to strangers. Good breeding and good feeling forbid unfavorable criticism in the presence of its object; but nations are compelled to be listeners, and England, at least, never hears any good of herself. At present, the discordant chorus of abuse has swelled into an unprecedented volume, and it seems worth while to inquire why a community which seems to itself peaceable and inoffensive has become, even more conspicuously than in ordinary times, the victim of universal calumny and vituperation. The furious hatred of Federal America to England is, perhaps, the most discreditable instance on record of a prevailing and malignant delusion; but there is, unfortunately, no doubt that it is at present the dominant feeling of the North. The complaints which are founded on the doubtful case of the *Alabama* are mere excuses for the gratification of animosity. The American press was as hostile before a Confederate vessel had sailed from Liverpool as in its hundredth reiteration of the false assertion that the laws of neutrality have been wilfully violated. From the beginning of the war, the Federals have been alternately taught that England was determined to assist the South, and that she was deterred by selfish cowardice from even dreaming of recognition. The Emperor of the French has scarcely become unpopular in the United States, although he has urged recognition on the English Government, and although he has taken advantage of the Secession to establish a monarchy in Mexico. Whatever is unpalatable in his acts is systematically attributed to English influence, because the anger which has been increased by the war is but a flame blown up from the ashes of pre-existent and causeless animosity against England.

The dislike which is felt for the English name and character in France is perhaps less outrageous, as it is modified by self-respect, but it is unfortunately equally genuine. The hesitation of the English Government in supporting the Emperor's policy in Poland has revived the habitual declamations against English perfidy and selfishness. It is well known that England is disinclined to permit the extension of the French dominions in Europe, and perhaps there is a sincere disbelief in the enthusiasm of Englishmen for the independence of Poland. In this case, also, the immediate pretext of offence is but the symbol and utterance of a long standing prejudice. For centuries French opinion has been, on the whole, unfriendly to England, and the Continent habitually looks through the eyes of France. It has been lately stated that the Russians consider it natural that France should protect the Poles, but that they are bitterly offended by the diplomatic interference of England. In the same manner, they attributed to England their misfortunes in the Crimean war, while they hastened, as soon as peace was restored, to cement a fresh alliance with France. The Poles, while they are soliciting the aid of England, are unable to suppress the hatred which they have been taught by their French patrons to feel for the country which is falsely accused of complicity with the infamous partitions of the last century. In one of the most plausible of their recent pamphlets, the Polish writer asserts that the centre of the Russian conspiracy is in London; and he repeatedly declares that England is the worst enemy of his cause. There is too much reason to fear that in Germany, and especially Prussia, English policy is regarded with suspicion and dislike. The alliance of the Western Powers has always been unpopular among the Germans; and the Government which is denounced in Paris as backward and illiberal is held responsible at Berlin and Hanover for half the revolutionary designs which originate in Europe. The former hatred of the Austrian Government to England had some excuse in the strong sympathy which had been felt for the Hungarian cause and for the independence of Italy. The official antipathy has, perhaps, recently relaxed, but the antagonism of policy and sentiment may at any moment revive. In Italy, except among the ecclesiastical and democratic factions, the hearty good will of England to the national cause may have produced a favorable impression. Greece has recently shown an unexpected appreciation of the English character, and the Turks can scarcely be wanting in a certain respect for their only friend

and protector. With these exceptions, the opinion of Europe is mortifying to a patriotic Englishman. The greedy vanity which is gratified even by dislike may find some consolation in the belief that hatred partakes largely of envy; but, on the whole, it would be far more agreeable to meet with good will and appreciation among foreigners.

Political influence is widely though unequally distributed in England, and every educated man who concerns himself with politics may contribute a share to the formation of public opinion. Those who find their opinions and habits of thought approximately represented in Parliament and in the Government are certain that they are themselves exempt from the vices which foreigners attribute to their country; and, to the best of their judgment, their neighbors appear to be as well-meaning as themselves. It is impossible to persuade them that Lord Palmerston, Lord Russell, or Lord Derby spend their lives in plotting against the greatness of allied nations, and against the happiness and tranquillity of the world. In modern times, all English parties are sincerely desirous of peace, and they are firmly convinced that the prosperity of other nations is advantageous to their own country. Notwithstanding the mendacious rant of Federal speakers and writers, almost all Englishmen regretted and disapproved the Secession; nor have they at any time grudged the extraordinary advance of the United States in wealth and population. Englishmen wish to see France increasing in material prosperity, and not engaged in wasteful wars. They would rejoice in the establishment of a great and united Germany, as they cordially welcomed the regeneration of Italy. The rapid progress of Spain has in no country been so readily appreciated as in England. The emancipation of the Russian sérfs was unanimously applauded, and the general interest in the cause of the Poles is wholly unconnected with any hostile feeling to Russia. Among all the populations which are taught to detest England, not one is regarded in turn with unfriendly feelings, except in consequence of some positive cause of offence.

Some portion of the unpopularity of England is undoubtedly occasioned by the freedom of the press, and by the unreserved discussion which expresses a warm interest in foreign affairs. It is not agreeable to be publicly discussed even by a friendly neighbor; nor can it be denied that members of Parliament, and even ministers, have often been imprudently forward in the expression of unpalatable criticisms. Yet if the press were to silence all foreign correspondence, and to impose on itself a total ignorance of foreign affairs, the chief causes of prejudice and misunderstanding would still be untouched. As long as the religion and institutions of the country remain the same, England will be hated by Roman Catholic priests, and by those whom they can influence, and by democrats throughout the world. As the classes which determine the opinion and policy of England belong, with few exceptions, to the Established Church, they are not compensated by the support of Protestant sects for the hostility of Rome. The late Count Nesselrode was, perhaps, the only foreign member of the Anglican communion on the continent of Europe. There is, therefore, no ecclesiastical sympathy with foreigners, and the political characteristics of England are almost equally insular and remarkable. The combination of unlimited freedom with general inequality is revolting to the European democrat, and unintelligible to the American. The "principles of 1789" have never found acceptance in a country which possessed older and sounder principles of its own. The great truth that all men are born free and equal requires much correction or limitation before it can become an available truth in England.

When all the Roman Catholics, all the extreme Protestants, and all the Democrats are deducted, the possibly friendly residue of the population is reduced within narrow limits. It is remarkable that Italy, which but imperfectly reflects the general hostility to England, also stands alone in the antagonism to Romish usurpation which has been an insular characteristic for a thousand years. Statesmen and scholars of the order of Cavour and Ricasoli have a fellow-feeling with the political supporters of the English Church. They wish that priests should be citizens and members of society, though they may be unable to secure the object, as in England, by establishing a clerical order of gentlemen. They are probably also aware that political freedom is identical with the government of an elastic and undefined minority. A few Frenchmen and Germans are beginning to understand that the only alternative of administrative

despotism is the gratuitous discharge of public duties by the wealthier classes. It is not likely, however, that their teaching will reach the multitude, or that despotism will cease to rely on the congenial institution of universal suffrage; and it may, therefore, be feared that the English Government and nation will continue to be disliked and abused, especially as all European foreigners read French, while the Americans feed their angry passions even more fully by the use of a common tongue. As it is not convenient, even for the sake of conciliating general good will, to abolish Church and State, it may be respectfully suggested to foreign censors that they should make some little inquiry into the character and customs which they habitually misrepresent.

From The Historical Magazine.

COLONEL DELANCEY'S FINAL DEPARTURE FROM WESTCHESTER.

BY J. M. MACDONALD.

[Read before the New York Historical Society, 1861].

It had now long been evident (A.D. 1783) that the war was drawing to a close, and those Whigs whom civil strife had driven into voluntary exile, had been for some time returning. The refugees from above, and the loyalists in general who had been active supporters of the crown, were busied with preparations to leave their native country, for the purpose of seeking new homes in the wilderness of Nova Scotia. Although to these the Government of Great Britain lent its aid with no stinted hand, yet when they came to abandon the land of their fathers, it was with saddened spirits and "lingering looks behind," like those who underwent the primeval banishment from Eden.

Among the most reluctant of the exiles, was the celebrated commander of the "Westchester Refugees." The Commonwealth of New York, by a formal act of her Legislature, had withdrawn from him her protection, had declared his estate, real and personal, to be forfeited to the people; had banished him forever, and in case of his return to the State at any future time, declared him thereby guilty of felony, and sentenced him to death without benefit of clergy. Yet notwithstanding his attainder and the approaching relinquishment of royal authority, he had clung to his early home with all the fondness of an infant for the bosom of its mother, and that too, long after a further stay had become dangerous. Of all the Tories, he was most obnoxious to the ardent Whigs; and when, by common consent, a cessation of active hostilities took place, individual enterprise had made more than one effort to carry him off. From some of these attempts he had narrowly escaped; but the British outposts in Westchester were now about to be withdrawn, and personal safety compelled him to seek another abode.

It was on a brilliant morning, in one of the last days of April, that Colonel James Delancey took his final departure from West Farms. A bright vernal sun gilded hill and plain, birds sang their matin hymns, and early flowers were beginning to bloom. All nature seemed to revel in the freshness of infancy. Under such circumstances the youthful heart beats high. Even the weary pilgrim of life, while approaching his journey's end, can sometimes pause to look upon a scene like this, and for a moment fancy himself rejuvenated. But the welcome sounds and cheerful sights that move in the pageant of spring, awakened no responsive feelings in the "Outlaw of the Bronx," who, with a heavy heart mounted his horse, and riding to the dwellings of his neighbors, bade them each farewell. The last upon whom he called, though much his senior in years, had been a friend and associate from early life, and was just returned to the farm, which civil dissension had compelled him for awhile to abandon. "Hunt," said the colonel, "I have called to bid you good-by. I hope you may prosper." "I don't know how that will be," answered the husbandman. "Peace, it is true, has come at last, but I am now a poor man with a large family to provide for. My cattle have all been stolen, my negroes have run away, my fences are burnt up, and my house and barn in ruin. Of all my property, nothing now remains but naked fields; I don't know *how* I shall get along." "Say no more," replied Delancey. "Look at *me*. *You* can remain here and cultivate your lands in quiet, while *I* must leave my native country, never to return!" As he spoke these prophetic words, he turned in the saddle and gazed once more on Bronxdale, which in all its beauty, lay full before him. His paternal fields, and every object presented to his view, were associated with recollections of

early life. The consciousness that he beheld them all for the last time, and the uncertainties to be encountered in the strange country to which banishment was consigning him, conspired to awaken emotions, such as the sternest bosom is sometimes compelled to entertain. It was in vain that he struggled to suppress feelings which shook his iron heart. Nature soon obtained the mastery, and he burst into tears. After weeping with uncontrollable bitterness for a few moments, he shook his ancient friend by the hand, ejaculated with difficulty, the words of benediction: "God bless you, Theophilus!" and spurring forward, turned his back forever upon his native valley.

SLAVERY AFTER THE REBELLION.

The problems of the rebellion, all along, have proved rather in imagination than in fact. It has been with us as a nation—to use an old comparison—as it often is with the traveller in a mountain region. As he looks ahead, his course at no great distance seems to be absolutely barred from all further advance. But steadily going on, he finds the path as steadily unlocking itself, leaving this hill on the right, that on the left, crossing the stream by a bridge before unperceived, and penetrating a gorge, until the tourist arrives at his destination with no more difficulty than if he had been journeying on a plain. In the same way, we have already left behind us many of the obstacles which, at the outbreak of the rebellion, seemed well nigh insurmountable. It was, for instance, a very puzzling question as to what we should do with the swarms of negroes that we encountered in the early invasion of Virginia. After a while Gen. Butler suggested the term "contraband," and thus earned the public gratitude, for he turned the first corner in the dark labyrinth. Then came the organizing plans, the plans for employment, and finally the system of arming, until now the whole question is felt to be disposed of.

And yet, in spite of this satisfactory experience, realized in so many respects, there are those who are laboriously distressing themselves over the future condition of slavery, that is when the rebellion shall have been subdued and all the States restored to the Union. It surely ought to afford some satisfaction to these gentlemen—although a melancholy one—that this political consummation is yet so far off and requires so much to be done for its fulfilment, that ample scope will be given in the meantime for the removal of many of those difficulties with which they now invest the subject. They are troubled, for instance, with the thought of either continuing slavery or abolishing it in a State which shall voluntarily return to the Union, expecting to save her "peculiar institution." Now, no such case has arisen, nor is there any immediate probability of seeing such. On the contrary, the probability rather is, that the rebellion will have to be so ground out of each State that slavery will go with it, according to the actual experience of the war. This would remove the whole practical difficulty.

And herein is the great lesson derived from our national experience during the last two years, which we cannot overlook when we sit down to think of the future. Before reunion, slavery will have totally disappeared, or have been put in a recognized course of extinction. This does not result actively from the President's emancipation proclamation, but from the necessary operation of the war, which the proclamation recognized and applied. The national troops advance, slavery disappears—that has been the law of our whole military progress. If we are to overrun and occupy the whole South, as we have large parts of it, the result is obvious. On the other hand, if this result should be anticipated by several States and they should yield in advance, and thus close up the rebellion, it is possible that the institution, although morally condemned as the cause of the conspiracy, and irretrievably shattered by the national victory, might be allowed its choice of gradual extinction, as is now the case in Missouri. But this is not a probable event, as compared with the other—that is, the substantial disappearance of slavery in the progress of the war. This will preclude all difficulties at the North, and will leave no lasting enmity at the South. It will there, sooner or later, be felt to be one of the inevitable effects of the war, one of the penalties which the leaders of the rebellion deliberately took the risk of when they began the war. The Government, if it destroys the rebellion, cannot repair the ruin of slavery if it would. As well might it covenant with Gen. Lee to replace in a season the great oaks which grew about Arlington Heights, and

which the rebellion of their owner compelled to be leveled, to be used in our fortifications, or to permit a range for our cannon. They fell like slavery, to rise no more. A distant generation might gradually train up their successors, but this generation is not likely to be called upon to restore either tree or institution.—*Boston Journal*, 1 *Sept.*

DESIGNS OF NAPOLEON III.

It is not probable that the Government will at any early day proclaim to the country what policy it intends to pursue with respect to the occupation of Mexico by the army of France and the overthrow of its republican form of government by the same instrumentality. Our domestic affairs are in that condition that the extremest caution and reticence become the duty of the Administration where a question of such gravity and magnitude is involved. If the truth of half the evil machinations and flagitious schemes attributed to Louis Napoleon be conceded, the relations of France and the United States are far from promising permanent friendship or peace between the two countries. Nay, if the sinister motives and purposes of which the emperor is so generally suspected have real existence, this country must either submit to dishonor or resort to war. Even supposing that the unprincipled ambition which is known to govern that potentate stops at the point it has reached, it is no light thing that a European despot strikes down our sister republic and enthrones a monarchy upon our very threshold, accompanied by the declaration that his object in doing so is to arrest the progress of *this* republic, and shut it out from all acquisitions on this continent, south of its present boundaries, whether those acquisitions shall be by peace or by war. *He* may seize by force, *we* may not obtain by purchase, territory on our own continent. This is a strange and defiant kind of logic which the American people will find it hard work to be quiescent under.

It is morally certain that had the "Southern Confederacy" maintained for a little while longer a fair show of power to acquire its independence, *that* would have had an important bearing upon Louis Napoleon's policy in connection with his occupancy of Mexico. A New York contemporary expresses a confident belief that he has for some time had a secret understanding with the rebels at Richmond, by which the cession of Texas to the emperor was to be received as an equivalent for recognition and substantial aid to the "Confederacy." While it may be doubtful whether the Emperor of the French would enter into any "*secret understanding*" with a so-called government not yet certain of establishing itself, and which had neither the right nor the power to cede Texas or any other State, it is by no means improbable that Louis Napoleon secretly *entertained the purpose* of acquiring Texas, by some means, as a cotton growing country; and that the steps he has taken in Mexico were but preparatory to the *fact* of such acquisition, the *manner* thereof to be regulated by the relative positions of the rebels and the Government of the United States. A further probability is that the crumbling down of the confederacy will partially defeat the scheme of the calculating "nephew of his uncle," inasmuch as it will cut off all hope of negotiating for Texas, either with that State itself, as an independent sovereignty, or with any other power than the United States as having jurisdiction in the premises. Had the "Confederacy" established its sovereignity, the right of a State to separate itself from the others would have been established also, and it would have been easy for the emperor to intrigue for the secession of Texas from the confederacy, to recognize her sovereignty, and to take her under the protection of Mexico. A very pretty game has been spoiled by the victories at Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Gettysburg, and Charleston.

The questions remain: Will Louis Napoleon now push forward his original scheme and annex Texas to Mexico, even while it is still claimed as a State of the Union? Or will he announce that his whole purpose is accomplished, and leave the emperor Maximilian to his fate? We incline to believe that he will adopt the latter course. If the reports we have from Europe are true, the Austrian Archduke himself would rather await further developments of Louis Napoleon's policy than immediately assume the honor that has been thrust upon him. It is announced that he has expressed his determination, while accepting the proffered crown, to wait twelve months before entering upon his sovereignty. The throneless princes of

Europe do not generally *postpone* honors of that kind. To prevent the Emperor of the French adopting the former alternative, it behooves our Government to maintain a firm and determined attitude and to give his Imperial Highness timely and explicit notice that any intermeddling with Texas, designed to draw her from under the flag of the Union, will be the occasion of a war that will know no cessation until Mexico is wrested from his grasp, and proud France humbled in the sight of the world.—*Philadelphia Press*, 31 *Aug*.

OUR DEFICIENCY OF ARMAMENT.

Sir,—It is some years since you favored me by inserting certain cautionary remarks, which it occurred to me might not be without interest to the thoughtful portion of your readers. The remarks I have made have not been in a carping spirit, but, as far as my judgment has led me, have been founded on matter of fact. The result has never failed to prove this. I have had no prejudice to contend with, because I have been entirely unacquainted personally with those whose public acts I may have had to review. In my last letter I called your attention to the unfortunate truism, that as a nation we are inferior in armament to any nation in Europe. We believe as a matter of tradition that Britannia rules the waves, we do not know by what means that desirable end is accomplished; but if our tutelar goddess be supposed to rule the waves by dint of gunpowder and cannon-balls, we can only say that the waves must be very old-fashioned and highly traditionary waves to yield to her divinity any power of the sort, seeing that Britannia's work-shops have been taxed in vain to place her on an equality with the nations of Europe and even America. The French, according to the *United Service Gazette*, state that they have a gun to pierce any armor-clad ship at one thousand yards. Admiral Dahlgren, of the United States service, considers that the rifled heavy ordnance which bears his name can make short work of an armor-plated ship. We know that our armor-coated ships cannot be seriously injured by any sea-service gun we have yet made. The great Armstrong's 110-pounders would hop off the side of our *Warrior*, and our old 68 pounder smooth-bore could only at a very short range demage the *Warrior* by concussion. Our ordnance slow coach has only travelled one stage, and there it sticks in the mud. The discovery has been made that the amount of velocity of a shot entirely depends on the amount of powder used in the charge which propels it. Can Armstrong find a sea-service gun of the present weight to bear an extreme charge of powder? He has not as yet done it. Can Whitworth? He has gone much nearer to it than Armstrong. Can Blakely? He says he can, but it appears that he is not permitted to try, although other nations use his great guns with success. There are many other gun-founders who consider that a sea-service gun, not heavier than a 68-pounder, can be constructed to pierce the iron plates placed on the sides of our armor-clad ships. This means, and it means nothing else than constructing a gun of our sea-service weight, capable of exploding a charge of powder sufficient to carry a ball through the strongest sides of ships yet made. I cannot find that Dahlgren's guns have yet been tried in England. Is not the experiment worth making? Armstrong, our sage philosophers assure us, is building a very heavy gun of great calibre. That can be done, the Americans have done it, and are using such guns at the siege of Charleston. When all other nations have made these great guns, we shall try Armstrong's wonders against Whitworth's prodigies, whilst all Europe is on the titter at us.

But all this time the *Warrior* and *Achilles* are defensive, not offensive, men-of-war; they can take but they cannot give, and if we went to war to-morrow, no man of common sense can pretend to have that confidence in the success of our navy which should be fixed in the mind of every Englishman. We may despise American Buncombe, don't let us imitate their odious foible, but learn to respect the truth, however unpleasant to our self-love. Caveto.

—*Examiner*, 15 *Aug*.

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